



LIFE OF
G. A. SELWYN

*Bishop of New Zealand
and Lichfield*



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BISHOP SELWYN



G. A. Litchfield

BISHOP SELWYN

OF NEW ZEALAND, AND OF LICHFIELD

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND WORK

WITH SOME FURTHER GLEANINGS FROM
HIS LETTERS, SERMONS, AND SPEECHES

BY

G. H. CURTEIS, M.A.

CANON OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, EXAMINING CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD
PROFESSOR OF NEW TESTAMENT EXEGESIS AT KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON
AND FORMERLY FOR MANY YEARS PRINCIPAL OF LICHFIELD THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE



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P R E F A C E.

VERY shortly after the death of Bishop Selwyn a brief "Sketch" of his life was written, at the request of friends in the diocese, by Mrs. Curteis. She had been among those who enthusiastically welcomed him on his return to England, and had known him well during the whole of his residence at Lichfield. The little book was very favourably received, and went through several editions. It was followed, soon afterwards, by a much more extended work, in two volumes, from the able pen of the Rev. H. W. Tucker. His only disqualification for the task was the fact that he had no personal acquaintance with the Bishop. But, in spite of that difficulty, there is no doubt that these volumes will always keep their place as the main repertory of his acts and correspondence. Since that time, however, a considerable amount of fresh material has been placed at the disposal of the present writer; and many facts are within his own personal knowledge, which throw light on Bishop Selwyn's episcopate in England—a period far too slightly delineated in both the previous biographies. Moreover, the present time seemed opportune for expanding the original sketch and weaving in these new materials.

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Immediate judgments are often crude and hasty. But eleven years have now elapsed since the Bishop's death in 1878: and not only have many ill-considered opinions received correction, but the relative importance of many events and persons, at first indiscriminately commingled, has been made manifest by simple lapse of time. Yet, on the other hand, the interval has not been so long as to blur the singularly vivid impression left by Bishop Selwyn upon his contemporaries, nor to deprive the world of the immense advantage derived from personal reminiscences of associates and friends. Among such friends the foremost place must here be accorded to Bishop Abraham and Bishop Hobhouse,—the former of whom has most kindly read all the proof-sheets of the present book, with a view to correction of mistakes in Maori names or in important dates and facts. For all other mistakes or misapprehensions, which may have occurred in these pages, he is in no way to be held responsible. But especially are acknowledgments due to Mrs. Selwyn—the revered and beloved widow of the late Bishop—by whose consent this work was undertaken, and without whose aid it could never have been completed.

Whatever may be its imperfections, it is hoped that some persons, at least, may gather from it a truer conception than they had before of Bishop Selwyn's work and influence in England. His name has hitherto been, naturally and rightly, associated chiefly with a long and successful episcopate of twenty-six years in New Zealand. It has, perhaps, been too much overlooked that his return home in 1868 was felt by many like a blast of fresh and wholesome colonial air let in abruptly upon a somewhat

close and asphyxiating atmosphere of old-world precedent and custom; that to his energy is mainly to be ascribed the great success of the *Pan-Anglican Congress*, now periodically assembled at Lambeth; that to his ubiquitous advocacy is almost entirely due the acceptance in this country of mixed *Diocesan Conferences*, as distinct from purely clerical "synods;" and that in his personal agency was concentrated, as in a burning focus, that singular reaction of the colonies upon the mother-country which is, perhaps, the leading phenomenon of our own time. Thus the opinion hazarded by a journalist at the time of the Bishop's death seems to need some correction. He said, "The eleven years' superintendence of the English diocese has left no such mark on the district as the twenty-six years at the Antipodes." Rather, the following "in memoriam" verses struck a truer note:—

"O widowed partner of his toil,
 Take comfort that his every hour—
 With men, in books, on wave or soil—
 Budded its hundred-fruitful flower."

Of such a man it is not easy, even yet, for us in England to form a thoroughly just and accurate estimate. Nor is the warning wholly superfluous which was sounded by a very friendly critic, soon after Bishop Selwyn's death: "The biographer of Bishop Selwyn will have to face the temptation of drawing too flattering a portrait." At all events, the labour of compiling the present little work—and, amid a most baffling dearth of journals and letters and similar easy aids, the "Lichfield period" has involved no little toil—has been a real "labour of love." Nor have the Bishop's own words, however little they

really contemplated the writing of his "biography," been left out of view. He was one evening, as usual, full of fun and spirit; and was amusing the home-circle, gathered round the hearth at Lichfield, by good-humoured banter on his wife's excessive admiration—as he thought—for Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Suddenly, after much bright word-fence and repartee, she turned upon him with a home-thrust: "Well, now, pray how would you like your own life to be written?" He looked serious for a minute, and then replied, "Should my life ever be written, I should desire only two things: (1) that all my faults and failures should be candidly confessed; (2) that any successes I may, in spite of them, have attained should all be faithfully ascribed to the grace and mercy of God." How he himself regarded his "failures" may be seen in many of his letters. Take the following fragment as a specimen:—

Whether it please Almighty God to visit us with "the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday," or with a scourge worse than death, the moral pestilence of sin "that walketh in darkness," this should be our comfort: "The seed is not quickened except it die." Every seed must have its own period of latency. And failure after failure is but like the fall of the autumnal leaf which strips the tree of its beauty only to make the soil more fertile for future harvests. Our soil is none the worse, because it has been followed by many years of disappointment and watered by many tears. "He that goeth on his way weeping shall come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him."

The humility and patience which prompted these words inspired almost the whole of his long and laborious life. They were the characteristic features of the man. But they were balanced and completed by the presence of two

other features of remarkable interest and of singular complexity. Seldom has such indomitable and courageous energy been witnessed in any man, as was seen in Bishop Selwyn ; never, perhaps, has such determined energy been observed to issue forth from a character naturally cautious and even nervous. Seldom has such a chastened delight been felt by any man, as was felt by Bishop Selwyn, in handling the reins of power ; never, perhaps, has it been felt in equal degree by any one who at the same time positively craved to be "under authority" and to whom the habit of "obedience" formed the joy of his life. In short, they were not far wrong who, on the morrow of his death, declared that "to know the man was to love him ;" and that we are not likely, in our own generation, to "see his equal again."

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PART I.

THE PERIOD OF PREPARATION.

(1809-1841.)

BISHOP SELWYN.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and parentage—Early life and education—Eton and Cambridge—Foreign tour—Work at Eton and Windsor.

THE life of George Augustus Selwyn—bishop, first of New Zealand, and then of Lichfield—covers seventy years of a most interesting period. It was that great period of transition, both in the history of the State and of the Church in England, for which the nineteenth century will probably in future times be mainly regarded as important. For as the Reform Bill, and the controversies which led up to it, radically changed, in 1831, the political history of our country, and produced results which sixty years' experience has shown to be nothing less than a "silent revolution," so "the Oxford movement" (or "the Catholic revival") diverted, in 1833, the whole course of the Church into fresh channels, and gave a fresh colour both to religious sentiment and to practical life throughout the whole remainder of the century. Now, both those epoch-making events—to use a common German expression—coincided precisely with the completion of young Selwyn's education, and with his first entrance

upon the world's stage. It will not be surprising, therefore, if we find, on perusal of his life, that we have in this stalwart son of England, at her most remarkable period of bold yet peaceable development, a representative man,—a living embodiment, endowed with an exceptionally “*mens sana in corpore sano*,” of that new spirit of progress which had now taken full possession of our country. And it adds immensely to the interest of such a study, that this man of almost unrivalled bodily and mental powers witnessed the rise, and helped to shape the destinies, of that “Greater Britain” which is now so prominent an object in every Englishman's thoughts. For his life was divided into three very distinctly marked portions. The first thirty-two years of it were spent—chiefly at and near Eton—in earnest many-sided preparation for whatever tasks he might be called to undertake; the next twenty-seven years were given to active service in New Zealand and Melanesia; the last ten years gave back to England the ripe fruits of his immense experience, garnered from both hemispheres in succession. The mark then made by such a man—equipped with such extraordinary gifts of mind and body, devoted during half a century to ceaseless and well-directed work, and never for one moment debased by a passing shadow of personal ambition or desire for notoriety—is not to be measured by the number of “testimonials” he may have received, or by the world's actual consciousness of the benefits it reaped from his untiring ministry. The men who have most permanently moulded the world's fortunes are rarely those who have cared to figure in statuary or on the pages of newspapers. Their noble and lasting work has deserved and has received, in the impress it has left upon posterity,

a "monumentum ære perennius:" and they have been satisfied to be, like St. Paul, "unknown and yet well-known, sorrowful yet alway rejoicing, poor yet making many rich, as having nothing and yet possessing all things."

George Augustus Selwyn was born on April 5, 1809, at Church Row, Hampstead, in the quaint old street that still leads to the ivy-clad church. His father was Mr. William Selwyn, an eminent Queen's Counsel, who was afterwards appointed "instructor to Prince Albert in the constitution and laws of his adopted country;" and who lived many years to rejoice in the brilliant careers of his three surviving sons. From him, no doubt, and from the line of distinguished lawyers who preceded him, Bishop Selwyn inherited that statesmanlike legislative talent which he displayed in New Zealand; while from two distinguished military ancestors, in Marlborough's time, he may have acquired that singular instinct for command which gave rise to the often-quoted opinion that "the Bishop was a general spoiled." His mother was the daughter of Mr. Roger Kynaston, of Witham, Essex,—a pious and loving woman, who was in later life much afflicted with low-spirits, and received the most tender care and unselfish devotion from her ever cheerful and helpful son. He was not, however, her only child. He was one of six children, four sons and two daughters, amongst whom, even in the nursery, he took the lead; the others, though all possessed of considerable talent and force of character, invariably following wherever he led, and carrying out whatever he proposed.* Ealing was the first school to which the young Selwyns

* E. A. C., "Sketch," p. 3.

were sent. It was a large school of some three hundred boys, and both the Newmans—John Henry, the future Cardinal, and Francis, the future Theist and philosopher—had received their primary education there. But it was Eton which mainly prepared him for his distinguished after-career, both at Cambridge and elsewhere; and there—as Mr. Gladstone, his school-fellow and personal friend, has testified—his character was already remarkable for its noble and generous qualities. This is confirmed by the following anecdote, communicated by his friend and subsequent coadjutor, Bishop Abraham.

We belonged (he says) to the pre-scientific period as regards athleticism as well as studies. Our boats were clumsy, and our oars clumsier. In Selwyn's "long-boat" there were seven oars not very good and one superlatively bad. The boys used to run up town as hard as they could to Bob Tolladay's, and seize upon one of the seven moderately bad ones, and the last comer got the "punt-pole." Of course, he was sulky all the way up to Surly Hall; and the other seven abused him for not pulling his own weight. Every one was out of temper. So George Selwyn determined always to come last. The other fellows chaffed him: but he used to laugh, and at last said, "It's worth my while taking that bad oar: I used to have to pull the weight of the sulky fellow who had it; now you are all in good-humour." This story illustrates his whole after-life. He always took the labouring oar in everything.*

The Bishop of Winchester also (Harold Browne) once sketched his school-boy character with a few graphic touches, in the Upper House of Convocation.

Selwyn (he said) was the best boy on the river, and nearly the first boy in learning. I remember his spirited speeches at the

* *Eton College Chronicle*, June 4, 1878.

Eton debating society, and some of his Greek compositions. I believe he was the greatest diver at Eton or anywhere else. He was always first in everything; and no one ever knew him without admiring and loving him.

There is a bush at Eton, called "Selwyn's bush," standing on a high bank of the Thames; to this he used to run up, take a spring, and go over it head foremost at a certain angle, coming up to the surface almost immediately. When asked how to do it, he used to say "Fancy yourself a dart, and you will do it with ease."

In 1827, he left Eton and went to Cambridge, becoming first "scholar" and afterwards "fellow" of St. John's College. He occupied for some time the topmost rooms at the south end of the new buildings; and subsequently he is reported to have stationed himself in the rooms over the outer gateway. "At first," he says, in a letter written long afterwards to his son, "I found Cambridge unpleasant after Eton; but, after a while, the absence of the many distractions of Eton rather recommended the place to me, as one where lost time might, in some measure, be made up." Anyway, he soon threw himself heartily into the current of university life, and poured all his wonted energy into both the studies and the amusements of the place. In 1829, a proposal was made by Oxford, under the inspiration of Charles Wordsworth (the future Bishop of St. Andrews), for an inter-university boat-race. Cambridge warmly accepted the challenge, and the seventh oar in the boat was assigned to George Selwyn. Indeed, all through his life he was an enthusiastic advocate for rowing. In a letter which is printed in De Morgan's book on university oarsmen, he says—

Many of us were great pedestrians ; Bishop Tyrrell and I walked from Cambridge to London in thirteen hours without stopping. Many were also "psychrolutes," bathing in winter in all states of the river. And my advice to all young men is, in two sentences, "Be temperate in all things," and "Incumbite remis" ["Bend to your oars!"] *

Towards the end of his undergraduate life, he once observed, on returning home, that his parents had put down their carriage. Asking the reason, he learnt that the expense of keeping two sons at Cambridge and two at Eton was beyond their means ; and from that day he determined to earn his own livelihood. But first, after taking his degree in 1831—coming out "junior optime" in mathematics and second classic of his year—he determined to spend a few weeks in foreign travel : an admirable scheme, surely, though he afterwards, with characteristic impatience at anything like levity or self-pleasing, vehemently repented of this foreign trip as merely "wasted time." And yet it is almost incredible that any one—and still more a young man of his exceptional intelligence—could regard a visit to the continent, in February, 1831, as "wasted time." For France was then seething amid the ebullitions of a violent political "reform," while a similar reform was also preparing, amid flaming wheat-stacks and widespread starvation, in our own country. Just six months before, Charles X. had been suddenly dethroned by a three days' revolution in Paris, and the white flag of the ancient monarchy had been finally hauled down. A citizen-king, Louis Philippe, had taken his place ; and ere

* *Saturday Review*, April 20, 1878.

long the hereditary House of Lords fell with the monarchy it had served to support. The landed aristocracy of France, in short, had lost at a blow their privileged position; and the middle-class had forcibly seized the reins of power. In England too, under more constitutional forms and without any change of dynasty, the self-same revolution was now impending; and the crisis was, in no small measure, hastened by the events which had happened in France. The popularity of the bluff "sailor king" (William IV.) helped, indeed, to stave off destructive anarchy and violence. But none the less, in English fashion, a "revolution" had begun when, at the beginning of 1831, the Tory Duke of Wellington found himself no longer prime minister, and Earl Grey took office, with a Cabinet pledged to make effectual the wishes of the nation as expressed in the late elections, and to carry the "Reform Bill." On March 21st, however, the House of Commons (still, of course, unreformed) ungraciously carried the second reading of the Bill by a bare majority of one; and on April 22nd, the king again abruptly dissolved Parliament and plunged the whole country into the turmoil of a bitterly contested election. That election turned the scale finally in favour of government by the middle classes; and the exclusive possession of power by the landed, the titled, the privileged classes, was at an end.

In the very midst of all this political turmoil young Selwyn returned to England (May, 1831) and settled down at once to congenial work at his beloved Eton. He was appointed private tutor to the sons of Lord Powis, who were then at the school,—a post for which he was particularly well qualified, not only by his attainments in

classics and mathematics* (for both of which he had obtained honours at Cambridge), but still more by his natural love of teaching and by his manly force of character. Two years were spent in this pleasant duty, and in making full experiment of that ancient and uncontradicted maxim, "docendo disco." No letters or other records of this uneventful time of silent preparation have been preserved. Otherwise we should have learnt something about the thoughts and discussions that were rippling the surface of an intelligent and active society of highly educated men at Eton; while the country was being convulsed with the throes of reform; while mobs were burning down Nottingham Castle and devastating Bristol; and while the sister-island was passing rapidly into one of her many cyclones of intestine strife and lawlessness, in the shape of an insurrection against "tithes." Did the future Bishop now begin to ruminate, as he walked in the Great Park at Windsor or floated on the tranquil Thames, how possible it might be for a Church to get on very well without levying tithes at all; or think "how uneasy lies the head that wears" a mitre, when even a once "liberal" Bishop (Blomfield) had been drawn in to vote against the Reform Bill, and the mob was shamefully insulting the "lords" in the streets? †

* His mathematical honours, it is true, were hardly won. The subject was not at all to his taste. But, at that time, Cambridge sternly demanded of her sons that they should have taken some sort of mathematical honours, before she would allow them to compete for honours in the classical schools. With grim determination, therefore, young Selwyn addressed himself to the unwelcome task, and achieved a low place among the "junior optime" class. He then came out as "second classic" of his year.

† Bishop Blomfield, at an earlier period, had been "looked upon with some disfavour among the neighbouring squires and clergymen, as a Liberal.

At length, on Trinity Sunday, 1833, Mr. Selwyn was ordained "deacon," at St. George's Church, Hanover Square; and he immediately began to help, as a volunteer, in the parish of Windsor, by undertaking to supply a much-needed evening service in the parish church. After a short time, he was engaged as a regular Curate by the then Vicar, Rev. Isaac Gossett; and soon made a very deep mark upon the neighbourhood by his indomitable energy, and by the true spirit of Christian self-oblivion which he displayed in all that he undertook. Indeed, the Vicar, who then resided at Datchet, left matters very much in the young curate's hands; and whenever, in public or private, praise was expressed at the admirable order with which everything was arranged, he always acknowledged that this success was entirely due to his Curate, and would take none of the credit to himself. "It is all Selwyn's doing," the Vicar would say; "he is the moving spring here." He was also the peacemaker among his neighbours, besides being a formidable antagonist to some of their long-established customs.

I dread, (he writes in 1835) the return to long dinners and wine-drinking and sitting after dinner, which I have discontinued so long.

And again—

You were not at Eton when the miserable feuds were raging among the private tutors; and you cannot conceive how I value the unity of the last two years. We must try to preserve it. Many men quarrel because they object to be "tied to the chariot-

Indeed, it was whispered he must have been christened *Charles James* after the great Whig leader [C. J. Fox].—"Life of Bishop Blomfield," i. 38.

wheels" of Mr. So-and-so. I believe that, as clergymen, we ought to be willing to be tied, like furze-bushes, to a donkey's tail, if we can thereby do any good by stimulating what is lazy and quickening what is slow.*

On another occasion, when the parish was in debt and a lawsuit was in the air, the curate led the way towards a peaceful solution of the problem by relinquishing his own salary for the next two years. And again, when national education was beginning to be made a battlefield for sectarian strife, he found a means for quietly correcting the exaggerated complaints that had been made; while at the same time he carefully supplemented whatever was really deficient, and studied the education question practically by visiting many other schools of good repute in the neighbourhood. Indeed, a friend writes—

“His whole residence at Eton was marked by kindly co-operation and cordiality. If there were any misunderstandings among friends, he could not rest till they were reconciled. If pecuniary difficulties fell on any one he would make every effort to extricate him. If his friends were ill, he was their nurse and companion. If they lost relations or fell under sorrow, he was with them at any hour to console and uphold them. Whether (in short) it were in spiritual work or in active exercises, or in ordinary amusements, whatever his hand found to do he did it with his might.”

Among other things, while he was tutor at Eton, he persuaded Dr. Hawtrey to let him undertake the management of his riverside arrangements for the boys. Hitherto the river had been “out of bounds;” and, accordingly, there were no rules whatever to regulate either the boating or the bathing. The young tutor represented to Dr.

* Tucker, “Life,” i. 23.

Hawtrey how wrong it was to treat boys as criminals requiring to be imprisoned within narrow school-bounds. "Let them have freedom," he pleaded, "but force them to learn swimming before going on the water." His advice was adopted; and since that date (1839), it is said, not a single fatal accident has occurred.* Another of his projects, while Curate of Windsor, was—long before the days of cooking-schools—the establishment of a parish kitchen. This institution was graphically described by himself, many years afterwards, in an address to churchwardens at Wolverhampton :—

There is another point in parochial economy which I value very much indeed, and which has been much in place in my past experience in New Zealand. In travelling across a wild country, it has often happened to me that I have had to cook my own food : and the knowledge of cookery that I possess I acquired in my own parish kitchen at Windsor—an institution which I found most beneficial, both for the relief of the poor and also for the education of the children in a kind of knowledge which they needed very much, the knowledge of cooking. Before the kitchen was started, district-visitors used to bring reports of various sick persons who required medical comforts or necessaries; and the committee issued orders for so many pounds of bread and mutton to be sent to them. But if the Curate followed the material to its destination, he would go into miserable places where there were only a few pieces of coal in the grate, with a small black pot upon them; and in that pot would be a sort of fluid, black and greasy, with a hard lump like a cricket ball floating in the middle. This would be the "pound of meat," for which the committee had paid eightpence. Why, I might as well have told them to make broth out of stones! So the kitchen was started; a cook was engaged; a district visitor attended each morning to act as housekeeper; they made all kinds

* E. A. C., p. 7.

of delicacies for the sick, according to their wants; and at twelve o'clock the school-children carried them to the various houses, bringing back the basins and plates when they returned to school. The sixpennyworth of well-cooked food did more good than a shilling's worth of raw material in unskilled hands. And I contend that every poor person when sick ought to be ministered to in the same way as the highest in the land." *

Thus remarkably emerges, amid the daily conduct and the guiding maxims of a man who was all his life a strong Conservative, the popular and (in the truest sense) democratic spirit of the Christian Church. In presence, at any rate, of sickness, calamity, and death, "all men are equal." And again, in tender thoughtfulness about trifles, and in condescension of the strong to help the meanest and most material infirmities of the weak, it is the example of the Master which has always led His true disciples to insist that (unlike the world's law) "*de minimis curat Evangelium.*" For they remember how Jesus in the sick room, after restoring to life Jairus's little daughter, recalled the wonder-stricken parents to a very homely duty, when "He commanded that they should give her something to eat."

* E. A. C., p. 6.

CHAPTER II.

Cathedral Reform—Society at Eton and Windsor—Courtship and marriage.

ABOUT this time, the Conservative and Liberal camps began to be drawn out in battle array upon another question, which touched young Selwyn's heart far more sensibly than any mere educational or poor-relief squabble could do. It was the question, "What to do with the English cathedrals?" In no quarter, perhaps, had abuses more rankly grown up or more thickly accumulated, under protection of the unreformed Parliament, than within the sacred enclosures of the various cathedral precincts. Enormous funds were there annually wasted; lay hangers-on, of all kinds, there made in a few years surprising fortunes; and there episcopal nepotism found its most congenial home. For what purpose, however, had the House of Commons been reformed, if it were not to sweep all such Augean stables clean? "Let the cathedrals then," it was urged, "be depleted of their superfluous wealth; and let their liberated funds be better employed in providing poor and helpless parishes, throughout the country, with the ministries and consolations of religion." Who will now say that the intention was not a good and Christian one, or that the scheme was in any way impracticable? Yet

many old-fashioned people, at that time, denied that the scheme was either good or practicable. Men, however, of a higher stamp, like G. A. Selwyn, Conservatives by long habit and conviction though they were, refused to go so far as this. Their contention was simply—and its soundness can hardly be called in question—that, although the State may possess a right of interference in securing a just and effective distribution of the Church's *funds*, she has no right whatever to meddle with any of the Church's *offices*. To disendow a canonry, for instance, for the purpose of transferring such endowment, under episcopal advice, to half a dozen poverty-stricken parishes, might be well within the powers of Parliament. But to *suppress* a canonry, to starve the efficiency and paralyze the activity of a cathedral, and to forget the ideal and the future because the real and the present were unsatisfactory—this policy seemed, to such men as George Selwyn, a childish petulance and an unfaithful use of power; while to a mind so gifted with organizing genius as his, the contemptuous and ignorant destruction (so it appeared to him) of the head-quarters, the “intelligence department,” provided by the Church in every diocese of Christendom for better supervision and more rational dispersion of her influence, seemed worse than a crime—it seemed a blunder. His energies, therefore, were now braced up for a supreme effort. “*Facit indignatio versum.*” At any rate, there issued from his pen a work of imagination, a pamphlet, in which he sketched out in great detail his conception of what a cathedral body ought to be, and what sort of work it ought to achieve. It was a noble ideal, although in some respects an impracticable one; and the presentation

of it in this pamphlet had an undoubted effect, in recalling to the minds of many, who were shortly to be engaged in remodelling the cathedral system throughout England, what a blessing a cathedral might become to a diocese; and what a mighty effect for good it might exercise both by stimulating and by gathering up into unity all the scattered activities of the parochial clergy. A few extracts from the work will best reveal the mind of the author.

The cathedral establishment should consist of the bishop, the dean, the canons, the minor-canons, the divinity lecturer, the upper and lower masters of the cathedral school, the probationary deacons, the theological scholars, the cathedral university scholars, the scholars of the cathedral school, the organist, the lay clerks, and other inferior officers. The bishop is the spiritual head of the whole cathedral establishment, the president of the cathedral council [the great chapter], and the visitor empowered to require obedience to the statutes. The dean and canons form the council of the bishop, and act as his examining chaplains and his supporters on all public occasions; they reside for the greater part of the year, and hold no living with their cathedral preferment. The diocese is divided into as many districts as there are canons in the cathedral; and every canon is responsible for the diffusion of the word of God in his own district. The canons are also secretaries of the great societies of the Church. They meet once a fortnight to inquire into the spiritual wants of the diocese; in some cases a "probationary deacon" is sent as a regular assistant to an aged minister, another is sent to take the duty of a clergyman during a temporary illness, etc. They are supported by the chapter or the incumbent, according to circumstances. A general examination is held annually by the dean and chapter: the theological students are examined, and the best are presented to the bishop for ordination; the scholars of the cathedral free school are also examined, and the most promising are chosen to be

cathedral university scholars, a second class is selected for foreign missions, and those of inferior talent are recommended to be masters of parochial schools. The examination of candidates for admission to the cathedral free school comes next: they are required to be poor, . . . and the greater number are sent up from the national schools of the diocese. . . . At all times, the dean and chapter devote themselves to hospitality; the cathedral library is open to all clergymen in the diocese; and the daily service is not neglected, intercession is made, the book of the revealed word of God is read day by day, and the song of praise and thanksgiving continually ascends to Heaven as a morning and evening sacrifice. This sketch may serve to show that there are important benefits which the chapters may confer, without any improper alienation of revenues. The plan proposed by the commissioners has not yet passed into law; and we may still hope to see every cathedral acting as the spiritual heart of the diocese.

It is obvious that such a scheme as this was crude and impracticable as it stood. But let any one who may be disposed to pour scorn on it, as mere "sentiment" and castle-building, ponder the fact that in many dioceses of England—notably in those of London and of Lichfield—the cathedral has, since that time, actually realized the ideal which is here sketched out; that it actually is "the spiritual heart of the diocese;" that cathedrals are everywhere reviving and rapidly regaining their lost popularity; and that the principles which underlie their almost miraculous recovery from torpor and death are precisely the principles advocated with so much spirit and vigour by this young Curate of Windsor, in 1838. Indeed, what else are these principles, after all, than the original ideas which governed the formation of these bodies within the bosom of the Church fifteen hundred years ago? The "cathedral system"—not the

parochial system—was the primitive organization by which the influence of the gospel was spread over the world. And it is simply that arrangement which all far-seeing Churchmen are, at this day, directing their utmost energies to recover,—viz. the government of each diocese by a bishop surrounded and supported by his own clergy, and not by a bishop surrounded with men of his own private choice and dependent on his personal favour. Autocracy on the small scale accustoms men to contemplate without abhorrence autocracy on the large scale: and an unlimited monarchy on every episcopal throne, unchecked by the chapter which represents the clergy of the whole diocese, inevitably leads its occupant to favour arbitrary systems of government, both in Church and State. It is only men of the highest ability and of far-reaching foresight, like Bishop Cyprian* in the third century, and Bishop Selwyn in the nineteenth, who feel the absolute necessity of being “in touch”—by means of chapters, synods, conferences—with their clergy and their lay people. It was the contrary policy which produced the revolt of Presbyterianism at the Reformation period, and which impelled good men, like Archbishop Ussher, amid the dreadful confusions which soon followed, to put forth counter-schemes for “the reduction of episcopacy” to more moderate and primitive, and constitutional dimensions.

Meanwhile, amid the varied and potent influences which were gradually training the Eton private tutor and Curate of Windsor for the great career which was now so soon—

* “A primordio Episcopatus mei statui nihil sine consilio vestro [*i.e.* of the clergy] et sine consensu plebis, meâ privatim sententiâ, gerere.” (Cypr. Epist., 5).

like a "door" suddenly opened, as St. Paul would say—to invite his glad and eager entry, another influence must not be forgotten. The society already enjoyed by the Eton private tutors was delightful and stimulating enough; and young Selwyn on the one hand enjoyed the friendship of such men as Durnford, Dalton, Edward Coleridge, Dr. Hawtrej, and all the Eton masters,—while on the other he became familiar with the ordinary world of men, women, and children, in the parish of Windsor. In the school circle, it seems, the main interest was literature—for science was not yet born and politics were not much attended to; while in the Church circle the all-absorbing interest at that day was "the Oxford revival," and every movement of Keble, every sermon of Newman or Pusey, and every witty remark of Hurrell Froude, were watched for with the keenest intelligence and not a little sympathy. Amid this society the young tutor-curate was "universally popular, from his frank, manly, and engaging character; and was scarcely less so from his extraordinary vigour as an athlete. He was attached to Eton, where he resided, with a love surpassing even the love of Etonians. In himself he formed a large part of the life of Eton; and Eton formed a large part in his life. To him is due no small share of the beneficial movement, in the direction of religious earnestness, which marked the Eton of forty years back, and which was not sensibly affected by any influence extraneous to the place itself." *

But now there dawned upon this little world of intellectual debate and Churchmanlike energy a new influence, whose power could not be gainsaid. For some years it had

* W. E. Gladstone, letter to the *Times*, April 17, 1878.

been the custom for Sir John Richardson, a judge in her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, and a man of very high cultivation in every way, to bring his family down to some country-house near Windsor to spend the summer months. Among the favoured places selected for this delightful rustication was on one occasion "the Philberds," on the Buckinghamshire side of the Thames: and here the bright young masters and tutors of Eton often found a hearty welcome and enjoyed a society in all respects congenial to them. Need it be said that Mr. Selwyn—the foremost in every field of literary debate, of practical effort, and of athletic adventure—met here with a hearty appreciation; and that the gentle courtesy to women, which all his life distinguished him, was not unperceived or distasteful. In short, the high-minded well-cultivated daughter of the house, one day, found herself engaged in what turned out eventually to be an unexpected and perilous adventure indeed. With characteristic audacity, the Curate of Windsor, now the accepted suitor, braved the fate of Leander, and swam the midnight Thames on his return from happy evenings at the Philberds: and at length his constancy and bravery were rewarded. On June 25, 1839, he was married to Miss Sarah Richardson, and exchanged his fellowship at St. John's, with its modest £150 a year, for domestic life on a very moderate competency, but with good prospects of succeeding one day to a comfortable rural parsonage among the wide domains of Powis Castle, on the borders of Wales.

CHAPTER III.

Bishopric of New Zealand offered—Last days in England—Departure.

BUT such a vegetative rural life as that was not, in the wise counsels of Providence, to be the end of two persons so singularly well prepared and endowed to do good service for the Church in some far wider and more difficult field. The colonies and dependencies of the British empire were just then beginning to attract the earnest attention of all thoughtful men. The one great result of the prolonged struggle with Napoleon had been to leave England mistress of the seas; and her marvellous energy had soon made good use of the opportunity. Vast openings for trade had appeared, both in East and West. Then prosperity had, as usual, encouraged marriage, and ere long produced a redundant population. While the amazing success and expansion of the United States and of Canada not only abundantly justified the long conflicts with France for supremacy in the New World, but suggested that similar prosperity might also be achieved in other vacant lands, and might provide an easy overflow for the dangerous pressure of population at home. Moreover, not merely the State, but the Church was gradually awakening to the splendid opportunities now inviting the

skill and enterprise of the English race. Here, too, energy—so long pent up and committed to aristocratic direction,—now burst forth with astonishing impetus: and, with irrepressible ardour organizing itself for effective action on ecclesiastical lines, in 1833, it soon prepared to carry the banner of English Churchmanship into lands where hitherto only a few scattered and ill-disciplined missionaries had precariously laboured. Even so early as January, 1815, the first breath of the coming spring could be felt in a letter from a Liberal clergyman—then a strange portent—the subsequent Bishop of London, C. J. Blomfield.

As far as Churchmen are concerned (said he), when two societies are formed for the propagation of Christianity, one of which proposes to teach it as received and understood by our Church, and the other does not, there can be no question which of the two we are bound to support.*

The question lay, at that time, between the Bible Society and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; but the principle maintained here by the Rector of Dunton, in Buckinghamshire, is an anticipation of the leading principle of the "Oxford movement" twenty years later on. In the same spirit, this energetic and far-seeing man argued for a more comely ritual, in a visitation sermon; before his Bishop, in 1818:—

The Church must have a certain external splendour; and we shall best do our duty by obeying her rules and by observing the decent solemnity of her ritual.†

In 1824, he was made Bishop of Chester, and was afterwards promoted to the see of London.

* "Memoir," 1853, i. 40.

† *Ibid.*, p. 63.

And now (says his biographer) the unsatisfactory condition of the Church in many of our colonies and dependencies—owing in great measure to their having no bishops of their own—was brought home to him more strongly than to any other member of the English Church.*

No wonder; for among the letters received, not long afterwards, at London House, was one from an aggrieved clergyman residing on the further side of America, who—

complained of the little attention which his lordship paid to that part of his diocese. Indeed, there existed at that time only five colonial bishoprics—those of Nova Scotia, Quebec, Calcutta, Jamaica, Barbadoes—and all not included in these belonged to him. Before 1840, the sees of Australia, Madras, Bombay, Newfoundland, and Toronto, were added. . . . And at length, in April, 1840, he published a letter to the Archbishop [Howley] upon the formation of a “fund for endowing additional bishoprics for the colonies.” For (said he) an Episcopal Church without a bishop is a contradiction in terms. In the spring of 1841, a public meeting was held in Willis’s Rooms, when Bishop Blomfield dwelt on the evils resulting from the absence of episcopal government [in short, of Church work carried on without supervision or inspection]. This was followed by a council of prelates at Lambeth,†—

and ere long by the definite establishment of the “Colonial Bishoprics Fund.” Among the colonies standing in most urgent need of such supervision, the now rising settlement of New Zealand stood first of all; and the question not admitting of delay, Bishop Blomfield—May, 1841—offered the See to the energetic young Curate of Windsor, who had already shown both a deep interest in the future of the colonial Churches, and also a personal readiness to “go

* “Memoir,” 1853, i. 278.

† *Ibid.*, p. 284.

anywhere and do anything" at the bidding of his ecclesiastical superiors. It was, indeed, a happy inspiration which whispered to some one, among the perplexed company who had just received the reluctant refusal of William Selwyn, the elder brother, that probably the younger brother George was after all the predestined man for whom they were in search. Nor can we doubt that such a proposal, from such an ecclesiastical authority, must have made the youthful recipient's heart leap within him; and that all other projects,—all regrets about a lately declined training-mastership, and all ideals of a model country parish in Wales, and even all secret aspirations after the proposed new bishopric at Malta, with Africa and "the fires of all the early Churches, mentioned in the Acts, to rekindle,"—that even all these magnificent schemes paled and died away into nonentity before the animating thought of organizing (as Theodore had done in early Britain) the Anglo-Catholic Church in the rising Britain of the South. Accordingly, on May 27, 1841, a letter in reply was penned and sent from Eton College, which virtually settled the question.

My lord, whatever part, in the work of the ministry, the Church of England (as represented by her Archbishops and Bishops) may call upon me to undertake, I trust I shall be willing to accept it with all obedience and humility. . . . It has never seemed to me to be in the power of an individual to choose the field of labour [which might appear to him] most suited to his own powers. . . . Allow me then to place myself unreservedly in the hands of the Episcopal Council, to dispose of my services as they may think best for the Church." *

* Tucker, i. 65.

Thus the time had come, and the man. But innumerable delays and vexatious negotiations were, of course, inevitable. The Crown lawyers would insist on drawing up the "Letters Patent," by which the Crown at that time exercised its rights of patronage in the colonies, in such a way as to express the comical absurdity that the Queen had "given him power to ordain." Against this piece of apparent profanity the Bishop-designate wrote and lodged a formal protest. But against another portentous blunder he lodged no protest at all; but with a humorous smile accepted, in real earnest, the enormous jurisdiction thus inadvertently committed to him. From New Zealand outwards, as far as the thirty-fourth parallel—not of south latitude, as was intended, but actually of north latitude—this huge diocese was made to stretch; and a mere slip of a clerk's pen committed to his spiritual charge sixty-eight additional degrees of latitude, and sent him forth in after-years, on his perilous, but successful, mission to the islands of Melanesia. Meantime, preparation and leave-taking became the order of the day; and a perusal of the following graphic journal, written by one who was herself present at all these farewell-scenes, cannot fail to interest the reader.

Tuesday, September 28, 1841.

I went over to Eton, and found all in a grand bustle. The Marriotts filled the house, and George was just going to a Church Union meeting. That evening Sara lit the fire and arranged the pretty little drawing-room in its winter fashion, pulling round the sofa and the arm-chair, and calling on us to own that it was the very prettiest and most comfortable room imaginable, which we were nothing loth to do. It was half sad and half sweet to hear her say so, because the thought of leaving it all for ever made it dearer

in her eyes; and a great deal more than the mere comfort of a room went to make up her love for it. But yet even that sadness was not altogether painful, because I knew full well that the sacrifice was a willing one on her part, and this consciousness gave a higher tone to even little things and, what might seem to others, trifling matters. In something of the same half-playful yet chastened tone, she asked Mrs. Marriott to play; and we had the minuet in "Samson," and divers other old favourites in Queen Square days, which she called for one after another without saying why. Yet we all felt that, in all human probability, the one would never play them for the other to listen to again. The evening was outwardly most cheerful, though I fancy the under-current of feeling was sad enough, with poor Mrs. Marriott and dear Sara too. I shall always remember this Michaelmas with pleasure; it was one of peaceful enjoyment, and the hours spent with dear Sara in church, and in quiet converse and real communion with her, were very precious to me.

Thursday, September 30th.

It was settled, after much consultation, that the Marriotts should stay till the morrow, and thus give Mrs. Marriott and F—— the opportunity of speaking again to George before they went. It was a sad day, for each felt it was the last. Dear Sara seemed to dread the passing of the hours, yet was unable to use them; and, I know, shrank from any opportunity of real converse with Mrs. Marriott; and she, on the other hand, felt much the same, that it was best for both their sakes that they should part in silence. But she said once, as Sara left the room, "How can I look upon that loved face which has been as familiar as my own child's to me, and think I may see her again no more, and not feel it bitterly!" and she burst into tears. It was a comfort to us all to go up to St. George's for evening service, as we all did, except Mrs. Marriott; and the beautiful anthem, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," seemed as fitting to our several thoughts as the rest of the service could not fail to be. George came not

to dinner, but he did arrive to tea, looking so fresh and bright, as if his day at Southampton and his converse with congenial spirits had been thoroughly enjoyed. He had some conversation with Archdeacon Wilberforce (afterwards Bishop), whom he liked much.

October 1st.

The new Curate of Windsor came into office to-day, and baptized several children, George taking the questioning of the sponsors, to insure the necessary particularity. Afterwards George introduced him to the Ladies' District Visiting Society. I sat in a recess with a book; but was watching, the while, what was going on at the business-table, and observing George's kind and considerate way of treating even the little feelings of all concerned. Moreover, he seemed able to make the dry business of auditing accounts pleasant and amusing, without dawdling or gossiping over it. Sara is an able assistant in this part of the matter.

Saturday, October 2nd.

George came home to dinner after a fruitless jading day in town, and Sara unfolded her scheme for preaching the Richmond charity sermon. But he was obstinate, and said, if he preached, he must write his sermon; he could not preach old sermons now with any satisfaction—they did not come up to his present feeling or suit present circumstances, adding, "I declare, you women are very hard upon a man's brains; when he would rest them, you won't let him." Mr. Edward Coleridge came in at tea-time, deploring the failure of another friend who, he had hoped, might have gone with him. It is really quite affecting to see the way in which Mr. Coleridge looks at both George and Sara. He will fix his eyes on George with that long, earnest gaze which seems to seek to retain the image on the sight for ever, till the eye is dimmed with gathering tears, and he will burst away with a sudden "God bless you!" After dinner, we begged to be allowed to remain for the boys' evening reading. They are going through the Articles, with the references to Scripture and to history, to explain them.

George's patience with them is great, and the manner in which by degrees he makes them draw out, piecemeal, the meaning of the sentence, and put it all together till each fits into its own place, is very interesting and instructive. The series of questions all lead up to some important conclusion, which never seemed so clearly proved before.

Monday, October 4th.

Accompanied George and Sara to town; went with her to Richmond's house to see the pictures. George's is an admirable likeness and a beautiful drawing. It is really perfect, and I think the artist must have been gifted with a retrospective sight, for it is himself years ago at Bisham, and before he even wore a *parochial* face, and the tip of the nose expresses the coming joke or banter. We journeyed by the Blackwall Railway to Limehouse to see the church-tent pitched. It was a real pleasure to me to stand with them for once beneath this tabernacle, which is to be pitched as the Lord's house in the wilderness—the first cathedral of the island Church. Months ago, when George had explained all his reasons for wishing to take with him something of this kind, that there might, from the very first, be some holy place set apart for the daily service of God, I had wished so much that I could but see it. . . . The picture of him that evening, as he sat between those two young men, and the countenances of all, is one which will not fade from the mind's eye. He spoke to them both so nicely, first in a playful strain, as though he feared to trust himself to enter seriously into the thoughts suggested, telling them *they* were his agents at Eton for kidnapping promising young men for New Zealand service; and then his tone got deeper, and he touched on the way in which they might, in their separate path of life, still strengthen his hands and assist him in his work. He repeated to Mr. C. A—— what he had before been saying to Mr. B—— of his views about training his own clergy, and his wish to draft from Eton, from time to time, to his own college any promising boys who could be spirited to make the plunge, and he pointed out those whom he thought most likely to succeed.

Mr. Coleridge came in as usual in the evening, and heard from George of the failure of their last hope. I fear a lady's folly or obstinacy was in the case here. Sara asked George why he did not call upon the lady and set the case before her—as he could persuade anybody, he might perhaps have persuaded her; but he answered that, from what he heard, he did not think she had mind wide enough to take it in, and so it would be lost labour. Mr. Coleridge then questioned him as to what he meant to do, and rather pressed his allowing them to make wider inquiries, and to offer as some inducement to a superior man a higher salary, which, in his eager way, he said could be easily guaranteed. But George declined this, at least for the present. Then he added that he felt strongly the lesson which these repeated disappointments seemed to teach himself, viz. to look above all human instruments for the strength needed to fulfil the duties before him.

October 9th, Saturday.

George went up to town. It is sad to see him so jaded with the last three fruitless days in town, waiting at the Colonial Office and making no way. His patience and quietness under all the lets and hindrances are a lesson to us all.

October 10th, Sunday.

I never can forget this Sunday. George preached on, "I will drink no more of this fruit of the vine, till I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom." It was a beautiful and affecting sermon, though his object was, as it ever is, rather to touch the heart and conscience than to excite the feelings. To those who knew him his countenance showed the effort that his calmness cost him; and if many who heard him felt—as I did—that it was most probably for the last time, I can rather estimate their feelings than describe my own. How will his teaching and example rise up in judgment against us when we shall meet face to face in that day—though, it may be, we meet no more on earth—if we have failed to profit by so great a privilege!

October 11th, Monday.

I went up to town with George. We walked to Slough, and had some talk by the way, which I shall never forget. He went, as usual, to the root of the matter—the folly, as well as sin, of impotent man in wilfully choosing his own path. He spoke in a way which showed he was not blind to the danger and the trial that lay before them, nor shrank from the avowal how he felt it for *her*. But he had counted the cost, and could look the very worst in the face calmly.

October 14th, Thursday.

Edmund Hobhouse dined with us, or rather picked his sparrow's portion while we dined, George urging him to keep Windsor in his eye as [offering scope for] a good working curate, and warning him to "beware of the atmosphere of Oxford Common-rooms." Afterwards George turned the conversation to a graver theme. He said the "Consecration Service" had lately been his constant study, and that, after next Sunday, his existence as an individual must cease, and that all his own individual interests and ties must undergo the change with him. Sara knelt down beside him, and, looking up in his face, said, "I know, at any rate, you will not love me any the less." He stroked back the hair from her forehead and kissed it, saying, "Surely not the less, but the more! How could you ever attach the idea of deprivation to such thoughts?" She answered, "Why, you spoke of ceasing to exist; which one, who did not know you better, might think implied the endeavour to crush and annihilate our natural feelings and affections." He said perhaps he had used a wrong word; that he meant rather that his very being, with all its powers and affections, must now be dedicated to God in a more peculiar and solemn degree than heretofore, and be absorbed into higher powers and boundless affections.

Things had gone better to-day at the Colonial Office, and some of the absurd restrictions are removed, the geographical clerks having perceived the absurdity which he had in vain

attempted to make plain to the comprehension of the secretaries themselves, viz. that the three islands being in proportion to Great Britain, Ireland, and the Isle of Wight, it was rather absurd to restrict his appointment of archdeacons to "one for each island." He wrote for us the tickets of admission to the consecration [in Lambeth Chapel], the last of the old "G. A. S." signatures, and sent me to bed.

October 16th, Saturday.

We all started together, but parted companies at Ealing, as the Selwyn party were to go by Richmond to Fulham. The pressure of his hand seemed at once to ask a prayer and give a blessing. Hers,—I knew full well the meaning: how she felt that the service of to-morrow was the sign and seal of all that, in her natural heart and soul, she dreaded and shrank from; while her spirit, her conscience, and her judgment fully, entirely, and even joyfully assented to it.

October 17th, Sunday.

I was early awake, and read George's "Sermon on St. John's Day." Mrs. B. took me to Lambeth Chapel, and we were soon led to the recess above the altar, where dear Sara, Mrs. Selwyn senior, and others already were. George was very pale, and his countenance wore that look of intense thought, and feeling over-mastered, which I have sometimes observed of late. His voice was clear and distinct, though low in tone, as he answered to each demand "I will,—the Lord being my helper." I can never cease to hear that sound of many voices, uttering the prayer that filled my own heart and mingled with my dear Sara's quick breathing, which came faster and faster as she knelt beside me. The group of consecrating bishops is still before me: and it chanced that a gleam of sunshine fell on them and him as they stood there. Sara half hoped we might be suffered to remain where we were, and to follow the Communion Service. But a servant came to lead us down; and, declining the offer to be shown over the

Palace, we found our way round to the ante-chapel. Soon after, dear George appeared, with all his holy honours on his beloved head; and with beaming countenance went up affectionately to his mother, to give her his first episcopal blessing.

This simple action revealed, better than any words could do, the depth and warmth of his home-feelings.

People outside (writes one of his most intimate friends) little understood the strength of his affection for his home and his friends. I have often thought that Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" admirably describes the two sides of his character—his burning zeal and rapture in the strife, and the simplicity and genuineness of his home-life and home-love—

"Who, thus endued as with a sense,
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes—
Sweet images which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart. And such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this—that he hath much to love."

It now only remained to prepare in earnest for the voyage; to bid a long farewell to friends in England; and to gather, if possible, a trusty band of fellow-workers who should now, or at some future time, go forth to New Zealand and act, not merely as "eyes of the Bishop," but as hands, and feet, and mouth. For the area to be covered, though nothing in comparison with the huge spaces hitherto innocently assigned to the spiritual charge of single bishops—such as those of all India or of all Australasia,—was nevertheless immense; and, ere Bishop Selwyn's work was done, it had been subdivided into seven quite sufficiently extensive dioceses. Amid many depressing dis-

appointments, some half-dozen staunch friends stuck "closer than a brother." Foremost among them were the Rev. W. Cotton, and the Rev. T. Whytehead, who actually sailed with him, C. J. Abraham (sometime Bishop of Wellington, N.Z., and afterwards Coadjutor-bishop and Canon of Lichfield) who nine years later on followed him, Edm. Hobhouse (afterwards Bishop of Nelson), and others; while, at home, the constant and loyal support afforded him by Rev. Edward Coleridge, Fellow of Eton, formed as good and cheering an aid as an auxiliary force of twenty ordinary missionaries might have supplied.

On October 31, 1841, the newly consecrated Bishop preached his farewell sermon in Windsor parish church, taking as his text, Isai. lx. 5: "The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces also of the Gentiles shall come unto thee." In the evening, a final assemblage of old friends and future supporters took place in the house of Rev. Edward Coleridge.* Some forty guests were there; and among them were Mr. Gladstone; Judge Coleridge and Judge Patteson; Archdeacon Wilberforce, Mr. Durnford, and Mr. Chapman (afterwards Bishops respectively of Oxford, Chichester, and Colombo).

In November, an interesting farewell letter was sent by Archbishop Howley, as follows:—

MY DEAR LORD,

I am requested by such of the Bishops as attended the last meeting of the Committee appointed to manage the fund for the endowment of Colonial Bishopsrics, to address a valedictory letter to your lordship expressive of their personal respect, and of

* Tucker, i. 78.

the deep interest they take in your high and holy mission. The mission over which you preside is founded on the recognition of a principle, which unfortunately has not always been acted upon in the first establishment of our colonies. You will have the great satisfaction of laying the foundations of civilized society in New Zealand on the basis of an Apostolical Church. . . . Your mission acquires an importance exceeding all calculation, when your See is regarded as the central point of a system extending its influence in all directions ; as a fountain diffusing the streams of salvation over the islands and coasts of the Pacific ; as the seminary to which nations, which have been hitherto blinded by debasing superstitions, will look for light. . . . The consciousness of going forth in the name of the Lord, as the messenger of mercy and peace, will reconcile you to the sacrifices which you have made in obedience to this call from on high. . . . The influence of Mrs. Selwyn's kindness and piety will, I am persuaded, not only promote the comfort and happiness of her domestic circle, but will be extensively useful in bettering the condition and improving the morals of all who come within its sphere. I most heartily commend your lordship, your family, and all the Clergymen in your train, to the protection of the Lord and the guidance of His Holy Spirit.

Your affectionate brother and friend,

W. CANTUAR.

To this the Bishop replied as follows :—

Richmond, December 8, 1841.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,

The prevalence of contrary winds gives me an opportunity of acknowledging from this place your grace's most feeling and Christian letter. When I say that every member of my own and of my wife's family has acquiesced joyfully and thankfully in the call which will separate me from them, perhaps for life, I cannot offer a better proof of the blessing which has attended this

act of the Church, in procuring for it the willing obedience of so many of its members. I may add to these feelings of public duty, that your grace's farewell letter has diffused joy and comfort on all our relations, by the power of private sympathy mingling with the highest and holiest thoughts of Christian obligation. That the Church of England at home may be blessed with the spirit of unity and peace, and in the strength of that spirit may go forth into all the world, as it has now reached its most distant point, is the earnest prayer of one, who—more than all others—will require the support which is afforded by the thought that there is no division in the Body of Christ; but that in Him we are all joined together in one spirit and in one faith. . . . Sir J. Richardson would have been the first to rejoice in resigning his daughter to the service of his Redeemer and at the bidding of His Church. I thank God that his spirit lives also in her. With our united affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Howley, and in grateful and recollection of all your kindness,

I remain, with great respect,

Your Grace's dutiful and affectionate son.

G. A. NEW ZEALAND.*

Finally, on December 23rd, the whole party embarked on board the *Tomatin*, in Plymouth Sound: and on December 26th, St. Stephen's Day, the wind having suddenly become favourable, about noon they stood out to sea and were gone.

* E. A. C., p. 9.

PART II.

THE NEW ZEALAND EPISCOPATE.

(1842-1867.)

CHAPTER I.

The voyage out—Head-quarters near the Bay of Islands—Thorough visitation of the Northern Island.

THE Bishop's twenty-six years, spent in the service of New Zealand, may most conveniently be dealt with in three divisions. First came the six years in which he made a thorough and searching acquaintance with his diocese. They began with the day on which he sailed from England, December, 1841; and they ended with the day on which he first embarked, at Auckland, to begin his far-reaching mission-work among the Pacific islands, December, 1847. Next followed ten years of incessant work, and thought, and correspondence, issuing at last in the great feat of ecclesiastical legislation which has made the "Province of New Zealand" a model for all disestablished Churches (June, 1857). Lastly followed ten years more of labour, of deep disappointment at Maori misunderstandings and apostasy, and of attempts to strengthen with accumulated wisdom and energy "the things that remained," till he was finally summoned back to ten years' labour in England (December 1867).

A voyage to New Zealand, half a century ago, was a thing by no means to be undertaken with a light heart. In

the first place, its duration—usually four or five months—seriously taxed every one's patience ; and besides that, the discomforts to be endured were such as no modern "globe-trotter," surrounded in his swift ocean-steamer with every luxury, can find it easy so much as to imagine. The Bishop, however, had not been long at sea before he discovered—to his great satisfaction—that he was quite at his ease even in a small barque tossing in the Bay of Biscay ; and that he would therefore be able to utilize to the utmost the leisure afforded by a long voyage, by acquiring two accomplishments, both of them absolutely essential to his future success. These were the art of navigation and the art of using with fluency the Maori language. Fortunately the means for attaining both acquirements were at hand : and his own intelligence and energy were abundantly ready to do all the rest. His own party on board consisted of Mrs. Selwyn and her baby-boy (William, now two years old), his two chaplains (Rev. W. Cotton and Rev. T. B. Whytehead), three other clergymen, three Catechists, a school-master and school-mistress, and a Maori lad named Rupai, who had been under education at Battersea, and was now returning to his own country.* It was from this lad that the Bishop, during the voyage, gained so complete a mastery of the native language that, on the very first Sunday after his arrival at Auckland, he preached a sermon in Maori and found himself everywhere at once in touch with his half-civilized flock. As to the art of navigation, he learnt that under the tuition of the captain ; and to such good purpose, that he soon afterwards boldly cruised for thousands of miles, amid the hidden reefs and treacherous

* E. A. C., p. 11.

currents of Polynesia, in his own little mission schooner of only twenty tons burden.

At length, after a voyage of four months' duration, on April 14, 1842, the *Tomatin* cast anchor in the magnificent harbour at Sydney; where, singularly enough, the first people who came alongside the vessel were a boat's-crew of Maoris. They were tall, fine-looking fellows, and were equally astonished and delighted to hear themselves greeted by the Bishop in their own native tongue.* The ship was delayed here so long to repair damages that, after some weeks of useful intercourse with the Bishop of Australia (Broughton), the Bishop and his clergy were seized with an invincible longing to end such tantalizing delay; and leaving Mrs. Selwyn, with her baby and the rest, to follow when the ship was ready, the Bishop and a chaplain pressed forward in a little brigantine, and on May 30, 1842, soon after sunrise, they safely arrived at Auckland—the Bishop's first act being to kneel down on the beach and give thanks to God. What were his feelings on landing in this strangely interesting land? They may be judged of from the following passage in his "Thanksgiving Sermon" at Auckland on the Sunday after arrival:—

A great change has taken place in the circumstances of our natural life; but no change which need affect our spiritual being. We have come to a land where not so much as a tree resembles those of our native country. All visible things are new and strange; but the things that are unseen remain the same. The same Spirit guides and teaches and watches over us. The same Church acknowledges us as her members; stretches out her arms

* Lady Martin, "Our Maoris," p. 3.

to receive and bless our children in baptism ; to lay her hands upon the heads of our youth ; to break and bless the bread of the Eucharist ; and lastly to lay our dead in the grave in peace.

These first few days after arrival were spent under the hospitable shelter of Government House, to which the Bishop had been invited by the first governor of the colony, Capt. Hobson, R.N. ; and the honest sailor soon found abundant reason to withdraw the question he had rashly hazarded, on hearing of an episcopal appointment to his half-savage islands : " What is the use of a bishop in a country where there are no roads for his lordship's carriage to drive on ? " * But not only were there no roads in 1842, there were hardly any houses,—where Auckland, the great modern city of fifty thousand souls, now covers the vast and beautiful spaces that are mirrored in her two land-locked harbours. Lady Martin thus records her own first impressions :—

Of the town there was not much to see : Government House was only a one-storeyed cottage, a few wooden houses were dotted about in which the officials lived, there were wooden barracks which contained about fifty soldiers, a Supreme Court House which was used on Sundays for a church, a milliner's shop, a blacksmith's forge, and two or three " stores." A butcher and baker were unknown in those primitive days, for there was no beef or mutton to sell, and no roads for carts to travel along if there had been. †

Such were the first rude and half-finished results by which—as in America, Australia, and elsewhere—the vast all-changing in-rushing tide of English emigration was

* E. A. C. p. 13.

† " Our Maoris," p. 9.

placing, as it were, its broad-arrow of imperial possession upon the fair spacious lands of natives who knew not how to use them. What, on the other hand, were the impressions made upon the new comers by these so-called "savages" themselves?

We found the New Zealanders just emerging from barbarism. They had, in this part of the country, only ten years before, been wild impulsive heathens. But the old picturesque dress had now given place to "slop" trousers and a blanket; and a quainter spectacle one could hardly see than a party of men squatting in a half-circle with their blankets drawn round their bodies, and hiding every part of their faces except a bit of tattooed forehead and a pair of bright eyes. We found them on acquaintance to be an independent, rough-mannered, merry, kindly race, often obstinate and self-willed, yet very shrewd and observant, and eager to learn English ways. . . . It was very pleasant to hear from our open windows the chatter and laughter of the people as they ate their meal *al fresco*; and, later on in the evening, and in the still early morning, the sounds of hymn and prayer.*

This Christian character they owed to an English clergyman, who had visited them some thirty years before. Indeed, Samuel Marsden was, in more ways than one, a true benefactor to New Zealand. He was born of lowly parentage at Horspath, a village near Leeds, in 1764; and—like Bishop Selwyn, who carried forward and completed his work—he was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. After taking his degree, he married and accepted a chaplaincy at the convict-settlement then forming near Sydney; and being much influenced by the simple earnest piety of the Methodists in his youthful days, he soon turned

* "Our Maoris," p. 8.

his thoughts to mission work, and induced the Church Missionary Society (in 1809) to break ground in New Zealand. Marsden was himself in that year returning to Sydney, and took with him two lay-teachers, Messrs. Hall and King, for a mission to the Maoris. But it was his natural kindness of heart and his sympathy for a Maori sailor on board, who was sick and badly treated, which virtually secured the success of this bold raid upon a ferocious and cannibal race. The poor lad, Tuatara, was the son of a chief; and, when he had been healed and taught and hospitably entertained by Mr. Marsden for six months at Sydney, he was sent forward, as a sort of John Baptist, to his own country to prepare the way for the approaching mission. With all his heart he prepared the way. Among other gifts, he was provided with a bag of seed wheat; and when under his direction it was sown, reaped, ground in an old coffee-mill, and presented finally in the form of bread, the miracle set his friends and relations dancing for joy and wonder; while confidence in the truth of his religious teaching was henceforth established on an equally firm footing.

At length, in November 1814, Samuel Marsden himself obtained leave to visit New Zealand: when still further experience of Tuatara's veracity paved the way for the reception of Christianity. He had told the awe-stricken chiefs of the existence of a huge animal—a thousand times larger than their native rat—yet so good-natured as to allow men to mount upon its back. And now, behold! a horse was disembarked upon the beach; and Mr. Marsden, amid an astonished crowd, actually bestrode it and verified all that the tattooed sceptics had previously laughed to

scorn. On Christmas Day, 1814, he held his first service under the blue canopy of a summer sky,—three chiefs being present, dressed in old regimentals imported from England, and with swords dangling by their sides and switches in their hands. Tuatara stood by as interpreter.

And then (to quote Mr. Marsden's own words) I stood up and began with singing the Old Hundredth Psalm; while my soul melted within me, as I looked round at the people and thought of their state. It was Christmas Day: and my text was in every way appropriate to the situation: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy."

Thus was the first handful of Gospel seed sown. The confidence of the chiefs had been gained; about two hundred acres of land at Rangihō, near the Bay of Islands in the far north, were allowed to be bought for the missionaries; and the Church was fairly planted in the land. The good "apostle of New Zealand" frequently revisited his Christian settlement—like an unconsecrated overseer; and nearly lived to see a bishopric canonically established in his beloved islands. For at the advanced age of seventy-two he came for the last time, accompanied by his daughter; and was carried in triumph, reclining in a hammock, by a crowd of Maoris through the forest to the Waimaté. He then visited all the mission stations in H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*: and returned to Sydney to die.* This was in May, 1838,—only three years before his splendidly equipped and youthful "successor" (so to speak), with the full consecration of the Church upon him, landed as has been already described. "Paul had planted: Apollos watered: and God gave the increase."

* See Buller, "Forty Years in New Zealand," p. 262.

The mission of both these men was indeed a noble venture of faith. For the Maoris, when excited by warlike passions, were in former times the most truculent and thorough-going cannibals that perhaps have ever existed. Even so late as 1833, a weaker race inhabiting the Chatham Islands is said to have been invaded by them, reduced to abject slavery, and one by one in cold blood eaten up.* While, so late as 1841, a traveller in the Northern Island reports that even then "this frightful custom has not yet entirely ceased." †

To the Bishop, naturally, it seemed essential that he should lose no time in seeing something of this wild half-converted flock, not merely in the vicinity of Auckland, but amid their own haunts, in their stockaded strongholds, among their evergreen forests, dashing along their rushing rivers, or stealing in noiseless array over their fern-covered hills. Nothing could be more welcome, therefore, than the governor's announcement that an agent was on the point of proceeding to the Thames Valley, not very far eastward from Auckland, to make inquiries concerning a recent Maori feud and massacre. The Bishop instantly attached himself to the party of inquiry; and the results could not be better told than by himself, in the following letter to his mother in England:—

H.M. colonial brig, June 30th, 1842.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I have just returned from a voyage up the Thames. It is quite a mistake to suppose that Auckland is on the Thames. The distance from the town to the mouth of the river is about

* Mosely, "Naturalist on board the *Challenger*" (1874), p. 339.

† Dieffenbach, "New Zealand" (1843), ii. 128.

fifty miles ; and it cost me four days to go and return, besides the time spent there. I started on the 6th of June, in company with Mr. Clarke (the Protector General of Aborigines), and Mr. Cotton, in a small schooner called the *Rory O'More* ; but we could make no progress for want of wind—a prevailing inconvenience in New Zealand, where (as far as my experience extends) calms are much more prevalent than storms. After spending a day and night in advancing fourteen miles, I took to my boat, which I had bought at Sydney ; and, by the aid of a crew lent me by the governor, accomplished thirty-six miles before night and arrived, soon after sunset, at the mission station at the mouth of the Thames. It became dark before we reached the shore ; but the barking of dogs guided us to the village. There we took on board a native pilot, who brought us up to the landing-place close under the catechist's house.

We were met by a large party of natives with lighted torches, who preceded us to the house, with many expressions of joy at the arrival of *Te Pihopa* (myself), and *Te Karaka* (Mr. Clarke). The object of our visit was to inquire into the circumstances of a massacre perpetrated by a native chief, residing about twelve miles from the catechist's house, assisted by the heathen portion of the inhabitants of the village in which the mission station is situated. The station is within a quarter of a mile of some of these murderers, and is without so much as a bolt to the door of the house. The persons and property of Englishmen are more secure in this country than in England ; and whatever violence may be used by the natives among themselves, it is very rarely indeed that any aggression is attempted upon the settlers. It is impossible to have any idea of insecurity, so friendly and hospitable is the manner of the people on all occasions.

On Wednesday, June 8th, we walked twelve miles along the beach to the fortified village (pa) of Teraia, the leader of the massacre. On our way we passed several Christian villages, beautifully situated among shady trees at the foot of wooded hills sloping down to the sea. The native cultivations occupy a narrow strip of flat land, between the bottom of the hills and

the sea. We observed everywhere signs of the greatest abundance of provisions—potatoes, maize, kumera (sweet potato), and pumpkins, with pigs and fish in abundance. Teraia's Pa is strongly fortified, after the native manner, with stout palisades; the stronger posts being surmounted with heads rudely carved to represent the heads of the enemies of the tribe.

After waiting some time, we were invited to a *kórero* (debate) with the chief, whom we found wrapped in his blanket and seated in such state as he could command, in the middle of his tribe. Behind him sat a cunning-looking old man, who acted as his prompter.

The *kórero* was very long and animated, and ended by Teraia consenting to give up the slaves taken by him, and to behave peaceably for the future. This massacre was very likely to be the cause of a general rising of all the central tribes, who met, to the number of about one thousand, near Auckland, to deliberate upon the best mode of wreaking their vengeance upon Teraia. I believe that the governor has now happily succeeded in restoring peace.

On Friday, June 10th, I returned on my way to Auckland; and being again becalmed, I took to my boat on Saturday morning, in hopes of reaching the town in the evening, to be ready for Divine Service in the morning of Sunday. But a gale suddenly coming on obliged me to put in at a mission station, about twelve miles from Auckland, where I spent the Sunday, and made my first essay in performing Divine Service in the native language.*

On returning from this interesting and instructive little expedition the Bishop immediately set sail again from Auckland for the Bay of Islands, near to which his future home was now to be prepared. On that long narrow

* About 1882, an old New Zealand chief, with face tattooed in the good old-fashioned style, visited the tomb of Bishop Selwyn in Lichfield Cathedral. He knelt beside the beautiful alabaster effigy, and was overheard to say, in Maori, "Ah, that is his very chin! and that his forehead! and there are the very nails I saw him bite, when he could not get the right Maori word in his first sermon."

finger of a hundred and fifty miles, which stretches out towards the tropics and points with mute eloquence to the Melanesian Islands, the coast-line is broken by a bay—the first shelter that invites a ship arriving from Sydney. Here, accordingly, the first English settlement had been made, and the banner of Christianity had been for the first time unfurled. It was in the very same year (1814) in which the English Government, with short-sighted timidity, repudiated Captain Cook's annexation of New Zealand, that the English Church, with better courage and hope, first took possession of New Zealand by the landing of Dr. Samuel Marsden in the Bay of Islands. When the first Bishop, therefore, was appointed in 1841 the most natural place for him to select as his temporary head-quarters was the Church Missionary Society's chief station here. Two little towns stood on the bay (Paihia and Kororarika), and a village stood among pretty wooded hills some miles towards the south-west, called the Waimaté, or "dead water." Here, then, the Bishop now landed; and the wife of a neighbouring missionary, who hurried down to the shore on hearing the news of their arrival, testified audibly to the suitability of a Diocesan whose first act, after landing, was to pull up the boat to safe distance from a New Zealand surf.* He next hastened to prepare a home for his wife and infant son; who, with piles of books and much simple paraphernalia of civilized life, might now at any hour be looked for in the *Tomatin*.

On June 24th, the ship was announced in the offing, and soon the whole party was on shore. The Bishop's heavy boxes of books were left in the only stone building then

* Tucker, i. 116.

in New Zealand—a missionary storehouse at Paihia ; but the rest of the baggage was carried off some ten miles into the interior, to the Waimaté. For this remote station, however inconvenient in geographical position and unsuitable from its semi-tropical climate, was to be the episcopal headquarters for all New Zealand during the next few years. The place is thus described by one who knew it well :—

The little town of Kororarika is a sort of New Zealand Gravesend. It had been the resort of whalers in old days, and a few small wooden houses with verandahs, and some third-rate public-houses were the main signs of English civilization. But we went up to the little wooden parsonage, which stood near the church on a hill above the town, and found a garden gay with flowers and shrubs, and some sheltering trees. We then visited Paihia, a mission station which nestles under some hills on the other side of the harbour, with the clear blue water washing up almost to the doors. The gardens here were all ablaze with flowers [October]—honeysuckle and passion-flowers and cluster-roses hung in masses over the verandah ; and here and there a tall aloe or native palm rose towering up, and gave a foreign air to the scene. Everything suggested peace and quiet ; but only a few months later, the horrors of war came within a few miles of the mission station.*

As for the Waimaté itself—

it was the old head-quarters of the Church Missionary Society, and had now quite a civilized appearance. A broad path led past the houses to the church. At a little distance was a mill-pond, with the miller's house and a clump of pines at the back, where the Maoris, in old days, used to put their dead upon a wooden frame till only the skeleton remained, and then came a solemn burying and mourning. . . . Not far off was an old forest of stately *kauri* pines ; and here I saw, for the first time,

* "Our Maoris," p. 41.

a grand old pine dying in the cruel embrace of the *rata*.* A year or two before, this *rata* had been only a vine, as thick as one's little finger, clinging round the pine for support; and now its strong branches were crushing him to death, and would soon become a huge forest-tree, covered with crimson blossoms. Near the mission station we rejoiced to see fenced fields with cattle grazing, white houses embowered in trees and, beyond, a church. The native girls had been taught to spin flax, and were very merry over their work, singing many of our school songs amid the whirr of the wheels. The infant school was delightful—plump, jolly Maori children, who clapped their hands and sang the multiplication table with great glee.†

It was, no doubt, a fascinating scene of pastoral simplicity and of, apparently, inviolable peace. One can easily understand—one can almost forgive—the profound repugnance with which these evangelical missionaries, amid their rustic plenty and their obedient native flocks, viewed the contaminating inrush, now fairly beginning, of old-world immigration. One can even forgive them if, for a moment, they gave a hesitating welcome to militant and organizing churchmanship, although embodied in a Bishop whose equal could not be found in Christendom, and who, of all mankind, was best suited to the task of preparing a Church for New Zealand which could embrace in its mighty grasp, and mould into friendly unity, both races at once. Here he soon afterwards had the happiness of welcoming Mrs. Selwyn and the rest of the party on their tardy arrival from Sydney. The following is his own description of their first home in New Zealand:—

* A species of myrtle, which, curiously enough, “has all the habits of the Indian fig (banian)” (Moseley, p. 278).

† “Our Maoris,” p. 30.

The distance from Auckland to the bay is only one hundred and twenty miles ; but we had contrary winds, and did not reach the harbour till Monday, June 20th, where we were becalmed just inside the heads, sixteen miles from Paihia. I again took to my boat ; and Mr. Cotton and Rupi rowed me to Mr. Williams's house, where we arrived at sunset. The schooner did not reach the anchorage till the following afternoon.

On Tuesday, Mr. Williams took me in his boat to Kerikeri, where Mr. Taylor met me with a horse, and conducted me to the Waimaté.

On Wednesday, I walked all round the mission station, and inspected Mr. Clarke's house, which I decided would accommodate Sarah and such of the party as I might leave with her. I need not send you a sketch of the house, as it is figured in Tate's "New Zealand," with a flag planted before it. The house is a little out of repair, but I gave directions for the carpenters to do what was necessary before Sarah's removal from Mr. Williams's house. The garden has been overrun with cattle, but most of the plants are still alive, and with a little care may soon recover. We shall then have a good garden with abundance of grass-land about it—a rarity, I can assure you, in New Zealand, and a most refreshing sight after the fern and weed of Auckland. Seen from a distance, the Waimaté presents the appearance of an English village, with a white church and spire, comfortable houses, and gardens. This is by far the most settled place in this country. I am informed that four hundred native communicants assemble at the Lord's Table. This will probably be my head-quarters for some years, till I can deliberately choose a site for my residence and erect substantial buildings. This will be far more satisfactory than incurring great expenses for buildings such as I could erect now, which must be wooden structures, and could only last a few years.

On Friday, June 24th, at noon, I saw, to my great joy, the *Tōmatin* coming full sail into the bay with a fair and strong wind, which brought her in so rapidly that I had only just time to get a boat ready and row two miles to meet her before she dropped

her anchor off Kororarika. I found Sarah and babe and all on board, thank God, in excellent health and spirits. The only drawback was that my dear friend, Mr. Whytehead, was advised to stay at Sydney till the spring, on account of his health, which is very delicate. Still, if it is for his good, it is also for mine; for a more valuable and confidential friend could not have been found for me.

You will be glad to hear that I accepted Mr. Williams's invitation to Sarah to stay at his house till preparations were made for her reception at the Waimaté. But I advised her not to make her stay longer than was necessary, as all the members of the Williams family, in number about twenty-four, were assembled in the house, and the addition of visitors must have been a great inconvenience to them, though they did not betray it. I am much pleased with the missionary clergymen whom I have seen here. They seem to be very zealous and able ministers, and I think myself happy in having under me a body in whom I shall see so much to commend and so little to reprove. The state of the mission is really wonderfully good, considering the difficulties against which they have had to contend.

And now, having arranged his diocesan head-quarters, and consecrated a new burial-ground for Auckland—a lovely spot in a deep wooded valley, given by the governor, who was the first to be buried in it—the Bishop was all anxiety to see his diocese. First, in 1842, he personally visited the whole of the Northern Island, and, in the following year, the Southern Island. He started from home on July 28, 1842, and did not return till January 9, 1843. Sailing first down to Auckland, he there took passage in the Government brig to the extreme point of this visitation, Nelson; and then, crossing Cook's Straits, he stayed some weeks at Wellington, and nursed tenderly till his death W. Evans, a fine, promising lad of eighteen, who had

come with him from England, and whose untimely loss he deeply mourned. Joined here by his bosom friend, Chief Justice Martin, he began a most romantic and delightful land-journey over great part of the Northern Island. The climate was perfect ; spring in all its beauty was awakening life in every kingdom of bounteous Nature ; and everything was new. Nay, everything was, in a sense, personally his own ; for it was part of that magnificent diocese which had been committed to him, and which he ever described in the loving words of Old Testament patriotism : “ The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground ; yea, I have a goodly heritage.” Such deeply interesting first impressions cannot, it is thought, be more worthily presented to the reader than mainly in his own graphic words, taken from letters to his mother in England written during the journey.

It appears that he reached Wellington, by a small trading ship from Nelson, in September, 1842 ; and from thence made several excursions, the most important being a long coast-walk northwards—one hundred and forty miles—as far as the rising settlements at Taranaki and the magnificent scenery of Mount Egmont, an extinct volcano, rising 8800 feet almost directly from the sea. This volcano forms the huge west-coast beacon,—as Mount Edgecumbe (9630 feet), at the Bay of Plenty, forms the easternmost beacon,—of the vast gloomy and threatening masses which from time immemorial have heaved, and steamed, and thundered, and poured out lovely “ pink and white terraces of calcareous matter”—all destined to a terrific catastrophe in 1886. He then took passage in the Government brig southward again, as far as Mr. Hadfield’s mission station at Waikanae, near Wellington ; and

from thence journeyed across the whole island to Tauranga.

It was during the long walk to Taranaki that he wrote as follows to his mother:—

My young friend, W. Evans, expired, after a lingering attack of fever, on the 3rd of October, 1842. He was sensible to the last, and died without a struggle, leaning upon my arm. I had been with him three weeks, and enjoyed much comfort in the simple manner in which he expressed the sincerity of his repentance, and the grounds of his hope for the life to come.*

After the funeral, I immediately made my preparations for my land journey, and left Wellington October 10th, with a train of twenty-eight natives, carrying tents, beds, food, clothes, etc.

My English companion is Mr. St. Hill, whom I have appointed agent of the lands which have been chosen for the Church—an arrangement to which I objected in England, but find it inexpedient now to alter. . . .

On Sunday, October 16th, I was encamped on the beach, among some low sand-hills, with a small stream of fresh water running into the sea. In this unpicturesque situation I was detained for three days by an inflammation in my heel, caused by walking over flat sand for many miles. My little tent was pitched in a hollow of the sand-hills, and my native attendants made themselves comfortable round a large fire. . . .

I spent October 17th, the anniversary of my consecration, in my tent on the sand-hills, and was led naturally to contrast my present condition with the very different scenes at Lambeth and Fulham last year. I can assure you, the comparison brought

* “The Bishop (wrote Judge Martin to his wife) was watching and tending, as a mother or wife might watch and tend. It was a most affecting sight. He practised every little art, that nourishment might be supplied to his patient; he pounded chicken into fine powder, that it might pass in a liquid form into his ulcerated mouth; he made jellies; he listened to every sound; he sat up, the whole night through, by the bedside. In short, he did everything worthy of his noble nature. It went to my heart.” (Tucker, i. 125.)

with it no feelings of discontent. On the contrary, I spent the greater part of the day in thinking, with gratitude, over the many blessings which have been granted me.

After completing this northward excursion to Taranaki—the beautiful land destined ere long to reverberate to cannon and musketry, and to witness a deadly war of races—the Bishop took passage in the Government brig, and turned southward once more to meet his comrade, Judge Martin, at Mr. Hadfield's mission station, Waikanac, near Wellington, and then to turn boldly inland and cross the whole Northern Island. His adventures on this first great visitation journey shall now be told in his own graphic words.

On November 5, 1842, after native service, we started in Mr. Hadfield's boat (twenty miles) to mouth of Manawatu river; and thence walked seven miles across country, avoiding the great bend of the river, to Te Rewarewa. We arrived at the pa at 8 p.m., and were welcomed with enormous bonfires, most appropriate to the day. We joined the natives at their evening service, in which they were engaged when we arrived. Two pigs were killed for our party, and great joy was displayed at our arrival.

November 6th was Sunday. I opened the new native chapel, and preached upon Acts vii. 47, "Solomon built Him an house," contrasting the state of the natives now with that of their fore fathers, who were "men of blood." The interior of the chapel was beautifully fitted with variously coloured reeds. After service, Mr. Hadfield took a class of one hundred and fifty men, and I one of a hundred women.

On Monday, November 7th, we began the ascent of the Manawatu in six canoes, each containing eight pole-men. Letters and newspapers having been forwarded from Wellington, I was supplied with delightful reading at such times as the beauty of the scenery did not engross my attention.

At night we encamped on the banks of the river. The next four days we spent in ascending the Manawatu—a lovely river, in its lower part running between flat banks covered with wood; higher up, flowing through a beautiful mountain-pass, between high cliffs, clothed with wood from the summit to the water, and with bold masses of rock peeping out at intervals. In this pass is the only rapid which cannot be ascended without unlading the canoes. This occupied half an hour; and we again proceeded up the river through a succession of perfect landscapes of soft woodland scenery. There were several small native settlements on the banks, at which we stopped; and at one of them the chief brought us out a present of twenty-five baskets of potatoes, which I acknowledged by a present of books. At all these places we found a hearty welcome and a great eagerness for instruction.

On Friday, November 11th, we reached the highest navigable point of the river and began our land journey. We passed through small woods and grassy plains, and then crossed a long wood, which occupied the whole of Saturday. Our encampment was pitched on a small plain at the extremity of the wood. Evening service closed the day, and then Mr. Hadfield returned to his mission station.

On Sunday, November 13th, I conducted native services for my party of thirty Maoris. It was a most happy Sunday. Our camp lay on a lovely little plain, bounded on all sides with wood, except on one, where a view opened upon a range of distant hills. Below us, in a very deep valley, flowed the infant Manawatu in a very winding channel, with precipitous wooded banks feathering down to the stream. The day was the perfection of New Zealand weather, which is the perfection of all climates—hot, but rarely sultry, bright but not glaring, owing to the vivid green with which the earth is generally clothed. If you could have seen the fearlessness of our Lord's-day camp, and the repose of the whole face of heaven and earth, you would have been relieved from many of those fears which seem to creep into your mind when you think of my journeys in this country. I took a Sabbath-day's walk

round my little plain, and then returned to the evening service with the natives.

On Monday, November 14th, we dived down a steep bank into a thick wood; crossed several heads of the Manawatu; and to our great joy came out in a few minutes upon a noble plain, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and covered with grass, without a bush or tree of any kind except two small clumps. To the left was the snowy range of Ruahine, the parent of many streams, giving birth to the Manawatu on its western face, and on the east to five rivers which, uniting into one channel, fall into the sea a few miles south of Ahuriri, a port in Hawke Bay. Our path led us across all these rivers in succession. During the first eighteen miles we walked over a surface of soft grass, on which wild pigs were ranging without fear of molestation. Their security, however, was interrupted for once: for our natives, with sharpened appetites, gave chase and captured four. Their successful chase gave our party a most grotesque appearance, for the animals being tied to the backs of the natives, it sometimes happened that the tail of the dead animal supplied that defect in the human race which Lord Monboddo lamented; while another man would be double-faced, with a boar's head worthy of the festivities of St. John's College.

Tuesday, November 15th, we walked to a small settlement on an island in a lake, whence the natives sent canoes to bring us to their island. The chief harangued us in a flowing blanket, with all the dignity of a Roman senator. But when the time came for our departure he prepared to accompany us by dressing himself in a complete English suit of white jean, with white cotton stockings, shoes, neckcloth and shirt complete. His wife was dressed in a brilliant cotton gown, spotted with bright red, and a good English bonnet, but without shoes or stockings. The canoe being in shallow water some way from the shore, the dutiful wife saved her husband's shoes and stockings by carrying him on her back to the boat.

About one o'clock we had the pleasure of seeing Archdeacon Williams and Mr. Dudley coming to meet us.

On Wednesday, November 16th, we arrived at Ahuriri ; where we found a very numerous Christian community, though they had only once been visited by a missionary. The chapel was a substantial building capable of containing four hundred people. In the evening, our canoe having stuck fast, we were left without tents or food till near midnight : we then procured one tent, in which the first Chief Justice, the first Bishop, and the first Archdeacon of New Zealand huddled in their blankets for the night. Surely such an aggregate of legal and clerical dignity was never before collected under one piece of canvas !

Thursday, November 18th, rose at four o'clock ; crossed the harbour of Ahuriri, and walked twelve miles along the eastern coast,—being lighted to our encampment first by innumerable insects like the glow-worm, and at last by the blaze of a burning wood.

On Sunday, November 20th, we held services with our natives, there being no other inhabitants in these parts. It was another peaceful Sunday. The morning opened as usual with the morning hymn of the birds, which Captain Cook compared to a concert of silver bells. When this ceased at sunrise, the sound of native voices chanting around our tents carried on the same tribute of praise and thanksgiving, while audible murmurs brought to our ears the passages of the Bible which they were reading. I never felt the full blessing of the Lord's Day as a day of rest more than in New Zealand. Here it pleased God, however, to bring us into a state of great anxiety : one of our party was seized with a disorder of the brain, caused, we had reason to believe, partly by the heat and partly by the excitement of the journey. You cannot form any idea of the effect of such a journey on the mind. I cannot convey to you the least idea of the train of innumerable thoughts which are suggested continually both by the beauty of the scenery, the character of the natives, the various plants, insects, and birds, so entirely different from those of our own land.

At last, on November 25th, we reached Poverty Bay, where our invalid was at his own home, and safely committed to the care of his wife.

Sunday, November 27th, we had a noble congregation, of at least a thousand, assembled amid the ruins of their chapel, which had been blown down. They came up in parties, headed by their chiefs and teachers, and took their places on the ground with the regularity of so many soldiers. We were placed under an awning, but the congregation sat in the sun. It was a noble sight, and their attentive manner and the deep sonorous uniformity of their responses was most striking. During the service, Mr. W. Williams was duly installed as Archdeacon of Waiapu, or East Cape, and will have jurisdiction over all the country eastward of the one hundred and sixth degree of E. longitude.

After morning service the natives formed into classes for reading and saying the catechism,—old tattooed warriors standing side by side with young men and boys, and submitting to lose their places for every mistake with the most perfect good-humour.

On Wednesday, November 30th, we walked along the shore of Poverty Bay and of the bays to the northward, amid the most lovely scenery. The general character is a half-moon bay, with a rich background of wooded hills sloping down to a firm sandy beach of a warm reddish-grey tone. And this, with a bright blue sky overhead, formed a combination of the most pleasing colours; and, with a large party of natives forming themselves into movable groups, presented a succession of perfect landscapes.

On December 1st, we walked under a grand headland, called by Captain Cook "Cape Gable-end." It is one of the most striking sea-views that I ever saw. After leaving this we passed through Tolaga Bay, where a house is in progress for Mr. Baker, a catechist of the Church Missionary Society. Here we were most kindly received by the native teacher and his wife, one of the most worthy couples that I have seen in the country. We arrived at Kiawa, our sleeping-place, at 9.30 p.m.

On December 2nd, we passed Anaura Bay, abounding in lovely scenery, as before: then through a bay where a small vessel was lying at anchor engaged in the pig trade, which is brisk along this coast. We made a twilight ascent up a steep ridge, and then had a long walk along the flat summit from which the outline of the

distant mountains—Ikurangi (the Parnassus of New Zealand, with its two peaks) and others near it—stood out on the face of the sky from which the last gleam of daylight had not disappeared. We did not reach our resting-place till 11.30 p.m., and the Chief Justice was engaged in frying pancakes of flour and water till midnight.

Saturday, December 3rd, after a pleasant walk over sand and shingle, at 5 p.m., we came upon the valley of the Waiapu, and a lovely view it was. A rich plain of grass and fern-land lay before us, through the middle of which the Waiapu runs in a broad shingly bed. In the centre of the plain is a large pa, and beyond it the mission-house of Mr. Stack. Rich patches of wood are scattered over the higher parts of the valley over which the double head of Ikurangi rose, supported by its three satellites—Aorangi, Taitai and Wairiki,—a noble mass of mountains with the sun setting gloriously behind it.

On Sunday, December 4th, a very full congregation assembled, and after morning service I had an English service with some settlers at the place. For there is now scarcely one of the mission settlements at which parties of white men have not settled, and the missionaries very properly invite them to an English service every Sunday. In the afternoon, we had Divine Service in the open air, the natives forming orderly rows ("by fifty in a company") on the grass.

On Monday, December 5th, we made many inquiries about a short cut to Opotiki: and the natives told us there was a war-path which the old men knew, but which had been little used for some years, and was much overgrown. We resolved to try it, and started at 4 p.m., up the course of the Waiapu for ten miles. For three days we pushed on. The native path went over the highest ridges, probably from the desire of the war parties to keep the highest ground for fear of surprise. This is the only respect in which we suffer from the warlike character of the natives in former times; as their present disposition, so far as I have seen it, is remarkably peaceable.

On December 9th, we pitched our encampment on a small

piece of alluvial soil deposited in the bend of the river Kereu, the rest of the banks being rocky and precipitous. A more glorious woodland amphitheatre cannot be conceived. Tree ferns starred the face of the hills on every side, and next day at two o'clock a fresh breeze came sweeping up the valley, announcing by its refreshing coolness that the sea was near. . . . In another hour we emerged, to our great joy, upon the coast of the Bay of Plenty, near a place called Te Kaha. Here we encamped in the middle of the pa, in which we were sorry to find (what is very unusual) that the majority of the population were heathens. In the evening, I performed Divine Service in the native chapel, the ruinous state of which and the smallness of the congregation confirmed the rumour which I had heard of the relapse of the principal chiefs from Christianity.

Next day, Sunday, December 11th, I visited the principal chief to remonstrate with him on his abandonment of religion. It appeared that various causes had led to the relapse, especially the unpleasant manners of the native Christian teacher, the residence of an unprincipled English trader among them, and the death of some of their children, which they attributed to the displeasure of their own *atua* (spirit) at the introduction of Christianity. The coast of the Bay of Plenty is in accordance with its name. The native cultivations slope down the gentle hills which skirt the sea-shore; and the rich pohutukawa trees, covered with crimson blossoms, give the appearance of an ornamental garden instead of the usual bleak and barren features of the coast.

On Monday, December 12th, we found an old native who was said to remember Captain Cook; and in the evening came to a native settlement with very neat and extensive cultivations, where we found Mr. Wilson, catechist of the Church Missionary Society, who had come from Opotiki to meet us. Next day, we reached Opotiki, a Church Missionary Society station, where I baptized several natives in the open air. It is not my usual practice to baptize: but this part of the coast is under the care of unordained missionaries, who are visited by Rev. A. Brown from his station at Tauranga. At the present time the unsettled state

of the natives at Tauranga and Rotorua prevents Mr. Brown from visiting these parts, and I therefore felt myself called upon to supply the deficiency.

On Thursday, December 15th, we enjoyed a fine view of Mount Edgecumbe from Matata, about ten miles off. Its height is overrated on Wylde's map; I should think it is not more than seven thousand feet high at the utmost. Crossed a small river, and arrived at Otamarora, where we found an English schooner, and again sent letters to our wives.

December 16th, started at eight, and walked along the beach to river Waiki: found a canoe on the bank, and pushed and paddled across with our tent-poles, which in all our journeys of this kind have many employments—sometimes forming a litter to carry us over swamps, sometimes serving as paddles, and very often as walking-sticks. After crossing, we went towards Maketu, a place lately rendered notorious by a murder committed by its inhabitants upon the people of Mayor Islands. We heard that the governor and soldiers were at Tauranga, fourteen miles from Maketu, to bring the offenders to justice, and therefore expected to find the people in great excitement. When we came within half a mile of the pa, we heard firing, which was a signal to the natives who were with us to place themselves in our rear,—not that they loved us less, but that they loved themselves more, and adopted the prudent course of Thraso in Terence: "Egomet ero post principia." We were, however, received with every sign of goodwill, much shaking of hands, and shouting of *Haere mai*,* the principal murderer being most assiduous in his attentions, and were conducted to a store built for Mr. Chapman, the missionary at Rotorua, who uses this place (Maketu) as his seaport. Here we found three large tea-chests, upon which we sat, expecting the natives to ask us to stay. But after waiting two hours, we crossed the river, and went on to an old deserted pa, the inhabitants of which were destroyed a few years ago by the people of Maketu.

* The Maori for "Come on!" (in a peaceful sense) or "Welcome!" An extensive vocabulary of Maori words may be seen at the end of Dieffenbach's "Travels in New Zealand" (1843).

On Saturday, December 17th, we crossed the harbour of Tauranga, and arrived at the mission station, a pretty cottage, of native workmanship, surrounded by rose-trees. All looked so comfortable and suitable that I was much prepossessed in favour of the inmates. Nor was I disappointed; for I found Mr. and Mrs. Brown extremely sensible and rightminded. The acting governor and his wife, with a suite of secretaries and interpreters, were staying at the mission. But Mrs. Brown pursued the even tenour of her domestic duties, where other people would have made a great fuss on receiving the heads of the State, the law, the army, and the Church. The governor was in considerable doubt as to the course of action to be adopted towards the people of Maketu, not wishing to kindle a native war, and so to throw the country back into its former state. He had much conversation with the Chief Justice on the subject. I did not express any positive opinion; as I wish, whatever may be the proceedings of Government, to keep the mission clear of any misunderstanding with the natives.

Sunday, December 18th, preached to the natives in the morning, and to the English afterwards. Then I went seven miles in a boat to a small pa, where I performed the whole service, and returned with beautiful moonlight to the station about 8.30 p.m. The Government brig arrived with the troops from Auckland. Some of the officers advised us not to go by Rotorua, as the natives of that place are of the same tribe as those of Maketu. But as we had already told the people we intended to go that way, we determined not to alter our route.

On Tuesday, December 20th, therefore, we left Tauranga, and walked twelve miles over the plain, encamping in a potato-ground, which was both bed and board.

Wednesday, December 21st, emerging from a wood, we had a noble view of Rotorua lake, the steam from hot springs rising in a thick cloud at the north end, and the beautiful wooded hills of Tarawera forming the background. We assembled the natives for evening service, and then sailed across in Mr. Chapman's

boat to the mission station. Mr. Stack, my companion from the East Cape, had left us at Tauranga.

Thursday, December 22nd, received visits from most of the native teachers, conversed with them, and distributed books. Afterwards we walked to the hot springs; and then went to the other side of the lake and assembled the natives to evening service. During the next two days we walked over fern hills and through woods, till we came suddenly upon the Thames, rushing like an arrow through the barren country, with a bright blue stream full of life and sparkling with purity. As yet it has no Eton or Windsor on its banks. Still its name brought to my mind all the most happy passages of my life. Towards sunset we came to another ridge, on surmounting which the noble Waikato came in view, forcing its way through a most singular valley, where the excavations made by the river have all the evenness of the works of a railway or of a regular fortification. The path crosses the river by a native pig-bridge, composed of two trees with a hollow wattle of brushwood in the middle. The whole river is here compressed into a channel from twenty to thirty feet wide, through which it boils and rushes in a most magnificent manner. Of course there are a sufficient number of legends of persons swept away. In the evening, we reached one of the small villages. A large fire had demolished the chapel and most of the dwellings; but we pitched among the ruins, and found the natives most kind and hospitable.

Sunday, Christmas Day, we walked two miles to a village, where we found a good chapel in which I officiated; and after morning service asked and answered questions on the Bible till time of school. I then called upon a chief, reputed to be a heathen, but professing Romanism, and had a long conversation with him. He attended our evening service in the open air, but lay at full length with his cap on. He is most likely one of the heathen, who pretend to be Papists, merely to keep up a reason for separation from the mission converts. Next day, we walked through native cultivations and wheat-fields of very considerable extent, and came to the last of the cluster of villages, where we

were greeted with letters from Auckland and a present of raspberries from the native teacher—both quite unexpected in a small village in the heart of New Zealand.

Tuesday, December 27th, at Otawao a large body of natives assembled to morning service in the open air, the chapel having been blown down. After service, school; at which I was much struck by a fine old blind man catechizing his class. His whole manner and figure were venerable. I wish that I could sketch him for you.

Wednesday, December 28th, we embarked in Mr. Maunsell's boat on the river Waipa, with a crew of seven natives with paddles. The ease, comfort, and speed of our journey contrasted most delightfully with our long and slow marches overland. The Waipa is a most valuable river for inland navigation. For fifty miles above its junction with the Waikato it is navigable for vessels of many tons burden; and the stream is so gentle that vessels may ascend and descend with almost equal facility. About 4 p.m. we came to the junction of the waters, where the Waikato comes rushing in like an arrow, reminding one of the confluence of the Rhone with the Saone. Towards sunset we came to Mr. Ashwell's mission station, and pitched our tents in front of his house.

On Thursday, December 29th, we resumed our course down the Waikato, stopping about midday to converse with Te Whero-Whero, the great chief of the Waikato. His wife has all the manners of an old lady of quality; she entertained us with eels cooked in the native oven. Later in the day we came to a small creek, up which the judge wished to go in order to join a path leading over the isthmus to Auckland. I paddled on to the Rev. R. Maunsell's mission station at the mouth of the Waikato, and spent December 31st in conversing with him on the [Maori] translations of the Bible and Prayer-Book. He is one of the best linguists on the mission. I have formed a "translation committee," composed of two clergymen and two catechists. So that I hope, in due time, to get a standard copy of both Bible and Prayer-Book, to be published under authority.

1843. Sunday, January 1st, I reviewed with great thankfulness

the various events of the past year, so full of new and important features. The next day, crossed Waikato Harbour in Mr. Maunsell's boat; and walked inland to a native village where the chapel had a very respectable appearance, having large glass windows, a gift of the late governor. The native teacher is a Wesleyan; but he was very attentive, and supplied us with potatoes and goat's milk.

On Tuesday, January 3rd, my last pair of thick shoes being worn out, and my feet much blistered by walking on the stumps, I borrowed a horse from the native teacher, and started at 4 a.m. to go twelve miles to Mr. Hamlin's mission station, on Manakau Harbour. Then ten miles, by boat, across the harbour. It is a noble sheet of water, but very dangerous, from shoals and squalls. After a beautiful run of two hours, I landed with my faithful Maori, Rota (Lot), who had steadily accompanied me all the way, carrying my bag with gown and cassock—the only articles in my possession which would have fetched sixpence in the Auckland rag-market. My last remaining pair of shoes (pumps) were strong enough for the light and sandy walk of six miles to Auckland; and at 2 p.m. I reached the judge's house by a path avoiding the town and passing over land which I have bought for the site of a cathedral. It is a spot which, I hope, may hereafter be traversed by the feet of many bishops better shod and far less ragged than myself.

Saturday, January 7th, I received letters reporting the rapid decline of Mr. Whytehead's health. When I recollected the last scene before I quitted Wellington (three months ago)—the interment of poor Mr. Evans—my journey seemed, like the rebuilding of Jericho, to be begun and ended in the death of my children. I sent immediately to the harbour, and engaged a small vessel to return to the Bay of Islands the same afternoon.

On Monday, January 9th, we landed; and then rowed up the Waitangi to the beginning of the path to the Waimaté, which I reached with a full heart at 6.30 p.m. Mr. Whytehead was one of the first to meet me; and his pale and spectral face told its own story. Sarah was quite well, though she had borne much

during my absence; William full of health and loquacity; all the young men and Mr. Cotton perfectly well. I had left home on July 5, 1842, and returned on January 9, 1843, after an absence of more than six months. The distance traversed was 2685 miles, of which 1400 miles were by ship, 397 by boat, 126 on horseback, 762 on foot.

Thus came to a happy termination the Bishop's first visitation journey, giving him a full knowledge of the whole Northern Island—by far the more important half, at that time, of his vast diocese. The narrative is certainly one of the greatest interest: partly, as presenting a most graphic picture of the *man*, brimful of zeal and energy, inspired with a noble courage and enterprise, and commingling in the most curious amalgam the twinkling humour of a healthy-minded Englishman, the classical tastes of an Etonian, the fine sentiment for nature which is characteristic of our nineteenth century, and the spirit of the somewhat romantic "Catholic revival" brought here into contact with an insular Evangelical mission long in undisputed possession of the land.

But besides the man, there is this noble *country* itself most vividly brought before us, as it was half a century ago. Since that time, English settlers have crowded by shiploads to the coast, and desperate wars have been waged by these apparently peaceful Maoris to try and stave off their inevitable subjugation; in the then wild valley of the Thames, gold-fields have been discovered; the Waikato valley and the coast south of Mount Egmont hear the harsh whistle of the railway engine; and Wellington itself—so hastily fortified against Rauparaha and Rangihæta after the massacre of a surveying party in 1843

—is now the seat of government, where Maori and English representatives sit in Parliament side by side.

Above all, the state of religion in New Zealand some fifty years ago comes out with a most curious and interesting distinctness. Who could have believed that the first Bishop, on his arrival, would have found the whole native population thus quietly and thoroughly (as it then seemed) permeated and saturated with Christianity? Broadcast over the land, we see, during this journey, chapels and mission-stations, English clergymen and native catechists, Bible-classes and Sunday worship, mission boats and other expensive paraphernalia. And, what is more, the religion thus professed was evidently of the most simple, hearty, and effective kind, exactly suitable to the race and to their conditions—before the overwhelming influx of English colonization had begun.

Nor was it religion only which had been taught to this promising race. Agriculture, also, and the arts of civilized life had long ago been introduced. So long ago as 1830, the station at Waimaté had made itself independent of New South Wales for its supplies of provisions. More than fifty thousand bricks were made; seven hundred thousand feet of timber were felled; three wooden houses were erected, with stabling for twelve or fourteen horses; eight or ten cottages were built, and ultimately a spacious chapel; ploughs and harrows were constructed; and roads were cut through the dense forest; while January 3, 1835, was made for ever memorable by the introduction of a printing press, to be worked by a native assistant.

Where did all these benefits come from? It was mainly the humble quiet permeating work of the Church Missionary.

Society.* All honour to it, and to the devoted able men whom it sent forth! For such a work needed self-devotion indeed. The attention of that society (as we have already seen) was first directed to New Zealand by Samuel Marsden, in 1809; and the missionaries they sent out—or rather, the “Gospel of Christ” by its own inherent power—had produced in the course of a few years such a transformation of the native character as, had it not been actually witnessed by competent observers, could not possibly have been believed. For the Maoris, docile as they may now seem, are at heart a manly and warlike, and even a ferocious race; and—

on account of their savage character, they were once so dreaded by the mariner, that nothing but necessity could induce him to land upon their shores.†

No wonder: for even their first discoverer, Tasman, two hundred years ago (1643), had a taste of their quality; when, losing some of his men by native treachery, he named an inlet near Nelson “Massacre Bay.” In 1770, another captain, a Frenchman, with sixteen of his crew, was set upon and eaten. In 1771, an English captain lost ten men in the same way,—and this, two years after Captain Cook had taken possession of the islands for England. In 1809, the ship *Boyd* was seized, and seventy persons were massacred and eaten, in revenge for some ill-usage of a young chief. Thus the Maoris came to be regarded by

* “I took leave of the New Zealand missionaries with feelings of high respect for their useful and upright characters. . . . The march of improvement, consequent on the introduction of Christianity, throughout the South Sea probably stands by itself in the record of history.” (Charles Darwin, “Voyage” (1832–1836), 428, 505.)

† Swainson, “New Zealand” (1859), p. 67.

civilized mankind as little better than carnivorous wild-beasts. They were talked of as "the enemies of mankind;" and every ship that approached their coasts had boarding-nets to keep them off.* Even so late as 1836—only six years before Bishop Selwyn's arrival—a traveller describes the most horrible scenes of cannibalism, witnessed by him among the tribes that remained heathen. There had been a battle: and—

the bodies of fallen men, weltering in their blood, are strewn about the ground. Here, a number of bodies are laid out previously to being cut up for the oven. By-and-by, a body is dragged into the camp: the head is cut off, and the heart, steaming with warmth, is pulled out and carried off. Halves of bodies, quarters, heads, legs, are carried away; and some of them purposely thrust into your face. You now visit the place where the opposite party is encamped, and where for two days they had remained to gorge on sixty human bodies. Two long lines of native ovens mark the spot where the bodies were cooked: and a smaller one, with a wreath around its edge and two pointed sticks by the side, on one of which was a potato and on the other a lock of hair, points out the place where they set apart a portion of their horrid meal for the evil-spirit.†

The abrupt and total transformation of men like these, by the simple agency of preaching "the story of the Cross," is something more like a modern "miracle" than any event recorded in the annals of our time. And that the transforming agency was really the "Cross of Christ," and nothing else, appears from the following letter written by the present Bishop of Wellington (Hadfield) in 1840.‡

* Thomson, "Story of New Zealand," i. 253. † Swainson, p. 67.

‡ These interesting letters were most kindly put into my hands by his brother, Colonel Hadfield, of Lichfield, in 1888. The times referred to are now long gone by.

I am in the midst of a sinful people, who have been accustomed to sin uncontrolled from their youth, and who talk of it with levity. If I speak to a native on murder, infanticide, cannibalism, and adultery—their hitherto glaring sins—they laugh in my face, and tell me, “I may think these acts are bad, but they are very good for a native;” and they cannot conceive any harm in them. But, on the contrary, when I tell them that these and other sins brought the Son of God, the great Creator of the Universe, from His eternal glory to this world, to be incarnate and to be made a curse and to die,—then they open their eyes and ears and mouths, and wish to hear more; and presently they acknowledge themselves sinners, and say they will leave off their sins. . . . The leading men of this tribe [near Waikanae, north of Wellington], who have hitherto resisted the Gospel, are all coming round. I returned, about a fortnight ago, from an interesting trip among some people of this tribe living on the banks of a most splendid and beautiful river, the Manawatu. I came all the way down in a canoe, visiting the natives on the banks; nearly all of whom I found much improved and seeming to welcome me from their hearts. . . . I am also expecting a vessel to take me to the opposite island, to Queen Charlotte’s Sound, where there are many hundreds who (in their simple way) call themselves my “children.” I have much love for them. A party of another tribe (Rauparaha’s people) lately visited me for some days, with all the “nobility” of the tribe. I was much pleased with some of them. There is some talk of their coming to see me from all parts of the straits in the summer.

Another letter, written about the same time, thus describes the transformation that was preparing the way for the peaceful scenes witnessed by Bishop Selwyn on his first visitation tour:—

Oh that the time were come, when the Gospel of Jesus, the “Prince of Peace,” shall prevail throughout the world! I feel thankful that I—yet not I, but the Gospel I preach—has been the

means of stopping a war between the two tribes among whom I live. Many of the chiefs who began the war before I came [hither, to the south, near Cook's Straits], now tell me that, though they cannot understand all I say, they have at least learned to leave off fighting and working on the Lord's Day. The other tribe all attend to me : and in the one village in which I reside [Waikanae] there are about five or six hundred at service on the Sunday. It is not all gold that glitters. Nevertheless there is much to encourage me : vast numbers can now read and write well [in Maori] : and when I have lectures of an evening, it amuses me to see the means they resort to, climbing up on stands inside the building, and many coming half an hour before the bell rings,—so anxious are they to hear the Word of God explained. Some travel ten miles on the Saturday, for the services of the next day. And it is remarkable to see gun-barrels used for bells,—instruments of war turned into instruments of peace. These are very common. . . . But this people is a very wicked people ; and if "civilized" without the influence of the Gospel upon it, they will not be benefited in any way. The influence of the immoral English, living in the land, is the greatest difficulty I have to contend with ; as they continually object to me the lives and conduct of my own countrymen. . . . There is not much beauty in the scenery here,—a sandy shore and flat near the sea ; but the mountains at the back are fine, and I have the hilly island of Kapiti, or "Entry Island" [Rauparaha's domain], about three miles out at sea, opposite me.

This, then, was Aotearoa ("the land of bright sunshine,") and these its Maoris ("natives," or men of the soil), whose acquaintance Bishop Selwyn had now made, and whose capabilities he had already learned to appreciate so highly. But though the Church of England, even so early as 1809, had formed a just appreciation of this beautiful country and of its manly race, the State of

England lingered far behind: and so little was the future importance of the country foreseen, that, in 1830, King William IV. sent out a national flag to the "united chiefs of New Zealand;"* and not till 1837 did the frequent misdeeds of rough whalers and shrewd land-sharks induce the home Government to send out a British consul to introduce English law at the Bay of Islands, before the Earl of Durham's recently formed "New Zealand Association" should send out emigrants to the country. Then, in 1840, the French threatening to take possession, the English ensign was once more formally hauled up; Colonel Wakefield purchased, as he supposed, an enormous territory for his New Zealand Company, on both sides of Cook's Straits; and the first governor, Captain Hobson, signed, along with three hundred and twelve Maori chiefs, the celebrated "Treaty of Waitangi"—by which it was agreed (1) that the Queen was to be Sovereign of New Zealand; (2) that the chiefs of the various tribes were to retain undisputed possession of their lands.

But, from the very first, there seems to have been a good deal of confusion and uncertainty about this treaty, from which so much benefit was expected. Thus—

on October 4, 1842, at the first sitting of the Supreme Court at Wellington, under Judge Martin, a case of great importance to the relation between the white people and the natives was tried. A chief, Rangihæta, had violently taken possession of certain buildings and had destroyed them. It appeared that he had not signed the treaty made with the confederate chiefs. But, it was argued, the "proclamation" of May 21, 1840, had made him a British subject. Major Bunbury, however, distinctly states

* Silver, "Australia and New Zealand" (1880), p. 343.

that Rangihaeta had signed the document in question, in the following June, on board H.M.S. *Herald*. It seemed odd that neither the judge nor any of the counsel should have been in possession of so important a paper, with all the signatures attached. But scarcely any one knows to this day, except by rumour and incidental evidence, who were the 312 natives that signed the Treaty of Waitangi.*

Here, then, was already prepared a fertile cause of misunderstanding and dispute. But when Bishop Selwyn, two years later on, appeared upon the scene, his highly educated eye, his "heredity" of legal acumen, and his deep Christian sympathy, both with the natives, on the one hand, and the English settlers on the other, soon enabled him to detect another "little rift" which should ere long spoil the seeming harmony and soak the land in blood. Six months after his return home to the Waimaté, there occurred in the Southern Island the disastrous "massacre at Wairau" (June 15, 1843). On hearing this sad news, Bishop Selwyn writes thus to a friend in England:—

Last Monday (July 17, 1843) was the gloomiest day which I have spent in New Zealand. What has occurred at Nelson will, I trust, be a salutary warning to us all. . . . The ideas of boundaries and territorial rights are remarkably definite [among the Maoris], though complicated in many cases by the number of joint proprietors. One chief, for instance, may have the sole property in one portion of land and only a common right in another. But if he were disposed to sell, he might speak of them both as his land—though the purchaser in the one case would be buying the fee-simple, in the other case only the separate interest of one holding in common with others. . . . Yet hundreds of thousands of acres have been transferred to the English settlers

* E. G. Wakefield, "New Zealand in 1839-1841," ii. 271.

in all parts of the country without the slightest dispute, where all the points necessary to the completion of a sale according to native usages have been duly attended to. In the course of my journeys I have been constantly told the exact boundaries and the price (even to an axe or a blanket) of the land so alienated.*

In these few words we have, as in a nutshell, the cause of the nine years' New Zealand war (1859-1868), and of the political home-rule movement which, almost to the present hour, has' jealously excluded all Europeans from the "King Country" in the heart of the Northern Island. All the bloodshed and confusion arose, as indeed such miseries usually do arise, simply from a stupid misunderstanding. There existed, in these early days of the colony, two distinct centres of English influence and growth. One was in the far north, at the seat of Government (Auckland), where men of large views and of much colonial experience were gathered; the other was in the far south, on Cook's Straits, where the New Zealand Company had purchased, as they supposed, enormous tracts of land on both sides of the strait and were pouring in settlers, fresh from England, and innocent of every idea but that of "money down and immediate possession." Yet had the managers of this immigration recollected the history even of their own country, they might have spared New Zealand all the fratricidal bloodshed and all the heritage of political confusion which half a century of effort has not even yet brought to an end. For of these ancient tribal or "common" rights the England that we now pass so swiftly over by railway shows many a trace to this very hour; and a little knowledge of the "land-questions" of

* Tucker, i. 141.

our own past history would save us from many ruinous mistakes in dealing with more backward races. Thus, even so late as 1751—

a statute, which altered the English calendar, recites the frequency of these ancient forms of property, and provides that the periods for commencing common enjoyment [after the harvests have been cleared off] shall be reckoned by the old account of time. There is but one voice as to the quarrels and heartburning of which the “shifting severalties” in the meadow land have been the source. But both common-fields and common-meadows are still plentiful on all sides of us; and I have been surprised at the number of instances of abnormal proprietary rights, implying former collective ownership, which a comparatively brief inquiry has brought to my notice.*

When we go beyond England, we find in India, in Russia, in Switzerland, and elsewhere, many opportunities for studying this ancient but perplexed system of land-tenure. But what should rough emigrants, half a century ago, either know or care about these things? Who of them had the slightest acquaintance with the law, even of their own country—“glorious” in its uncertainties, labyrinthine in its uncodified entanglements? Much less could they be expected to understand, or to pay any heed to, the niceties of Maori ownership, where waste and (apparently) no-man’s land was inviting the plough-share, and for which they had paid down hard cash already to “the Company.” Hence arose the first disastrous scuffle with the natives, commonly called “the Wairau massacre,” in June, 1843. The Maoris persisted in impeding the English surveyors near Nelson, on the

* Maine, “Village Communities” (1871), p. 87.

southern side of Cook's Straits ; a force of fifty men was sent in the Government brig to the spot ; a musket went off and (as ill-luck would have it) killed a chief's wife ; and, with a fierce cry, "Farewell the light, farewell the day, come hither night!" the Maoris rushed upon the small English party and murdered twenty-three of them. This ill-omened success, and the panic which it caused among all the settlements, quite altered the hitherto peaceful and admiring attitude of the natives towards their European neighbours throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. The blood-stained chief who had ordered this massacre Bishop Selwyn would never admit to his presence again. Indeed he continued to give great trouble, until the Government adroitly presented him with a gig ; on which he turned his attention to making roads for the gig to run over, and thus became for a time a harmless and even useful member of society. These same roads, moreover, (as Sir W. Martin, in a letter, points out), gave military access to his fortified pa, across a hitherto impassable morass. But the old savage, though a master of stratagems in his own method of warfare, was too simple to suspect his English friends—"et dona ferentes."

These events, however, had no effect upon the Bishop's determination to penetrate every part of his diocese, and to carry far and wide, among both natives and settlers committed to his charge, the blessings and privileges of organized churchmanship. The gospel they already had. It was the frame-work of Church order—the only guarantee for the permanence and purity of Christianity in any part of the world—which he felt commissioned and consecrated to import among them. And no man was ever better

fitted for such a task. His powers of organization were unrivalled ; and the leading idea in all his operations, strange as it may sound, was that of the *cathedral system*—as it had spontaneously grown up in the early Church, as St. Augustine had developed it at Hippo in the fifth century, and as the Oxford revival of 1833 had rediscovered it. That idea was simply the thought how unity and efficiency are engendered in all human affairs by harmonious and disciplined, instead of sporadic and individual, efforts. And the first requirement for such harmony of many various members in one body—as every general, every statesman, every man of business knows—is a head-quarters, an office, a “chair” (in Greek, “*cathedra*”), from which orders, and therefore order, shall issue. Indeed the letters of one of the most earnest and devoted of the Church Missionary Society missionaries, the first man ordained upon the soil of New Zealand, written at the Waimaté not long before the Bishop’s arrival, plainly reveal the urgent need of some Church discipline and episcopal oversight, if the mission were not to issue in chaos and failure. He says (Jan. 1839):—

I must confess that the ground has been well broken up here, and the way opened and made easy for others. The “dry bones” have at least begun to shake. Nor, from the instruments employed, could much more be expected. I can understand the instrumentality of laymen in *edifying* souls, where there is a ministry and where the sacraments of Christ’s institution exist. But I can see no ground to expect the *originating* of a Church, otherwise than by God’s appointed means. Men of all descriptions—some sent out as carpenters, blacksmiths, etc.—have acquired large property in lands and cattle ; and are of such importance in their own eyes, that they ask what difference there

is between a Minister and a Layman. Now, I am a Churchman, sent here by a bishop of the Church, canonically commissioned, and supported by funds derived from Church people. I am determined, therefore, to uphold Church discipline and principles. Indeed, the evils of the contrary system are beginning to appear, in the radical and insubordinate notions and conduct of many of the missionaries' children.

In a similar strain, he writes two months later :—

There is a station at Kataia which has been formed some five years ; but, as there is no clergyman, it is necessary to visit them, at least once in six months, for the purpose of baptizing and administering the Lord's Supper. It was most pleasing to see so many natives who had received the Gospel,—men who, five years ago, were the most savage in New Zealand, and (I am told) looked ferocious beyond measure, and thought nothing of murdering anybody they met with and devouring them. But though there is much that pleases me, there is much that displeases me. The persons engaged in the mission are, for the most part, ignorant men who have been advanced beyond their proper station in life, and consequently presume upon it. They likewise, having never possessed any property, think it very fine to buy large estates of land at a very low price, and have cattle and wheat, etc. This grieves me to the heart.

Again :—

The worldliness of the missionaries, and their unwillingness to proceed to those parts of the island where they are most wanted, are to me distressing and alarming symptoms. I did once think that, as a missionary, I should have to bear the taunts and reproaches of an ungodly world : but I must confess I was not prepared for reproaches *by* the world for conformity *to* the world. All these things had almost induced me to leave New Zealand. It is a fact that does not admit of dispute, that the Gospel has prospered most at places ten or twenty miles from the missionary

stations. I wish to live as much as possible among the natives,—a thing which has been much neglected here.

Lastly, he writes (in April, 1841) from the south, where he has attained his heart's desire to "live among the natives :"—

My work is going on well : I baptized thirty-three the other day, all of whom I think well of and some of whom I love much. I hear that we have a bishop appointed for New Zealand. I hope he will soon be out here : he is much wanted.

And now, at length, this "greatly desired," "much wanted," Bishop had actually arrived ; and had planted his "cathedra" (chair, seat, "see") near the Bay of Islands, in the far north of New Zealand ; and there, like St. Augustine, fourteen hundred years before, he had gathered round him in his "palace" of weather-boards, under gentle Church discipline, his college of younger men. What if the "cathedral church" were a mean wooden structure, painted white, and the cathedral library were ten miles away beside the sea-shore, where tall folios disputed for possession with marine stores of all kinds ; was not "the interior view from the vestry, in spite of a lop-sided east-end, sufficiently ecclesiastical" ? was there not a cathedral choir "with seven voices of adults" ? and was there not a good road, of ten miles, from the library to the Bishop's house and college—"so that books can be transported as often as they are wanted" ?

We, enjoying our convenient theological colleges and sumptuous minsters in England, may smile at such "a day of small things" as this. But there was a serious earnest about it all, and a freedom from shackles in apply-

ing afresh to the real needs of the Church her rediscovered principles of action, which should make us rather envy the simplicity and directness of head-quarters at the Waimaté in 1842. The place is thus described by the Bishop himself, in a letter to his mother :—

On my return [from the lengthened visitation journey of 1842] I found St. John's College, Waimaté, already established, and consisting of the following members: *tutors*, Rev. T. Whytehead and Rev. W. Cotton; *students*, R. Davis and five others. The plan of the day is this—7 a.m. breakfast, 8 a.m. daily service in the church, 10–12 a.m. lectures, 1.30 p.m. dinner, 7 p.m. tea, 9 p.m. prayers and bed. Next door to our own house (which is the college) is the school, which will probably be set on foot after Easter. My intention is to spend one day in every week in the library—a fine stone building, partly used as a store,—as the interruptions at the Waimaté are numerous. It is enough to cheer the heart to see such a body of sound divinity collected in this most distant of the dioceses of the Church of England; and I did not wish to risk such a precious deposit within wooden walls. The “store” is the most substantial building in New Zealand. . . . On February 25, I held my first confirmation (at which 325 natives were confirmed) in the Church at the Waimaté. A more orderly and (I hope) impressive ceremony could not have been conducted in any church in England. It was a most striking sight to see a church filled with native Christians, ready at my first invitation to obey the ordinances of their religion. The contrast with the English settlements is lamentable; where the lack of candidates will (I fear) for some time prevent me from holding confirmations.

This contrast between natives and settlers is, at first, always most striking. But alas for human shortsightedness! Among these native Christians—who, in their

simplicity and docility, always appear so interesting to European missionaries—ere many years had passed away, thousands had apostatized and gone over to a semi-heathen fanaticism, in which they still live.* While among the English settlers nothing worse than a temporary indifference, which may easily pass away like a cloud, has to be feared. What has been “bred in the bone” for many generations is not so easily eradicated—as the Church, with her firm quiet system of indefatigable education, has from the beginning been aware,—while rapid conversion has too often disappointed the missionary by issuing in an equally rapid apostasy. Heredity (as the science-men perpetually warn us) has a great deal more to do with human affairs than we could formerly believe to be possible.

* Nicholls, “Journey through the King-country” (1884), pp. 277: “They [the Hau-haus] seemed to be following the same mode of life as before the arrival of Captain Cook. . . . When the question was put to an old chief as to his religious scruples, he spoke out frankly: ‘At one time I thought there were two “saints” in the island, Tawhiao and Te Whiti; and I waited a long time to see if they would be taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire. But now I think there are no saints, in heaven or in earth.’ His wife laughed heartily, and, looking us full in the face, said: ‘We believe in nothing here; and get fat on pork and potatoes.’ This brought down roars of laughter from the assembled Hau-haus; and we dropped the religious question.” *Ibid.*, p. 158: “On a low peninsula, jutting out into Lake Taupo, there were the remains of a whare-karakia, or church,—a ruined monument. The native settlement had dwindled away, until it had become a haunt of wild pigs, that squealed and grunted at us, as we passed through the deserted cultivations still marked by the peach and the rose-tree.” *Ibid.*, p. 292: “‘Ere long [said a Hau-hau chief] nothing will remain to tell you of the Maoris, but the names of their mountains and their rivers.”

CHAPTER II.

Second visitation journey (1843)—Visit (*via* the Thames Valley) to the district of the hot-springs and the terraces—Lake Taupo—New Plymouth—Wellington.

HAVING now temporarily settled “St. John’s College” and the cathedral library at the Bay of Islands, and from thence paid a flying visit to all the quarrelsome and warlike nations of the extreme north, the Bishop prepared for yet another long journey. It was a visitation to the extreme southern limit of his diocese, and to the scattered hamlets of Maori traders and European whalers, who then fringed with a sparse population the now prosperous and highly civilized Southern Island. He began by bringing Mrs. Selwyn and her little son William safely down to Auckland by sea. She was at that time somewhat of an invalid, and any short land journeys in the neighbourhood of the palace and cathedral were made in a primitive form of palanquin. On arrival at Auckland, therefore, she was consigned to the loving care of Chief Justice Martin and his bright cheerful wife; and the Bishop could go forward with a light and thankful heart to his arduous visitation duties in the far south. This second great exploration began, however, by a diagonal passage through the centre

of the Northern Island, from the estuary of the Thames in the north-east, and the volcanic district behind—with its wonderful hot lakes and petrified terraces—across to the mouth of the Wanganui in the south-west, and so on to Wellington. The journey thus far, as may well be imagined, was most enjoyable; and it was graphically described, with many pen-and-ink illustrations, in a letter to his father at Richmond. He sailed from Auckland at sunset on October 18, 1843—

taking leave of Sarah with a lighter heart than when I parted from her last year. She was in improved health, enjoying a perfect exemption from all domestic cares, with kind and attentive friends, and with just enough of the character of an “invalid” to excuse her from the fatigue of receiving and returning visits.

He was accompanied by two chaplains, Mr. Nihill and Mr. Cotton, and by Mr. Clark, the chief “protector of Aborigines;” and, canoeing for some distance up the Thames, at the first convenient landing-place they parted with their eleven Maori boatmen, and addressed themselves to their walk of three hundred and thirty miles to New Plymouth on the west coast. The chief native food along these rivers appears to be eels, either fresh or in a dried state; and the Bishop’s illustrated letter supplied Justice Selwyn at Richmond, beside the English Thames, with graphic hints how to secure himself a dinner, if at any time the resources of civilization and law should fail him:—

After our eel-pie-house dinner [the bishop continues] we went on towards the formidable swamps of which so much has been said in the missionary reports. We found them better than we expected. None were so deep as the hips; the general depth

a little above the knee. At Matamata (just beyond), we found the Rev. Mr. Brown and two catechists of the Church Missionary Society, who had come to meet us. We encamped in the garden of the old mission station, which had to be deserted in consequence of native wars. The son of the old chief under whom these wars took place is now the principal native teacher—one of the many instances of sons of principal men being converted, while their fathers have adhered to their old ways. October 26th, thirty-one natives were confirmed; and after service the heathen portion of the inhabitants came in crowds round the tent. In manner they were very different from the Christian converts, being rude, vociferous, and quarrelsome.

Matamata Chapel is a noble building, erected solely by the natives. The area is about as large as Windsor Church. The uprights between the windows are smooth, light-coloured, and very thick planks; the dark interspaces being beautifully interlaced with fern-stalks dyed of various colours, giving a very pretty latticed appearance to the walls.

In the evening, the natives were thrown into great alarm by the appearance of a relapsed native teacher; who, having been deposed for a gross sin, had become very troublesome, and now came to the meeting threatening to shoot some one. Of course we took no notice of him; and after the usual blustering, which ended in nothing, he retired.

The Bishop with his party then pushed on to Rotorua and the hot springs—

clear pools of boiling water of great depth and of bright azure, inclosed in precipitous walls of sulphurous formation. From some of these flow down hot streams, which are guided by the natives into artificial baths. A small native village is here, with the usual steam-kitchen, viz. slabs of stone laid over boiling water, steam ovens always in readiness, and holes of boiling water in which potatoes or fish can be speedily cooked. A native swing completes the equipments of this fashionable watering-place.

A circumstance which we observed seemed to suggest one cause, at least, for the decrease of the native population in other parts of the country, viz. neglect of cleanliness in the children, especially in infancy. Here, where the children are nursed and cradled in warm water, and where they dabble in it at all hours of the day, their appearance is similar to the healthy and ruddy countenances of English children. Of all the lakes, the most remarkable for beauty is Tarawera, and for natural curiosities Rotomahana. While crossing one of the smaller lakes, the wind freshened, and very soon swamped one of the canoes. The natives at once stripped off their blankets and rolled them up, carrying them with one hand over their heads while they held the gunwale of the canoe with the other. Crossing a narrow isthmus, we came at once upon the gem of the lake scenery of New Zealand, Tarawera. The lake is not so large as Rotorua, but is much more beautiful; a lofty mountain overhangs it on the southern side, with a broad serrated top, looking like the frustum of a large cone, from which the points had been violently torn away.

As the moon rose, we saw before us what appeared to be a large waterfall about fifty feet in height; but were surprised to hear no sound of falling waters. It was in fact the white deposits of the hot springs, covered with a very shallow stream of warm water. The cascade lost some of its moonlight mystery under bright sunshine; but it was still singularly beautiful, the bright blue colour of the pools having the appearance of sapphires set in the pink-white substance of the deposit. At length we landed at the southern end, to begin our walk over the dreary country leading to Lake Taupo. The only remarkable object on the plain is a large Ngawha (geyser), looking in the distance like a railway-train crossing a flat country.

November 23rd, before noon, we came in sight of the corner of the lake, from which the Waikato finds its outlet; and at 12.30 we came to the beach. A strong southerly blast, fresh from Tongariro, was lashing up the lake; a mass of dark cloud rested upon the great mountains; while, to the northward, bright gleams

of sunshine burst upon the foam of the waves, which rolled up as if in deep mourning, with crests of brilliant white. A walk of three hours and a half brought us to a kind and hospitable party of natives of our own communion, to whom I presented Mr. Spenser as their appointed minister—an announcement which they received with great satisfaction; and they promised immediately to build a new chapel, and a small house for him to live in during his visits. We soon reached Orona; but found the pa itself [the stockaded hamlet] anything but a desirable resting-place, it being built on a flat of dry pumice shingle, which reflected the heat upwards. But espying a lovely grove of karaka trees* about a quarter of a mile from the pa, we removed thither. It seemed made for a place to spend the Lord's Day, and to assemble the people for Divine worship.

On Sunday, November 5th, the natives assembled under the trees for morning service. The Lord's Supper was laid on the large canoe; and I confirmed nine adults and baptized five children. The next day I fell in with a native who had stripped an Englishman travelling near Rotoaira. Of course I thought it my duty to demand restitution of the goods. He came and sat in my tent-door to listen to my reproof; and told me that God had departed from him, and that the devil had taken possession of his heart. Admonishing him to repent, I urged him as a first step to give up everything he had taken, which he consented to do, and brought me three blankets, a coat and a cloak, with some smaller articles.

The next day we were thankful to land safely at Te Rapa, the residence of Te Heuheu,† the great man of Taupo, who had retired to rest in his baronial mansion, a long building full of men, women, and children, with three fire-places. His own backwardness of belief, he said, was owing to the bad conduct of the baptized natives, who discredited their profession; but that he

* A fruit-tree, the *Corynocarpus levigatus* (Dieffenbach, il. 366).

† He is said to have been seven feet high, and was the most powerful chief of his time. Three years later (May, 1846), he met his death, with sixty of his followers, by a landslip, which overwhelmed his pa, near Lake Taupo, in the night.

was considering the subject. And when he had made up his mind between ourselves, the Wesleyans, and the Papists, he would join that body which he should see reason to prefer.

November 10th, we came to a tributary of the Wanganui, the river Wakapapa, which gave us much trouble, the natives being very unwilling to cross. But foreseeing more rain, I blew up my air-bed—which is my state-barge on such occasions; and the natives having made a frame of sticks for it, Mr. Taylor (who cannot swim) crossed in safety upon it. Before night all our preparations were complete for the repose of the morrow (Sunday), which was as perfect as the greatest admirer of solitude could desire.

The next day, the flood increased so much, that we blew up the Episcopal barge again; and upon this two natives paddled down to the next inhabited place; while we put ourselves upon a ration of half a pound of rice and a small piece of ham. Two days afterwards, to our great joy, a canoe appeared; and we paddled merrily down the swollen river, passing some rapids, which made me thankful that we had not overloaded the canoe. Two days later we arrived at the small English settlement, four miles from the mouth of the Wanganui. It contains about a hundred inhabitants; but they are reduced to great straits by the unsettled state of the land question. The scenery of the Wanganui river is very beautiful throughout. In many places the river is inclosed between walls of rock, leaving no footing on either side. The wood is, as usual, most luxuriant.

December 4th, at New Plymouth, went on board the *Victoria*, colonial brig; and after four days' sail, entered Nelson Harbour at 9 a.m. I went to Rev. C. Reay's house, a comfortable and pretty cottage, with six rooms, built substantially in brick for the sum of £150. Fear of the natives had led the English to make the Church hill into a fort; so we passed over a draw-bridge into the building. On Sunday, at the English service, I preached with reference to the unhappy event of the Wairau [the massacre in 1843], which has caused very bad feeling towards the natives.

December 13th, went on board for Wellington ; and on the 15th, at 9 p.m., anchored there. Four days afterwards there was a trial of a native for a petty larceny. Being a person of rank, this caused great excitement among the natives, who made some attempts to rescue him, but were driven off. The trial lasted all day ; during which time I sat on the bench, with a native chief (a relation of the accused) between me and the judge. I explained to him from time to time the proceedings of the court, with which he was perfectly satisfied ; and afterwards made a very peaceable speech at the stormy meeting which followed the conviction of the prisoner. He was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, a sentence which I considered sufficiently severe ; but the mob in court thought proper to express their spite against the natives in general by hissing the judge. The prisoner was conducted back to prison by a party of soldiers some natives having given information of an attempt at rescue. Foiled in this, they adjourned to the pa, where about three hundred were assembled, and the usual storm of native oratory began. Mr. Hadfield, Mr. Cotton, and I went down to the place, and were at first told to go, with much flourishing of hatchets of stone and iron. But being used to such things, we remained quiet and heard the debates. One old chief, who had flourished his green-stone axe in our faces, recommended them to burn the country village of Petoni, and then to kill the police-magistrate when he came to see what was the matter. At last Mr. Hadfield threw in a word in good season, with a quiet vein of raillery, which is always effective with native assemblies, and succeeded in calming the waters at 11 p.m. Next morning, the old chief, who had been so fierce the night before, came up to me with an air of French politeness, and made friends.

Thus ended the second part of the Bishop's primary visitation of the whole diocese. And though the hot-springs and the beautiful terraces have often been described, it is not often that they have been described with so delicate

and graphic a touch; nor have mere tourists made us acquainted with the inner life and the religious feelings of the Maoris at that now distant time. Alas, both the physical beauty and the religious simplicity then witnessed by the Bishop have since been engulfed and almost destroyed. The exasperations of the two races, then beginning to compete unequally for the final possession of this beautiful land, soon afterwards culminated in a fierce nine-years' war (1859-1868),—a war which subsided into a kind of sullen peace, but has never to this day been formally and securely ended. The passions it aroused threw large numbers of the native tribes in those parts into semi-heathenism again, and thoroughly estranged them from the Bishop and the missionaries. Till at last, over-mastered in arms, the warlike chiefs about the Waikato river and Lake Taupo centralized themselves round an independent "king" of their own choice; withdrew sullenly within the dense forests and broken country overlooked by the frowning volcano, Tongariro; and made a "mark" or boundary-line beyond which they have suffered no European, till quite lately, to intrude. The southward railway, therefore, from Auckland for a long time stopped abruptly at this frontier; and the last English town (Alexandra), and the first Maori village (Whatiwhati-hoe) for years frowned suspiciously at each other, where Bishop Selwyn and his merry natives, fifty years ago, walked and paddled and held services and confirmations in the most innocent and friendly security.*

Perhaps the security was too innocent and too complete. "Native races" cannot in a day put off their ingrained

* Nicholls, "The King Country" (1884), p. 19.

savagery of a thousand years ; nor can the corrupt and effete Christianity of rough settlers, arriving by shiploads from the old world, impinge upon the idyllic and simple faith of new converts from a primæval heathenism, without spoiling—or at least without utterly transforming—it.* But the great “stream of tendency,” which is God’s will, rolls ever firmly and strongly on. And probably no one who visits New Zealand now, while curiously recalling, by aid of Bishop Selwyn’s ancient travels, “things as they were,” will refuse his preference to “things as they are ;” nor will fail to see in the busy English settlements, and not in the lazy “wharries” of the Maori encampments, the best hope for “things as they are to be.”

Archdeacon Henry Williams, who worked among the Maoris for forty-four years, speaks thus of them in a letter :—

One sad point in the native character is that, after every effort has been made for the improvement of their general state, down they fall—like the barometer by a sudden change of wind. We have made many attempts to show them the advantage of possessing cattle and sheep. [We show them] wool for wearing, oxen for cultivating their land, cows for the sake of milk for their little

* This painful contrast is forcibly presented in the two following passages, taken from Jameson’s “New Zealand” (1842), pp. 308 and 293: “The missionary was accompanied by a young chief, six feet in height and finely proportioned. A few months previously, he had made an overland journey to Cook’s Straits, accompanied by ten of his tribe, for the sole purpose of diffusing a knowledge of Christianity, and of establishing peaceful relations. Previous to the hour of rest, he assembled the natives, read to them a chapter of the New Testament, and concluded by pronouncing a short extempore discourse.” “Mr. Webster has resided here [timber sawing, at Coromandel Harbour] for eight or ten years, and is a great favourite with the natives. His greatest difficulty is the reckless and disorderly conduct of the Europeans in his employment ; some of whom were the most persevering drunkards it has ever been my fate to encounter. Each of the mechanics lived in a semi-conubial state with one, or perhaps two, native women.”

ones. But no : the putting up of fences is so much trouble in their estimation, that they prefer continuing their old indolent habits. I call their attention to the work of my own boys at their farm : at which they express approval, and say they are a brave set of lads who know how to work,—but that they themselves have different ideas. The fact of the matter is, the natives have but few wants and are too indolent to work, unless by fits and starts. They do not understand steady regular work.*

There are other races also, not of Teutonic blood, who “do not understand steady regular work.” And a careful study of New Zealand history would be found by no means uninformative by those who are called upon to govern or to live with such races. Englishmen are often too exacting ; forgetful that “non omnia possumus omnes.”

* Carleton, “Life of Henry Williams.”

CHAPTER III.

First visit to the Southern Island—Native schooner to Banks Peninsula—Walk along “the ninety-miles beach”—Canterbury Plains—Otago Harbour—Stewart’s Island—Perilous voyage to Wellington—Return to Auckland and the Waimaté.

ON January 6, 1844, the Bishop sailed out of Wellington Harbour in the *Richmond* schooner, of twenty tons, for his first visitation of the Southern Island. At that distant time it was a very unimportant part of the vast diocese. It was very sparsely inhabited, and that chiefly by whalers and a few Maories scattered along the coast. The great “Canterbury settlement” had not yet been made, and over the site of Christ Church and its beautiful cathedral the yellow grass still waved. Dunedin was a name unknown. Where vast ocean steamers and multitudinous ships now plough their busy way along the coast, only a few miserable and leaky schooners or a whaling ship occasionally passed. And the great sheep-runs of the Canterbury Plains lay quite untenanted, save by a few natives lazily catching eels beside their huts. What can be more interesting—especially to a modern New Zealander—than to follow our keen-sighted Bishop on his first lonely walks over this land of promise, so soon to become the rich and energetic Scotland of the “Britain of the South.” After three days

of very wet and uncomfortable sailing across the straits, and then along the eastern (the only habitable) coast—cheered one evening at sunset by “a grand view of Tapuaenuku, a range of snow-mountains ending in two craggy peaks, called ‘the Lookers-on’”—the little party got on shore at a place called Pireka, just beyond the heads of Akaroa Harbour, down which came fiery gusts from the bays and gullies of the land. Thence, with ten natives, the Bishop—

walked till night over the steep hills of Banks Peninsula, passing two whaling-stations, at one of which Bibles were declared to be of no use, as they would not be read. At sunset, from the top of the last hill at the south-west angle of the peninsula, we obtained a magnificent view over the vast plains of the south. Below us stretched out the apparently interminable line of “the ninety-miles beach”—a continuous range of uniform shingle, without headland or bay. At night we encamped at a very small native village, where a little party of nine or ten entertained us hospitably with eels, which form almost their only means of subsistence. Further on we came to another village, of about forty inhabitants, which had not before been visited by a missionary. But some natives were able to read; and many were acquainted with the Lord’s Prayer, the Belief, and portions of the Catechism.

January 13th, we arrived at a native settlement standing out of the plain like an oasis in the desert. Their lofty potato stores, standing up against the sky, suggested the ruins of an ancient temple.

The village population was here divided between members of the Church of England and Wesleyans; controversy having in this place, as in many others, preceded truth. No English minister had visited the place before my arrival; but native teachers had duly informed them of the difference between “Hahi” (Church) and “Wetere” (Wesley). The discussions

arising from this difference of opinion took away much of the satisfaction of my visit to the Southern Island; as much of my time was spent in answering unprofitable questions. The next day we proceeded across the plains to a fresh-water lake, which forms the end of the "ninety-mile beach;" and here we found the principal chief of this part of the country, Te Rehe, living with his wife in a hut constructed of the bones of whales, with a thatch of reeds. After half an hour's conversation with him, we passed on to our sleeping-place near Timaru—a deserted whaling-station, exhibiting the usual decorations of such places, broken boilers, decayed oil-barrels, and ruinous cabins far worse than the generality of native dwellings. The character of the country now changed, grassy plains being replaced by bold conical hills, with abrupt cliffs standing out of the sea. Otago is a small harbour, but good, and is well marked from the sea by two patches of very white sand, which can be seen from a long distance. The sight of a fine schooner just returning to Wellington tempted me strongly to give up my further voyage. But I wrote a letter instead; and saw the vessel go off with some little feeling of homesickness. My tent was pitched at a small native settlement, about a mile from the English; from which I visited most of the inhabitants, distributing books and baptizing their children.

In the evening I went on board a small schooner belonging to a native chief, who had made preparations for my coming by carefully cleaning the little cabin (nine feet by five), and spreading a new table-cover bought on purpose at Otago. Altogether the contrast with the miserable *Richmond* was very creditable to the native flag of New Zealand. Early in the morning the *Perseverance* worked out of Otago Harbour, and ran to the southward with a fair wind. The whole coast is broken and bold till the south-east corner of the island; after which the land is level for many miles along the north shore of Foveaux Straits. We had four Englishmen on board, as passengers to the southern whaling stations; and these men were well acquainted with the whole coast, having been upon it, as sealers or whalers, for more than twenty years. I could not have been in better

hands. Their anecdotes of the early history of the country were very entertaining and very favourable to the character of the native race, even in their heathen state. In the company of these men I soon found the mystery which had hung over the southern islands passing away; and the map of my diocese began to be presented to my mind in a practical form.

January 28th, we reached Ruapuke Island, one of the islets in Foveaux Straits, and the residence of my native commodore. The view from the beach was most beautiful, the whole length of Stewart's Island, just opposite, forming a succession of wooded hills; while in the foreground was a grand mass of rocks resembling granite, other blocks standing up like broken pillars among the low brushwood.

In the afternoon, two English settlers came over to request me to marry them to the native women with whom they had been living many years. They appeared, by all reports, to have conducted themselves well; and one of them, though scarcely able to read, had instructed his children in a way which surprised me. Here, as in other places, there was too much discussion about *Wetere* and *Hahi* (*Wesley* and the Church). Thus, even in the most distant part of this most remote of all countries, in places hitherto unvisited by English missionaries, the spirit of controversy is found to prevail, in many cases to the entire exclusion of all simplicity of faith.

February 3rd, we anchored in Horse-shoe Bay, Stewart's Island. Two great American whalers floated, like strange sea-birds, at the mouth of the bay; and remembering the Bishop of New Jersey's conversation at Eton on the unity of our Churches, I intended to send in the morning and offer to perform Divine Service on board. But they disappointed me by sailing at break of day. Sailing with my native crew in a whale boat to the principal native settlement, I began to see the extreme loveliness of the shores of this island, with its woods feathering down to the water's edge, and its noble bays. The place had not been visited by any teacher, native or English; yet some of the men knew the Belief, and the children could repeat portions of the Catechism.

To this, then, the most distant settlement in my diocese, the Word of God had come; and an opinion which I had expressed last year was fully confirmed, that there is no part in New Zealand where the Gospel is unknown.

Having completed my circuit of all the inhabited places on the Foveaux Straits, I was now most anxious for a speedy return.

February 12th, a south-west wind sprang up, before which we ran (almost without shifting a sail), till we entered Akaroa Harbour on February 14th. It is a noble harbour, seven miles in length, widening into a broad sheet of water perfectly land-locked. A French corvette and eight French and American whalers were lying at anchor. There are about eighty French settlers, fifty English, and a few Germans. One day I dined on board the corvette, in a style which contrasted amazingly with my life on board the native schooner—as I was received with a salute, the crew drawn up in order, and a variety of other formalities.

At length the Bishop got away safely to Wellington, though narrowly escaping shipwreck off Banks Peninsula, in a schooner with insufficient ballast; and from thence in the Government brig, after a delightful voyage of six days, he reached Auckland, and “with infinite joy and thankfulness,” found all well. Taking wife and child on board, the old home at Waimaté was soon reached; where they—

“were met by all the members of the college and of the schools, some fifty souls, who formed a procession and walked before the Bishop to his house” (March 22, 1844).

The reader is now in full possession of the physical surroundings and the social circumstances amid which Bishop Selwyn's long career in New Zealand was to be passed, and it will not be necessary to describe any more visitations and other journeys to various parts of

his wide ecclesiastical dominions. About this time it had become clear that the Church head-quarters and "St. John's College"—which was destined (it was hoped) to be the studious nursery of the future for training clergymen of both races in common—must be removed without delay to Auckland, if not to some still more central spot. Indeed, this removal had now been forced upon the Bishop by the action of the Church Missionary Society at home, as will appear from the following letter to the Rev. Henry Williams, dated September 20, 1844 :—

Communications have been received by various persons from Salisbury Square, which have made it necessary for me to retire from the Waimaté and to fix my residence at Auckland. As this will withdraw me from the personal supervision of the Northern District, I have to request that you will assist me by acting as Archdeacon of the Waimaté. Your long experience, and your great influence with the natives, will give me the greatest confidence in delegating to you the charge of this portion of my diocese.*

A few days later, there was a great commotion at the Waimaté, a graphic account of which is thus given by an eye-witness :—

The Maoris always used to come on Monday, to bring their wares for sale ; and it was called "market-day." But, unlike an English market-day, school and catechizing were held in the chapel after morning-prayers, before the traffic began. This day the people had heard a rumour of the Bishop's intention to remove to Auckland, and there was a great deal of speech-making on the subject. The speakers gathered in front of the drawing-room windows. A "powerful speaker" opened the debate, and the

* Carleton, "Life of Henry Williams," ii. 71.

audience seated themselves on either side of the path. The orator, a man of some standing, was dressed in a handsome native mat and had a spear in his hand. He began by trotting slowly up and down a given space, always beginning and ending each sentence with his run to and fro. After a while he got warmed up and excited; and then he rushed backwards and forwards, leaped up from the ground, slapped his thigh, shouted and waved his spear. Any one who had not understood the language would have thought he was breathing out death and destruction, instead of urging the Bishop to stay among his people. It was then very amusing to see the two brothers Williams stand up to answer him. They had lived so long in the land that they used Maori action, although they did not leap and rush about. Henry Williams, a stout old-fashioned clergyman with broad-brimmed hat and spectacles, marched up and down with a spear in his hand and elicited shouts of applause. Then his brother marked out a large space on the gravel and divided it into three parts, and asked the people whether it was not fair that the Bishop should live in the middle of the diocese instead of at either end. There was a loud murmur of voices, "It is just." But all the same they did not like to lose him from among them.*

Before the end of October, however, the deprecated removal had taken place.

The Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn and the children (writes Lady Martin) were off by 7 a.m. Mrs. Selwyn and her little boy of five rode: the Bishop was on foot, with his infant son (the present Bishop of Melanesia) securely swathed in a plaid which was thrown over his shoulder and wound round his waist. Friends bade farewell; and the Maori children came swarming to the top of the lane, singing "Oh that will be joyful," etc. . . . We rowed across the harbour, and before sunset landed at the little town of Kororeka. We then went up to the little wooden parsonage near

* Lady Martin, "Our Maoris," p. 36.

the church on a hill above the town, and found the garden gay with shrubs and flowers. . . . Erelong the large party from the Waimaté, composed of English and natives, was encamped in tents [near Auckland] till the new St. John's College was ready to receive them.*

In fact, this action of the Church Missionary Society, which had at first seemed so disastrous, turned out most happily, not only for the Bishop, but for the whole future of the diocese. For if the only hope of a peaceful fusion of the two races lay in their common brotherhood in the Church of Christ, the heart which was to propel to the most distant extremities these sweet influences of the Gospel must be suitably and centrally placed. The Bay of Islands, therefore, and the Waimaté — though natural enough as a first and tentative settlement — lay much too far to the north. And besides, it was already abundantly evident that the strained relations which, since the disastrous "Wairau massacre" in 1843, had set the English settlers in an attitude of suspicion and the Maoris in an attitude of defiance, were not unlikely, in spite of all the Bishop's conciliatory efforts, to end eventually in war. And so it came about that, in August, 1844, the turbulent natives near the Bay of Islands, under a disaffected chief, John Heki, had assembled and cut down the English flagstaff, and then danced a war-dance of defiance in the Bishop's face. A sloop of war was hurried to the spot, and the flagstaff was replaced. But it was again cut down, and the British ensign insulted. Again it was replaced, and a guardhouse established to protect it.†

* Lady Martin, "Our Maoris," p. 40.

† "New Zealand," by a Resident, p. 35.

And now (March, 1845) for the third time it was attacked, and shots were exchanged in earnest. A large body of natives concealed themselves in the neighbouring brush-wood ; the commander of the sloop was mortally wounded, the soldiers driven away, and the flagstaff was a third time cut down. It was the first stroke for native independence, the first blow for home rule, the first act in the long "native king" movement ; and it was clear that the enemy was a formidable one. He was in possession of weapons far more deadly than his ancient tomahawk of greenstone, and he knew well how to stand by them. Unless moral and religious persuasion, therefore, could stay his hand, any prolonged peace was hopeless ; and then, as in so many other struggles of a similar kind, superiority in weapons would have finally to decide the question—a brutal solution (thought the Bishop) of a perplexed problem, intended for intelligence and justice to arbitrate upon ! And so, for a long time, hoping against hope, he threw himself between the contending factions, preaching, like the monk Telemachus among the gladiators, a reasonable and Christian peace. To get his hand in, he had already, some years before, near the Bay of Islands, planted himself between two fiercely warlike tribes of Maoris and induced them to lay down their weapons. And now, on John Heke's insurrection, he hastened to the assaulted and plundered town (Kororareka), saved the women and children, and carried them off to Auckland, and then, in the wild chief's face—who had once defied him with a war-dance—he solemnly and calmly, with all Christian rites, buried the dead.* This second native success, however—for so

* Carleton, ii. 101 ; Tucker, i. 182.;

it would be regarded in every village and fortified pa throughout New Zealand—following at no great interval the “massacre of Wairau” in the south, was a very serious matter, and no one knew to what it might lead.

We cannot yet calculate (writes the Bishop, on March 28, 1845) the effect which the destruction of Kororareka will have upon our position and prospects. At present all ministers of religion seem to be recognized as neutral persons; and my hope is that, by cautious and judicious management, the Church interests in this country may be kept clear of all political dissensions.

It was well, therefore, that the removal of the college and of the episcopal head-quarters to Taurarua Bay, near Auckland, had already been safely accomplished; and the refusal of the Church Missionary Society to grant the Bishop any further use of their buildings at the Waimaté thus turned out most happily for the whole future of the diocese. For on November 6, 1845, happening to revisit the deserted spot, he thus describes its then depressing aspect:—

I have just visited the Waimaté, and found it in a state even more mournful than when I first saw it. Then it only showed the first symptoms of decay; now almost everything, except the church and our own house, was in utter disorder, every window broken, all the rooms filled with the filth of the soldiers, the fences destroyed. But what I missed most was the cheerful faces and bright dark eyes of the seventy little native children, who greeted me with a hearty welcome the day after the battle of Kororareka. This unhappy place seems doomed to have all its hopes of good blighted as fast as they spring up.*

* Tucker, i. 205.

Archdeacon H. Williams gives the same testimony :—

Our mission (he writes) is in a sad position : not merely brought to an absolute stand, but turned bottom-up. We sit in great uncertainty, holding on by the wreck.*

At Auckland, on the contrary, everything seemed to grow and prosper under his fostering and energetic hand. Here, at Taurarua Bay, were gathered the Bishop's house (which was also "the college"), school-rooms, library, and dining-hall ; a hospital, a chapel, a printing-house, a day school (kept by Mrs. Selwyn), and a native industrial school in which he gathered New Zealand lads from all parts of the diocese. That the college was considered by the Bishop as the most important part of his diocesan machinery is evident from his letters : he constantly speaks of it as "the key and pivot" of all his operations. He saw, indeed, in the college the only chance of keeping up a supply of clergy, when his hopes of receiving candidates from England grew less and less ; and as the sons of farmers were trained there under the Bishop's eye in all things likely to be needed by them in ordinary life, they made good servants of the Church as laymen, even if they displayed no special qualifications for the ministry.

By an anticipation of the system which he afterwards pursued among the islands of Polynesia, and again in his "probationer system" at Lichfield, he laid himself out on his journeys to glean every promising native lad he could find, and to transport him to his nursery-ground for a future native-ministry at Auckland. Already, in 1846, he could

* Carleton, ii. 103.

boast of having gathered-in seventeen from the Waimaté district, three from Taupo in the heart of the Northern Island, and three from the Wellington district in the far south. And—

from this college there went forth, every Sunday, a goodly band to serve the affiliated chapels, seven in number, within a radius of five miles, after the example of the English cathedrals in their days of primitive zeal and efficiency.*

There was also at Taurarua a Maori boys' school and girls' school, a half-caste school, and an English school, besides the palace and the humble pro-cathedral. Most striking perhaps of all was a free hospital organized—at the Antipodes, and in 1845—on the system nowadays become so popular and wide-spread, the system of gratuitous nursing by sisters devoted, for the love of God and not of money, to this work of Christian charity. As the Bishop put it, in the rules which he drew up,—

The brethren and sisters of the Hospital of St. John are a community who pledge themselves to minister (so far as their health will allow) to all the wants of the sick of all classes, without respect of persons or reservation of service—in the hope of excluding all hireling assistance from a work which ought, if possible, to be entirely a labour of love.†

Thus this noble man, like a good and faithful shepherd of the flock committed to him, fulfilled his consecration-vow publicly made in Lambeth Chapel five years before—

Will you show yourself gentle and be merciful, for Christ's

* E. A. C., p. 17.

† Tucker, i. 209.

sake, to poor and needy people, and to all strangers destitute of help? (*Answer.*) I will so show myself, by God's help.

But what is much more remarkable still is the fact that by this unique and extraordinarily gifted man—permeated with the newly awakened spirit of Churchmanship, radiating it at every pore, and here, in New Zealand, given a perfectly free hand to carry out its revived ideals into practice—we see nearly all the best Church improvements of the present day anticipated and displayed in action. The mother Church at home is often said to have learnt much, of late years, from her colonial daughters. And the statement is true. But of all her daughters, New Zealand has proved herself the best and the most fortunate instructress; partly because of the consummate ability and energy of her first bishop; partly from the great length and unusual variety of his experience; and partly from his ultimate translation to England, and his ten years' occupation of the great Midland see of Lichfield. Whether it be consciously understood and acknowledged or not—a question always of profound indifference to Bishop Selwyn and to all men of his stamp—the fact remains, that New Zealand was the anvil on which, for twenty-six years, were forged almost all the instruments since found most effective by the Church at home. And if a cause be sought for the remarkable successes of the Anglican system during the last decade, and for the supremacy which it appears likely ere long to attain in English-speaking countries, that cause is to be found (as in all similar cases), not in events, but in a *man*. And two or three letters written at this period will best reveal what type of "man" this

was,—how affectionate he was, how far-sighted, how liable to occasional depression, yet how full of faith and hope, and ready to gild every disappointment with a humour which never failed him.

To MRS. SELWYN.

Mission Station, Hawke Bay, January 9, 1846.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

Two days' journey from this place is the spot where I received your letter announcing Mr. Whythead's arrival, but adding that he was only lent to us for a short season. I shall know the place again : a little sparkling stream in the middle of a great wood which, when the first bitterness of grief was past, brought to my mind the profusion of God's bounty, in the thousands of majestic trees, which seem to live and die only to fertilize the ground for reproducing others like themselves. How greatly is this land enriched by being the grave of our dear friend! God grant that his like may be reproduced, if only to die (as he did) in the prime of life. Do not suppose, dearest, that this is a sorrowful letter. These thoughts are now my chief comfort and joy. If I could only feel myself advancing towards that state of peace in which our dear friends have fallen asleep, I could long to be dissolved and to be with Christ, before I see the troubles which seem to be thickening in a dark cloud over this native people. This coast is not what it was when I was here before. Three years have made a fearful breach in the wall which the new converts built for themselves, and daubed with untempered mortar. Not only are they not advancing themselves, but they are placing stumbling blocks in the way of those who have not yet received Christianity. If the two new stations of Ahavin and the Wairoa had not been formed, I believe that there would now be scarcely a native worshipper over a country in which hundreds have been

baptized. Oh for schools—schools—schools, and for God's blessing upon them !

Your most affectionate,

G. A. N. Z.

To BISHOP BROUGHTON, *Bishop of Sydney.*

St. John's College, Bishop's Auckland, New Zealand,
August 14, 1846.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

By the blessing of God, I returned home on the 7th of April, and found your letter awaiting my arrival. Since that time I have received 4th May and 16th May, which leave me as usual considerably your debtor.

I am glad to hear that you have ordained ——. My belief is that he is better suited to your diocese than to this. He is a man for a more settled state of things than we can hope to attain to for many years. Besides, he took no pains to acquire the Maori language, which I am determined to require from candidates for Holy Orders. It is a further satisfaction to me to know that he was originally intended for Australia.

By the last mail I have received an important letter from W. Gladstone, an extract from which I have sent in the enclosed letter to our Tasmanian brother, in case he should be still with you. The subject is one which I hoped to discuss in our triangular synod, if we had been permitted to meet. He asks, "The principal thing I have to say at the present moment is this : write to me fully all you think and feel concerning the Church under you. I do not mean as to money, but as to organization, as to good laws, as to the inward means of strength for the performance of her work ; as to giving her a substantive aspect in the face of the State and the public, though a friendly one. My own thoughts turn to the question whether our Churches in the colonies do not want something in the nature of an organization beginning from below from each congregation and its members. Whether it is not now a great problem to consider

if any and what more definite functions should be given to the *laity* in Church affairs. Their representation through the Parliament becomes, it is manifest, daily less and less adequate."

What would I not give for an opportunity of flying over to Sydney and working out a few answers under your advice; but the state of Wellington is quite as much a subject of anxiety to me as the North ever was; and therefore I must hope to receive your communication by letter.

As you mention the sees of Bangor and St. Asaph, I am emboldened to submit to you a plan of attack upon the Church Commission similar to one by which the canonries were saved, though with the loss of their endowments. When it seemed quite clear that the revenues must go, we made a stand for the offices; and the point was carried—I suppose, because the present race of legislators cannot see that the office is in fact everything, and the endowment merely an accident of the office. The bishops are now using the disendowed canonries to bring the best preachers and ablest men into immediate connection with their cathedrals. Now what I should like to do in aid of Lord Powis is this: It seems to be the time now to assert the pure spirituality of the *office*, and to claim that as the inalienable property of the Church: to yield to, without acquiescing in, the power of the State to confiscate *revenues*; but to deny the power of the legislature to remove from its place a candlestick, which is older than the British Constitution itself. If you agree with me, let us prefer it as a claim, that we have the penniless bishoprics, whether in Ireland or Wales, as places of retirement for ourselves, where we may exercise episcopal functions within a range more suited to our impaired powers of body and advanced age. Let us state boldly, even impudently, that we care little for revenues, less still for seats in the House of Lords; but that which we do care for is the holy and spiritual character of our office, which we desire to be allowed to exercise, with such powers as God may permit us to retain, to our lives' end. How can we discharge our present duties when once the body has lost its energy? and why are we to be obliged to vacate our duties, which no English bishop

is allowed to resign, when at least thirteen bishoprics of the Church of Christ are vacant? Let them give us chairs to sit and die in, and cathedral crypts for our burying-place; that we may feel that we have a home within our mother Church in death if not in life. Do think of this, for the Bishop of Lincoln tells me that when the Corn Laws are gone, he believes that tithes will be given up as a boon to the landed interest. It is time, then, to put forward the imperishable spirituality of the Church in all its offices, as a bright reality, dimmed and tarnished by secular rust, but still the same as when it first received the promise that the gates of hell should not prevail against it.

You complain that I have not told you anything of our domestic affairs. I, therefore, change the subject to tell you that we are now in an airy mansion of stone, called St. John's College, distant from Auckland by land five miles and by water three; in which we live with library, students, school boys, all for the first time under the same roof; and I hope in a fair way to be a happy and godly community.

To the REV. EDWARD COLERIDGE.

St. John's College, Bishop's Auckland, September 19, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

This is my ordination week; but I have only one candidate, Samuel Williams, the first of the mission children who has devoted himself to his father's work. Others I should have had, but the Church Missionary Society stopped me by objecting to my ordination pledge. On this point I am immovable; but I will use my pledge of canonical obedience as much as possible in accordance with their wishes, it being of no concern to me, except the good of the natives, whether a missionary be at one end of the island or another. The present state of the country absolutely requires such an understanding; for who can tell from day to day in what part of the country the danger may be greatest or the need most urgent? In the midst of these differences of

opinion with our good friends at home I have two sources of human comfort which are of exceeding value; first, the almost undivided affection and co-operation of the clergy here; and, secondly, the unwearied love of friends like yourself at home.

Our new college progresses. The building now almost completed is the hospital, which I hope will be a real blessing to us, by bringing the practical duties of charity close to our own door. I hope to incorporate the attendance upon it with the college system, not only in a medical, but also in a spiritual sense. Your kind exertions on our behalf, I trust, will bear fruit.

My constant thanks and my daily prayers are the only return that I can make for your unnumbered acts of kindness.

My conscience smites me with having said little about St. Augustine's. I have thought, I assure you, and felt much: but the subject does not come out clear further than this—that in itself I approve of the plan most highly, and would almost wish myself coadjutor to Bishop Coleridge. But, my dear friend, don't say that I throw cold water upon it (God forbid!). But when will the Church of England and its ministry be one in all its acts and throughout all its dependencies? Your college, excellent in itself, must make a separation. There will be one class of men as clergymen for the colonies, drawn from the grammar schools, and another class of men drawn from the Universities for home service. You will have one Sandhurst for your household troops, and another Sandhurst for your marching regiments. Go on and prosper in the name of God; but be sure of this, that the more St. Augustine's prospers the more the Church of England will decline. Your frugal habits and fireless rooms and exclusion of newspapers, so far as they become part of the *mind* as well as the rule of the college, will condemn the purple varlets, parsonages, pictures, pony-carriages, etc., which have been so long the accidents that they have come to be thought the essentials of the English ministry. The world will look with surprise at a new order of colonial clergymen who care for none of these things, and will deride the old Church, which cannot do without them.

What think you of my being told that a fulfilment of the long-

cherished hope, conceived by a clergyman, of devoting himself to the colonies was now hopeless, *because* he had married a bishop's daughter? If I had daughters, I would let no clergyman marry one of them who would not pledge himself to go to Nova Zembla at the Archbishop's bidding.

Your affectionate friend,

G. A. NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER IV.

“Trinity College,” near Wellington—Organization of the diocese—The General Synod—Lay representation—The Canterbury settlement.

AMONG Bishop Selwyn's New Zealand schemes there emerged, a little later on, a plan for a second college—to draw the races together and to prepare the choicest specimens of both for Holy Orders—in the far south, at Porirua, near Wellington. But this plan for a “Trinity College” in the south, to match (as at Cambridge) its twin “St. John's College,” in the north, never came to anything. Indeed he was not to exhaust his strength on mere repetitions: and before the scheme could be matured, he felt himself called away to a far wider field of operations, to gather in the vast unreaped harvest of Polynesia. Another of his many schemes, however, he was permitted to bring to a conclusion; it was the scheme for a complete organization of the whole Australasian Church. To all men of large views and of practical ability, “order” always seems “heaven's first law;” while anything chaotic and irrational appears to belong to the realm of darkness and evil. Bishop Selwyn, therefore, was at this time stimulating and arousing the like-minded Metropolitan of Australia (Bishop Broughton) to summon

a sort of "Pan-Anglican Synod of the South" to meet at Sydney.

He wrote as follows :—

At sea, August 16, 1844.

"As I have now entered on my third year in New Zealand, I am reminded of our engagement to meet, if possible, at Sydney. It seems that our Tasmanian brother is in some difficulty, which I do not fully understand ; but which appears to arise from the dependence of his clergy upon the colonial Government. For myself, I have little to complain of ; knowing that the State here has nothing to give to the Church, and being able to secure that it takes nothing away from us which is our own. But I will gladly unite in any remonstrance which may help to free our good brother from his difficulties. You will have received a little note from me, announcing the birth of our second son, whom we have called John Richardson, after his excellent grandfather. Captain Fitzroy, without my concurrence, applied to the Legislative Council for an increase of salary to me, and for the payment of my travelling expenses ; but he was left in a minority of two. I am glad of it, because now no one can say that I have separated the Church from the State. They have themselves cast us off, avowing as a reason that all denominations are equal in the eyes of the State.*

This proposed synod actually met in 1850, and issued in a junction of the Churches on both sides of the thousand-miles sea for the evangelization of the scattered Pacific islands. On the other hand, the Bishop was framing, on his own side of the water, a system of local government by "diocesan conferences." He called them "synods : " but that was not their proper name,—as, with a singular Catholic instinct, was pointed out by that staunch Evangelical, Lord

* Tucker, i., 162.

Harrowby,—a “synod” being, in the Church’s nomenclature, a gathering of the clergy alone for spiritual counsel round their bishop. The great merit of Bishop Selwyn’s scheme was that his diocesan Church parliaments included a large and generous representation of the laity. This scheme did not, however, take effect all at once.

So early as 1844, the Bishop’s methodical preparation for the self-government of the New Zealand Church had resulted in the first synod of the diocese,—the first experiment of the kind made in our Church of England, since convocation was silenced in 1717. There were present the Bishop, three archdeacons, four priests, and two deacons; and questions of Church discipline and Church extension were discussed. But this meeting was held to be “illegal” by English authorities. So in 1847 a second synod was held, when the Bishop read a correspondence between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Gladstone (then Colonial Secretary) proposing a constitution in which bishops, clergy, and *laity* should be represented. The six bishops of Australasia met at Sydney in 1850, and likewise recommended a Church constitution in which the laity should be united with the clergy. Two years later, the laity of New Zealand, headed by the governor, petitioned to be allowed to take part in Church legislation. And at length, in 1859, the first “general synod” was held; at which five bishops and a large number both of clergy and laity were present.*

This scheme was subsequently brought home to England, and has taken root with extraordinary vitality and vigour in that native soil of all free parliaments. But, as invariably happens, the plan was all the more successful because it was not absolutely original. Genius consists in an eye to see, by rapid intuition, what, among pre-existing ideas and materials ready to hand, can best be constructed into

* E. A. C., p. 18.

working and efficient forms. No one need be surprised, therefore, to find scattered about long beforehand, on every page of history, crude imperfect types of the coming lay organization of the Church. Even in the earliest ages laymen formed themselves into "monastic orders," and exercised thereby for a thousand years a dominant, though an indirect, influence both upon the theology and the practical life of the Church. At the Renaissance, again, —when nature began once more to reassert itself, and the *literæ humaniores* of classic heathendom broke down in all directions the artificial constructions of scholastic *divinity*, —it was lay brotherhoods which stemmed the torrent of threatening unbelief, and reversed it temporarily towards belief. It was the lay "brothers of the common life" which prepared Germany and the Netherlands; it was Wicliffe's poor lay-preachers that honeycombed England and paved the way for the great Reformation. Then came Calvin, himself a layman, with his ruling lay-elders and his famous system (or "discipline") for the sake of which the English Church was almost pulverized by Nonconformity. Then the Great Rebellion within a hair's-breadth succeeded in implanting Scotch lay-eldership in England; till rescue came from an unexpected quarter indeed,—from the still more thoroughly and uncompromisingly lay systems of Puritan Dissent. And from the Restoration onwards,—with a lay House of Commons assuming more and more to govern the Church, her clerical convocations silenced and suppressed, State-appointed bishops reflecting the lay views of those who appointed them, and at last Wesley's lay preachers flooding the whole country with a doctrine and practice alien to the previous methods and traditions of the

Church,—a disorganized and chaotic lay supremacy was everywhere imminent. So that a return to pure clericalism— if not the clericalism of mediæval England, then of modern Papal Rome—seemed to many thoughtful earnest souls the only way left for peace and salvation.

Yet, after all, one thing alone was wanting. The vast and clamorous lay babel, which was thus surging around the somewhat antiquated order still reigning within each diocese and parish, and which threatened soon to break in and destroy it, only needed to be taken by the hand and welcomed to the Church's franchise; and then order would at once begin to be restored. Had not the American Church, when cut adrift by the "Declaration of Independence," already tried the experiment, and nothing but good had come of it? Her first irregular convention, held in 1784, had laid it down as a *fundamental principle* that "to make Canons there be no other authority than that of a representative body of the clergy and *laity* conjointly;" while another, held at New York for eight of the now "United" States, ruled, "There shall be a general convention, where the clergy and *laity* shall deliberate in one body, but shall vote separately." The third of these "general conventions," in 1789, added the important (but perhaps ill-advised) check upon the bishops, that "a four-fifths vote of the laity and clergy combined should override any episcopal veto, and carry the measure under discussion in spite of the bishops' protest." But this proviso was, characteristically and wisely, left entirely out of view by Bishop Selwyn when he proceeded to adapt for New Zealand, and afterwards for England, this admirable scheme for the ecclesiastical enfranchisement of the laity. Yet its

omission was prompted by no love of autocratic power. As he remarked at one of these very synods—

I believe the monarchical idea of the episcopate to be as foreign to the true mind of the Church, as it is adverse to the gospel doctrine of humility.

The great principle of St. Cyprian was always present to his remembrance—

From the first day of my episcopate I determined to do nothing of my own private opinion, without taking the presbyters into my counsels. As our mutual respect demands, we will treat of all our matters in common.*

Or, as another great and still more amiable man, St. Anselm, puts it—

I will endeavour, not so much to point out the way, as along with you to seek the way.†

Accordingly, when (September, 1847) the Bishop convened his second synod of the clergy, he led them to consider with great attention a regular plan of Church government. The Constitution then drawn up was afterwards subjected to further revision at a “general conference” of clergy and laity, held at Auckland in June, 1857; and it was still further revised at another “general synod” held at Christchurch, in May, 1865, when the following certificate was appended to it and signed by the Bishop:—

I hereby certify that the above-mentioned Constitution, and no other, is the Constitution of the United Church of England and Ireland in New Zealand.

* Epist. 5 : cf. Neander, “Church History,” i. 267.

† “Cur Deus Homo,” i. § 22.

Lastly, on returning to take a final farewell in 1868, he determined once again to certify the same Constitution, and so to leave it to the fidelity and loyalty of all aftertime. What, then, is this celebrated constitution? It begins by laying down certain unalterable rules, thus :—

FUNDAMENTAL PROVISIONS.

I. This branch of the Church doth hold and maintain the doctrine and sacraments of Christ . . . as the United Church of England and Ireland hath explained the same in the Book of Common Prayer and in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion. And the general synod shall have no power to make any alterations in the authorized version of the Holy Scriptures, or in the above-named formularies of the Church.

II. Provided that nothing shall prevent the general synod from accepting any such alterations . . . as may be accepted by the United Church of England, etc., with the consent of the Crown and Convocation.

III. Provided also that, in case a licence be granted by the Crown to this branch of the Church of England to frame new and modify existing rules (not affecting doctrine), it shall be lawful to avail itself of that liberty.

IV. And it is further declared that, in the event of a separation of this colony from the mother-country, or of a separation of the Church from the State in England and Ireland, the general synod shall have power to make such alterations in the articles, services, and ceremonies of this branch of the United Church, etc., as its altered circumstances may require.

V. And the said bishops, clergy, and laity do further declare and establish as follows : There shall be a governing body for the management of the affairs of the Church, to be called "the general synod," which shall consist of three distinct orders, viz. the bishops, the clergy, and the laity ; the consent of all of which Orders shall

be necessary to all Acts binding upon the synod, and upon all persons recognizing its authority.

VI. The above provisions shall be deemed *fundamental*, and it shall not be within the power of the general synod, or of any diocesan synod, to alter, revoke, add to, or diminish any of the same.

Then follow a great number of "provisions not fundamental,"—such as regulations for the election of members of the triennial general synod and of the annual diocesan synods; the appointment of trustees for the management of Church property; the establishment of tribunals and a court of final appeal; and the imposition of a declaration of submission to the general synod, upon every clergyman, trustee, catechist, schoolmaster, or other office-bearer or agent, in the form following:—

I, *A. B.*, consent to be bound by all the regulations which may be issued by the said general synod; and I hereby undertake immediately to resign my appointment, together with all the rights and emoluments appertaining thereto, whensoever I shall be called upon to do so by the general synod, or by any person or persons lawfully acting under the authority of the general synod in that behalf.*

Thus the Anglican Church in New Zealand was definitely founded upon personal "consent;" and henceforth no action of the State, no judgment of any tribunal known to Englishmen, and no act even of disestablishment itself could possibly be imagined, which should be able to fetter its free action or to throw it into any sort of confusion. It was a work for which the dual authors, Bishop Selwyn and the Chief Justice, Sir William Martin,

* See "Statutes, etc., of the General Synod," printed in full at Auckland, 1868.

might well be proud and thankful. Probably no other colonial Church is equally free, under all possible circumstances, from the interference of State Courts and State Parliaments. For once exhibit in any court the signature attesting personal consent, and the contention is at an end. The authority of the general synod remains supreme. It was a far-seeing wisdom which placed things on this footing. For wherever endowments do not stand upon an *engagement* as their ultimate tenure, they are always liable to be regarded by the State as "freeholds" or personal property, and then discipline becomes impossible. Witness an instructive event, which occurred in England many years later on. Bishop Selwyn had persuaded certain endowed officials of his diocese, as a matter of "general understanding," to forego part of their stipends for the purpose of forming a pension-fund, and so aiding retirement. But hardly had the great bell announced his departure from the world, than "understanding" reappeared in another form. All the pensioners with one accord flew upon the fund, and in a few hours had divided the spoil to the last penny. Thus the whole carefully devised voluntary pension-system had collapsed in a day, for want of an express personal engagement to submit, without litigation, to some established system of Church arbitration. As the Bishop himself put it:—

Do not suppose that we vaunt our own perfections; but the colonial Churches will all wither and die, with the parent stock, unless we can agree to uphold and to act upon higher principles than the fact that a clergyman has a legal status, beyond the control of his own order and of the Church.*

* Tucker, i. 378.

About this time another closely related subject, the proposed experiment of an exclusively Church of England settlement in the Southern Island, was much in the Bishop's thoughts. And shortly afterwards he wrote a very interesting and thoughtful letter on the fundamental *principles* of organized emigration—a letter which is well worthy of attention even at the present day.

To the Rev. EDWARD COLERIDGE.

Auckland, December 3, 1848.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I have received by Mr. H—— your letter relating to the Canterbury Settlement. The whole matter, since I first saw the printed prospectus, has filled my mind with the most anxious considerations. Without spending many words in explanation, or in support of the opinions which I shall here briefly express, but trusting to your friendly belief that I state nothing which I have not reason to think I can prove, and that all my remarks are the result of personal observation, I proceed to arrange some brief remarks upon the whole scheme.

(1) I have such an intense love for New Zealand that I cannot for a moment oppose anything so likely *in itself* to benefit my diocese as a Church of England settlement, such as is proposed.

(2) Many plans intended for the good of New Zealand, and especially those of the *New Zealand Company*, have failed in execution for want of forethought and foreknowledge. The wreck of public and private property in this country, and the frustration of moral purposes, can be fully known only to those who have seen it.

(3) The general reports of prosperity among the settlers are no contradiction to the above. A profuse government expenditure has given a semblance of prosperity to the mercantile interest ;

and the native energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, acting upon a fertile soil, has done the rest. This last is chiefly applicable to the labouring classes, who are to a man in a state of plenty.

(4) This prosperity of the working-men is not in consequence of any *system of colonization*, whether "Wakefield" or other. It is in defiance of all systems. For instance, the three thousand people who form the Nelson Settlement are scattered from Cape Farewell to Cape Campbell—a direct line of one hundred miles, and twice that distance by the mountain roads. The extent of barren and mountainous country, and of salt creeks, bears an enormous proportion to the available land. To this day, most of the Nelson settlers are without their rural land, which they bought and paid for in 1841; and this from no fault of the colonial Government, as is pretended, but from the physical difficulties of founding a settlement upon a place altogether unsuited to the plan as drawn out in England. On the 4th of September, 1841, the secretary of the company wrote thus to the secretary of the *Church Society*: "Such is the confidence of the public in the *forethought* and *care* of the company, that more than a thousand persons, including eighty cabin passengers, possessed of more or less property, are on the point of embarking for the intended settlement of Nelson, even before they know where that settlement will be."

But in truth, the company had not provided any settlement at all: only a few weeks before the arrival of the settlers, the boat of the pilot was borne by the tide into the narrow and dangerous inlet now called Nelson Haven, which (for want of a better) was adopted by Captain Wakefield,—“the thousand settlers and eighty cabin passengers” being then daily expected. The best proof of the unfitness of the position, though favoured by a most genial climate, is that even at Nelson itself, without native disturbance or fear of any, the whole selection of land has been lately recast; and now for the first time people begin to know what and where their property will be.

The root of the mischief is, that the *first* point with the company has been to sell land; the *second* to explore the land

which they had previously sold. The settlers themselves have fought their way manfully through their difficulties; but the company is most seriously to blame.

(5) The Wellington Settlement of one hundred and ten thousand acres is dispersed, in like manner, from the mouth of the Manawatu river to Point Obtuse northward of Cape Palliser. I hold four sections on behalf of the Church, which are at least eighty miles from Wellington.

(6) The Whanganui settlers have not an acre of land to this day. The four thousand acres which the Church was advised to buy for £2000 in 1841, and demurring to which I incurred the blame of some of my best friends, are still in the hands of the natives; and likely to remain so unless purchased anew. As to forcible occupation, let the late affair at Whanganui suffice for an answer. The Gilfillan family were murdered in the evening; but neither soldier nor policeman could be detached to the spot till daylight. Again, an equal number of natives on the river blockaded our troops within their forts; fought them a whole day in spite of bayonets, gun-boats, field-pieces, etc., on our side; and ended by a charge in the evening, in which they killed some of our men, and carried off one of the bodies.

(7) Without discussing the question of right, I may say, that the whole idea of forcible possession is dispelled by the dispersion of the company's settlements over seven or eight hundred miles of coast.

(8) Yet in the face of these facts, the company and its agents have always forced-on the mad and suicidal doctrine of physical force; and have abused every one who, like myself, endeavoured to bring about the peaceable settlement of the country by conciliation and moral influence,—the only basis, I am prepared to maintain, upon which the colonization of New Zealand can be carried on.

(9) My growing unpopularity with the company for advocating native rights is, I conclude, the reason why a plan like this of the "Canterbury Settlement" is forced-on in the same hurried and reckless manner which has caused all former disasters,—

without a single inquiry of any kind being addressed to the Bishop of the Diocese. If I were a mere land agent, my local knowledge of every part of New Zealand, both of the coast line and of the interior, with few exceptions, wherever human beings are settled, might have induced reasonable men to write to me before they pledged themselves to such a partial and profoundly ignorant body as the *New Zealand Company*. But the company must sell land or die.

(12) On my journey through the Wairarapa valley, I found the sheep-stations five miles apart in the length of the valley, to secure to each person a run of (on an average) five thousand acres. This would defeat all the moral purposes of the plan, by the dispersion of the people. The character of the Wairarapa country is narrow valleys between high ridges of barren hills. My belief is that the Wairarapa is altogether insufficient.

(13) I cannot consider Port Cooper eligible [as the harbour for the new settlement]; as the plain of the Southern Island is very variable in quality,—in some places, a mere washed gravel barely yielding a little grass,—and the great intrusive mass of Banks Peninsula shuts out all settlement on one side. All your calculations of the number of clergy, schools, etc., are in danger of being frustrated, if a dispersion at all approaching that which has already taken place should be found necessary.

I cannot, therefore, compromise myself to a recommendation of any site within the Southern Province [Island], unless the whole be accurately mapped, and facility given to every purchaser to know exactly what kind of land he is buying and where it is situated. All the following places I consider more worthy of inquiry than those which you have named: (*a*) Rua Taniwha plains, in Hawke Bay. This I consider one of the finest districts in New Zealand; and there are few or no native inhabitants. It would be an inland settlement, with good access to third-rate ports (Manawatu and Ahuriri) on the east and west coasts. (*b*) The heads of the Waipa and Waikato rivers,—with water communication to Auckland down the Waikato river. (*c*) The plain of the Thames,—with navigable rivers communicating, through the

inland waters of the Frith, with Auckland. (*d*) Tauranga Harbour, in the Bay of Plenty,—the best harbour on the east coast. (*e*) The Wairoa and Kaipara rivers,—with a tideway of nearly one hundred and fifty miles, and only fifteen miles of easy land-carriage to the Waitemata river. Here also the native population is very scanty.

Wherever the settlements be formed, the actual surface of the country must be taken into account. Let the site of every town, village, church, school, etc., be marked before a single acre is sold : and then, if people are disappointed, it will not be your fault.

Your very grateful and affectionate friend,

G. A. NEW ZEALAND.

This long letter, it is true, is concerned with events which have now long ago become “ancient history.” But it presents a remarkable picture of the mind which conceived and wrote it. The true principles of colonization are here grasped firmly, and set forth with consummate clearness. The attention to minute detail—which, when combined with large views, is a special mark of genius—appears in every line. And a knowledge is displayed, not only of every coast and harbour, such as “would not have disgraced an admiral,” but also of the farming capabilities of various districts such as indicated the practical man who had himself handled the plough. If his criticism of the “Wakefield system” be thought too severe, be it remembered that the complaints here made about the management of the affair are fully justified by the following remarks of an eye-witness and fellow-passenger with the first batch of emigrants :—

We were all full of hope and of anxiety to see what had been represented to us as a sort of earthly paradise. Within a few

short months, I was doomed to witness those very beings who were cheering and shouting as they left the land of their nativity, cast (as it were) upon a barren, dreary, and inhospitable shore. I saw them turned out into flat-bottomed boats every morning for three weeks, nearly up to their knees in water, in order that they might erect habitations for themselves in the wilderness. I saw them, at last, driven out of the ship like oxen, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, many of them having no place of shelter. I heard their sighs; I witnessed the feelings that overpowered them.*

It seems, therefore, that Bishop Selwyn was fully justified in his worst forebodings; and—while all difficulties of this rude kind have long ago been overcome, and the colony of Christchurch has risen to be one of the most flourishing, and the most English in its character, of any in New Zealand—it still remains incredible to us of a later generation that no counsel was taken by the promoters of this scheme with one who was, of all mankind, the most deeply interested in its success, and the best qualified by a unique personal experience to give invaluable advice.

* Majoribanks, *New Zealand*, p. 11; cf. Haly, *Counsel's Opinion on the Canterbury Dispute*, printed 1853.

CHAPTER V.

First visit to the Polynesian Islands in H.M.S. *Dido*—Second visit in the *Undine* (with H.M.S. *Havannah*)—Third visit—Arrival of Mr. Abraham and Mr. Lloyd—Synod at Sydney—Fourth visit (with Bishop Tyrrell) in the *Border Maid*—Voyage to England—Sermons at Cambridge.

THE sunshine of a temporary truce between the Maoris and the English had now spread over New Zealand (1848); the whole diocese, from North Cape to Stewart's Island, had been personally inspected; the only sound form of Church government, the synodal system inaugurated by the Apostles at Jerusalem, had been given to the See; and a permanent Constitution for the New Zealand branch of the Church Catholic had been drawn up and published.

The following interesting letter from Archdeacon Hadfield, written near Cook's Straits not long afterwards, will give a good idea both of the quiet that now reigned and also of the disquiet that was yet in the air:—

We are now very quiet here. The wars and disturbances of former years are now almost forgotten; and the two races live together on very good terms. Sir George Grey's government of the country has been very successful. I had a visit from him and Lady Grey last week [at Otaki]. They remained over Sunday; and as I administered the Holy Communion to more than a hundred natives, they had an opportunity of witnessing what was

going on here. It was interesting to see the governor kneeling side by side with old Maori chiefs, who a few years ago were in savage opposition to all law and order. The natives have given us, at his request, about six hundred acres of very good land; on which a scheme of industrial education can be carried out. It will be a great point to get a hundred boys, and as many girls, well taught in a school managed by the missionaries: and the Government have promised to assist in the matter. I am afraid, from some late communications, that the committee of the Church Missionary Society are ill-informed concerning the real state of things here. Perhaps nothing is more difficult than to convey adequate ideas of the actual religious feelings and knowledge of a newly converted barbarous people to those who have had no experience in dealing with people of this description. The committee talk of introducing the "parochial system," under a native ministry, into this country; and they have written for advice and opinions on the subject. But the scheme is at present quite impracticable. For there is no such advance in religious and moral knowledge as could lead the most sanguine observer to expect that this system can be satisfactorily established for some five, ten, or even fifteen years to come. For the Church Missionary Society to withdraw all support at the present time would be to undo all that has been done. Besides, the uncertainty of the present system of colonization, and our ignorance what effect it may have on the natives, render it perfectly preposterous just at this time to entertain the idea seriously. There is constant uneasiness among the natives about the acts of the Government, which is by no means satisfactory; and I am quite convinced that, without the aid of the missionaries in allaying their suspicions, the Government would find it difficult to carry on its business peaceably for any length of time.

In short—

Bishop Selwyn had now founded a flourishing Church, and had laid its foundations deep on Apostolic models. Like St. Paul, the

Apostle of the Gentiles, he never spared himself, in journeying often, in perils often. He gave the New Zealand Church a Constitution, with a synod to govern it; and [ere]long saw the one diocese, to which he had been appointed, divided and subdivided into six sees, besides that of Melanesia. A man of noble bearing, open countenance, great powers of endurance, with a fund of common sense and an amount of nautical knowledge that would not have disgraced an admiral,—he was the very Bishop for a diocese where the sea was the ordinary means of communication.*

But the “whole diocese,” after all, had not yet been visited. By a clerical error (as we have seen) on the part of the State, and by an express mission on the part of the Church,† the diocese really extended far away among the islands of the sea to the thirty-fourth degree of north latitude; and now the time seemed favourable for a voyage of spiritual discovery in those parts. For he was accidentally offered the post of temporary chaplain and “naval instructor” on board H.M.S. *Dido*, bound for Tonga and the neighbouring islands; and was enabled to begin a thorough study of that portion of the savage flock committed to his charge. The following letter will give some idea of this most interesting and useful voyage:—

H. M. S. *Dido*, off Cape Butt, Bay of Islands, March 3, 1848.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

My first letter related to Tongatabu, an island familiar to me from my childhood by Cook’s description, and fully bearing out the praise which it has received. On the evening before our departure, I took leave of good Mr. Thomas, the Wesleyan missionary, on the beach, and nearly two hundred

* *The Times*, April 13, 1878.

† *Supra*, p. 35.

of his school-children, who took off their chaplets of wild flowers and threw them into the boat as a parting gift. The next morning, we sailed out through the northern passage of the harbour of Tonga with a sparkling trade-wind filling every sail, and rippling the deep-blue water of the channel, and the light-green water within the reefs, with the true smile of the sea,—*Ποντίων τε κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα.*

On Saturday, January 8th, we passed in sight of two islands, the westernmost of the Hapai group. Tofua is said to be an active volcano ; but we saw no signs of fire or smoke.

On Sunday morning, January 9th, we were off Port Valder in the island of Vavau, the northernmost of the islands forming the Friendly and Hapai group. The wind being contrary, all the morning was spent in working into the harbour. Happily, this was the only time, during the voyage, on which Divine Service on the Lord's Day was suspended. Valder Harbour is formed by a number of islets at the southern end of the island of Vavau. The entrance is marked by the two small rocky islets represented below. The only drawback to its security is the great depth of the water. Krusenstein's atlas of the Pacific, which I bought at Captain Fitzroy's recommendation, has an admirably correct chart of the harbour. . . . Table hills rise into abrupt crags at the summit ; but are based with sloping banks beautifully wooded and terminated at the water's edge with hollow caves, in which the dogs of the Scylla of Vavau (if there be any) are continually barking. In many parts of the harbour no soundings were found ; and even at our anchorage we lay in twenty-eight fathoms. This depth of water is dangerous in the season of hurricanes, as a ship has been known to be dragged about the harbour with all its anchors out, and at last driven upon the rocks. This day, being Sunday, I did not go on shore ; nor did any canoes come off to the ship. An American whaler lay at anchor near us, and the canoe-sheds at the mission station were just visible at a short distance.

Monday, January 10th, I went on shore with Captain Maxwell, and landed at some spacious canoe-sheds, which, as well as

those of Tonga, look like the ship-building sheds at Greenwich in miniature. They are generally large enough to hold a double canoe, eighty feet long. On the beach we were met by a large party of natives, who seemed to show the effects of intercourse with whale-ships, more than their relations at Tonga, in a rudeness of manner not common at the Friendly Islands. In other respects they seemed to be orderly and quiet. We soon reached the mission settlement, consisting of the three dwelling-houses of Messrs. Rabone, West, and Davis, and the printing-office attached. The mission body received us most kindly; but told me, good-humouredly, that their natives had been up to inquire how I was to be received, as I was supposed to be a Bishop of the Romish Church. Their fears were soon removed on that point, perhaps more easily than those of some of their brethren in New Zealand, who have raised the Popery cry against me, with little justice and less effect. Here we found the Wesleyan printing establishment for the Tonga group, conducted by Mr. Davis, with the assistance of native pressmen. As with us, the duty of revising the early translations of the Holy Scriptures had engaged the attention of the missionaries, and the Vavau press was, by a curious coincidence, employed upon the same chapters of St. Matthew which were then passing, in the new version, through our college press. On this island the shortness of our stay deprived me of the pleasure, which I usually enjoyed, of inspecting the schools, as the children were all dispersed, and there was not time to collect them. We visited, however, some of the principal chiefs, and saw the empty house of King George, a beautiful specimen of native work; the fabric showing how useful every part of the cocoa-nut and bread-fruit are, both for board and lodging. The wood of the bread-fruit is not subject to the ravages of the ants, which destroy almost every other kind of timber in a few years. On our return to the mission-house, one of the principal chiefs, to whom King George seemed to have delegated the chief authority in his absence, came to Captain Maxwell with a singular request, to be supplied with a pair of handcuffs. It appeared that a young man was in his custody who had wilfully set fire to one of the mission-

houses, and burnt it to the ground. The trial was deferred till the return of the king, which was so long delayed, that the chief said he and all his people "were tired of *sleeping awake*;" and that they wished for the handcuffs to secure the culprit during the night.

In the evening Captain Maxwell and I ascended one of the flat-topped hills which overlook the harbour, and enjoyed a glorious prospect, lighted up by the glow of a cloudless sunset. It was a rugged scramble to get up; for the path was so well concealed in the plantations of paper-mulberry (for the manufacture of cloth) that we were unable to find it; and climbed up the cliff, as we could, by the projections of rock, and the natural cordage of the parasitical plants, with which it was clothed. But when we came to the brow, from which the view opened upon us, we discovered the path—a narrow cleft in the rock, caused apparently by an earthquake.

By this path we descended to the cultivated stage below the cliff, where cocoa-nuts and paper-mulberries were in profusion; and soon regained the beach, where the boat was waiting for us. And so ends my poor account of Vavau: which is all that I can give upon a stay of ten hours; unless, indeed, I were to indulge in a little scandal, and abuse the missionaries, which, according to the received practice of intuitive travellers of Dr. Laing's class, can always be done upon hearsay, and at sight.

May the same glorious sun, which set upon me in majesty on the cliff of Vavau, visit you with his cheerful light many happy mornings more, till the dayspring of a new and brighter morning rise upon you, when the Lord Himself, the Sun of Righteousness, shall be your everlasting Light.

God bless you, my dear father, and brothers, and sister.

I remain, my dear father,

Your dutiful and very affectionate son,

G. A. NEW ZEALAND.

This voyage lasted from December 23, 1847, till

March 4, 1848, and it left a deep impression on his mind. In the following letter to a friend, written shortly after his return, the drift his thoughts were taking can be easily seen :—

This year my mind has been much expanded to a comprehension of the magnitude of the work which God has wrought in the “multitudes of the isles” of the Pacific. In some, as in the Friendly and Navigator’s Islands, there is much to cheer and strengthen the heart; in others, as the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, all is still dark and desolate. But even in the most favoured islands there is still something which gives me ground to doubt whether the foundation be secure. I do not for a moment doubt the personal faith of thousands of the converts of the various mission bodies, but I do doubt whether they are “edified,” whether they do not still rest upon the personal character of their English teachers. And this support will have a tendency to fall off, when other fields of fresher interest absorb the zeal of the rising generation and carry it off to Central Africa, to China, or to Japan. This is a point too little thought of, I fear, in missionary enterprise—I mean, the downward tendency of the secondary stage of a mission. *The only remedy is a native ministry.* This may be expected to press upwards to higher and holier aims with the progress of light and knowledge, and to replace the English ministry as it decays. My deep conviction is that the “society” system will end in disappointment. The Wesleyan attempt, for instance, to Wesleyanize the Friendly Islands and the Feegees, and to associate every convert as a member of the Wesleyan Society, can only succeed by making Wesleyanism into a new form of the Papacy. The London Society is in a still greater difficulty, because it professes no form of Church government at all; and therefore the native converts, as they advance, must either be excluded from all share in the management, or be admitted upon such vague definitions of powers and privileges as must end in disagreement among themselves. The Church Missionary Society

professes to wish to allow its efforts to merge gradually in the ecclesiastical system of the country ; but its measures tend so little to that end that, if it were now to withdraw its aid from New Zealand, not one single thing would be found to have been built up. The plan which occurs to me after much thought and observation, but to which, I fear, the Wesleyans would never accede, is for all missionary bodies to agree upon a fundamental system as well as upon fundamental doctrine. Why should the Friendly and Navigator's Islanders be forced into a position of dissent from their brethren in New Zealand merely because certain "societies" in England are supported by various classes of Christians? Why should not I be able to recognize the native ministers in those islands as in communion with our own? If the societies would allow the native converts to form a Scriptural form of Church government, with a simple bishop presiding over his council of presbyters, and that bishop deriving canonical succession from America or any other neutral source, I could at once fraternize with the Samoan or other island churches, and could assist them by visits, by receiving their young converts, and by all other means in my power. What a sin it seems to be to visit our discord upon these simple-minded islanders ! Think of my being appealed to by the London missionaries to bear witness of the evils of divisions caused by the interference of Wesleyan teachers !

In this voyage the practical skill which he had first begun to learn on his voyage out to New Zealand in 1841 stood him in good stead, and as "naval instructor" he gave perfect satisfaction. Indeed, the captain of a merchant vessel once remarked to a New Zealand clergyman, "It almost made him a Christian and a Churchman to see the Bishop bring his schooner into harbour." What he saw of the Melanesian Islands during this voyage strengthened his determination to visit them again, "should some door be

opened by which God may show His willingness that the work should be begun." Accordingly, in the following year (1849), he set off on his first voyage in the little schooner, the *Undine*, cruising about the islands and trying to open friendly communication with the natives. His plan was to persuade them to allow him to take some of their children to New Zealand, where they might be civilized and taught the elements of Christianity, while they in return might impart their own language to their teachers. In the winter the Bishop proposed to restore them to their homes and to leave them until the following year, when he would again fetch them if they should be willing to come.

These frequent removals and voyages to and fro were rendered necessary by the peculiar climate of these tropical latitudes. At certain seasons alone was it possible to carry a frail mission-vessel into these tempting treacherous seas; where the blue water broke over innumerable coral reefs unmarked in any chart, and where too long delay might involve unequal conflict with the hurricane or the tropical thunderstorm. A graphic description both of such a hurricane and such a storm may be found in the letters of Bishop Patteson; and will give some idea of the dangers encountered in these seas, but so lightly passed over—if mentioned at all—by one at whom colonists sometimes sneered as "fond of yachting."

On May 3rd, for the first time I experienced a circular gale or hurricane: till about 7 p.m. we could do no more, and had to lie to. Thus the vessel [the *Southern Cross*] *meets* the seas; which, if they caught her on the beam or quarter, would very likely send her down at once. From 1 p.m. till 7 p.m. the next day, it blew

furiously. The whole sea was one drift of foam, and the surface of the water beaten down flat by the excessive violence of the wind. It cut off the head of every wave, and carried it in clouds of spray and great masses of water, driving and hurling it against any obstacle, such as our little vessel, with inconceivable fury. As I stood on deck, gasping for breath, my eyes literally unable to keep themselves open and only by glimpses getting a view of this most grand and terrible sight, it seemed as if a furious snow-storm was raging over a swelling heaving dark mass of waters. Add to this the straining of the masts, the creaking of the planks, the shrill whistle of the wind in the ropes, the occasional crash of a heavy sea as it struck us with a sharp sound, and the rush of waters over the decks that followed,—and you have a notion of a gale of wind. An unlucky sea at such a time may be fatal; and if anything about the schooner had been unsound, it might have been awkward. At prayers, the Bishop read the prayer to be used in a storm: but I never entertained the idea of our being really in peril,—for we had sea-room and no fear of driving upon rocks.*

About all this, and a hundred similar scenes, we hear not a single word from our (unfortunately) too practical and reticent Bishop Selwyn. But such experiences go to make the character of a man, and give him wealth of memory and of resource; while they form also the background and setting, without which any record of his life must needs be meagre, unsatisfactory, and even misleading. From the same deeply interesting volumes we therefore borrow another personal description of a thunderstorm met with in these seas.

At 7.30 the breeze came up and the big drops began: when suddenly a bright forked flash, so sustained that it held its place before our eyes like an immense white-hot crooked wire, seemed

* Miss Yonge, "Life of Bishop Patteson" (1874), i. 251.

to fall on the deck and be splintered there. But one moment, and the tremendous crack of the thunder was alive and around us making the masts tremble. For more than an hour, the flashes were so continuous that, I think, every three seconds we had a perfect view of the whole horizon. I especially remember the firmament between the lurid thunder-clouds looking quite blue, so intense was the light. We have no lightning conductor, and I felt somewhat anxious [being this time in sole charge of the ship]. I went below and prayed God to preserve us from lightning and fire, and read the magnificent chapter in Job. We had no wind, but furious rain. The lightning was forked and jagged: and as the storm was right upon us, the danger must have been great.*

It was in peril of meeting with such adventures as these that, in August, Bishop Selwyn put off in his own little mission-schooner, the *Undine*, of only twenty-two tons, for a second visit to his far-off Archipelago. After sailing a thousand miles in ten stormy days, he reached the island of Anaiteum, where he—

visited the Scotch missionaries already established there. He also visited other islands, never interfering if he found any mission work going on; but, after an interchange of kindly intercourse with the missionaries, he would push on further in search of fresh unbroken ground. This rule the Bishop invariably followed out in his mission work; as he held, strongly, that divisions were the ruin of the cause which all had at heart. He conferred a great benefit on the Scotch mission at Anaiteum in the following year, when he returned to the island, by bringing out a wooden house on board his little vessel for the Presbyterian minister. This seems a simple act of brotherly kindness; but it was unfortunately made the source of some annoyance to the Bishop, as he was considered, in England, to have needlessly gone out of his way in taking this trouble for a member of another mission. Happily his

* Miss Yonge, "Life of Bishop Patteson" (1874), i. 310.

heart was large enough to be proof against attacks of this petty nature.*

At Anaiteum he met, as previously arranged, H.M.S. *Havannah*, and sailed in her company to New Caledonia and elsewhere; standing away, at last, alone back to Auckland with the precious cargo on board of five native boys, gathered from the various islands, the firstfruits of the Melanesian harvest. The following letter from Lady Shaftesbury to a friend will show, from a most unbiased witness, the influence for good exercised by the Bishop at this time on all around him—

DEAR LADY —,

My boy says, “at the Island of Tanna we met the Bishop of New Zealand cruising about among the islands, in the *Undine*—a small schooner yacht of about twenty-five tons; without a single weapon of any description on board; the people consisting of himself, three men, and a boy. He kept company with us [the *Havannah*] till we left the islands for Sydney, on September 22nd. He preached on board during the Sundays he was with us; and certainly I never was so struck with anybody’s preaching as with his. The effect on the men was quite electrical; and I could have listened to him for hours.” I have copied the whole passage. Evidently the Bishop was going to return to New Zealand when the *Havannah* left him.

Yours very truly,

E. A.

In May, 1850, to withdraw them from the cold and wet of a New Zealand winter, the Bishop sailed back to the islands and restored the boys to their delighted parents, himself returning alone to Auckland about mid-

* E. A. C., p. 26.

winter, on June the 4th. But in September he was off again, this time in a merchant brig, for one thousand miles run to Sydney, to take part in a great Pan-Australasian Synod,—first forerunner of the still greater Pan-Anglican Synods, of which he was to be the principal and most energetic promoter, and which nowadays meet regularly every ten years at Lambeth. One result of this Sydney conference was the formation of an “Australasian Board of Missions,” and the contribution of money towards the provision of a larger vessel, the *Border Maid*, of one hundred tons burden, for conveying the Bishop and his cargoes of pupils with greater safety to and fro. On her first trip to the islands, she had the honour of carrying two Bishops of the Australasian Church ; for Bishop Tyrrell, of Newcastle, N.S.W., a fellow-oarsman in days gone by at Cambridge, had determined to accompany his friend to the post of honour and danger, and to witness, with his own eyes, the great Churchman’s methods of peaceable frontier warfare against heathendom. His graphic letter describing what he saw in 1851 can never fail to be read with the deepest interest. He says—

The natives of the islands are very treacherous, pretending the greatest cordiality and goodwill until the moment of attack. A sandal-wood trader told me that, on visiting one of the islands, some years ago, he had so numerous a crew that he thought the natives would not dare to attack them. He therefore allowed as many as liked to come on the deck. Many came and appeared most pleased and friendly ; when, in one moment, without the slightest warning, seventeen of his crew were laid dead on the ship’s deck.

He then describes how he was left in charge of the

Border Maid, while the Bishop and nearly all his men went off to fill their casks with water at the island of Malicolo ; and how he found himself surrounded with a swarm of canoes, full of huge, armed warriors, who tried to come on deck, and were with difficulty prevented by the firm attitude of Bishop Tyrrell and two sailors, who alone were left on board. At length, from amid crowds of hostile natives, the Bishop and his watering-party were seen to emerge in safety and row away for the ship ; when the malicious canoe-warriors paddled away. But he, too, had been in imminent peril ; and it was only—

his quick-sighted reading of character and apprehension of gestures, his habits of order and forethought, besides his calmness and courage, which enabled him to walk unscathed where others would be in danger.*

But all this would never be gathered from either his own letters or his conversation. There all "perils of waters and perils by the heathen" were invariably regarded as of no account, and taken as a matter of course. Indeed this calm indifference to danger was the secret of his safety. His wonderful influence over savages is thus described by one who witnessed it :—

He would not allow his crew of four men to have a musket or any weapon of defence. His wonderful presence of mind and dignified bearing, and a certain something quite indefinable, had such an influence over the savage mind, that the natives never seemed to contemplate the possibility of his molesting them ; and therefore they never dreamed of carrying out their rule to avenge the shooting of one of themselves by sandal-wood traders,

* Tucker, i. 364.

by killing and eating the first white man who fell into their power.*

The *Border Maid* soon afterwards landed Bishop Tyrrell in Australia, and then sailed away (with thirteen wild native boys, to be trained at St. John's College), and reached Auckland safely on October 7, 1851.

The hold of the vessel was fitted up as a school-room, and the Bishop and his fellow-workers kept school regularly. Everywhere his quick-sighted reading of countenance, his habits of order and of forethought, his calmness and courage, enabled him to go through scenes of danger unhurt. All depended on his wisdom, energy, and presence of mind. On one occasion, when a boy fell ill, the others at once proposed to throw him overboard because, they said, he was unhappy and made others so: his life was "no good." The Bishop, however, was near enough to prevent this catastrophe; and he showed the boys that this was not the right way to treat a sick comrade, but that they should rather lessen his troubles and restore him to "happiness" again. ("The Island Mission," p. 23.)

The *Border Maid* returned to Auckland with thirteen scholars in October, 1851. The joyful news was brought to the college that she had anchored off the coast during the night; and immediately after morning service, a long file of black boys were seen coming up from the vessel with the Bishop and his party. The warm welcome with which they were greeted can be imagined; and they were soon all settled down quietly at work. "The Bishop's College," says an officer of H.M.S. *Fantome*, who visited Auckland in 1853, "is a collection of Elizabethan-looking small buildings, with farm establishments (in the same style) attached. The Bishop is, indeed, a wonderful man. The true Christian, the champion pedestrian, the perfect scholar, the polished gentleman, the eloquent preacher and linguist, are united in him. His energies are untiring. I have seen him

* Letter quoted in E. A. C., p. 26.

come out of Church, hailed by a host of Maoris all holding out their hands and shaking his with true fervour, and his lordship having a word in their own pretty language for all. (Malone, "Three Years in the Australasian Colonies," p. 245.)

The next year, to the Bishop's great delight, he secured two girls to bring with him to Auckland; and he proudly brought them up the beach, one on each arm, arrayed in garments of his own handiwork made out of a bed-quilt and ornamented with a scarlet bow. Little Wabisane, and little Wasitrutru (the latter meaning "Little Chattering Bird") were the names of the girls, who were afterwards called Sarah and Caroline, after Mrs. Selwyn and Mrs. Abraham. George was the name most frequently given to the boys; and the first Melanesian who was ordained was George Sarawia.*

He found the college in good and satisfactory work, under the guidance of Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Abraham, and Mr. Lloyd, who had come out from England for this purpose the year before. But "what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" † In 1853, a sad cloud of calamity—a passing tempest of moral evil—settled down upon the college, and compelled its dispersion for a time. Indeed, the Maori department of the college never re-assembled; and before long the boys from the various islands were gathered at new head-quarters, provided for them first at Kohi-márama, a more sunny spot beside the sea, and then in Norfolk Island, where a warmer climate enabled them to remain through the winter, and where to this hour the missionary Bishop of Melanesia makes his home.

A letter to Mrs. Selwyn, at this time, reveals the troubled, and yet ever hopeful and manly, tone of the Bishop's mind.

* E. A. C., p. 27.

† Heb. xii. 2.

Taranaki, January 24, 1853.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

I had this day the great delight of receiving a letter from you, by the *Eclair* from Manakau. How pleasant and refreshing your letter was! I wrote to you a trifling letter from the coast, just to tell you of my movements. But as it was intended for any chance conveyance, it contained nothing which might not be read at Charing Cross. Now, as I have hope of a sea-borne mail, I can pour out my soul to you, and respond to your sorrow and your prayers, your comfort and your hopes. It has pleased God to bless my journey (as I ventured to hope would be the case) by restoring, in great measure, that elasticity of mind which He has granted to me under all former and minor troubles; but which I feared, in this last and greatest, was in danger of being seriously impaired. In bodily health I have rarely been so well; and the calm of this place, with two confirmations and an harmonious Church-meeting, have acted as a balm to a wounded spirit. The people here have been very kind, at a time when I was prepared to value and feel kindness more than ever. The presence also of the dear boys under my own eye, and our daily intercourse in prayer, have kept alive the thought of the college as still existing, though well-nigh destroyed. Charles's tent has enabled me to keep them literally under my own roof.—all seven of us stretching our weary limbs together under the same covering. It has been a long journey, wet, slippery, and slow; but I have not found it irksome, though very different from my former gallop with Rota. The dear child Simeon's tender and sorrowful letters touch my heart. I am glad he has opened his heart to you. He writes to me of your motherly care and of your daily prayers with him. My thoughts for the first time turn to England, partly on Johnnie's account, as I think he needs to be at school. But I have no wish—except to see my father before he dies, and to see Willie.

From your most loving husband,

G. A. N. Z.

In May, 1853, the firstfruits of the Maori race, Rota Waitoa, was ordained; and on the last day of the year, in order to overcome the intolerable obstacles to a due organization of the New Zealand Church which the English law still presented, the Bishop sailed for England in the *Commodore*. Mrs. Selwyn and his second son accompanied him, and the whole of 1854 was spent on the voyage or in England. Indeed, he did not land at Auckland again till July 5, 1855. His objects in coming home were mainly three: (1) to secure the power to subdivide his vast diocese; and especially to establish a Bishop at Wellington and at the new Canterbury settlement in the Southern Island; (2) to secure for the Church of New Zealand a legal power to manage its own affairs by means of a mixed "general synod," composed of bishops, presbyters, and laity; (3) to obtain a full recognition by the Church of England of the Melanesian mission, and of her duty ere long to provide it with a bishop of its own. Before he returned, all these objects had been, more or less completely, attained. The subdivision of his diocese was facilitated by the grant of self-government to the colony in 1853, by its determination thereupon to disestablish and disendow the Church, and by its own subdivision (till re-union in 1876) into six local governments. The legal power to manage its own affairs followed on disestablishment as a matter of course. And the recognition of the Bishop's noble efforts to evangelize Melanesia was so hearty that £10,000 were soon raised to form an endowment for its future bishop; a new mission-schooner (the *Southern Cross*) was presented to the Bishop for his voyages of inspection and education; and (best of all) a

coadjutor in the work and a future "Bishop" of the Isles was contributed to his staff, in the person of the Rev. John Coleridge Patteson, who had been secretly devoted to this service from the day when, fourteen years before, he had heard Bishop Selwyn's stirring address at Windsor shortly before sailing to the Antipodes. And now, during the present visit, another stirring series of addresses, delivered before the University of Cambridge, was destined to create a still profounder admiration for the man, and a still more widespread desire to have the privilege of working with him, whether at home or abroad. Those "Four Sermons on the Work of Christ in the World" were afterwards published. But some extracts from them here will probably be acceptable to the reader.

The first sermon merely addresses itself to the general principle that "Christian work" is the best of all expressions of Christian belief.

We can add nothing to your store of learning, but we may bring some fresh instances of the Divine love, some deep experience drawn from the fountains of the human heart, some glimpses of primitive Christianity granted to the servants of God in their lonely mission-field, like the tidings of a new-born Saviour given to the shepherds who kept watch over their flocks by night. It is this hope, and this alone, which has emboldened me to come here to-day. . . . A great and visible change has taken place in the thirteen years since I left England. It is now a very rare thing to see a careless clergyman, a neglected parish, or a desecrated church. The multiplication of schools may well be made the subject of special thanksgiving to Almighty God. The teaching of our public schools and universities has risen to a far more religious character. Even our cathedral system, the last to feel the impulse of the times, has put forth signs of life while many

were predicting its extinction. The natural result of this awakened zeal has been to extend the limits of inquiry and to give a new value to more subtle points of doctrine and more minute points of practice. It is easy to see how Christian zeal thus tends to religious strife. But whatever is really necessary to reform the sinner, to comfort the sorrowful, and to guide the dying on their way to heaven, that, and that only, is the doctrine which God calls on every man to receive. Thus, for instance, in our mission work our standard of necessary doctrine is, what we can explain to our native converts and translate into our native languages. This we know to be all that is really necessary to salvation.

The second sermon was a still louder trumpet-call to action.

In the covenant which we made with God in baptism, when the question had been asked, "Dost thou believe?" then followed immediately the other, "Wilt thou obey?" And what is more likely than that, in an age of religious zeal, many doubts and questions should arise about a duty so important as this; and that, in endeavouring minutely to adjust our duty of obedience to God and man, difficulties should arise? If this precision of adjustment cannot be attained, it seems as if some thought themselves absolved from all duty of obedience. . . . Yet we may look upon it as a happy age, in which the chief errors arise from an excess of conscience. Let us not harshly repel every brother who has felt the unsettling power of this age of lawless speculation, but charitably weigh his conscientious scruples and assist to remove them. . . . Thus out of the mist of controversy a clear beam of light seems to fall upon a handwriting nailed to our Saviour's cross, that "love is the fulfilling of the law." . . . At the Reformation a great principle was enunciated, but was not carried out. The Bible was opened, but it was not taught. Private judgment was recognized, but it was not guided or informed. Bishopricks were not multiplied nor parishes subdivided as the population grew. Cathedrals were furnished with the means of usefulness, but they were allowed

to remain inactive. The Church was to be the Church of the people, and yet vast masses were left to grow up in ignorance. Then came the difficulty of the connection between Church and State, because the Church was no longer the mother of all the people. Why should we wonder that difficulties meet us at every step in such a state of things as this? But the Church is not therefore lost. Her doctrines are not compromised; her creeds are not abrogated; her Articles are not convicted of error. . . . Surely it is our bounden duty to receive this treasure into our hearts, and then to go forth into our families, our neighbourhoods, our parishes, our schools; to prisons and hospitals, to workhouses and almshouses, and even into the highways and hedges; and there to deal with every single soul as if our own lives depended on the issue. If this be done, the Church will soon reabsorb all dissent within herself; for every sect is still a part of the Church. And may God move this great University to be foremost in the work of Christianizing England! Fill all your chairs of science, follow up every hidden law of nature, and trace out the minutest particles of matter and every microscopical form of animated life; but let it be done by men whose profession it is. And teach the rest of this vast body to devote themselves to the study of man and of man's soul; and of the works of God as seen in their noblest exercise—in the salvation of the world.

The third sermon was a spirit-stirring appeal to the Church at home to help the rising colonial Churches.

Vast numbers of our people—nearly a thousand a day—are leaving their native country to go to our own colonies. But they carry with them none of the endowments, none of the learning, none of the privileges of the Church at home. The younger son, when he goes into a far country, does not receive the portion of goods which falleth to him. They go out to find the consequences of disunion in England visited upon the colonies—the Church separated from the State, counted as one of many sects, dependent upon voluntary aid, and yet supposed to be subject to the same

restrictions as those which have been established in England. . . . Now, I ask, have hearts at home expanded as our empire has grown? Or has our diocesan and parochial system—which is at once the strength and weakness of our Church—narrowed up minds here at home, and unfitted them for that wider range of thought which is needed for the direction of a work now (by the grace of God) extended throughout the world? I answer, thankfully, that much has been done. My own bishopric was the first of fourteen which have been founded—one for every year [since 1841]. And I may be allowed to express my thankfulness that five out of the fourteen have been supplied by the ancient college of St. John. And no less must we praise God for those faithful servants whom their ministry has sent forth to die in the mission-field—for Henry Martyn and for Thomas Whytehead and other kindred spirits. It was full time that this “awakening” should come, for the stewardship of England seemed passing away. In every country which we occupied, the voice of our brother’s blood cried unto God from the ground. Could we be the true children of Abraham, the foster-fathers of many nations, when we had carried with us only the fire and the knife, but not the Lamb? . . . And to what have we now to trust, but to private zeal, when the State is paralyzed by religious divisions, and when the spirit of counsel has departed for a season from the Church? Where is the power to command, which shall supply every colony of the British empire with the ministers of the Gospel, as I have seen the wild hills of New Zealand guarded by the soldiers of the British army and its harbours by the seamen of our fleet? When shall we learn the lesson that the sacrament of the soldier of the Cross binds him by a far higher obligation to fight manfully under his Lord’s banner, and to bear it to the utmost bounds of the habitable globe? You know the wants of the colonial Church. I forbear to speak of myself, because it has pleased God to cast my lot in a fair land and a goodly heritage; and in the healthful climate of New Zealand, and among the clustered isles and on the sparkling waves of the Pacific Ocean, there is too much real enjoyment for me to be able to invite any one to unite himself with me as an

exercise of ministerial self-denial. Yet we also want men of mind and of faith, to mould the institutions of our infant colony. . . . There are such minds here present—hearts ready to undertake the work of Christ in any part of His field to which they may be called. But they are as backward to offer as the Church is backward to call. One or other must break through their natural reserve. Offer yourselves to the Archbishop, as twelve hundred young men have already offered themselves to the Commander-in-Chief [for the Crimean war]. Let the head of our Church have about him a body of young men willing to go everywhere and to do anything. Then we shall never lack chaplains, either for our soldiers in the field or for the sick and wounded in the hospitals; nor clergy for our colonies; nor missionaries for the heathen.

The last of these four sermons carried the thoughts of the vast congregation far away to the “isles of the sea,” and to the dark masses of still unconverted heathendom.

When the missionary to the heathen comes back from his intercourse with simple tribes, among whom his constant endeavour has been to teach the truth, pure and undefiled, as it is in Jesus,—and when he finds himself in the midst of controversy, such as he knows would unsettle the minds of his native converts, and would teach them to doubt rather than to believe,—he is naturally led to plead earnestly with his own brethren and countrymen that they would “seek peace and ensue it.” Does our blessed Lord approve of all this bitterness of controversy? . . . I speak, of course, with diffidence of anything that relates to the state of religion in England; but I am bold to speak of that which I have seen and heard in the mission-field. There, I assert without fear of contradiction, schism is looked upon as an acknowledged evil. There may be the utmost charity and brotherly kindness among the missionaries themselves, but that is not enough. No inward and spiritual unity can act as an outward evidence. The keen-sighted native convert soon detects a difference of system. And thus religion brings disunion, instead

of harmony and peace. We make a rule [therefore] never to introduce controversy among a native people. If the ground has been preoccupied by any other religious body, we forbear to enter. And I can speak from observation, ranging over nearly half the Southern Pacific Ocean, that wherever this law of religious unity is adopted, there the Gospel has its full and unchecked power. Nature itself has so divided our mission-field that each labourer may work without interference with his neighbour. Every island, circled with its own coral reef, is a field in which each missionary may carry out his own system with native teachers—children in obedience, but men in action, ready at a moment to put their lives in their hands and go out to preach the Gospel to other islands, with no weapon but prayer and with no refuge but in God.* . . . Many of these islands I visited in their days of dark-

* See Miss Yonge, "Life of Patteson," i. 192: "Very nobly had the Samoan pupils of John Williams [the Erromango martyr] carried out his intentions,—braving dislike, disease, and death in the islands to which they were appointed. Moreover, the language was no easier to them than to him; Melanesian being broken into such an extraordinary number of dialects, that a missionary declared this people must have come straight from the Tower of Babel and have gone on dividing their speech ever since." Cf. "The Island Mission," p. 9: "These poor Samoan converts had none of the prestige of the white man; many of them could not read; all their bodily and mental possessions were the garment of cocoa-leaves round their waists and a portion of Christian truth in their hearts. Yet they found their way westward to one of the Loyalty Islands; and in a few years half the island had left off fighting and cannibalism, and they had built a chapel and a house ready for a resident missionary whenever he might come to teach them." Among the Maoris in New Zealand the same "moral miracle" had been witnessed. Cf. "Church in the Colonies," No. XII. (S.P.C.K.), p. 16: "The Gospel was first preached [to the tribes near Cook's Straits] by some natives who had received instruction at the mission-stations in the north. Among them were Rauparaha's son and nephew, who embarked by night on board a whale-ship and sailed to the Bay of Islands; where their urgency and sincerity decided Mr. Hadfield to offer himself as their minister, and to form a new station at Waikanae. At his request, these two young men undertook a missionary voyage to the Southern Island and Foveaux Straits, sailing in an open boat more than a thousand miles. They returned after fourteen months, having catechized and preached at every native settlement in the Southern Island; and, on my visit, the natives there uniformly ascribed their conversion to them."

ness, and therefore I can rejoice in the light that now bursts upon them, from whatever quarter it may come. I feel that there is an episcopate of love as well as of authority, and that these simple teachers, scattered over the wide ocean, are objects of the same interest to me as Apollos was to Aquila. If in anything they lack knowledge, it seems to be our duty to "expound to them the way of God more perfectly," and to do this as their friend and brother, "not as having dominion over their faith, but as helpers of their joy." Above all other things, it is our duty to guard against inflicting upon them the curses of our disunion, lest we make every little island in the ocean a counterpart of our own divided and contentious Church. And, further, I would point to the mission-field as the great outlet for the excited and sensitive spirit of the Church at home. There are minds which have placed before them an ideal perfection which can never be realized on earth. They burn with a zeal for God which cannot bear to be confined. Such men would be the very salt of the earth if they would but go out into the mission-field. There are five hundred millions of heathen still waiting for the Gospel. . . . But how, you will ask, shall truth of doctrine be maintained if we tolerate in the mission-field every form of error, and provide no safeguard for the purity of the faith? I answer that, as running water purifies itself, so Christian work is seen to correct its own mistakes. . . . Is it, then, a hope too unreasonable to be entertained, that the power which will heal the divisions of the Church at home may come from her distant fields of missionary work? . . . And now, my dear friends and brethren, and especially the younger members of this university, I commend you to the grace of God's Holy Spirit. I go from hence, if it be the will of God, to the most distant of all countries. There God has planted a standard of the Cross, as a signal to His Church to fill up the intervening spaces. Fill up the void. The Spirit of God is ready to be poured out upon all flesh, and some of you are His chosen vessels. Again, I say, offer yourselves to the primate of our Church. The voice of the Lord is asking, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

May many of you who intend, by God's grace, to dedicate themselves to the ministry, answer at once, "Here am I: send me."

The effect of these spirited addresses was electrical. One young man who heard the Bishop's appeal, being possessed of some £12,000, with further expectations, offered all his money to the mission. The Bishop, however, positively refused to avail himself of this tempting offer; though its acceptance would have relieved him from the irksome task of going about from place to place begging for help. He refused to benefit by the enthusiasm, perhaps transient, which his own eloquence had enkindled; and, while always willing unhesitatingly to accept personal service, he would not take any of the young man's money. Another result of this appeal was the offer of the Rev. Charles Mackenzie to head the Universities' Mission in South Africa. And in memory of this visit a new schooner, called the *Southern Cross*, was presented by friends for the use of the Melanesian mission, to which also the profits of the "Daisy Chain" past and future were dedicated by the authoress.

CHAPTER VI.

The Bishop's return to New Zealand—The ten years' Maori war—General Synod—The Canterbury settlement in the Southern Island—Bishop Patteson consecrated for Melanesia—Second voyage to England—Pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth—Wolverhampton Congress—Summons to succeed Bishop Lonsdale at Lichfield.

IN March, 1855, the Bishop sailed again to New Zealand, taking with him the Rev. John Coleridge Patteson who had, so many years before, on hearing the heart-stirring words of the farewell sermon at Windsor, resolved one day to follow him. None of all the faithful band who attached themselves to the Bishop stood so nearly to him in the place of a son as did this devoted chaplain, whom he speaks of "as a sort of divine recompense for my two boys left in England." In fact, this diligent and trustworthy auxiliary was, almost at once, privileged to lighten the great burden of the Melanesian mission from off the Bishop's shoulders; and so to leave him more free to grapple with the distressing difficulties into which rebellion and apostasy were about to plunge his beloved New Zealand. Mr. Patteson had already, on the voyage out in the *Duke of Portland*, convinced the Bishop of his singular fitness for this work by displaying the three indispensable qualities for such a task. These three were, (1) the sailor's gift of endur-

ing hardness on long voyages, (2) the priest's gift of drawing men by cords of love, and detaining them by gentle discipline, (3) the linguist's gift of quickly mastering many dissimilar tongues. And to this rare combination of "specialties" Mr. Patteson added two more, which made him not only useful but lovable. He possessed a loyal and affectionate disposition; and a graceful facility in writing thoughtful and graphic letters to his friends, which tempt one to wish he had always been attached as closely to the side of Bishop Selwyn as St. Luke was of old to the side of St. Paul. For instance, the following description of Auckland as he first saw it, written while he leant over the bulwarks of the *Duke of Portland*, peacefully at anchor off the town, puts us by a few strokes of the pen in full view of Bishop Selwyn's head-quarters.

It looks like a small sea-side town [in England]; but is not so substantially built, nor does it convey the same idea of comfort and wealth. Rude warehouses, etc., are mixed up with private houses on the beach. The town already extends to a distance of perhaps half a mile on each side of the cove, on which the principal part of it is built. Just in the centre of the cove stands the Wesleyan Chapel: on the rising ground to the east of the cove is the Roman Catholic Chapel: and on the west side is St. Paul's Church—an early-English stone building, looking really ecclesiastical and homelike. The college, at a distance of about five miles from the town, on some higher ground north-east of it, is reached from the harbour by a boat ascending a creek [Hobson's Bay] to within a mile of the buildings. So we shall not go into the town at all, when we land. By water, too, will be our shortest, at all events our quickest, way from the college to the town.*

* Miss Yonge, "Life of Patteson," i. 206.

Another description, from the same graphic pen, will also be read with interest :—

St. John's College is really all that is necessary for a thoroughly good and complete place of education. The hall, lined with kauri-pine wood, is a large handsome room, collegiate, capable of holding two hundred persons. The school-room, eighty feet long, has admirable arrangements for holding classes separately. There are two very cozy rooms, which belong to the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn respectively,—and in one of which I am now sitting. On the walls are hanging certain tokens of Melanesia, in the shape of gourds, calabashes, etc., such as I shall send you, one day. A spade on one side—just as a common horse-halter hanging from Abraham's book-case—betokens colonial life. . . . There is a weaving-loom, a printing-press, farm-buildings, barns, etc. ; and, last of all, the little chapel of kauri-wood (like the inside of a really good ecclesiastical building in England), with a semi-circular apse at the west containing a large handsome stone font. The east end is very simple, with semi-circular apse, small windows full of stained glass, no rails, the Bishop's chair on the north side, bench on the south. Here my eye and my mind rested contentedly and peacefully.*

Such was the late Maori boys'-school and present theological college near Taurarua Bay, as it was seen in full work in 1855. But Patteson was soon told-off to help at another institution not far away, *St. Stephen's College* for girls,—

a large one-storied building of wood, standing on table-land about four hundred yards from the sea, and commanding glorious views of the harbour and the islands which form groups close round the coast. It is Church property all about here : and the site of a future cathedral is within a stone's throw.†

* Miss Yonge, "Life of Patteson," p. 208.

† *Ibid.*, p. 215.

Only a fortnight later, the following characteristic scene occurred :—

About 9 a.m., I saw from my windows a schooner in the distance, and told the Bishop I thought it might be the *Southern Cross* [the new mission-vessel sent out from England]. Throughout the day, which was very rainy, we kept looking from time to time through our glasses. At 3 p.m., the Bishop came in : "Come along, Coley ! I do believe it is the *Southern Cross*." So I hurried on waterproofs, knowing that we were in for some mud-larking. Off we went : lugged down a borrowed boat to the water, tide being out : I took one oar, a Maori another, Bishop steering. After twenty-minutes' pull, we met her and jumped on board. . . . But on Tuesday, we had a rich scene. Bishop and I went to the *Duke of Portland* and brought off the rest of our things. But it was low-water, so the boats could not come within a long way of the beach ; and the custom is for carts to go over the muddy sand as far into the water as they can. Well ; in went our cart, which had come from the college with three valuable horses, while the Bishop and I stood on the edge of the water. Presently one of the horses lost his footing ; and then all three slipped up. One of those in the shafts had his head under water for a time. *Instantly*, Bishop and I had our coats off, and in we rushed to the horses. Such a plunging and splashing ! But they were all got up safe. Imagine an English bishop, with attending parson, cutting into the water to disentangle their cart-horses from the harness, in full view of everybody on the beach ! "This is your first lesson in mud-larking," said the Bishop.*

A singular and abrupt change, certainly, from the decorous English life of only a few weeks before ; from the full-dress dinner parties at Eton and Richmond ; from the old-world procession of College-dons, following a

* Miss Yonge, "Life of Patteson," p. 218.

“poker,” to sermon at Great St. Mary’s! But the colonial unconventionalities were much more to the Bishop’s taste than the prosaic humdrum of English life: and the dark-skinned races had become, by this time, even dearer to him than the “gilded youth” among whom he had been *facile princeps* in times gone by. He therefore rejoiced in thus training under his own eye one who should ere long take his place as Bishop of Melanesia; smiled as he domesticated him among the Maori girls and their teachers at St. Stephen’s; then accompanied him repeatedly to the islands, and handed over to him the Melanesian children gathered at St. John’s College; then (in 1859) transplanted him and his tender exotics to a more sheltered home, not far away on the coast, at Kohimárama; and, lastly, consecrated him as Bishop (1861), and transplanted his ecclesiastical head-quarters and his Melanesian school, all together, to Norfolk Island. This, however, was not accomplished without much difficulty. The State interfered. And, with that morbid sentimentality which forms the reverse side of the medal in English character, fears were expressed lest the petted and interesting descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers should be contaminated by a school of Melanesian boys being planted on their island. Moreover, the State had committed Norfolk Island to the spiritual charge of the Bishop of Tasmania, some fifteen hundred miles away, and would not transfer it. What was to be done? At any rate, a woman—and especially a Bishop’s wife—has no recognized status under the canon law. Mrs. Selwyn, therefore, might be landed among the Pitcairners to prepare them for Confirmation, and so to open the spiritual campaign. And landed she was,—three

times, for several months of single-handed labour, in three separate years. "Bishops' wives, in those days," (as her saying is), "did not walk in silver slippers,—I can tell you."* At last, untiring and good-humoured patience overcame all obstacles. And, while Mota remained the chosen centre of the future Melanesian "Church," Norfolk Island became (for the present) the head-quarters of the "mission" and of the Anglican See.

Before dismissing this part of the Bishop's labours, a letter may be given from a former chaplain of Bishop Selwyn, containing some characteristic touches relating to this period of his life. He writes thus:—

I must bring my reminiscences of the great Bishop to a close. His face and form rise up before me as I recall how, on one occasion, coming on board to find confusion when all should have been preparedness, himself steered the ship out of the port of Auckland, and with the one sober man on board, besides myself, kept watch the whole night; how, on another occasion, he walked a Solomon Islander to the ship's side and pushed him overboard in the face of a great crowd of his countrymen, for refusing to understand that the licentious practices of traders and whalers were no pattern for our ship's company; how, on a third occasion, he did not shrink from publicly, in the presence of Mr. Patteson

* Many amusing stories are told of Mrs. Selwyn's readiness and good-humour. Here is one:—Weary of pork and yams, she determined to bake a batch of bread. Some flour had just arrived in an American whaler; but there was no yeast. She took, therefore, some froth off a glass of stout, added brown sugar and a few slices of potato, and corked it all into a bottle, which she placed in the blazing sunshine. In an hour or two, a welcome "Pop" startled her whole work-class to their feet. "Ah! there's my yeast!" And, throwing work to the winds, all rushed to secure the welcome heaven-sent leaven. It was from this sacred primeval mess (as fire from the sacred hearth, in ancient classic story) that Pitcairn-land, for many a long day, drew successive growths of yeast, and baked successive batches of good wholesome domestic bread.

and myself, asking the forgiveness (ere the sun went down) of an officer to whom he thought he had spoken with undue harshness in the morning. "Only what a Christian man should do," we may say: but how many have the moral courage to own themselves in the wrong, when reflection tells them their true position?

One incident I must detail more fully. In the year 1858, we dropped Mr. Patteson at Lifu, Loyalty Islands, to minister to the natives of that island, and to carry on the first winter school in connection with the mission. This, I should remark, was in accordance with the expressed wish of the young chief of the island, Angadhohu, and of the regent, John Cho, who were very anxious that the Church should take religious charge of the island. John Cho had been to New Zealand many years before, and knew the Bishop well, and liked our system. After leaving Lifu, we visited Port de France, the head-quarters of the French in New Caledonia. The approach to this harbour from the eastward is through an immense reef-bounded lagoon, which extends from the Isle of Pines to the south along nearly the whole west coast of the island, with an occasional opening in the outer reef large enough to give admission to vessels, and with shallow patches here and there, very dangerous to those unacquainted with the locality. On the day on which we passed up the lagoon, there was a peculiar sheen on the water, which rendered it very difficult to see the bottom (usually in these lagoons the bottom can be seen with wonderful clearness, even to a depth of fifteen or twenty fathoms). The Bishop, alternately with the captain, had been watching on the fore-yard as we sailed along throughout the whole morning, when suddenly the peculiar grating sound, which once heard cannot be easily forgotten, reached our ears; there was an evident cessation of forward motion, followed shortly by a succession of severe bumps, and we soon found that the ship's "forefoot" was fast aground. What was to be done? Capt. Williams, who had been following us in the *Mary Ann Watson*, as soon as he came up to us pulled on board, and undertook to carry the news of our mishap to Port de France, meanwhile suggesting to us to take to our boats; the Bishop however preferred to do his best to help

himself before calling in other aid. Accordingly, under the directions of the captain, who certainly rose to this occasion, we all, from the Bishop downwards, worked with a will, carrying anchors out into deeper water, heaving on the windlass, etc. ; and finally, about midnight, the tide having risen to the full, we had the satisfaction of feeling the ship slip off the ledge on which she had rested into the deep water alongside. Shortly after this, one of the boats of H.M.S. *Iris*, which happened then to be lying in the harbour, came out to us, and we warped off into deeper water. In the morning, we entered the harbour, being met by the steamer *Slyx* putting forth to our rescue ; and found the French man-of-war *Bayonnais* and several transports, in harbour, besides the *Iris*, the whole making a lively scene. Now came the difficulty : the vessel showed no signs of serious injury : but how were we to know that her bottom, after all the bumping that had gone on (and very hard bumping too), was fit for the voyage to New Zealand. There was no dock, no patent slip, not even a "hard" on which to lay the vessel, and no divers were obtainable. The Bishop was equal to the occasion. He caused the ship to be heeled over as far as was safe ; and then, having stripped himself to his tweed trousers and jersey, in the presence of the captain of the *Bayonnais* and some of his officers, and amid their exclamations of admiration, made a succession of dives, during which he felt over the whole of the keel and forward part of the vessel, much to the detriment of his hands, which were cut to pieces with the jagged copper ; and ascertained the exact condition of her bottom, and the nature of the injuries sustained. No wonder that the next day, after dining on board the Frenchman, he was sent away with a salute of eleven guns !

There was in these days preserved on board an interesting, if peculiar, relic of the earlier missionary voyages. It consisted of neither more nor less than an article of woman's attire, the work of the Bishop's own hands, manufactured to meet the emergency of the arrival on board of the first female pupil for the Melanesian school, in the shape of the affianced bride of one of the male pupils, before any provision had been made for the clothing of

native pupils of the gentler sex. It was made out of an old sail, which (tradition relates) was spread upon the cuddy table, after the manner of a chart; when, after careful survey, the required outlines were traced in chalk. In latter days we all used to be very busy in manufacturing garments when expecting a batch of new scholars; but then we had the enlightened assistance in cutting out, of an old man-of-war's-man, the invaluable "Sam;" and the Bishop's pattern was discarded. Now, happily, all this kind of work is done by the Melanesians themselves, assisted by kind and busy "bees" in New Zealand and Australia.

I may now, I think, pass to the Bishop's shore life; and of this others can speak much better than I can. One or two reminiscences from me will suffice. The Bishop was very fond of gardening, especially of tree-planting; a large number of the trees at the "Deanery" [the Bishop's first house, in Auckland] and at Bishops court, and at St. Stephen's were planted with his own hands. We all used to work together, digging holes, draining, burning, and planting, the Bishop, the Maori catechists at St. Stephen's, and myself. About half the morning of each day was devoted to this work. There was some little grumbling at the tree-planting; but certainly the hours of out-door labour were not excessive; and who could grumble much when the Bishop set such an example? The only thing that I know of to be said against morning out-of-door hard work is, that it tends to make a man sleepy during the afternoon and evening hours of study; but it is certainly conducive to health. The Bishop was of late years very considerate for those whom he thought not strong. In the early days in St. John's, being anxious that there should be not even the appearance of self-indulgence, I believe that he prohibited the use of riding-horses to the clergy and students whenever they could possibly be done without; but I have known him peremptorily bid a man who was starting off on foot to some duty, sit down and wait, while he had a horse made ready for him. In the same way I have known him insist on a man taking a stimulant when he thought he needed it, being more careful of others than of himself. What an admirable nurse of the sick he was! There are those now living

who can tell of his tenderness and patience in this capacity. Seldom was the "Deanery" in old days without numbering among its inmates some one or more of those who "in this transitory life are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or other adversity." And how always ready to help in emergencies! It used to be said that Archdeacon Lloyd's particular *forte* was helping at fires; often was he to be seen hard at work in one of the most dangerous positions on some blazing roof: but the Bishop was good everywhere. Only the other day a friend of mine told me how, the morning after he had been burned out in Parnell, the Bishop appeared on the scene with his donkey-cart and man, to render all the help he could in removing goods, and pressed the whole family to come up to Bishops-court and dine. I have often heard the Bishop called a "real, plain man," the expression being used as a high compliment. I do not think the Bishop liked books which seemed to him of a neologian character, at any time: he confined himself to the older writings, as a rule: and how "mighty in the scriptures" he was! He had not much sympathy with the excessive review-reading of the present day.*

A very different work was now to tax his versatile powers.

When Bishop Selwyn landed at Auckland on July 6, 1855, he found his diocese threatened with a serious disaster. Disturbances had broken out among the tribes near Taranaki;—one tribe wishing to sell land to the English, the other tribe forbidding it. Erelong, neighbouring tribes became implicated. And the result was a long intermittent war—ever smouldering and breaking out afresh here and there into bloody conflict—which lasted fully ten years. This New Zealand war cost hundreds of lives; retarded most disastrously the development of the colony; and never definitely came to

* Letter quoted by E. A. C., p. 30, etc.

an end, but simply resulted in withdrawal of the Waikato and other tribes into their forests and volcanic ranges, to maintain a sullen independence, under a (so-called) king of their own choice. It is possible that, had Bishop Selwyn's advice been followed, and his maxim been borne in mind—"Nothing is easier than legally and peacefully to extinguish a native title; nothing is harder than to extinguish a native war,"—this trouble might have been avoided. Yet it may be open to doubt whether, in any case, a struggle between the spirited and martial Maoris on the one hand, and the ever-advancing wave of European immigrants on the other, were not an inexorable condition of the final settlement of the problem. In no other country has immigration impinged upon a native race so capable, and so well-prepared, to take care of itself. With extraordinary want of foresight, the Government had permitted immense importations of rifles and ammunition among them; while "red tape" deprived the colonists of four thousand stand of arms, sent home on the eve of the war. In the possession of artillery alone had even the English regular troops any advantage over the Maori. His stockades were most ingenious and formidable defences; his ruses and surprises were skilfully planned and intrepidly carried out; and in hand-to-hand conflict, the lithe and muscular savage had every advantage, on his own entangled ground, against the drilled and hampered English soldier. Yet drill and discipline at last prevailed. And shiploads of reinforcements to the immigrants' side were continually redressing any inequality which may at first have existed in point of numbers. At the beginning of the war (1855), the Maoris—at a very rough estimate—may have been 100,000 strong;

while the Europeans throughout New Zealand were only 37,192. At the end of the war the natives were considerably reduced in numbers ; while the European population had risen to 200,000. The last census (1881) shows 50,000 Maoris and 500,000 settlers. Such figures prove that the noble struggle maintained by the primitive occupants of the land is a hopeless one. That struggle began, as most conflicts do, from a pure misunderstanding.* But it was a misunderstanding which went very deep and was ultimately founded on two different conceptions of "ownership," characteristic of two widely different stages of civilization. Tribal ownership, covering with a network of well-understood claims the whole country to the water's edge, knew of no distinction between occupied and waste lands. All belonged to the tribe. Personal ownership, on the other hand, was the conception of the English settlers and of Parliament at home ; and "waste lands" were supposed to belong to no one at all. Land-greed, moreover, had induced both individuals and joint-stock companies to possess themselves of enormous tracts at fabulously low prices, and with insufficient investigation of the natives' title to sell. Thus, in the early days, one George Green, of Sydney, bought 20,000 acres in Stewart's Island for £30 : and forty miles square in the Southern Island for £200. And even in 1840 two Sydney merchants bought 40,000 acres in the same island for £752.† On the other hand, when the natives at last woke up to what was going on and resented it, the missionaries were accused of awakening and instructing them.

* See Appendix.

† Majoribanks, "Travels in New Zealand" (1839), p. 164.

They had not only (it was alleged) taught the natives to insist on increased payment for lands, but had taught them to believe in rights which they had ignored before. They had taught men to start forward as claimants for compensation, who no longer feared the authority of their chiefs—now destroyed by the democratic spirit of the missionaries' teaching or influence of European laws and customs. And they had taught all to extend over the waste and uncultivated land rights and claims which had never before entered their thoughts.*

Thus the missionaries were made scapegoats; and, from the settlers' point of view, were held responsible for all the mischiefs of the war. † No wonder the Bishop, when landing one day at Wellington, was greeted with the murmur "Here comes that old fool, the Bishop!" On the other hand, when he was seen to be ministering among the red-coats, and regarding them too (as he was in duty bound to do) as claiming his pastoral care, he was not unnaturally regarded by the Maoris as an enemy and a spy. And so, by the sheer irony of untoward circumstances, this heroic man—who was sparing himself no fatigue and no privation, and who risked his life repeatedly without a moment's hesitation in passing between the two hostile forces, ‡ if so be he might bring about a better understanding, or at least might remind both parties how God's laws are not "silenced

* Wakefield, "Adventures in New Zealand" (1839-1841), ii. 200.

† "The Church of England missionaries are accused of having been all along, from motives of self-interest, hostile to the New Zealand Company: and the Wesleyans are accused of urging the natives to get more payment for their land, and of providing them with a considerable quantity of gunpowder" (Majoribanks, p. 103).

‡ "When the troops were advancing up the Waikato (1863) in the steamer, a single figure was seen advancing alone to the same point. It was Bishop Selwyn" (General Alexander, "Bush-fighting" [1873], p. 114). See also Tucker, ii. 203.

amid the clash of arms"—was suspected and vilified on both sides ; and eventually had the bitter pain of seeing great numbers of his Maori flock, for whom he had toiled so long and whom he regarded as his most dear and familiar children, fall away from Christianity altogether and relapse into savagery, and even for a moment into cannibalism.* No wonder his heart was almost broken. No wonder that he wrote, in the bitterness of his spirit—

I have now one simple missionary idea before me—that of watching over the remnant that is left. Our native work is a "remnant" in two senses ; the remnant of a decaying people, and the remnant of a decaying faith :—

and again,—

I do not see my way to another visit to England. It is more congenial to my present feelings to sit among my own ruins,—not moping, but tracing out the outlines of a new foundation.†

Yes: his work seemed to have been a failure. The devilry of violence and fanaticism had destroyed it down to the ground,—just as the devilry of Jewish violence and fanaticism destroyed, for a time, the work of Christ Himself; and left mankind a symbol of victory through defeat, the Cross. And not only was this noble and devoted man repudiated by his own once faithful converts, but his very name has been tarnished with calumny, and been handed down among them to this hour as a by-word of reproach. As he had been seen ministering among the invading soldiery, a wicked slander flew round the camps and pas of these

* Alexander, "Bush-fighting," p. 211 ; Martin, "Our Maoris," p. 174 ; Tucker, ii. 197.

† Tucker, ii. 209.

simple children of nature, that the Bishop himself had directed the troops and had even wielded a rifle against them. Not long ago, an aged warrior pulled up his trouser to show to the present Bishop of Auckland a bullet-wound inflicted, as he was firmly persuaded, by Bishop Selwyn himself. Nor was this all. When at last he was summoned, by his Archbishop and his Queen, to leave New Zealand and bring his ripe experience to the service of the mother Church at home, some people misconstrued his obedience; and the most absolutely unselfish man whom the present generation has seen, was actually counted a deserter from his post and an aspirant to the slender honours of the bench of bishops at home.* These things are among the mysteries of the world. But even the Divine Master Himself was "made perfect through sufferings" and "endured, suffering wrongfully." Meanwhile, as a specimen of the mischief done to the native character by the war, we may take the case of a Maori woman, the wife of a native catechist, David, in the Waikato country. Her husband—

worked for many years most faithfully and conscientiously. He read prayers daily, morning and evening, in the village chapel; kept school; visited the sick; and often travelled from place to place teaching his people. He and his wife Rebekah had a great deal of trouble from time to time. They lost several very engaging children. And once, when a little daughter died, the poor mother said, "It is all right: my child is safe, and I am not going to sorrow; only I shall do so" (and here she burst out crying) "when I get back to the village and see her little clothes,"—a touch of feeling quite Shaksperian. . . . At length her husband died: and

* The truth (as will appear further on) was exactly the reverse; and Bishop Selwyn felt in New Zealand, as Dr. Hook did at Chichester, "I am in the place that suits me, and I don't want to 'get on.'" ("Life of Dr. Hook," p. 579).

she remained peacefully in her own village, supporting herself and her children by doing washing and needlework for settlers in the neighbourhood. At last, one Sunday morning, General Cameron crossed the river with a large force, and the war began. Rebekah fled with her children and the rest of her people up into the King Country for refuge. There, removed from Christian influences and surrounded by malcontents, her excitable temperament made her, after a while, believe herself to be a prophetess. And now, one by one, the large flourishing schools on the Waikato and Waipa rivers had to be closed, with their branch village schools under native teachers, which had become centres of light. The fine country which we had seen covered with wheat-crops became a battlefield; the mills were closed; the churches built by the natives were often used as barracks by the troops. No Maoris ventured into Auckland; no invalids were brought to be nursed; no canoes heavily laden with produce skimmed across the harbour. The twenty years of pleasant intercourse with the Maoris was at an end. "The land was defiled."*

The history of this miserable war must be very briefly told. It will be remembered that, so early as 1843, the Wairau massacre of armed Englishmen, in the south, had already puffed up the Maoris with a sense of victory. Then, in 1845, the first symptoms of a desire for independence showed themselves,—when John Heki, in the extreme north, boldly cut down the British flag.† And since that

* Lady Martin, "Our Maoris," p. 152.

† "The British flag has, for a long time, excited the jealousy and active opposition of the chief Heki. He always argues against the flagstaff, as being a token of subjection of his country to the British. He alludes to the treatment of the Israelites in Egypt; and makes comparisons between the two nations, the English and his own people. He is a religious man, a Protestant, and has prayers among his people every day. He never joined the other chiefs in plundering the settlers. He contends for one object, and one only, the non-erection of the flagstaff." (Carleton, "Life of Archdeacon H. Williams" (Auckland, 1877), Appendix).

second apparent success, the notion of holding their own in some way against the ever-inrushing tide of Europeans has never ceased to haunt the native mind. In 1855, after the Bishop's return from England, a threatening disturbance arose among the tribes on the Waikato River, not far south of Auckland. But in 1860 downright war broke out. A patch of land, called "the Waitara," near New Plymouth had been sold to the Government by a native, when his chief intervened with a veto.* As fast as the surveyors put in their pegs, the chief's women and others pulled them up again. It was the Wairau passive resistance over again. But the English were determined that it should not again culminate in a massacre. They therefore sent troops to the spot. A native stockade was built over against them: it was taken, but five Europeans were soon after caught and massacred in cold blood. Reinforcements were sent over from Australia; ten thousand men were gradually collected; and the difficult country was gradually and skilfully penetrated, from Tauranga on the east coast and from the Waikato mouth on the west coast, till hands were joined and a telegraph system established in the heart of the native country.

Driven to despair, a large number of the Maoris now abandoned, not only the cruelly maligned Bishop, but Christianity itself—evidently regarding it (as the ancient Saxon and Scandinavian heathens used to do) as the symbol of union with their hated invaders. In 1864, a foraging party

* "Had the native land-court been already constituted, all these matters would have been tried and settled by law. But the governor now sat as judge in his own cause. Those who hindered the constitution of a land-court are, in the first degree, guilty of the New Zealand war." (Carleton, "Life of Henry Williams" (1877), ii. 336.)

of Englishmen was surprised and slain, and the head of their officer, Captain Lloyd, was set on a pole and carried about among the tribes by the emissaries of the new national religion. In fact, they had replaced the Gospel by a strange amalgam of biblical and heathenish ideas, invented for them by a chief, Te Ua, of Taranaki—formerly treated as a maniac, but now elevated to the dignity of "Liberator." It combined a passionate feeling of patriotism with communistic polygamy, wild dervish-dancing, and the use of mesmerism and ventriloquism. Their Church Service was a meaningless jargon of many languages, supposed to have a magical force; and one line in it gave the name of "Pai-marire" to the new religion. It ran thus: *Koti te Pata, mai marire!*—in other words, "God the Father, mei miserere!" But as the service was accompanied with grunts of occasional assent, by way of "amens," the new devotees were commonly known as "the Hau-haus." At one scene, when emissaries were sent down to Poverty Bay to induce the Maoris there to join in the new national Church, Archdeacon Henry Williams was actually present; and he afterwards describes how—

a pole, upon which the Pai-marire flag had been hoisted, had been set up. The party [of emissaries] marched up and stood around. The priest stood by the pole; and the party marched three times round, their eyes fixed with a steady gaze upon the pole, chanting a song. Then the priest gave out a prayer from a book, which the people followed with great earnestness and many inflexions of voice. Towards the close, the priest buried his face in a cambric handkerchief, his breast heaving deep with emotion. The people squatted down: up jumped an old cannibal heathen, in pure Maori costume, singing a song of the old time. The bystanders could no longer resist, and came rushing

into the ring. Kereopa [the man who devoured the martyred missionary's eye], now came forward; and those who desired to see the head of Captain Lloyd were invited into an adjoining house, where, by ventriloquism, it was again made to speak.*

Then Te Kooti and 187 companions escaped from prison on Chatham Island, and gave fresh spirit to the war. Till at last, pa after pa having been taken, the ground soaked with English and with Maori blood, and the native warriors thrust back in sullen obstinate resistance into the interior, the British troops were quietly withdrawn, and the settlers were left to guard henceforth their own homes. The following letter from Bishop Hobhouse, narrating a visit to the British camp in company with Bishop Selwyn, gives an insight into his mind at that time:—

In November, 1864, the war was drawing towards a close. The terms of pacification had been agreed upon; but the British troops kept their stations in the Waikato valley, pending the ratification of the terms by the Queen. Long before this time, the Bishop had undertaken to supply the absence of all Anglican chaplains in the camp: and he was still obliged to provide for these duties, though the army was no longer massed, but was spread into numerous outposts stretching as far as ninety miles from Auckland. This involved his starting every Friday, with such clerical companions as he could get; calling at the various stations throughout Saturday, to do any pastoral-duty required amongst the troops; and planning with the officers how to make the most of his services on Sunday, by gathering the troops at centres to meet him.

In the belief that I should be recruited by the trip, and also be able to officiate at one or two of the services, he took me with him on one of these Fridays. The weather was as lovely as November in New Zealand generally is: and we started early

* Carleton, "Life of H. Williams," ii. 348.

from Auckland by a "Cobb's coach,"—a form of vehicle imported from Western America,—high wheeled and high slung for travelling on roadless tracks. This dropped us, after forty-five miles, on the Waikato river, which is navigated by steamers for several miles above that point. When the steamer arrived, it was found to be towing some barges filled with the families of the new military settlers,—a corps which had been raised in the Australian towns, to be planted, as a cordon of protection, round the fringe of the newly conquered Waikato country. The arrival of these settler-families was an opportunity for pastoral work, which fired the Bishop's heart. He plunged into the barges, and soon found how much his offices were needed. One woman, the mother of several children, was nearing her end. He induced the captain to put her and her husband ashore, opposite to a wooden church which had been riddled with shot and dismantled in the war. Inside that inhospitable ruin he proposed to stay during the night, as the comforter of the poor woman; and bade me proceed to the nearest military post, and await his arrival. Early on the Saturday morning he arrived, after an unbroken night-watch, during which he had seen his poor patient's death, had committed her body to the grave, and had made arrangements for the charge of her children. Without any sleep, he then hastened to depart on foot to the missionary station where we had been expected overnight. There he kept some horses, which, after an hour's business, we mounted, to make a full day's ride to the farthest outpost on the Waipa, a feeder of the Waikato.

At each military station we passed, the officers greeted the Bishop, not only as a comrade who had shared their perils or as the chaplain who had ministered to them in hospital and in the field, but almost as a general,—as one who, in addition to a thorough knowledge of the country and of the genius of the Maori opponents, was thoroughly competent to form a plan of campaign, and was known to have foreseen some of the errors of the plan recently adopted. It was nearly 11 p.m. before we reached the colonel's quarters, which were to be our *terminus a quo* for the Sunday's spiritual campaign.

During the many hours of this day, as we passed over the fields of action with their gloomy records of ruined churches, abandoned pas, down-trodden enclosures, the Bishop poured out his heart freely, more freely than was his wont. The scene was sad enough to have overwhelmed him with acute regrets, and with despondency for the future. The Waikato tribe—more than ten thousand strong, the most advanced of the powerful tribes in civilization and in Churchmanship, with churches and a complete system of schools endowed by themselves—were now driven from their fertile valley, estranged from British rule, and perhaps alienated from the Christian faith. The missionary work of forty years seemed all undone; and the Bishop was himself regarded as a traitor, whom any patriot might laudably shoot, if he had the opportunity. Yet all these gloomy reflections were put away: and his only thought was how to minister to the new settlers now pouring in from the Australian towns, with small voucher for either their loyalty or their Christianity. These would need fresh missionary enterprise, which must be undertaken by the slender funds of the young New Zealand Church. But this sudden demand for a new kind of labour, and one far less congenial to him, served only to kindle his missionary spirit afresh; and he was already busying his constructive mind with a sketch-plan of campaign.

And now, as we passed over the scenes of bloodshed, the Bishop was reminded of the merciful guardianship which had sheltered him amid all the perils of the fray. “I have been in every action that I could possibly reach,” he said. “It was my rule to minister to the wounded natives as well as to the British. They were both part of my Christian charge, were one in Christ, and therefore one to Christ’s minister. Indeed, I always ministered to the fallen Maori *first*, to give a practical answer to their charge against me of forsaking and betraying them. It was needful that I should be in the midst of each fray and between the two fires; but I was never hurt. I lay on the ground at night, and shared soldiers’ fare; but to this hour I know not the touch of rheumatism. In my voyages, too, I have been preserved from ague, the usual lot

of Melanesian voyagers, and from all other perils. But it seems as if now I must forecast for a quiet evening to my life. For in sight of these new demands on episcopal labour, I cannot go on long in this sphere after my day of full activity is over."

Such was the drift of his mind; which, contrary to his wont, he poured out freely. He even went so far as to say that, as soon as his active powers drooped, he thought the best way of serving his Master would be to retire to Canterbury, and there to live alongside the College of St. Augustine, and help in the training and inspiring of the next generation of missionaries.

We journeyed on till past eleven, when we found the good colonel waiting for us in his tent. He had made up his own bed in the best style he could for the Bishop's occupation; but, finding that I was in a very exhausted state, the Bishop insisted on my taking the only bed, whilst he and the colonel bivouacked. The next day's duties, including ministration at eight separate posts, Bishop Selwyn cheerfully took upon himself. I attended the earliest, at 8 a.m., and then mounted my horse to move homeward by easy stages, my kind companion fearing that I might be laid up in the wilderness. He promised to overtake me by Monday evening; and this he did. So that we reached Auckland together on the Tuesday, the Bishop showing no signs of fatigue."*

By the end of 1866 five regiments had been embarked, and only one was left behind. But the colonial militia had still to carry on a bitter intermittent warfare for many years longer, especially against the supple and wary Te Kooti; till at last he, too, was included in a general amnesty, in 1883, and peace began to prevail.† But even until 1887 the wild forest interior of the Northern Island was "tabooed" by the natives to all intruders. The railway from Auckland was pushed on to the frontier line

* Letter from Bishop Hobhouse, September 6, 1887.

† "New Zealand," by a resident (1884), p. 56.

drawn by the Maori king, where it stopped abruptly. The railway northwards from Wellington was pushed on as far as New Plymouth, and stopped abruptly there. If you would travel from the one city to the other, you must take to the sea for the intervening gap of about a hundred miles.

Happily, however, this state of armed truce is at length passing away, and a more friendly feeling is now arising. The gap in the railway communications is, in 1888, being rapidly filled up by consent and co-operation of the Maoris themselves. Te Kooti is pardoned. The old "king" is fast losing all influence. The civilized notion of private property is rapidly supplanting the more primitive one of tribal property.* And so the principles of English law are becoming more welcomed and better understood; the fusion of the two races, for which Bishop Selwyn laboured so strenuously and risked his life in a thousand ways, will now probably proceed apace; and there is little doubt that the gospel, too, and its principal handmaid the Anglican Church, will ere long resume their influence, and will take a permanent possession of the Maori heart. And then the revered name of *Bishop Selwyn*, so long obscured by dark clouds of calumny, will emerge again into honoured remembrance, and will perhaps be regarded by both races as the watchword of unity and peace. For it is impossible to

* There seems no doubt that England often, for a time, appears to vacillate and fail owing to her scrupulous desire to avoid harsh and overbearing ways. Contrast the summary methods of the French in New Caledonia. "France would not allow a savage chief to say, 'My custom is different from yours.' One tenth of the land was reserved 'for the natives,' and the rest was sold to French colonists of the poorer class." (Miss Yonge, "Life of Patteson," i. 370.)

imagine that the Christianity taught by that great man has been more than superficially effaced from the Maori mind, when we read of the many acts of Christian heroism which illumined even the darkest days of exasperated warfare. Thus—

after a defeat on the Waikato, July 12, 1863, in each of the dead men's haversacks was found one of the Gospels or a Church of England Prayer-book in Maori, showing that they had come under the influence of Bishop Selwyn.*

Again, in the following September,—

one day several large canoes were seen coming down the Waikato from Meri-meri [a very strong pa] with a white flag flying. On being detained at Colonel Austen's post, they were found to contain a large quantity of potatoes and several milch goats, as a present to General Cameron and his soldiers. The chiefs at Meri-meri had heard that the troops were short of provisions, and they had obeyed the scripture injunction, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." †

And still more strikingly, during the bloody conflicts near Tauranga, in 1865, did these Christian principles appear. When our troops had stormed the formidable "Gate Pa," and been repulsed, several wounded officers were left inside. One of them was tenderly cared for, all through that dreary night, by the very Maori who defended the pa, Henare Turatoa by name. He had been educated by the Bishop, till quite lately, at St. John's College, near Auckland. And now, when his dying enemy feebly moaned for water and there was none inside the pa, this noble warrior crept down, at the imminent risk of his life, within the line of English sentries, filled

* General Alexander, p. 52.

† *Ibid.*, p. 65.

a vessel with water, and bore it back to refresh the parched lips of the expiring Englishman.* Such men as these should never have been our enemies. Probably either French or Russians would have seen their way to draft foes of such splendid metal into their own armies. But Bishop Selwyn's was, after all, a far "more excellent way;" it was the way of first softening by Christianity, and then of welding firmly and finally together in peaceful industrial intercourse, two families of the human race so admirably fitted by nature—if not also by grace—to understand and appreciate each other.

But this noble and apostolic servant of Christ and of His Church had now nearly done his appointed task of twenty-six years' labour and suffering in New Zealand. He had brought back from England a leader (Mr. Patteson) for the Melanesian mission which lay so near his heart. He had found a new centre for that mission at Norfolk Island. He had at last succeeded in dividing his diocese, by placing Bishop Harper in charge of the southern island; he had then still further subdivided each island, by the consecration of Bishops Abraham and Williams to Wellington and Waiapu, and of Bishops Hobhouse and Jenner to Nelson and Dunedin. Thus—Bishop Patteson having also been consecrated in 1861—there were now seven bishops where twenty years before there had been one; the Church had been provided with an excellent working constitution; theological training-schools had been established; and the foundations of a native ministry had been successfully laid, by the ordination both of Maori and Melanesian converts, and by their institution to pastoral

* Tucker, ii. 204.

charges among their own people. When, therefore, the summons came from the Archbishop of Canterbury (Longley) to attend at the first Pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth, it was generally felt that Bishop Selwyn could not possibly disobey such a summons, but also it was foreboded that possibly he would not return. At any rate, in 1867, he sailed a second time for England, and took his seat in the Lambeth Conference—a council which was, in his opinion, the most important event which had happened to the Church since the Reformation. He then attended the Church Congress at Wolverhampton; and, finally, when repeatedly commanded to do so by the highest authorities both in Church and State, he accepted the Bishopric of Lichfield, and transferred to the service of the Church at home the unwearied energy, the bright intelligence, the art of governing men, and the absolutely unexampled stores of strangely varied experience, which had for twenty-six years been placed unreservedly at the service of the daughter Church of New Zealand.

The following letter gives us a glimpse of the first “Lambeth Conference,” as judged of by a near outsider:—

London, September 24, 1867.

MY DEAREST P—

I wrote to you last from Bromfield, where George had his only perfectly resting time in England. He is a hunted wretch. As usual, his head and heart are full of this great meeting. The work has now begun; and the foolish talk of “What does it mean?” and “What can come of a mere three days’ conference?” begins to vanish away. Still one cannot but feel sorry that this statement of duration was put forth, so as to provoke a sense of inadequacy and haste; all the more pity, because nothing was

said of any ulterior work which it was hoped might grow out of it. The actual conference begins at Lambeth to-day. But it has happily been preceded by meetings of colonial and English bishops for settling the points to be brought forward at the conference. I may say at once that George is glad that he came; and that your husband's hopes and thought about his influence seem likely to be realized, both in restraining and devising. Otherwise, it would appear that the main part were for resolving themselves into a court for condemning Colenso; and Capetown felt sore and injured at the want of sympathy (as he thought) shown by turning the stream into another channel. George's main object has been to affirm the faith, not to condemn the heretic; and for obvious reasons—only that they are not obvious—to avoid rushing into that which they were incompetent to do, and making the synod an arena of conflict. Dear soul, he is quite happy now at the result of the preliminary conferences, and in the hope that order may prevail in the synod itself, and that something will be done.

September 29th.

He came back from the synod, sometimes happy and sometimes quite desponding, the precious time being so frittered away. The feeling grows and grows of the more than pity it was to appoint so short a time. Why the good easy Archbishop did so, who can tell? But the English bishops seem to grudge their time just now. It is a great pity, too, that the address was put forth—and that through the newspapers—without the resolutions accompanying it. Indeed, many things are a pity; such as the want of previous arrangement, the lack of all formality or of anything to give dignity in the eyes of the public or honour to the brethren. A sort of *laissez aller* pervaded the thing. Then the resolutions are sent to the newspaper “with the compliments of the Archbishop's attorney”! Why not set them forth to the world with some form as of authority? And why not some definite plan for hospitizing the foreigners? This last comes of [choosing] the four days in September, when no one was in town, and the

Eastern bishops were in haste to be gone. . . . From Bromfield we went to Powis Castle; and *en route* visited St. Mary's,* a noble old church in Shrewsbury, but not equal to Ludlow. Just now, while all England has been restoration-mad, I do think the churches are a little reduced to one level. One is really glad to see anything that looks old and worn. At Powis Castle the room we had was a delight, in its way,—grim tapestry, splendid old cabinets with C. R. in panels everywhere, and an immensely high solemn-looking bed, with heavy silk hangings prepared for his sacred majesty. It was an amusing contrast to a colonial shakedown, and great fun in its way. I think that the taste for what is gorgeous and sumptuous has increased [since we left England]. The standard of everything in this way is raised. People dress more and furnish more,—not eat more, for “dinner *à la Russe*” are universal, and this cuts off some display, happily.

The following characteristic letter will be read with interest by all who care—and who does not?—for Ireland; as well as by all who know how to value a bright and humorous letter from a female hand:—

Killarney, October 29, 1867.

MY DEAREST P——,

If the train would only wait long enough on the way to Cork, I might have dated my letter from Blarney; and so have said anything I pleased. Such a charm! Only fancy our being in Ireland; and also George's extreme enjoyment of the “lark.” The more, as it is enshrined in the enjoyment of a sea-voyage at the beginning and end. Not that he, poor dear, gets much holiday: for he has once more plunged into S.P.G. work; and is, in consequence, the victim of greedy secretaries, who work him to death. So when he was desirous of this *détour* to see something of the lakes—though only for one day, and that seems likely to

* The very church where, ten years later, Bishop Selwyn held his last confirmation, and finished his labours.

be a rainy one—we were glad ; and anyway the rain gives him breathing-time and writing-time. The long railway journey, through Kildare, Tipperary, Limerick, was remunerating : first, by reason of a bright Irish girl, with whom he kept up a constant fire : and then, from making up arrears of sleep. So that he arrived at Killarney, at 9 p.m., as blithe as a bird. One object in coming over here was the deep interest felt in the Irish Church, and the hope of strengthening the desponding by making them acquainted with the position of the Colonial Church,—so likely to become their own ere long. For people seem to think the Irish Church “doomed” (as they call it) ; and some will not take comfort because, they say, “We shall be reduced to your position on the back of a great wrong.” “How so?” said I. “Because,” was the reply, “our main property was given by James I., out of his royal lands :” which “royal lands,” I conclude, were confiscated or forfeited lands ; and in those days making rebels to get their lands was not unknown, any more than in our enlightened days [in New Zealand]. I do not think the good people had much comfort ; though all have been greatly pleased with George’s visit. His presence and his words are like a breath of fresh air. I mollified to a poor little S.P.G. secretary, when he said, “It has done us untold good.” Very likely. They are so “established” at Dublin, so low-church, so afraid of things, and so little used to giving—for great meetings and vast congregations did not produce much more than Wellington in two sermons—that perhaps they will be roused. But they are so pleasant and genial, for the most part, and so readily “stirred,” that I think they only want a poker, most of them. The passage to Dublin was rough. I heard George say to the skipper, “The wind’s abeam ;” and I felt how vast a comfort he drew from the opportunity for such a saline remark. The way by Newry and Drogheda was very pretty. But Ireland is not like England, nor a colony, nor abroad. The brogue all round you is great fun. A well-dressed lady sitting by you on a sofa breaks out into the richest form. And then, out of doors, you see such thorough Milesian faces, so many old long-coats—who wears

them all, when they are new?—driving donkey-carts of Irish cut *intirely*, that we were all surprised at the outward appearances of things. Our next move was to the Congress at Wolyerhampton. George could not come for the opening; nor for a marvellous speech of the Bishop of Illinois, which so moved the audience that they started to their feet as one man when he ended. George spoke upon Missions, doubtful (as he said) how he could concentrate the life-time of twenty-five years into twenty-five minutes. He followed two capital papers on the subject, from Lord Nelson and a Church Missionary Society man, and a paper from the Bishop of Capetown [Gray], who was received grandly, people vying to express their sympathy with him and dissent from Colenso. His words about [letters] patent and Supremacy and Privy Council seemed *extra-drouthy* after this. Then came George. I wish you could have heard him stand up and say—as if in answer to taunts—“I do not know what failure means.” He looked it, as he waited during the burst that followed from the people in response, before he could go on. He need have said nothing more. He seemed an embodiment of effort and of hope. And so they evidently took it. I was sorry for the poor little figure that followed.”

It is not surprising that such a noble and intrepid “figure” as that which is here depicted should have been almost instinctively designated to rule the important diocese in which the congress was held, when the lamented decease of Bishop Lonsdale rendered such a step necessary.

But when the summons came to leave his beloved New Zealand for ever, he could not, at first, seriously believe in it. The pangs of separation from tried and self-sacrificing friends, and from old accustomed fields of duty, were too severe to be lightly undergone; while the sense of a “call” to new and still more difficult work in another quarter had

not yet seized upon his conscience and imagination. He therefore, without a moment's hesitation, declined the appointment. A lady relates how she happened to be walking with him in the street at Exeter: when he stopped abruptly to send off a telegram. It was the immediate and decisive refusal of the "promotion" just offered him. His letter to Lord Derby, the Prime Minister who had offered him the See of Lichfield, ran as follows:—

As your lordship's very kind letter was marked "confidential," I have taken counsel with no one but with God; and I have been led to the conclusion that it is my duty to return to New Zealand:—(1) because the native race requires all the efforts of the few friends that remain to them; (2) because the organization of the Church in New Zealand is still incomplete; (3) because I have still, so far as I can judge, health and strength for the peculiar duties which habit has made familiar to me; (4) because my bishopric is not endowed; (5) because I have personal friends, to whom I am so deeply indebted, that I feel bound to work with them so long as I can; (6) because a report was spread in New Zealand that I did not intend to return; to which I answered that nothing but illness or death would prevent me. I could work with all my heart in the Black Country, if it were not that my heart is in New Zealand and Melanesia.

There was, however, one force, besides those of "illness and death," which was able to sever him from the scenes he loved so well: and on the exertion of this to remove him (it appears) he had not calculated. It was the sense of LOYALTY,—the paramount obligation of obedience to superiors, on which he had been harping incessantly all his life, and to which his almost military instincts looked as the only salvation, whether for the individual or for the

Church.* Hence, when the translation to Lichfield was again pressed upon him, and this time with all the authority of the Primate, to whom at his consecration he had vowed canonical obedience, and of the Queen, to whom he felt the deepest personal and official loyalty, his mind evidently underwent a complete conversion. There arose before his imagination a picture of the Church at home in deep distress and infinite distraction, at that unhappy time, from Ritual squabbles; of her urgent need to organize herself, while yet there was opportunity, against the menacing "armies of the aliens;" and there arose also a vision of the repulsive "Black Country"—repulsive to others, but not to him—where his more special gifts of energy, courage, and wide experience of untutored and untamed man, seemed especially to fit him for efficient service in his Master's cause. When pressed, therefore, by the Archbishop to accept this difficult post, he could not find it in his heart again to refuse.

I have been deeply touched (he wrote) by your most kind letter, and have prayed earnestly that I might "perceive and know what things I ought to do." Twenty-six years ago, your grace's predecessor sent me to New Zealand. I had no other reason for going than because I was sent. Upon this question of obedience, I am of the same mind still. I am a man under

* Bishop Selwyn's high regard for soldiers and sailors, and his admiration for their unhesitating obedience to orders, appear at every turn of his career. Even amid the most pressing calls upon his time, at Lichfield, he would be seen, map in hand, employing such leisure as he could command in studying Napier's "Peninsular War," or in tracing the advance of the German armies into France. In this respect he was like Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, who "often, when passing a soldier in the street, would press his companion's arm, observing, 'Poor fellows, they are but little thought of: few care for their souls.'" (Brooke, "Life of Robertson," i. 15.)

authority. As a matter of "promotion," conferred by the civil power, I had no hesitation in refusing the Bishopric of Lichfield. My love for New Zealand made me hope that the offer would not be repeated. But I do not wish to give undue weight even to that feeling; because the strength of my attachment may mislead me. . . . As a soldier of the Church, I shall probably feel bound to do whatever my commander-in-chief bids me.

And so it came to pass that, on the evening of Sunday, December 1, 1867, in the Queen's private room at Windsor—"with as good a grace as I could, though I felt very sorrowful and still feel so"—the matter was finally settled; and on January 9, 1868, he was enthroned as Bishop in Lichfield Cathedral. No one, who has any power to enter into the feelings of such a mind as his, can fail to understand its workings at a moment of trial like this. Fear, whether of calumny or of physical suffering and death, was a thing unknown to him; loyalty to friends, love for the native unsophisticated races of the earth, earnest preference for a ministry to the poor, the weak, the troubled—these things were a passion with him. But they were a controlled, a balanced, a masculine passion. And when, as one luminary set, another rose and summoned him to "go forth to his work and to his labour until the evening," his imagination easily grasped the new situation, and intuitively discerned the possibilities of success which were open to zeal and self-devotion. And to "discern" the opportunity is, in such men, to seize the opportunity, and eagerly to occupy the thoughts—without lingering regrets—in disentanglement of fresh gordian-knots and solution of hitherto insoluble problems. It is the exultation of a new world to conquer. And then to the astonishment, and

even scandal, of weaker souls, sentimental feelings seem to have no place left. Serenity and self-concentration and joy, "as in the joy of harvest," are seated in the countenance, and radiate forth in strength and enterprise for others' sakes from every look and word and action. The command seems to be heard by the inward ear, and to be instinctively obeyed, "Say unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

The following letter, written about this time by a lady, a very intimate friend of the Bishop, gives an interesting glimpse into the doings, sayings, and feelings of this critical period of his life.

MISS F. PATTESON to BISHOP PATTESON (*in Melanisia*).

Torquay, November 26, 1867.

DEAREST COLEY,

Since I last wrote to you I have had the great happiness of meeting your Primate. We did not know by which train exactly the party were coming; but, at last, a fly drove up, and Mrs. Selwyn's bright voice shouted "The *best* is behind: only we two women are here! The Bishop is coming!" Mrs. Selwyn and Mrs. Abraham had come on with the luggage, and the Primate and Mr. W—— were walking. After a few minutes, as Mrs. A. and I were watching the boxes being taken down, she called out "There they are!" And I made no bones, but rushed off to meet the Primate. I did feel so happy to see him! There was the dear old half-amused smile on his face, but such genuine love and kindness as the "Where's Joan?" came out so heartily from him. Then came greetings with the Yonges, and laughing and talking and taking up luggage, the Primate of course shouldering one box after another, undoing the straps, and saying a merry word to

every one. At last we all vanished to our respective rooms to get ready for high tea. . . .

Sunday was a day of such stir as one does not often wish to encounter. The Primate preached in the morning, one of the most instructive of the eight sermons I have had the privilege of hearing him preach during these ten days. I had a delightful walk with him to Anstey's Cove, he pitching stones into the water for Scamp from a rock : then over the downs back to St. Mary Church. He did enjoy it ; and, I am sure, so did I. After tea we all went to St. Luke's ; and the Primate preached a fine sermon on death and on "failure" (so-called),—showing what life was given us for, and appealing to each of us to consider what we had done to promote the glory of God and the spread of our Saviour's kingdom. He did look grand in his simple dignity, as his strong words poured forth. Then, when he turned from his own apparent "failures" in New Zealand to the Melanesian mission—the offshoot of the New Zealand Church,—and said that, although the tree itself might be cut down, yet the offshoots would perhaps shoot up all the stronger ; and that, in God's providence, it might be that our young missionary Bishop (as he called you) "shall increase, as I must decrease," I fairly broke down.

Charlotte Yonge had her turn in the evening ; and, walking home with him, naturally, lost her way. So they arrived when the rest of the party were half-way through supper.

Thursday was a great day : up early and at the station before 8 a.m. Joan, Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. Abraham and I had such a cosy journey to Exeter, and much talk. Then to the cathedral : and didn't we have a noble sermon from the Primate on Bible difficulties ! And didn't it make one feel that "there are giants on the earth in these days" ! We went afterwards to a meeting ; at which he spoke of papa [Judge Patteson] and you. There were hearty cheers when the names were mentioned ; and confirmatory grunts from Sir John Kennaway, when the Primate said that papa "had never for one hour regretted the gift [of his son] which ever since had been to him the joy and comfort of his life."

On Sunday afternoon I went for a walk with the Primate. He also went to see Mrs. M—— who, I fear, is in a hopeless decline. Afterwards we had an exquisite moonlight walk back to Heavitree. He preached three times at Exeter; and seemed really to have enjoyed his little visit very much. He was so full of fun, always poking it at me: and I was by no means slow to answer him. One feels braced after his visit—braced anew to heartier work, and to more faith, hope, and charity.

Your affectionate sister,

F. PATTESON.

PART III.
THE LICHFIELD EPISCOPATE.
(1868-1878.)

CHAPTER I.

1868.

Enthronement at Lichfield—Thorough visitation of the diocese—Advocacy in every rural deanery of the “conference” system—First diocesan conference—Rapid farewell visit to New Zealand.

ON January 9, 1868, Bishop Selwyn's episcopate at Lichfield began with his formal enthronement in the cathedral. That most lovely and graceful of all our English cathedrals had lately been thoroughly restored, with diligent conscientiousness, by the leading architect of the day, Mr. Gilbert Scott. And although it was still incomplete—indeed, these expressions in stone of the Church's living activity are never finally “complete”—it was henceforth only on the exterior of the building that any further restoration, on the large scale, appeared to be immediately called for.* At the great west doors, then, of this ancient and beautiful church there now appeared, in the bright sunshine of an English winter morning, a strange and unheard-of personage indeed. It was not only a peer of the realm who

* On March 28, 1872, Mr. E. Christian (architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners) presented a “Report on the State of the Fabric,” in which occur these words: “There is nothing of real or pressing importance in any part [of the interior]; and the points I have mentioned may be done at any convenient time.”

often carried his own portmanteau and had never known the services of a courier or a *valet de chambre*, but it was also a dual-bishop. For he who now claimed acceptance at the hands of his diocese as the ninetieth ruler of the See which St. Chad, twelve hundred years before, had planted amid the forests of heathen Mercia, was also simultaneously bishop of a land at the Antipodes which St. Chad never heard of, and would not have believed in had he heard. It was indeed a curious and anomalous case of temporary episcopal plurality. But after all, as the Bishop humorously remarked, it was but a restoration—on the larger scale, as became the Greater Britain of modern days—of the time-honoured dualism involved in the old title, “Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.” At the enthronement itself a curious little *fracas* occurred, typical of the approaching conflict between ideas new and old on the grander scale.

The following letter, from one who was, at that time, a curate in Derbyshire, will both relate the trivial occurrence, and will also show the first impression made by the new Bishop upon curious and observant eyes among the younger clergy of the diocese:—

Bishop Selwyn’s appearance at the Church Congress at Wolverhampton, in 1867, had already made a great impression upon the younger clergy; and they rejoiced to hear of his appointment as Bishop of Lichfield. But among the older men there was a strong suspicion of High Churchmanship against him. This he disarmed, however, during his first tour [round the diocese], by making common cause with the elders, by letting them feel the weight and dignity of his character, and by correcting any suspicions that he was but a novice in the episcopate.

“They forget (he said) that I was a bishop two years before Bishop Lonsdale.” At his enthronement in Lichfield Cathedral only a small number of clergy were present; and those in surplices were rudely ordered to disrobe by Archdeacon Moore, because they were not on the cathedral staff. “Take off that thing,” he cried. But I and other Derbyshire clergy avoided this by crossing to the other side of the cathedral out of the Archdeacon’s way. We were mightily struck by Bishop Selwyn’s dignity as he entered; and were equally amused at Moore’s awkwardness when, in putting the Bishop into his throne, he contrived to insert his college-cap between the Bishop and his seat.* During the Bishop’s first visit to Derby, he took services (to our surprise) at the Female Refuge and elsewhere; and, passing along Friar-gate under my guidance, he asked me about the number of sick-visits I paid,—five or six a day being his idea of the proper number. Noticing that the vicar of St. Werburgh’s had posted on his Church-gate an announcement of some lectures on Positivism, Paulinism, etc., in the drawing-room that evening he closely catechized the vicar’s son on the meaning of the announcement. His voice, at that time, was wonderful. Indeed, when he grew excited in a sermon, it was terrific. In reading the lessons, too, he would lay grand stress on important parts; and he always closed the book when he had finished. For, as he said to me one day when he found the Bible open on the lectern, “When Jesus had read the lesson in the synagogue, He closed the book and sat down” (St. Luke iv. 20). The vicar of Kirk Ireton, at that

* By direction of the ancient Statutes of Lichfield Cathedral, the following benediction is pronounced by the Precentor (or the Senior Canon), as the mouthpiece of the whole presbyterate of the diocese, over the new bishop in his throne:—“May the people honour thee: may God help thee: may the Lord grant thee all thy petitions! Mayst thou be decked with honour, with purity, with knowledge, with bonntifulness! Mayst thou be just, humble, patient, sincere! Mayst thou be the messenger of Christ! Receive the blessing which may secure thee, in this day and in the days to come. May the angels of God guard thee: may the Church be thy mother and God thy father and the Apostles thy examples! May peace ever be with thee,—through the Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Amen.”

time, was a dignified clergyman of the old school, whose earnest curate's unlettered pronunciation hurt his ear; and he gave him notice to quit. This soon brought the Bishop down to Kirk Ireton; and the curate's provincialisms had to be endured for some time longer by the vicar. Hence we called our Bishop "the curates' friend,"—so great was, in those days, his sympathy with the younger men.

The new Bishop, with his wonted imperturbable equanimity, smiled at the irrepressible Archdeacon's onslaught, and understood its meaning at a glance. He did not, however, take any further notice of it at the time. But, in a speech made a few weeks later on in Convocation, he thus utilized the occurrence. He was being teased as to what his proposed "conferences" could possibly find to do; and he replied—

At my own installation to my bishopric in Lichfield, a very disagreeable thing took place. There was some doubt as to whether the clergy who were present could wear surplices or not. Many of them came in surplices, and were told to take them off. Some did take them off, and some did not. Even the students of the Theological College attend the services there on certain occasions in surplices; and yet it was supposed to be inadmissible for the clergy to wear them on that occasion. Now, if the question had been settled beforehand by a simple rule, it would have been much better; and such questions as this might be settled by the synod.*

In these last words there spoke, no doubt, one who was plainly enough fresh from a colonial and unestablished Church. In England even such trivial things cannot be so authoritatively settled. But perhaps in the end they are far more amicably and more finally settled, by means of

* *Chronicle of Convocation* (1868), p. 1220.

a steady growth of healthy public opinion on the subject. Any way, in the course of a very few months this "surplice-riot" on a small scale had quietly calmed itself. The Bishop's good-humoured, and often humorous, patience under all such trifling provocations was too much for the opposing party to resist; and, what was far better still, his steady determination to elevate the tone of feeling about the capitular and, indeed, about every other department of the Church's life, soon met with a sympathizing response. For the tide of Churchmanship at this time was everywhere vigorously rising; and he had the skill and grace, by his noble example, to direct men's feelings into right channels, and thus to prepare the way for that remarkable unanimity by which, for many subsequent years, the diocese of Lichfield has been happily distinguished. For instance, the beautiful Cathedral Close has, since that day, seen scores of surpliced processions advancing, between serried lines of interested spectators and without one word of protest, to the sculptured doorway between the western spires. And often, too,—dressed in common work-day fustian, but bearing aloft their parish banners and singing hymns lustily and with a good courage—hundreds of men and women from the Potteries and the Black-country towns show that they have learnt the first lessons of ecclesiastical order; and, entering simultaneously by the three great portals, solve the question how a cathedral can be popularized. Such animating scenes, now of frequent occurrence at Lichfield, are simply a fulfilment of the dreams which ever floated before the teeming mind of Bishop Selwyn, and which his own words and actions mainly contributed to bring to a fulfilment.

For, as we have seen already, in his view the cathedral ought to form the heart of every diocese ;* from it streams of good influence of every kind were meant to issue ; and towards it, again, the clergy and the people on frequent occasions, whether for conference or worship, should be invited to converge. Thirty years before he had written a pamphlet strongly condemning the Cathedral Commission for its want of foresight in suppressing (as well as dis-endowing) canonries. And the same far-seeing love of the old cathedral system had appeared when he was engaged in organizing the Church in New Zealand and held it among his first duties to prepare at Auckland—at that time the most important and generally accessible town in the Northern Island—the future head-quarters of the Sec. Indeed, by a singular anticipation, he even then expressed a longing to pass his own declining years, and to find a peaceful grave at last, in a cathedral close. Thus, almost exactly thirty years before the actual event, he wrote on board his tossing schooner at sea the following words :—

A definite and recognized connection with a cathedral during old age, and a cloister-grave, would be the only change that I should desire from my present life,—and that only when I am worn out. †

“Worn out,” he certainly was not, when, in 1868, he was called upon to exchange a life of splendid activity in the Southern Seas for the grinding and monotonous routine of an ancient bishopric in the midland heart of England. Indeed, no part of his career—marked as it was by an

* See above, p. 18.

† Tucker, i. 262.

almost unparalleled energy and vigour from beginning to end—surpassed in point of self-devoted activity the first six months of his episcopate at Lichfield.

He at once resolved to make his home at the ancient Palace in the Close, as the proper head-quarters of the diocese, and as more accessible to the clergy than the remote Episcopal "Castle" of Eccleshall, where his predecessors had lived, fully three miles away from a small railway station.

Hither (writes Mrs. Selwyn) George came home, on Friday (January 31st), from Shropshire; and departed yesterday for Cambridge—where he has been preaching, I suppose, to-day the first of his university sermons. To-morrow I join him at Orleton, just under the Wrekin; and at Wellington he will go on with the rural-deanery "synods" (so to call them),—the tenth, I think, out of the forty-eight he hopes to hold. He states his views, ventilates the matter, and hears over and over again the same objections and the same surprise as erst in New Zealand. But it always ends in their adopting sensible resolutions and to the purpose. Then comes the "kai" [Maori for "food"] and talk; and so he makes acquaintance with the clergy. He seems always to vary his addresses,—as he did in the seven sermons on one day, at the Waikato. The last address was on "the vision of the dry bones;" showing that if they did not *come together*, they would be "dry bones" still. . . . The old limes round the cathedral and in our garden are charming. Part of our garden is in the fosse (of the once fortified close), and there is a kind of bastion at one corner. It will be nice in summer, I dare say.

The following letter, from the same hand, gives an interesting glimpse of Church-life as the Bishop found it pulsating in London, some twenty years ago:—

Cambridge, February 23, 1868.

MY DEAREST P—,

We are here for the fourth and last of George's Cambridge course. Now he has nothing but his own work before him; so I hope he will not live on the rail as much as he has hitherto done. He is going to synodize in Staffordshire, having got through Shropshire and keeping Derbyshire till May to see the pretty country in full beauty. . . . In London we were at the Hawkins', in Dean's Yard. The excellent E. H. grows old, I think. So we all do, I see. There was a daily luncheon for members [of Convocation], who came in eagerly talking of debates that seem so dull in the *Guardian* afterwards. The Bishop of London invited us to an evening party, "to meet members of Convocation." Did it not sound *drouthy*? So we went—George and I greatly amused at rattling through London late at night. First we went to pick up Bishop of Oxford [Wilberforce] at Mr. Gladstone's. George was invited up; and presently the Bishop came for me, when they found I was there. Mrs. Gladstone very magnificent; Mr. Gladstone thin and care-worn, but very bright and equal to a little small-talk with an unknown woman. And so on to London House. . . . But I must tell you of a gathering at Canon Hawkins's house. Archdeacons Grant and Denison, Chancellor Massingberd, Mr. Medd and Mr. Sadler, met to discuss the possibility of union with Dissenters,—Wesleyans chiefly. Some spoke of their parochial experience among Dissenters, some of the course of a particular Dissenter who had joined the Church and knew both sides. Chancellor Massingberd had some curious old letters and pamphlets, of years and years ago in the last century, relating to former endeavours. The points they brought forward were such as these: that the great obstacle was not doctrine, but the ministry not liking the slur upon their ordinations, and finding in our lax preparation and easy admission, without their strict preparation, a great stumbling-block. Some one thought that the great panacea would be a bishop. "Give them a bishop!" This

he founded upon some pamphlet. But it woke up the hitherto slumbering Archdeacon Denison to fire his shot upon this point about the *status* of the said bishop. Also it was said that a conference between the bodies would be good. But who represents us? And so the conclusion was that nothing could be done without a better organization of the Church,—which could only be done by the increase of the episcopate and by “diocesan synods.” On two points all were agreed: (1) that no appeal to the principles of Wesley availed nowadays with Wesleyans; (2) that the chief obstacle to union is that *they* do not wish it. But still it seemed right to try. And here George arrived on the scene, and brought his New Zealand experiences in proof of this. Mr. Sadler is a great light. It was his book, “The Second Adam,” which the Wesleyan told Archdeacon Durnford had floored him—no, “stumped him.” We met Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta at the Bishop’s; and were to have gone to them the next evening,—a healing measure. But alarming symptoms in poor H. stopped this.

Such were the new interests which were crowding upon him, from many and various quarters at once, as he settled himself steadily to work in England.

But, at first, his heart was often sad with thought of “the widowed sister diocese,” as he termed it; and he used to pace up and down the terrace in the Palace garden, after the 8 a.m. college service in the cathedral—from which when at home he was rarely absent—refreshing his eyes with the blue waters of Stowe Pool, as a reminder of his beloved far-away ocean. The following is an illustrative extract from a private letter written about this time.

Wolverhampton, February 29, 1868.

MY DEAR P—,

Here we are, once more, in this smoky, steamy, worky town, with its masses of human beings,—yet not this time, as the

appointed meeting-place of a Church congress ; but as being " my diocese " now. George has made a successful beginning of the Staffordshire " conferences." It is funny that, while most of his order stand aloof from such things and question his proceedings, his chief episcopal sympathizer should be Harold [Browne] of Ely ! Not that, as yet, he has begun a course of synods ; but he does not shake his head at them, as some do.* At Convocation, the other day, the bishops exacted some information from George about them ; and, after a while, he begged them to catechize him thereupon, which was done freely. The conclusion arrived at was, that they should like to see how the thing worked, before they began. They would have to wait some time, at that rate. I dare say they begin to consider George a " foreign body " of uneasy sort. But I speak without book : I only *opine*. . . . On Ash Wednesday I went to hear Dr. Pusey preach at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The sermon was unlike any that I ever read, or thought of, as Dr. Pusey's. There was a tone of irony, as he spake to the Belgravians of the Pharisee who " would have been a very respectable religionist of the nineteenth century." He never hesitated at the most familiar form of speech. . . . We are staying here with the same old man [Mr. Parke] who entertained the Church congress, the " Gaius " of the Church, the intimate friend of lords and ladies, and *the* bookseller of the town. He goes off to his shop, and talks of his business so simply. Last night George addressed the Church-workers and their friends ;

* The truth seems to be that Ely was, at that very time, engaged in maturing a similar scheme of its own. The writer has an interesting letter from Archdeacon Emery (of Ely), in which he says : " I think you may fairly say that Lichfield and Ely went on independently and almost synchronously. The former came from colonial experience, and is one of the enormous benefits which the mother-Church has derived from her colonial children. The latter was of home production, in part the result of two Church congresses (1862 and 1863). When Bishop Harold Browne came to the See in 1864, he summoned his cathedral chapter, the rural deans, and other clergy, to ask their opinion about calling the clergy and laity together. . . . Upon the scheme then agreed upon, the Bishop acted : and in 1865 the first formal gathering took place. The lay and clerical representation has since been added to."

about fifteen hundred present. He was very successful, both in grave and gay.

In short, the Bishop showed no sign either of fatigue or regret. And as it had been in New Zealand, so it proved to be in Lichfield diocese. His very presence was a power for good. And his own energy was caught up by his clergy to such an extent that, probably, in no diocese in England has so much material and spiritual progress been made within so short a time. He came indeed at a difficult period ; but his whole previous life had trained him to cope with difficulties. He came to work : and work he did without ceasing until the close of his life.

A characteristic account appeared at this time in a local newspaper of the way in which the Bishop worked.

The Bishop began in the Potteries on *Saturday* by preaching a stirring sermon on the Resurrection, and consecrating a new piece of land joined to the churchyard. Three sermons and three consecrations were his work that day. On *Sunday* he preached three times. On *Monday* an address delivered at Stoke from the altar steps, on the ministry, with a celebration of the Holy Communion ; then a two hours' meeting about establishing the diocesan synod ; in the evening a sermon at Sneyd for the schools. On *Tuesday* the bells of Newcastle told by their ringing that something unusual was occurring, and a stately procession of mayor and corporation, etc., welcomed the Bishop at the town hall, and conducted him to the "Old Church." After service the Communion was administered to some two hundred communicants. A lunch followed at the hotel, and by three o'clock he was busy again, with exemplary patience, studious attention, and pleasant repartee, hearing and answering objections to his proposal to establish a diocesan synod. A missionary meeting was held at the town hall, attended by all classes, in which he told

his simple manly tale how he owned the natives of Australasia for brother-men, and how he had worked among them for six and twenty years of his life ; which was received often with expressions of assent, such as "That's a good un, he is !" So ended the fourth day. On *Wednesday* the village of Talke witnessed an impressive scene. A little iron church was that day opened for worship, having been erected by the exertions of some ladies. It only held about one hundred people ; so the silk dresses and broad-cloth soon filled it. But while the hymn was singing before the sermon, the Bishop was seen leaving the tiny chancel and forcing his way towards the door through the crowded gang-way. People's hearts began to beat, thinking the four days' work had exhausted him and he was obliged to go out for air. Nothing of the kind ! The good Bishop took his stand at the porch, and, turning to the hundreds of colliers outside, addressed them in the most simple and touching words, which went home to their hearts, making them feel he was indeed their own Bishop, a real man like themselves. The Bishop's head was uncovered ; the rough men and lads kept on their hats ; but their looks were riveted on him, and no doubt many of them took home to their hearts the Word of life thus made plain to their understandings. In the afternoon the Bishop left for Ilam, where he preached twice on *Thursday*, administered the Holy Communion, and held a meeting about the proposed diocesan synod.*

The history of these six days is a good sample of the Bishop's labour in his diocese, and of the missionary energy with which he at once made himself acquainted with every part of it. Meanwhile, the following letter, to a friend left behind in New Zealand, indicates the trying fluctuations of feeling undergone, at this time, by the Selwyn family ; and, on the other hand, exhibits the happy and buoyant spirit of the Bishop amid his diocesan labours at home.

* *Staffordshire Sentinel*, May 4, 1868.

Lichfield, March 31, 1868.

MY DEAR P——,

The letters have come: and they open our grief afresh. Poor dears! we have thought of you all, one after another, and have so pictured the news [of our removal to Lichfield] beforehand, and the blow it would be, that all you say seems nothing new and quite natural. I can't help putting myself in your places, and fancying we are somebody else,—so entirely do my sympathies travel in your direction. I can see you and dear Mrs. G—— sitting in my room bemoaning yourselves. But, dear P——, it is wonderful to have such love poured out as it has been our happy lot to enjoy,—a faint foretaste of what may be [hereafter]. Hereby our lives have been full of sunshine and brighter than ever, of late years. Our interests, our people, our hopes and fears, have been yours; and yours ours. . . . George is in full swing, getting synodical action established. Of course it is all new to them; and over and over again they repeat all that has been said a hundred times up and down New Zealand. But George has patience and hope to any extent. To the last he is just as bright as ever, and quite sure that what is right will come right. Some have not the wish for synods. But Mr. Gladstone's measure about the Irish Church may modify their opinion. For many wise people think it is but the thin end of the wedge; and that it may be wise to be prepared with some kind of organization for the governing of the Church, before the blow comes.

Another letter, a few weeks later on, well describes the feelings at that time uppermost in both hemispheres.

Lichfield, April 22, 1868.

MY DEAREST P——,

How shall I answer the great wail which the last letters from New Zealand have brought us? The best way, perhaps, is to say that we hold to our purpose of sailing on July 2nd; and hope, if all be well, to see your faces again at the end

of August. Heartily did I enter into your feeling that you were stunned, that life seemed to have come to a full stop, that the wakings were so sorrowful. For I always think what I should have felt if I had been you. But more and more does one now feel that there is great work for George here—a work that he, of all others, was best fitted to do, and a fight to fight for which his armour was ready and his weapons proved. At any rate, he has plunged into the thick of it: and, though there are many adversaries, there are many supporters and many ready to follow in his wake, when once he has made the course clear. . . . How fast the minds of men do travel! No one was more urgent with George upon the duty of remaining in England than Mr. Gladstone. Who would have thought that his would be the hand to light the torch [of disestablishment for the Irish Church]? . . . George has summoned the archidiaconal conference of Shropshire to meet him to-morrow at Shrewsbury. He will have Staffordshire next,—an archdeaconry of twice the population and with a most disaffected Archdeacon [Moore]; whereas Salop has a warm supporter in Archdeacon Allen. The other Archdeacon did not take much by his motion in Staffordshire: but he has stirred up Derbyshire, to which George goes in May. But George feels certain that all will work to a right end, and that all opponents will be warm friends at last. He is just as fresh in this way as ever; and it is charming to see. But I quake sometimes at the drive—the work, the meetings, the preachings, and above all the letters—amid which he lives. It is too much both for himself and for all. But no one but himself could do it with such effect. As the Bishop of Capetown [Gray] said, “He should be taken care of, and come out like a giant refreshed for his great work,—not jaded with a heap of letters.” He has three sets of services here; and then twenty-six letters; and about twenty more to-morrow; and then the synod.

The next letter contains a graphic description of the Bishop's life at Lichfield. It was written by a lady, who

had paid a visit to the palace soon after the settlement of the family there.

Wimbledon, April 18, 1868.

I am come home after a week at Lichfield,—whence I ought to have written and helped you to [feel present and to] share in the daily scenes and conversations there: though there were few of these to record, our Bishop being so cruelly pressed by business-letters, which kept him and Johnny hard at work at all intervals between food and services in the cathedral. On Good Friday he had work in his study a great part of the day, but took a walk with Sara and me to the other end of the Pool, which looks well from the palace, owing to the tower of St. Chad's Church, which faces it and is reflected therein. This is the only pretty view; and he makes the most of it. The palace stands in a sort of square of turf, with walks and trees. This will be like a quiet college garden at Oxford, and may be made brilliant with flower-beds. Then there is the beautiful cathedral: and daily comes the verger in black gown, with his silver "poker," to conduct the Bishop to his throne. On Tuesday came Bishop and Mrs. Gray, and Dean Green—the ejected of Colenso. They are as fond of their Africans as you are of your Maoris, or Coley [Bishop Patteson] of his Melanesians. Sara had been a little in awe of Mrs. Gray, I think; but no one could be more unpretending, gentle, and amiable than she was. Bishop Gray said much, and with great warmth, about our Bishop being specially called to the great work the Church has on hand now in England. No man, he added, from her own body could do it. But his training, his courage, his experience—having worked out the theory and carried it through all opposition in the colony,—his thorough simplicity of character and singleness of aim, all fitted him to carry the emancipation of the Church from her State trammels, and to gain the increase of the episcopate so greatly needed. He hoped that Bishop Selwyn would go on, till he had achieved all the objects which he brought before the astonished conference at Lambeth,

in burning words which would never be forgotten by those who heard them.

Alas, as Mrs. Selwyn's watchful eye had foreseen, this too abrupt transition from work with long intervals of travelling by sea and land, to work so concentrated that a railway journey of a few minutes sufficed to transport the jaded speaker from one vast audience to another, told even upon the Bishop's stalwart frame. Undismayed, however, perhaps rather stimulated, by the unwonted task before him, he at once girded up his loins; and, with just six months before him, determined to accomplish two great things before he should embark on his rapid farewell voyage to New Zealand. Those two things were (1) a complete personal visitation of every corner of his diocese; (2) an earnest endeavour to persuade that diocese to equip itself with the only modern and effective organization by which the Church can hope nowadays to withstand the fierce attacks of those who would destroy her. The organization that he advocated was this: A graduated system of mixed conferences (lay and clerical), beginning with the small but multitudinous areas of the rural deaneries throughout the country; and then gathering these together (by representation) into diocesan conferences; and then again concentrating these last (by yet further representation) into a central conference of clergy and laity for all England.

The leading idea in this elaborate and admirably devised scheme is clear at a glance. It is the admission of the *laity*—by right, and not by sufferance—to a share in the management of the Church's affairs. That some

such system as this had become an absolute necessity for our time and country, was felt, at that period, by many thoughtful persons. But here was a detailed and well-compacted scheme, already tried during many years in New Zealand, and found perfectly effective; and it was now to be advocated, in England's central diocese, by the very man whose vast energy and statesmanlike ability had carried the scheme through to a complete success in that far southern hemisphere.* One only mistake—so, at least, it was felt by some of his advisers—was apparent in the new scheme; and that mistake was not an irremediable one. The good Bishop, in the ardour of his desire to make the Church at home more thoroughly effective, had persuaded himself that he could without much difficulty subdivide the diocese of Lichfield into three, as he had already, by force of will and patience, subdivided the diocese of New Zealand into seven. It was the first indication, observed by those around him, that he had underrated the enormous forces of passive resistance to all new schemes which he would have to encounter in England. For even allowing the desirableness of subdividing all the old English dioceses by the lines of their archdeaconries, still it did not follow that such a work could, in any reasonable time, be accomplished. Parliament must first be consulted; the sovereign's assent must be obtained; and large sums of money must be collected to endow the new Sees with a sufficient income to maintain the dignity of their occupant. But all these difficulties seemed nothing to our noble-hearted enthusiast. And, therefore, to provide a promising cleavage for future complete separation, he advocated a

* See *supra*, p. 115; and Miss Yonge, "Life of Patteson," ii. 171.

thing unknown before to the Church at any period of her existence, viz., archidiaconal synods (or conferences); at which every clergyman personally, and a certain number of elected laymen, should have the right to speak and vote. This ultimate purpose of his archidiaconal conferences found clear expression in a *pastoral letter*, which summed up and published the results of his inquiries, made in every rural deanery throughout the diocese, as follows:—

It has been very generally agreed that such organization ought to be framed on the supposition that the present diocese of Lichfield will be divided at some future time; and that therefore the clergy and laity of each archdeaconry should meet annually at their chief county town, except in one year out of three. And then the archdeaconries will send up representatives of the clergy and laity to a triennial meeting of the whole diocese, to be held at Lichfield.*

This triennial system, however, was soon found to be so cumbrous and dilatory that it was converted (as it has been in all other dioceses) into an annual one; while no other diocese, it is believed, has adopted these anomalous archidiaconal synods.

But it was not the unwonted cleavage of a diocese by means of its archdeaconries which aroused the fears and suspicions of those who are apt to see in every new thing a dangerous "novelty." It was rather—by the strangest contradiction that could be imagined—the *despotism* that was supposed to lurk amid these representative institutions which aroused the anger and called forth the strenuous opposition of many a Churchman at that time, both clerical

* "Pastoral Letter," April 13, 1868.

and lay. It was in vain that the Bishop pleaded his earnest wish—

not to be an autocrat, but to act as the bishop-in-council; and, if he must needs be a monarch, at least to be a constitutional, and not a despotic, monarch; for such a council could only strengthen his authority by protecting him from suspicion, it being elected by the free voice of the clergy and laity.*

No; a considerable number of those who heard him would not be persuaded. It seemed to them to be—as some one has clearly put it—the first duty of free men to cherish a watchful suspicion of those in authority. And when the advocates of suspicion had found a determined and ubiquitous leader, in no less a personage than the arch-deacon (Moore) of Stafford, it seemed at one time probable that, in this first struggle between old and new ideas, the stalwart advocate of a fresh departure in Church government would have to suffer a temporary discomfiture. For, first, in every rural deanery throughout his diocese he was exposed to a volley of hostile interrogations. “What was it proposed that his new-fangled ‘conferences’ should do? Were they to be legislative bodies? Were the minority to be bound by the decision of the majority? Was doctrine, was ritual, to come into discussion? Would they not provide an arena for the internecine warfare of party-spirit? Was not a collision with Parliament, moreover, to be expected? Would they not be a long step in the direction of disestablishment?” Amid all this storm of questions, this pitiless letting-loose of all imaginable and unimaginable “lions in the path,” the Bishop remained quite patient and unmoved. With untiring composure and simplicity

* Speech at Rugeley, March 3, 1868.

he reiterated, in personal visits to every rural deanery throughout the diocese, one and the same reply. The following speech, therefore, delivered at Newport, Salop, will perhaps suffice as a specimen of his method of dealing with the question.

I am much obliged to the last speaker for bringing back the discussion to the point at which it left off. This was, the limits of the action of these synods. And I suggest that it be left to the first meeting of the synod to define for itself what subjects shall be open for discussion. . . . I should regard merely unrestricted *deliberation* as involving very great dangers; especially as mere discussion, having no reference to *action*, is not unlikely to lead to the maximum of party-spirit. It is a check upon discussion that it is to issue in some practical conclusion. I should certainly exclude from consideration all questions of doctrine or discipline affecting the position of a clergyman under the law. My view is, that these assemblies are to have a practical object; and all I understand by the word "legislation" is practical decisions. If a ruridecanal chapter, or a meeting like this, can adopt resolutions, *à fortiori* a meeting of the whole archdeaconry or of the diocese should not be deprived of that power. . . . In all the eight years during which these synods have been held in New Zealand, I have not heard so much tending to party-spirit as on this occasion. If only the scope of the action of these synods be limited to *practical* subjects, I can see no objection to the majority binding the minority. . . . As an illustration of the nature of the business with which such bodies might deal, I may quote the report of a select committee of the House of Commons on "the Ecclesiastical Commission." This report suggested that "local associations in each diocese, composed of clergy and laity, performing some of the duties at present discharged by the Ecclesiastical Commission, would aid the purposes of Church-extension; especially as such bodies would possess an intimate knowledge of the spiritual wants and local circumstances of every diocese."

These synods, then, might deal with such subjects as Church-extension, the Poor Benefice Fund, and so on.

On the other hand, the fears of those who thought it their duty to oppose the Bishop's schemes will be best understood from the words used by them on various occasions.

So careful was Bishop Lonsdale (said one) that he demurred to the very use of the word "synod," as calculated to excite fears lest it were proposed to invest these bodies with the powers of synods, properly so called. . . . I deprecate the transference of power to synods—whether archidiaconal, diocesan, or provincial,—and I fear that such a vision, the fond dream of the ecclesiastical mind in all ages, is floating before the eyes of my reverend brethren. I warn the laity that the proposition before them involves no slight change. They are really asked to inaugurate a revolution, which must eventuate in the destruction of the National Church. For it would lead to taking the supremacy out of the power of the legislature,—that is, out of the power of the nation,—and placing it in a body in which the bishops and clergy would be the predominating element.

It was in a precisely similar strain that the first building of Putney Bridge, in the last century, was denounced by a panic-stricken objector as certain to ruin the trade of London and to destroy the British Empire: and that, two hundred years earlier still, the discovery of a "various reading" in the Lord's Prayer brought the Lord Mayor to the Bishop of St. Asaph in trembling anxiety for the continuance of Christianity in the land.

A more clear-sighted Rural Dean, however, observed that—

Churchmen have long felt the need of more Church-govern-

ment. There are a great many questions which it is difficult to get properly considered; and a great number of motions spring up which it is very desirable should be carried into effect, if we had the means of doing so. There is not the slightest intention of taking one step towards the disestablishment of the Church. But as there is, at the present day, a strong tendency on the part of her enemies to separate her from the State, it is necessary to be prepared with some form of government upon which we may fall back, if such a separation should ever take place.*

Another speaker, who had been an Archdeacon in British Columbia, was equally encouraging. He gave personal testimony to the fact that such—

synods had been the greatest possible blessing in Canada, and had thoroughly changed the condition of the Church in that dominion,—engendering the kindest feeling between different schools of clergy, and promoting all kinds of practical measures for the welfare of the Church.

But from another mouth issued the well-known harsh note of discord and *odium theologicum*.

Truth (said this speaker) is a definite thing. And the Church is divided into two parties. One holds the truth; the other holds error. They are as wide as the poles asunder. One holds the truth of Christianity: the other holds deadly error.

* At a subsequent meeting the Bishop himself revealed his own views on this important subject. He said: "I must remind the meeting that we are beginning to hear a good deal about disestablishment. Now, that is not a terrible word to me. I do not wish for anything of the kind. But, as I have lived and worked with perfect equanimity for twenty-six years where the connection did not exist, I regard the subject from a different standpoint from that occupied by those who think such a separation would be one of the greatest evils that could befall mankind. I think we should do well to look it fairly in the face."

Lastly, and more humorously, a hard-headed layman gave vent to some honest Gallio-like discouragement.

I do not wish to interpose any obstacle in the way of these synods being tried. There might be some confidence in the success of diocesan synods, if any success had attended Convocation. But I have not seen anything practical accomplished, in spite of the time that has been wasted in Convocation. If Convocation has become a mere debating society, what will be the position of these synods? Having said thus much, I wish them all success: but I have not the slightest anticipation of it. (Laughter).

Yes: cheerfulness was certainly pardonable at such a moment. For any ray of humour which enlivens a ponderous debate is always hailed by a weary assembly with tumultuous delight. But how much more does it seem pardonable now, after the lapse of eighteen years,—during which time the system so earnestly and patiently advocated by Bishop Selwyn has struck root in every diocese of England, and is thankfully acknowledged by all Churchmen to have had already the same effect as it had in Canada. It has softened down the asperities of party warfare; it has promoted many kinds of practical good works; and it has educated great numbers of both clergy and laity in the useful art of maintaining a good mutual understanding. Moreover, the "diversities of gifts" and the massive unity, displayed by the Church in these and similar assemblies, have contributed more powerfully perhaps than anything else could have done to render her position in this country impregnable; or, should it ever be assailed with success, to assure for her a future of wide and vigorous extension, of which her assailants appear to have

formed but little conception. For, as Mr. Beresford Hope, the well-known M.P. for Cambridge University, said at the Portsmouth Church Congress, in 1885—

The co-operation of clergy and laity in Church work and in such assemblies as the “diocesan conferences,” has become a real feature of our time. There can be no doubt that, by thus putting herself on a kind of representative basis, the Church of England has immensely strengthened her defences. And if (as seems probable) these diocesan conferences can be consolidated and can be raised to something like “the general assembly” of the Church of Scotland, those defences will become still more formidable.

Any way, the energy and determination of Bishop Selwyn were now to receive their reward, and to secure for the Church at home that such an indispensable institution should be, not merely talked about and “reported” upon, but actually tried. On April 23, 1868, the first conference (archidiaconal) assembled at Shrewsbury, two hundred members being present; and the Bishop gave an opening address, which was both a telling exposition of his ideas and also a characteristic specimen of his method as a “master of assemblies.” For it will be noticed how carefully and skilfully he always avoided any assumption of originality and any appearance of dictation. Had he been present at Rehoboam’s celebrated conference at Shechem, he would have been on the side of “the old men” who advised the king: “If thou wilt be a servant unto this people this day, and wilt serve them, and answer them, and speak good words to them, then they will be thy servants for ever.” *

* 1 Kings xii. 7.

He spoke as follows :—

Many signs have been apparent of late years of the revival of a spirit of counsel. The ruridecanal chapters, in this and other dioceses, have had the happiest effect in bringing the clergy together for mutual edification. The Convocations of the two provinces have elicited much valuable information, contained in the careful and weighty reports of their committees. The Lambeth conference of last year proved that neither distance of space, nor lapse of time, nor severance of political connection, can estrange the daughter Churches in all parts of the world from their filial allegiance to their holy mother. The Wolverhampton Congress was an evidence which could not be mistaken of an earnest desire among all classes of Churchmen to be united in closer bonds of brotherhood with a view to greater harmony of action. In the chair of that meeting sat one whom we shall never forget, and upon whose long episcopate I look back with only one thought of regret—that he did not preside annually at a synod of his diocese, with that inimitable union of courtesy, tact, forbearance, and firmness, with which he presided over the Congress.

I need not repeat at length what I have said in so many places, of the steps which Bishop Lonsdale took to ascertain the opinion of the diocese on the subject of diocesan synods.* But I feel bound to say, that I should not have brought this subject before you at so early a time, if I had not found the way so far prepared by my predecessor as to give me reason to think that I should disappoint public expectation, if I did not carry on the inquiry which he had begun. I therefore placed the subject before the diocese, exactly as Bishop Lonsdale had left it. And it will be understood that I have brought forward no plan of my own. Every rural-deanery meeting was left free to propose and adopt its own series of resolutions; and, as was to be expected,

* Bishop Lonsdale had, early in the previous year (1867), issued a circular letter of inquiry to all his rural deans: and in Convocation (June 4) he said, "They expressed only one opinion as to the desirableness of diocesan synods in general. I shall probably hold one, some time or other."

various suggestions have been offered in the meetings of the twenty-nine rural deaneries in which the subject has been discussed. The minutes of all those meetings are laid upon the table, to assist you in choosing whatever plan may seem to you to be the best.

What has been called a "diocesan synod proper," was defined by a committee of the Upper House of Convocation as a body, of which "the main object was that the bishop should promulge the decrees he thought needful for the good government of the diocese;" and the committee added that, "whereas the decree so promulgated bound the diocese legally, in matters in which they did not contradict the decisions of the provincial synod, we deem that the action of such synods would be incompatible with the present condition of our Church." It is almost needless to say that no such synod as this has ever been proposed, either by Bishop Lonsdale or myself. Such synods belonged to a time when the Church retained and exercised a large measure of legislative power.

But the same report suggests that "occasions may arise, when it would be of great use if the bishops and clergy and laity were to assemble and consider matters needful for the well-being of the diocese,"—subject to the following conditions:—That they be presided over by the bishop; that the clergy and laity attend by representation; that the clergy and laity have an equal voice; and that the decisions of such gatherings do not claim any legal authority.

It will be seen that the meetings of the bishop, clergy, and laity, as proposed in the diocese of Lichfield, are in perfect agreement with these suggestions. . . .

There remains, then, only that vague fear of anything new, which may be fairly met and answered by an equally large measure of hope. If any one fear lest these meetings should widen the divisions already existing among us, is there not more reason to hope—and have not our rural deanery meetings justified the hope—that they will produce the contrary effect. At many of our meetings there has been free speaking, and some opposition;

but in no single instance has there been any unseemly altercation. Why should we fear lest the synod, which is the aggregate of these component parts, should conduct its proceedings in a different temper and spirit?

The most practical of all objections, if it could be sustained, is—that our Church system is already perfect, lacking nothing. I meet with this argument in the country parishes, but never in the populous towns. It is very common for a sick man to think himself in perfect health, while some insidious disease is preying upon his vital organs. First of all, I point to those divisions which some think ought to prevent us from meeting in synod. Is this the sign of a Church already perfect? But if the objection means that the legal system of our Church is perfect, then the simple answer is, that our synod will not interfere with anything already provided for by law. The learned chancellor of my diocese has told us that “we have legal provision in abundance,” and I entirely agree with him. But to say that our legal system is perfect, is to assert what the law itself denies. More than three hundred years ago, thirty-two persons were appointed to revise and reform the ecclesiastical laws, though their report was never sanctioned by Parliament. . . . Yes; we have “legal provisions in abundance,”—or, I would rather say, in excess. We have decrees of ancient councils, foreign canon law, provincial constitutions, Acts of Parliament in great abundance extending over several hundred years. And yet there are many points, in their nature quite simple, on which no one can say what the law is. Thus, because the laws which needed reformation three hundred years ago are still unreformed, we fall into the error of seeking for judicial decisions upon doubtful laws, instead of making the laws themselves plain. In this state of uncertainty, we need much patience and mutual forbearance. Doubtful laws are a temptation to many to take the law into their own hands. The law says, “In cases of doubt, apply to the bishop;” but the answer is, that the bishops themselves are not agreed; and thus in the abeyance of the legislative power of the Church, we are drifting into that state, described in the Book of Judges, when “every man did

that which was right in his own eyes." Surely this is not the sign of a Church already perfect.

We shall not mend this state of things by allowing irresponsible societies to set up their rival camps in all our chief towns, whether for attack or defence; to make every parish a house divided against itself; to widen every breach and to embitter every controversy. The minds by which great works are conceived and carried into effect may be led by cords of silk, but cannot be driven. Such men may be driven out of the Church; but they will leave a void which cannot be filled. We cannot spare a single man of those who have a zeal for Christ. With Rome at the gates of our Jerusalem, and infidelity lurking in our streets, we cannot waste our strength in intestine divisions. I have thorough confidence in you all, my brethren of the clergy and laity—trained as you have been under one of the meekest of men to cultivate a spirit of mutual forbearance—that you will make our synods the means by which we may edify one another. We shall indeed have no legal power; but we shall have that which is better than law—united counsel, the force of sympathy, the influence of opinion, timely mediation. We shall have no power to make laws; but every pious and humble-minded man will pause before he sets up his own opinion in opposition to that of the synod of his diocese. We shall have no power to decide questions of doctrine, but unity of work will tend to unity of belief; and the more we strive to do the will of God, so much the more shall we know of the doctrine whether it be of God.

We meet to-day for the purpose of organization. The only difficulty is in the election of the laity. This arises from the principle of the Act of Uniformity, by which every Englishman is regarded as a member of the Church of England. But recent laws have recognized the distinction between members of the Church and Nonconformists. And it has been found necessary to adopt a new standard of Church membership, which you will find in the trust deeds of Church schools, in one of two forms—viz., either a *bonâ fide* member of the Church England, or a *bonâ fide* communicant of the Church. In New Zealand and

other colonial dioceses the right of election is extended to all *bonâ fide* members of the Church, but the persons elected must be *bonâ fide* communicants.

The clergy of each rural deanery, with at least two lay-synodsmen, will, I hope, receive your authority to act as the full ruridecanal chapter, and to discuss all subjects which are likely to be brought before the synod, and (if it be so agreed) to elect representatives to serve in the diocesan synod. I attach great importance to this extension of the functions of the ruridecanal chapters. The wants of every part of the diocese will thus be ascertained, and be advocated at every meeting of the synod; an interest in the work of the Church will be generally diffused; the weaker and poorer parishes will be strengthened by union with the richer; and the bishop and archdeacon will at any time be able to ascertain the wishes of the clergy and laity on any subject of local interest. . . . I shall request you to elect a standing committee of the archdeaconry, to discharge such duties of an executive kind as you may assign to it, and to act with me, as a council of advice. I felt the value and importance of such a council even among my small population in New Zealand. How much more must I desire it when I am charged with a diocese containing 1,200,000 souls. Seven clergymen and seven laymen would, I think, be a convenient number. It has also been suggested that the standing committees of the three archdeaconries should form a diocesan council, to be convened by the bishop on matters of importance to the diocese at large.

To those who think that the work of the Church is already sufficient, and her system perfect, I have little to say. Of course nothing can be added to that which lacks nothing. But my predecessors have added many useful institutions to the diocesan system, supposed by some to be already perfect, but really lacking many things conceived and planned in most cases by our reformers, but neglected in after-times. Our Theological College, our Poor Benefice Fund, our Pension Fund for Widows, our Diocesan Church Extension Society, our Training Schools for Masters and Mistresses, our Middle Class Schools, our Nursing

Institution—all these are the offshoots of seeds which retained their vitality, though they lay smothered for centuries under the legal system of our Church. When charity had broken the crust of law, then they sprang up. But the very multiplicity of these institutions calls for the action of the whole mind of the Church to give harmony, consistency, and permanence to them all. Much time and expense would be saved if we could agree upon one treasurer for all, and one central office, where all subscriptions could be paid. Then, at our annual meeting, we might give an impulse to these various works, and assist them by drawing public attention to their wants.

As to another class of societies—those which profess to represent party views. The sooner they die out the better. The Church will be better able to protect herself, and to guard her own purity of doctrines, by her own solemn meetings, than by the help of London societies, sending down their agents, and setting up their branches, to widen and perpetuate our divisions. We are all tired of our divisions. More than that, we are heartily sorry for them; because they rend the body of Christ and hinder His work and give occasion to the enemies of religion to rejoice. We long for some power to upheave our island parishes and join them together in one continent. We have had too much of “thine” and “mine;” henceforward let everything be “ours”

You ask what synods are to do. Look around you. There is not one of our institutions which is worked up to half its nominal power. Look at our cathedrals, the mother Churches of the diocese, the centres of gospel light, the training schools of the clergy, the homes of the widow, the foster-parents of the orphan, the fountains to which, even in their state of decay, the parish Churches have gone to seek for their choral services. Is there no dormant vigour in those glorious institutions which a diocesan synod may awaken into life? Let us strive to make Lichfield a true mother Church, a fountain from which the streams of salvation may flow forth abundantly far and wide into all the neighbouring places.

Look at the masses of our people, in our mining districts, half

of them at least alienated from the Church. Is there nothing for synods to do, when we still have parishes with five thousand and ten thousand souls committed to the care of one clergyman? Why, at Wolverhampton and Stafford I had meetings of Church helpers and workers, wardens, choristers, teachers of daily and Sunday schools, district visitors, organists—even organ-blowers—all gathered together from their various parishes, to show how the work of the Body of Christ may be compacted by that which every joint supplieth. Out of that vast body of willing fellow-labourers, our synod will, I trust, select and appoint its lay readers, for services in school-rooms, and cottages, and factories, and mines, and prisons, and hospitals; and when they have thus been tried, the way to ordination will be open to those who are found worthy through the Theological College, at Lichfield. This will be the greatest work of our synod to organize such a lay agency as may, by God's grace, assist the Church in redeeming the arrears of the past century by winning back to Christ the people that have been lost. . . .

I conclude with the words of Archbishop Leighton :—

“ Perfect and universal consent, after all industry bestowed on it, for anything we know, is not here attainable, neither betwixt all Churches, nor all persons in one and the same Church. And, therefore, though Church meetings and synods, as the fittest and most effectual way to this unity, should endeavour to bring the Church to the fullest agreement that may be, yet they should beware lest the straining it too high in all things rather break it. Leaving a latitude and indifference in things capable of it, is often the strongest preserver of peace and unity.”

On May 8, 1868, this first archidiaconal conference at Shrewsbury was followed by a similar assemblage at Stafford; and, on June 12th, by another at Derby. Then, on June 16th, took place the choral festival at Lichfield—a brilliant scene, still in the memory of some, the bells ringing merrily, and the sun dallying with white surplices

and many-coloured hoods, as the bishops and clergy came in procession along "the Dean's Walk." On the following day was attained the "crowning mercy" (as Cromwell might have called it), which rewarded six months of almost superhuman labours, the first DIOCESAN CONFERENCE ever held beneath the shadow of the mother Church. About four hundred members were present; and many curious spectators crowded the Guildhall to hear the Bishop's opening address. Condensed into a few lines, it ran substantially as follows:—

The meeting to-day puts a *colophon* upon all our [preparatory] work; and I humbly trust it is a good and hopeful work, and one which our dear friend who set it on foot (Bishop Lonsdale) would have cordially approved, if he had been permitted to see it. The number of [ruridecanal] meetings has been forty-two,—at all of which I have been present, except two. The result was that nearly all the rural deaneries were in favour of the proposed synodical organization. Hearty outspoken opposition brings with it a pleasure peculiar to itself. It is wearisome always to sail with a fair wind; a brisk breeze, even if it be contrary, is often the seaman's delight. But, given synods, what are they to do? I answer, everything that for want of synods has been left undone: half the population to be won back to the Church, fifty colonial dioceses looking to us for help, two-thirds of the whole human race still waiting for Christ. This is the work which remains to be done. And may God give to this conference strength and wisdom to do its part!

A lively letter from one who was present at the first "archidiaconal synod" at Stafford will give a good idea of the proceedings there, and of the spirit which reigned among all such assemblies at this period of their infancy.

Lichfield, May 11, 1868.

MY DEAR P——,

Johnnie and I are alone at the palace, and are very cozy together ; and George has been two evenings at home lately. We have had Mr. Woodyer, the architect, down to propose a plan for the chapel and the students' rooms. This will make it rather vast ; especially if a bishop with other views should succeed. On Friday I went, with some of our neighbours, to Stafford for the great day there. It began by celebration and a short address in the noble old church. It was really a grand sight ; and would have been finer, were we better hands at arranging a "function." The synod was held in the Shire Hall ; where George sat on a raised dais, with the Archdeacon on one hand and the Lord Lieutenant (Lord Lichfield) on the other. The great men came forward to uphold him. Lord Harrowby took a very active part ; Lord Dartmouth was sensible and suggestive ; Lord Lichfield laid himself out to attack the Church Association (not by name), which met with a hearty response from most of the clergy and laity. There were not less than 250 of each. One little "toa" [Maori, for "champion"] among the clergy stood up on the defensive ; but he did not get much attention. Another, equally bold, stood forth to oppose the voting by orders ; and was received with peals of laughter when, after all the clergy had stood up to oppose him, he alone—in answer to the Bishop's desire that "all who are in favour of this motion will stand up"—appeared by himself. It was all a great success ; and the business ended by Lord Shrewsbury proposing a resolution in favour of Church and State. It was carried almost unanimously ; though a clever young clergyman of Wolverhampton [now Canon Body, of Durham] stood up and spoke of his work among mechanics there, and of the hindrance to them occasioned by this union. Then up gets another, with a large parish, and says that the feeling there is quite the opposite to that described by Mr. Body. I fancy that both were right,—mechanics one way, poor people all the other. I sat up in a gallery with a great balustrade

before it, so far off that we could talk without being heard. My companions were the wife of a lay synodsmen (Admiral Bagot) and two friends from the Close, Mrs. Charles Gresley and Mrs. Curteis (wife of the principal of the Theological College). Through our balustrade we surveyed the world below, and enjoyed all the fun. I thought of other synods [in New Zealand], and wished for you, dear P——.

The general tone of feeling that prevailed in Bishop Selwyn's circle, especially in relation to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy at this time, may be gathered from the following fragment of a letter to the same friend in New Zealand.

Lichfield, May 5, 1868.

MY DEAREST P——,

I am sure that I failed in my last letter to put before you a tithe of the stir and excitement in political matters now. The complete success in Abyssinia is partially lost in the suddenness of Mr. Gladstone's move about the Irish Church, and in the still greater surprise at his large majorities. Who would have thought, a year ago, that the Archbishop [Longley] would have to convene a meeting to uphold the union of Church and State? George will not go,—not because he does not desire to support the Archbishop, still less because he likes Mr. Gladstone's course—but because he prefers to express his opinion in synod, at Stafford next Friday. No one believes Mr. Gladstone, when he says he does not intend to touch the English Church, because of the strange rapidity of his political advances. Our good old Tory member for the county—who comes to call on us in leathers and a green coat—is fully persuaded that the country is going fast to the dogs; and there are many—not in leathers—who agree with him. There has been a great meeting at Birmingham about women's rights and female suffrage,—an archdeacon in the chair and Dr. Temple of Rugby to address them! To such ladies the old advice might be best, "Go spin, ye jades, go spin!" But I

think the dear souls will soon lose their franchise, by voting for the wrong people. Johnnie and I have been to Tamworth; and, for the first time, I thought Staffordshire really pretty. The leaves made such a difference; and the spring dress of the country is delicious. The grass is so rich and green [after New Zealand] and the shades and tints upon the trees make me laugh with pleasure. It is not all to the eye. One sees things long forgotten now starting up, like an old friend, to look you in the face.

The great work of diocesan organization having now been happily inaugurated, the Bishop was free to pay his long-planned farewell visit to the sister diocese—not yet relinquished—in New Zealand. The following extracts from letters, written by Mrs. Selwyn on the eve of departure, will place the reader in touch with the Lichfield circle at that stirring time:—

Lichfield, June 1, 1868.

DEAREST P—,

The returns for the elections to the diocesan synod are coming in; and George rubs his hands over the good men chosen. Next week he will be in a different arena; for we are going to London,—I to prepare for sailing, he to do chaplain's work at the House of Lords. We greatly enjoyed your last letters from New Zealand; though the little details about the familiar things there give one a pang. We have just been entertaining some members of the "standing committee"—a term that seems to savour of George's room at Bishop's Court, New Zealand; but these were strange priests, and the ironmaster with them was not as one of our laymen. The week after our return the Choral Association assemble here; and George meditates great things. So there will be steam up till the last. I hope you do not expect to see me a model of fashion when I arrive. All the dress [in England] is hideous,—as you would think if you had

seen Mrs. J—— with very large chignon at the top of her head. She and others look like Minerva; for it is of the fashion of a helmet.

Lichfield, June 19, 1868.

DEAREST M——,

Once more, and for the last time now, I write to you. If all goes well, in no time at all after the receipt of this letter we shall be with you again. We sail on July 2nd, in the *Neva*, I believe; and I hear that she carries us to Colon, without change to the branch steamer from St. Thomas's. I am afraid it will be very hot at this time of year, till we are nearing New Zealand. If all the young gentlemen and ladies go with us who wish to go, we shall have an academy on board. But perhaps they will not all come; and if they do, will stay at Wellington. and not come up to help me pack at Auckland.

Yesterday was a great day here. The general synod—calling itself the “Diocesan Conference”—met and gathered into itself all the previous work comprised in forty-five rural-deanery meetings and three archidiaconal conferences. It all looked formidable enough beforehand. But George has throughout been in excellent heart; and with good cause, for so far it has been a great success. A pioneer was wanted, and you have spared him [from New Zealand]. You will like to know, therefore, how the work grows and spreads. “While others have been talking, this bishop has been acting,” says a newspaper; “there are many who looked on his appointment as a new era—as so much new life to the English Church—as a ground of hope for that Church's future. They will so regard it still more, now that they have seen him go straight to the solution of one of the greatest needs of the age.”

The long voyage now about to be undertaken was no mere pleasure-trip, no mere visit of ceremony, no gratification of sentiment or of selfish feeling in any form. It was a matter of imperative necessity; and on his first

acceptance of the unexpected summons to episcopal work at home, he had with characteristic foresight stipulated for such a temporary absence. Not only had the endowment of his successor at Auckland to be provided for; but the organizer of the New Zealand Church and the founder of so many new Sees was, naturally, "trustee" in a score of important undertakings; and the transference of financial responsibility to other persons could not be safely accomplished without his personal superintendence. Then, the numerous institutions which had grown up under his eye during twenty-six years, and the home which he had left for a supposed brief absence in England, all required his presence once again, ere he should depart to see them no more for ever.

Accordingly, on July 2, 1868—having committed his English diocese to the charge of Bishop Trower*—the Bishop sailed from England, accompanied by Mrs. Selwyn and by his younger son (afterwards Bishop of Melanesia). He took the new route, which had lately been opened, *via* Panama; and, singularly enough, encountered more perils to life and limb during this one voyage than had fallen to his lot during all the twenty-six years of incessant travelling by land and sea which he had spent as Bishop of New Zealand. On landing at the Isthmus, he was nearly precipitated into the water by the breaking of a plank. The gaunt spectre of yellow fever haunted the unwholesome swamps and forests through which they had to pass to the Pacific coast. And, far worst of all, the small colonial steamer into which the party was transhipped on reaching Wellington, ran upon a rock in Cook's Straits;

*. Late Bishop of Gibraltar.

and, after a short time, slipped off and went to the bottom. The delay was long enough, and the shore was near enough, to save the lives of all on board. But the sudden shock, as the Bishop's party were merrily at tea, on a beautiful evening before dark came on, and then the rush of a large number of rough miners and coal-diggers for the boats, and the uncertainty at what moment the vessel might go down,—all combined to put to a sudden test the courage and coolness of those whose position entitled them to take the lead. It need not be said, that neither the Bishop nor any of his party were found wanting in these qualities. The Bishop determined, at all hazards, to remain on board and give what aid he could ; and his son, of course, remained with him. But Mrs. Selwyn, when the boats had passed to and fro several times and had relieved the ship of her crowd of roughs, was ordered on shore, and unwillingly obeyed. The landing was made on the beach at the foot of some low cliffs ; and as no one knew how high the tide might presently reach, it was necessary to scale these cliffs, and then to huddle together at the top, as best they could, for protection against the cold night winds of a New Zealand spring,—Mrs. Selwyn's special charge being the young wife of a Yankee whaler, quite unused to such scenes, and needing all the comfort she could get. The rough men soon wandered off to get assistance ; and ere many weary hours had elapsed, a steamer was sent from Wellington to take the shivering party off. The Bishop, too, and his son bearing his case of episcopal robes, got presently safe to shore. And then with a rush the wreck went down, carrying to the bottom all the passengers' luggage, all the presents brought out from Eng-

land as farewell keepsakes for many a New Zealander, and the coloured sketches of Lichfield and "Stowe Pool," whereby old friends abroad might still fancy themselves with those they loved "at home."

Auckland was reached at last in safety ; and the somewhat heart-breaking experience was gone through of landing once more at the lovely Taurarua Bay, crowded with touching memories ; of inhabiting once more the simple "palace" and college, soon to be dismantled and left for ever ; and of finally bidding adieu to hundreds of devoted friends, both Maori and English, who would never be seen again. Happily, perhaps, there was much important business to be done, and the time was very short. On October 6th, the Bishop presided for the last time at the "General Synod of the Church of New Zealand." Six bishops and a goodly number of clergy and laity were present ; and Bishop Patteson came from Norfolk Island to bid farewell to his friend and spiritual father. To him, above all men, the final parting from one to whom he ever looked up as his "Primate," and his trusty adviser amid the endless dangers and difficulties of Melanesian work, was a wrench like that of tearing body and soul asunder. He had written, on first hearing of Bishop Selwyn's detention in England, a most touching letter :—

BISHOP PATTESON *to* BISHOP SELWYN.

Norfolk Island, March, 1868.

MY DEAR, DEAR BISHOP,

I don't think I ever quite felt till now what you have been to me for many a long year. Indeed I do thank God that I have been taught to know and dearly love you. . . . Your letter

reached me last night. I don't yet realize what it is to me; but I think much more still of those dear people at Taurarua. It is perfectly clear to my mind that you could not have done otherwise. I don't grudge you to the mother-Church one atom. I know that your prayers will be around us, and that you will do all that mortal man can do for us and for the islands. Indeed, you must not trouble yourself about me too much. I shall often need you, often sadly miss you—a just return for having undervalued the blessing of your presence. I humbly trust that God's blessing may be on us all, and that a portion of your spirit may be with us.

More than ever affectionately yours,

J. C. P.*

When this "dear son in the Lord" arrived in the *Southern Cross* at Auckland, he looked much worn and depressed, and was charitably consigned to the cheerful hospitality of Sir William and Lady Martin, at Taurarua Bay. At the synod, three farewell addresses were presented to Bishop Selwyn.

The first was a general farewell from the Church in New Zealand, as follows:—

We, the bishops, clergy, and laity of this branch of the Church of England, respectfully and affectionately address your lordship on your resignation of your office as president of the synod. When your lordship first came to this country, more than twenty-six years ago, you began work as Bishop of New Zealand. You end it now, as Primate, by providing for the permanent maintenance of your own Melanesian mission, offshoot of the New Zealand Church. The synod is itself the result and witness of your unwearied efforts for organization of the native and colonial Church of New Zealand, and of your missionary labours in the islands of the West Pacific Ocean. The natives of New Zealand,

* "Life of Bishop Patteson," ii. 308.

the English colonist, and the Melanesian islander, are all represented here. With respect to the native Church, a Maori diocese has been constituted and Maori synods have been held; seventeen native clergy have ministered and do minister faithfully and loyally in different parts of the country; churches and schools have been built, endowments been provided, clergy and catechists maintained, collections for Melanesia made by Maoris.

We think how twenty-seven years have passed to-day since you received episcopal office,—years marked by extraordinary events in our history—an episcopate, marked in an extraordinary degree, by your work of faith and labour of love and patience of hope. We humbly believe that, by your wide and varied experience of many forms of human life, bringing you into contact with men in every stage of barbarism and civilization, on lonely journeys in the solitudes of the New Zealand forest and on the waves of the West Pacific, God's Holy Spirit has been training you for an even greater work than any that you have hitherto accomplished; for which all that has been done may be but the preparation, the crowning work, it may be, of your life to which He has now called you. It seems as if you had been sent first to warm the most distant members here, and were called now to quicken the very heart of our dear mother-Church at home, that so the life-blood may circulate with fresh vigour throughout the body.

We know full well that you will never cease to pray and labour for us; and you need no assurance from us that we will ever remember and pray for you. How can we ever forget you? Every spot in New Zealand is identified with you. Each hill and valley, each river and bay and headland, is full of memories of you. The busy town, the lonely settler's hut, the countless islands of the sea, all speak to us of you. Whether your days be few or many, we—as long as we live—will ever hold you deep in our inmost hearts. All will pray for you and yours: the clergy to whom you have been indeed a father in God, the old tried friends with whom you have taken counsel, the younger men of both races whom you have trained, the poor whom you have

relieved, the mourners whom you have comforted, the sick to whom you have ministered, the prisoners whom you have visited, all think of you now, and will think of you always, with true and deep affection, and will offer for you always their fervent prayers. We humbly pray God, who has given you the wisdom to conceive and the power to execute your great designs, that your high and noble example may be ever affectionately remembered and dutifully followed by us all; that the mind and spirit of its first bishop may be stamped for all generations upon the Church of New Zealand; and that the multitudes of the isles may learn in years to come the name of their first great missionary, and rise up and call him blessed.

(Signed by all the Synod.)

The Bishop replied in the following words :—

I might well say, in words of Wordsworth. “the praise of men had often left me mourning.” It is most difficult and painful to one placed in my position to have to reply to such kind expressions as are contained in the address; but in this case the pain is much mingled with pleasure. Suffice it to say that I have sought for support and counsel from many whose services are not so conspicuous as my own, though they deserve equal praise with myself, if not more. I would say, as has been said on a different occasion, “Give God the praise, we know that this man was a sinner.” All the prosperity of the New Zealand Church is the work of God. The finger of God has been manifested in all that has taken place, from the time Samuel Marsden landed here in 1814 until now. It is the comforting prophecy fulfilled that “the little one should become a thousand.” It is a comfort that what one man had begun should become, in little more than half a century, what the Church of New Zealand now is. When I think of the time when I came to Sydney and found Bishop Broughton there with a small band of clergymen round him, and when I reflect that now that little band has extended into all the provinces of New South Wales with its dioceses of Tasmania,

Western Australia, South Australia, and these provinces of New Zealand with all its satellites in Melanesia, I feel that the power and influence of God's Holy Spirit is being manifested on earth, and that it has pleased Almighty God to enable us to see His power with our own eyes, so that we may not walk by faith alone but also by sight. . . . I leave to you the native Church as a special legacy, and hope that no increase of European population may absorb your interests so far as to cause you to neglect that remnant which, though a poor one, is a remnant of the congregation of Christ.*

The second address was a special farewell from the Maori Christians :—

To Bishop Selwyn, greeting ! Ours is a word of farewell from us, your Maori people who reside in this island. You leave here these two peoples, the Maoris and the Europeans. Though you leave us here, God will protect both peoples ; and Queen Victoria and the Governor will also protect them, so that the grace of Providence may rest on them both. O father, greetings ! Go to your own country ; go, the grace of God accompany you ! Go on the face of the deep waters. Father, take hence with you the commandments of God, leaving the peoples here bewildered. Who can tell that, after your departure, things will be as well with us as during your stay in this island ? Our love for you and our

* This expression, " We must care for the remnant that is left," was often on his lips in the later New Zealand days ; when, no doubt, the *Pai-marire* apostasy had made sad havoc of his flock. " But still " (writes one who was with the Bishop to the end) " they nearly all have returned,—except, perhaps, those in the King Country. Not long after the war broke out, I had a conversation with a leading chief near Wellington, and remarked that it was hardly credible to me, that a sensible man could thus lightly abandon the Christian faith for the Hau-hau superstition. He sharply replied, ' Of course we don't, most of us, believe in Hau-hau-ism. But we have to fight for our national life, and must interest every tribe in our cause, which is a matter of life and death to us. In order to break down tribal jealousies, therefore, we must invent a Maori religion, and cut ourselves off from everything English. When the war is over, we shall throw off Hau-hau-ism and return to the Christian faith.' "

remembrance of you will never cease. For you will be separated from us in your bodily presence, and your countenance will be hidden from our eyes. Enough! This concludes our words of farewell to you, from your children.*

But by far the most touching of all was the following address from the natives of the Waimaté and the Bay of Islands, in their own language, presented by Rev. Matiu Taupaki, and couched in words of almost Old-Testament simplicity:—

Sire, the Bishop! salutations to you and to mother (Mrs. Selwyn)! We, the people of the places to which you first came, still retain our affection for you both. Our not seeing you occasions us grief, because there will be no seeing you again. We rejoiced at hearing that you were coming to see us; great was the joy of the heart; and now, hearing that it cannot be, we are again in grief.

Sire, great is our affection for you both, who are now being

* How could the Maoris avoid being deeply attached to a man whose humour, simplicity, and manliness, were so entirely after their own heart? Here is a story, graphically told by one of the actors, or sufferers, in the scene. "In the year 1855, I was travelling with the Bishop down to Taranaki, to try and stop a war between two native tribes. On the last day of our march, our stores were reduced to a small slice of bacon and a handful of flour,—to be shared by three persons. Having forty miles to walk, we agreed to defer our single remaining meal till mid-day; about which time, after dragging ourselves through a black muddy creek, we bathed in a river of clear water a mile further on, and then decided to rest and cook our bacon-puff. Just as we were dividing the savoury morsel into three equal parts, a Maori appeared. He was exhausted and starving, having been out in the forest two days and nights without any food. The Bishop instantly recognized him as the very native chief who had sat on the bench between himself and the judge at Wellington, twelve years before; and who had, the following night, prevented his exasperated tribesmen from setting fire to the town. With a twinkle in his eye, expressive of amusement at our coming disappointment, the Bishop whispered to me, 'We must give him the puff.' And so we did,—tramping off ourselves for a further walk of twenty rough miles to the river Waitara; where, at length, we broke our fast."

lost among us. But how can it be helped, in consequence of the word of our great one, the Queen!

Sire, our thought with regard to you is that you are like the poor man's lamb taken away by the rich man. This is our parting wish for you both: Go, sire, and may God preserve you both! May he also provide a man to take your place, of equal powers with yourself! Go, sire, we shall no more see each other in the body, but we shall see one another in our thoughts. However, we are led and protected and sanctified by the same Spirit. Such is the nature of this short life, to sunder our bodies; but in a little while, when we shall meet in the assembly of the saints, we shall see each other face to face, one fold under one Shepherd. This is our lament for you in few words:—

“Love to our friend, who has disappeared abruptly from the ranks!
Is he a small man that he was so beloved?
He has not his equal amongst the many.
The food he dispensed is longed for by me.”

At last came the sad day of final departure, October 20, 1868,—a day that will not readily be forgotten of that generation. The shops at Auckland were all shut, crowds filled the streets, and at the concluding service in St. John's Church multitudes were unable to find room. The service over, nothing remained but to escort the departing Bishop, his wife and son and staunch friend Bishop Abraham, down to the pier. And now an extraordinary sight presented itself. A sort of triumphal car had been extemporized—brilliant in colours and with a seat aloft for the “mother,” Mrs. Selwyn. All the party were embarked on this towering construction; and four horses slowly dragged it to the harbour, while the Bishop, leaning over the side, responded to the “hurrahs” and shook hands repeatedly with the excited crowd. At length, on reaching the foot of the pier, the horses were taken out; and the crowd,

seizing the ponderous vehicle, dragged it along the pier to the steamer's side. In a few minutes, ropes were cast off, the screw began to churn the sea, and they were gone.

At 6.45 p.m. (wrote the Bishop), on the 21st, Cape Maria Van Diemen melted away into the twilight mist. Another look at the "Three Kings" was the close of all. And then the thought came upon me with great bitterness that I should never see the dear old land again. But the mind has now settled down upon its new bearings : and the magnet of English interests and work begins to draw me on.

Another letter, written about this time to Archdeacon Allen at home, expresses the same feelings :—

I confess that a large portion of my heart is in my old land. But if it please God I can get Bishop Harper appointed Primate in my room, and somebody to succeed me in my own diocese [at Auckland], then I shall begin to feel contented with my new lot, and shall be able to work with an undivided mind. My excellent archdeacons and rural deans will prepare the way, by obtaining such information as will enable us (by God's blessing) to go to work in earnest next year. The simple question is, "What are the wants of the diocese?" And, having found the answer, then never to rest till they are supplied.*

* Grier, "Life of Archdeacon Allen" (1888), p. 268.

CHAPTER II.

1869.

Return from farewell visit to New Zealand—Vigorous work in England—Dean Champneys—First illness—The Irish Church—Speech in the House of Lords—Consecration of Bishop Temple—First General Chapter.

ON the last day of the year 1868, after precisely six months' absence, the Bishop found himself once more "at home" in England. He was accompanied on this voyage by Bishop Abraham (whose wife had been compelled by illness to leave New Zealand), as well as by his own wife and son. The party took the route *viâ* Sydney, Ceylon, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean, and the journey was completed without any misadventure. On reaching Southampton the Bishop began with a visit to his brother at Richmond, and then, without loss of a day, addressed himself vigorously to diocesan work. The feelings of this time are faithfully reflected in the following passage from a private letter of one of the party to a friend in New Zealand—

Bromfield, January 24, 1869.

I will begin with a sketch of our doings. After reaching London on December 30th, and listening to the London bells

ringing in the new year, we went to Richmond on January 2nd. . . . Edw. Coleridge looks white and old, but is full of life, and talked much of Mr. Ffoulkes's letter to Archbishop Manning and of Christopher Wordsworth's letter to the Pope, on the occasion of his omitting the English bishops in his invitation to the great council coming on soon. Mr. Ffoulkes, though a "'vert," can by no means see through the eyes of his ecclesiastical superiors. He has much to say on the subject of grace within the Church of England, in which he believes; and also on the schism occasioned by the introduction of the *Filioque* clause on the part of the Western Church into the Nicene Creed. The attitude of the Church is not sleep in these days, truly. But it is restless; and charity does not wax where controversy runs high, even though there is much doing, much zeal, much real work. Sadly, too, this controversy now all runs upon the holiest of subjects. Meanwhile, it is a pleasure to find that synodical action is becoming first familiar and then popular. The Bishop of Ely has held his "conferences," and the Bishop of Gloucester is ready to do so too, if his clergy wish it. It has gone on well in Lichfield, in the careful hands of Bishop Trower, who had meetings and prepared work. A report on the great subject of lay-agency is to be presented very soon, as its fruits. . . . I am glad that George is left free to work out his plans for enabling the Church to speak with authority and to act with uniformity.

We came down to Lichfield on the 8th, the bells ringing a cheery welcome and the spires looking beautiful in the winter sunset-glow. It is right pleasant to be so greeted and welcomed at both ends of the earth. We feel thankful and humbled to think of the outpouring of love that is given to us. Here we remained ten days, and then went to Bromfield to see Willie and Co. All well, and Georgie chattering to "Grandmama Lichfield," as he calls me. We spent one day at Hereford. I envied nothing there but the choir, which is better than ours. But I hear that our new Dean (Champneys) was of great value to the music at St. Paul's, and I hope he will mend our ways.

On the 21st, we went to Walcot (Lord Powis's), where we met

most of the family, and were very happy. I wish you could see the conservatory blazing with camellias. We came back to Bromfield for the Sunday, and all four of us went in the evening to Ludlow church—a glorious place. On Monday, we went to Sandon (Lord Harrowby's). He is a good old man; not of the highest school in the Church, but a great supporter of George and of conferences. Lord and Lady Shrewsbury came to dinner (another good layman, and one ready to assist). George would only go to a very few of these "lay figures" last year, while synodizing, but thinks it well now to see something of them: hence so many lords and ladies. The whole party listened with intelligent interest to our talk about the Maories, not ready to judge harshly because of the complication and entanglement of right and wrong on either side. For here we heard news that made our hearts sink, and neutralized all pleasure in our present *agrèments* by the thought that you are walking in the shadow of death. The last telegram, which said that the Hau-haus* had been defeated, abates our fears, but it does not heal the past. We feel that we ought to be there, to share all. Yet One is with you, upholding you with His love—the "Friend closer than a brother." To Him we can only commend you. We have no letters yet. . . .

Our next move was to Burghley. Disraeli is here, and Lady Beaconsfield, his wife, fifteen years older than he. They are a most loving and funny pair. He is just like his pictures, only shrunken and with a *distrain* look. He *will* bow on Lady Exeter's hand and kiss it, like Sir Charles Grandison; but it infuriates her. Gladstone's majority is strong, but it is thought that the details of settling the Irish Church will be very difficult. . . . M—— has very kindly lent me a maid for all the grand visits. She is a wholly foreign body to me at other times, being that I am *sauvage* and used to do for myself. But it is a bore going to such places without one; and the very grand ladies who offer their services alarm me as much as my fit-out would amuse them. . . . Alas, that our first news [from N. Z.] should be so very doleful! I take

* See p. 83.

my sorrowful thoughts of you all to the cathedral, and find some comfort there.

The following letter from one outside the immediate circle at Lichfield, will give an idea how the Bishop's removal from New Zealand was viewed by his friends at home :—

MISS F. PATTESON *to* BISHOP PATTESON.

DEAREST COLEY,

What a change for all of you at the Antipodes has been wrought by the Primate's move ! When first you hear that the strong persuasions of the Archbishop, and the Queen's personal request and almost command, have induced him to accept the See of Lichfield, your feelings will be too much mixed for utterance. I think the sense of loss must rush uppermost ; and then the thought of England's gain, and great stirrings of heart as to God's providence, will follow. Then will come prayer that he may have been guided aright, and that you all may see this, and may be helped to carry on the work in closer union with the one only source of strength, when your greatest earthly assistance is removed from you. I will send you a copy of Mrs. Selwyn's letter, so that if she does not write herself you may see her thoughts. For I should not a bit wonder if her courage fails, and she lets the first news come to you from others. When first I saw in the papers that, after his refusal of Lichfield, the appointment had not been filled up and he had been asked to reconsider his answer, my heart misgave me ; and when the paper announced the fact, I did feel very very much cast down. Still I could see the grandeur of the self-renunciation, and the desire to be led straight onward and to obey. . . . I cannot myself anticipate anything but good from his coming. Such a man is of the very stamp to battle with the heathenism of the Black Country ; and to cry aloud until he gets a division of the work ; and, moreover, to rally men

round him. They have seen his energy in his missionary life, and have showed their appreciation of it by their vehement and universal welcome of him on his return, and their rejoicings at his promise to stay. Thus they will be ready to follow him as a leader, when a man of more self-indulgent life would be disregarded. It is a great boon to us personally. But I feel almost too near to him and Mrs. Selwyn, after their visit here, to look at it from outside. I feel *with* them, and not about them. . . . The M——s have a strong feeling that the Primate has almost broken his word by this step. For they affirm that he has not only always set his face against translations, but has continually asserted his intention of sticking to his own diocese as long as he could work, and has insisted upon the mischief of fresh men taking up the management. I never heard this either from you or him,—further than that he had cast in his lot with New Zealand, and intended to remain there. But that is in no way a binding assertion—simply an opinion or intention, which circumstances may overrule. I have written to Lady M——. Poor souls, I do unfeignedly pity them!

Your affectionate sister,

F. PATTESON.

Another letter, from one within the Lichfield circle, fully corroborates all that was written to Bishop Patteson:—

MRS. SELWYN *to* MISS F. PATTESON.

DEAREST F——,

How could I have written to you at this time, if things had been as heretofore with the Melanesian mission,—if the child had not left the parent nest and set up for itself? Your own kind and loving words make that easier, which is still very hard. There is so much that presses in every way. But at present, I own, the thing that presses me sorest is the thought of the dear people in New Zealand. Every thought of every one rises up with

a distinct and separate pain. But if the thing is right, all will come right. You know that it was not sought, and how little it was desired,—not at all, not one atom. He could refuse Lord Derby's offer by return of post, as he owned no duty there, and acknowledged no call. But the Archbishop shook him to the core; for he has ever obeyed when he recognized the duty. And then came the personal desire of the Queen. And thus he descends from his pedestal, and remains. In that descent, in the prospect of being misjudged in all this matter, in the thought that after years of work and antagonism in New Zealand he had gained the day and won his place, while here he falls upon evil times and uphill work once more,—in all this there is a measure of satisfaction. It is a test of motives, and a set-off against the unmitigated congratulations of those who only know one side of the case. Dear F——, it is an awful thing for any man to come in upon the back of such large expectations. You will remember him in your prayers, that he may be strengthened for the work to which (we may hope) he has been divinely called. Johnnie's resolution as to his calling in life remains steadfast, although he will now be called upon to help his father in a different way. I will send you a photo with the beloved old signature. I am glad for one reason, especially, that the Queen spoke to the Bishop as she did. The Maoris will recognize and understand her command, and also the Archbishop's; but they would not have made anything of Lord Derby. Farewell, dearest F——.

Your very affectionate

S. H. SELWYN.

Amid all his sorrowful thoughts, connected with the diocese which he had now for ever left, the Bishop found his usual and never-failing source of consolation in the sight of a vast field of action, awaiting his animating and directing presence in the midland counties. But his first care was to provide a successor for the See of Auckland—

the choice having been committed to him by the synod in New Zealand. He then, amid much confusion and discomfort, settled himself and his family in the half-restored palace, where many of the alterations were still incomplete. He arranged things as well as he could under the circumstances; and hammering and painting went on with redoubled vigour under his surveillance. Much had been done to the old house; and its aspect had been completely changed by the addition of a chapel and of two large wings in front of the main building. One of these wings contained offices for the Bishop's secretary and clerks, with bed-rooms above for the ordination candidates, who would thus in the future be always boarded and lodged at the palace, instead of being obliged to provide their own accommodation at the inns and lodgings about the town. The opposite wing consisted of a large hall for the ordination examinations, for lectures to the students at the college, and for meetings of various kinds. For instance, a missionary working-party had been started, before the Bishop's farewell visit to New Zealand, with Mrs. Selwyn as president; who told anecdotes of her experiences and adventures in the Southern Seas, and read letters from Melanesia, while garments were made for the scholars at Norfolk Island. This, too, found a place at the palace, the Bishop calling it his "Stitchery." In fact, for ten years that palace-hall formed a centre of diocesan and social life. The hospitable long tables spread there at all the diocesan festivals, where tired wayfarers were refreshed with simple viands and cheered by kindly words and attentions, must be still fresh in the memory of many. Missionary meetings—prize-givings for the Sunday-school children of the

diocese, with a hearty shake of the hand from the Bishop himself to each recipient—the entertainment of the work-house children every Christmas, with a social gathering of friends and neighbours afterwards,—everything, in short, was held there; and it seemed as if the great hall could not possibly have been dispensed with. It had become, as it were, the “parish-room” of the diocese.

While the Bishop was absent in New Zealand, a change had taken place at the cathedral, owing to the death of the Dean. His successor, the Rev. William Weldon Champneys, when Rector of Whitechapel, had taken an active part in helping forward the New Zealand mission by penny contributions from the scholars of his vast schools, whose interest had been excited by an address from Bishop Selwyn in 1854. In memory of this, when the Bishop and Dean found themselves still more closely connected together, side by side in the palace and deanery at Lichfield, a window was placed in the chapel, looking towards the deanery, in which was pictured the design of the medal which had been sent out by the Dean to be worn by the Maori children,—a map of the world, with England to the north and New Zealand to the south, and on a scroll joining them together the motto written: “Both one in Christ.” The other windows in the chapel were presented by the officers and men who had served in New Zealand during the war, in token of their gratitude for the Bishop’s attention to their bodily and spiritual welfare in that campaign. They all, therefore, present military scenes taken from Old Testament and New Testament story. But one of them had a special meaning of its own. It is a medallion depicting David

in the act of pouring out the longed-for "water of Bethlehem," procured for him by three of his "mighty men" at the risk of their own lives (2 Sam. xxiii. 16). This medallion is meant to commemorate the similar heroic action of Henere Taratoa (a pupil of the Bishop's at St. John's College, Auckland) already narrated.* He had there attached himself especially to Mr. Nihill; but, though very clever and wonderfully good at music and drawing, he did not then commend himself to the authorities as very "toward" and manageable. When the war afterwards broke out, he felt bound to join his tribe: and he was one of the defenders of the Gate Pa, near Tauranga, where the two brave Glovers fell and the 43rd Regiment suffered so severely. On the repulse of our troops, a wounded officer was left inside; and his faint cries for water could not be responded to,—for the nearest water was within the British lines. Whereupon this brave young Christian Maori crept down unobserved beyond the sentries, and brought safely back a vessel of water to refresh his enemy's dying lips. Next day, he too died a soldier's death; and on his person was found the text of Holy Scripture which had suggested this noble deed: "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

One of the first changes made by the Bishop in the diocesan arrangements was to hold confirmations annually instead of triennially. With the assistance of his two coadjutors (Bishop Abraham and Bishop Hobhouse) he was enabled to carry out this arduous undertaking. And in his pastoral letter to the clergy of the diocese in 1869, he says:—

* See p. 178.

I venture to hope, in submission to Him without whom we can do nothing, that I shall be able to administer the rite of confirmation annually in all the larger parishes; and once in two or three years in the smaller parishes, by a cycle so arranged that the confirmation may be held in each parish in turn. I hope it may thus be found possible to induce the parents and sponsors of the children to attend as witnesses of their confirmation. Upon this plan, no formal notice will be necessary to call upon you to collect your candidates. . . . The impulse will not be lost, nor will the dead weight have to be heaved afresh by a new effort; as the Bishop's invitation to hold a confirmation, and the clergyman's continued work in preparing his candidates, will be assumed as a matter of course.

His words later on, at a diocesan conference, on the same subject were as follows:—

Religious education comes to its point in the apostolical ordinance of confirmation. In that, the Holy Spirit seals and blesses the efforts of pastors, parents and sponsors, teachers of schools, masters and mistresses of families, to instruct the young committed to their charge in all things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health. With the aid of my coadjutor Bishops, I have been enabled to carry this holy ordinance into almost every parish in the diocese. The confirmations have been held annually, in order that the work of pastoral instruction may never cease, and that the harvest may be gathered in at the exact period of maturity. I desire the united prayers of the clergy, the constant teaching of the yearly class, the influence of the newly confirmed on the younger children who are next in succession.

It was a noble idea, and one well worthy of so faithful a pastor and so sound a Churchman. For the Church, by her characteristic phrase "baptismal regeneration"—as distinguished from the "sudden conversion" theory of

Dissent—lays her main stress on the gradual building-up, renewal, evolution, education of the Christian child. And so the steady catechizing of the young becomes one of the most important and essential duties that devolve upon the parish-priest. And it was, undoubtedly, for the express purpose of leaving room for the fulfilment of this ministry, that the Church has, in these Western lands, separated confirmation from its primitive and Oriental position as part of the ritual of baptism. Her intention was precisely that to which practical effect was now given in the diocese of Lichfield: viz. that the intervening time might be continuously used in quiet religious training, with confirmation (as the Church's "good degree") ever in view at the end. But with dioceses so vast as that of Lichfield—like most other English dioceses—then was, such an annual perambulation of two or three counties for confirmation purposes was a herculean task. Its success depended on fortunate circumstances, which could not be relied upon as always likely to be present—circumstances such as the possession by the Bishop of the most vigorous bodily powers, or his ability to command the services of devoted and efficient coadjutors. Either therefore dioceses must at last, in accordance with the earnest recommendation of the Puritans in 1660,* be subdivided; or else recourse must be had to the simple and practical system which has for ages been prevalent in the Eastern Church, where this particular part of the bishop's office is devolved, by express commission, upon the parish priests. In our own country it might easily be devolved upon the archdeacons. But, following the general opinion of his day,

* Cardwell, "Conferences on the Prayer-Book," p. 280.

Bishop Selwyn preferred the former of these two alternatives; and, as has been already noticed, he expressly arranged his "conferences" with a view to a rather minute eventual subdivision of dioceses.

But it soon appeared that even his massive frame and calm powerful mind would with difficulty stand the strain that he had determined to put upon it. Before seven months had elapsed his health gave signs of breaking down. It is true that the huge burden of the diocese was not alone responsible for this misfortune. The illness and unexpected death of his brother Charles, the Lord Justice Selwyn, whom he had so lately visited at Richmond, told heavily upon him; the more so, as it was abruptly telegraphed to him while holding a public meeting, and he had violently to suppress his feelings till the meeting was over. Another subject of great public anxiety at this time, the proposed disestablishment of the Irish Church, caused him no small mental distress. The consequence was that, in August, 1869, while busily engaged in energetic ministries of all kinds—especially to the young—in Derbyshire, he suddenly succumbed to an attack of nervous prostration; and a period of rest for two months was imperatively insisted on by his medical adviser. Fortunately, he was staying at the time in a delightful house, near Chapel-en-le-Frith, whose mistress was, not only a most kind, but a most practical woman. Her thoughtfulness always provided in the spare-room a small phial of brandy, in case any guest might be suddenly taken ill. And this provision it was which—during a night of faintness and apparently approaching death—saved the Bishop's life. Bishop Abraham, too, was fortunately at hand, and soon

received a formal commission to hold the September ordination in Lichfield Cathedral. Indeed, every one was ready to help in any way he could—if it were only by suppressing the irritating letter, consigning the unwelcome newspaper-cutting to the waste-paper basket, and deferring in respectful silence the expression of some long-meditated and time-honoured grievance. Had a similar consideration always been shown to him, perhaps a life so unspeakably precious to his diocese, and to the whole Anglican communion, might have been much further prolonged than it ultimately was. At all events, a certain drawer in the Bishop's beautiful study-table, inlaid with variously grained woods from his beloved New Zealand forests—vast solitudes, where he had so often walked amid Nature's restoring peace—would have been less crowded than it was with stout cartridge-paper envelopes, each docketed with some parish squabble, or clerical complaint, or personal dispute.

However, ere two months were passed, all hearts were cheered by the good news that the Bishop was better, and, with his wonted energy not much impaired, was likely to be very soon again at work among the Dalesmen of the Peak, the grimy puddlers of the Black Country, and the squires or "noble lords" who would insist upon "killing the Bishop with kindness," especially by exhibiting him at unwelcome public luncheons, and by proposing superfluous votes of thanks to him (as he humorously complained) for "simply doing his duty." "For doing one's duty"—it was one of his favourite maxims—"no man ought to be publicly thanked." No doubt he felt with St. Paul, "If I were doing this thing as a mere volunteer,

I might have some claim to reward ; but if I am acting under commission, then it is simply a case of fulfilling a trust : and ‘Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel.’”*

Meantime the much-dreaded Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church had (in July, 1869) been finally passed by Mr. Gladstone’s Government, and had received the Queen’s assent. Now, of all men living at that time, there was one whose experience in the organization and equipment of a disestablished Church was absolutely unique. Bishop Selwyn had himself—with the invaluable aid of his trusty friend, Sir William Martin, Chief Justice of New Zealand—actually carried his Church, with brilliant and permanent success, through all the throes of disconnection from the State. Fifteen years before, he had undertaken a long voyage to England on purpose to clear the way from all legal and political difficulties. And at last (in July, 1858) the New Zealand Legislature had passed a bill recognizing the entire independence of the Church and sanctioning the General Synod as the governing body of the whole ecclesiastical province of New Zealand. This synod had accordingly met in 1859 ; and had sat with great regularity ever since—on the model of the American “General Convention”—every three years. Bishop Selwyn’s experience, too, had been enriched, and the wisdom of his method had been confirmed, by observation of somewhat dissimilar, though analogous, methods followed by Canada in 1861, and by Australia in 1866. And now, in 1869, this “wise master-builder” had been removed to England—providentially, as it might have seemed,—just in time to take a leading part in the re-

* 1 Cor. ix. 16.

arrangement of Irish Church affairs. Will it be believed?—his advice was never even asked; his accumulated stores of experience were never drawn upon. Is it that a certain fatality overhangs everything Irish? Or is it that, in those days, neither Churchmen nor politicians at home had yet awoke to the transcendent importance and profound interest of our colonies; and were therefore disposed good-humouredly to smile at colonial ways, and to “pass them by on the other side”? On either supposition, a great opportunity was lost. And Bishop Selwyn—though he was the last man in the world to complain of any slight or neglect—on one occasion, and one alone, let fall an allusion to the subject which sufficiently revealed what he felt.

There is no doubt (he writes to Sir William Martin) that the Irish Church may be made far more efficient than before. But two rocks are ahead, self-interest and party-spirit. Bishop Abraham and I hold up New Zealand. But people in England do not like a little child to lead them? Thus, pleasing nobody, I shall probably have no part in rebuilding the Irish Church,—though I feel as if I had served an apprenticeship qualifying me to act as a master-builder.

But whether personally consulted or not, there is little doubt that our great Bishop exercised, by the far-reaching good sense of his arrangements for New Zealand, a preponderating influence upon the fortunes of the sister Church in Ireland. For almost every important provision embodied in the “Constitution of the Irish Church” in 1870, and since tested by many years of practical utility, had previously been proved and tested by thirteen years of successful working in New Zealand. A *general synod*, composed of three distinct orders—bishops, clergy, and laity, all sitting

and debating together, but voting separately by "orders"—is the keystone in the constitution of both Churches. A subordinate system of *diocesan synods*, formed on the same model as the general synod, is also an essential feature in both cases. *Standing committees*—fly-wheels, as it were, to carry on the momentum of the machine in the intervals between the actual session of these synods—are a device common to both. *Ecclesiastical tribunals*, constituted by the authority of the general synod, but empowered to act only on such persons as have voluntarily consented to be judged thereby, are in either case the extremest form of coercive authority to be set in motion. *Boards of patronage*, at which the wishes of parishioners can make themselves heard, and which bind each parish to contribute to the support of its own clergyman; a careful *register* of Church-members; and a financial board, or *representative body*, recognized by the law as the responsible manager of the property of the Church;—these also are arrangements common to the two communions who were successively called upon, at opposite ends of the earth, to take measures for their own government apart from all further interference from the State. In one word, *they both fell back upon the living principle of primitive Christianity, viz. voluntary consent.* Divorced by "disestablishment" from the coercive authority of the State, they both took refuge in the persuasive authority of the Church; and only invoked the aid of the State when voluntary contracts had been formally entered into—with which, of course, no man may be permitted to play fast and loose at his own pleasure.

It was on this point that, at the very first meeting of

the New Zealand general synod (March 9, 1859), Bishop Selwyn had spoken as follows :—

The present meeting is the fulfilment of hopes which have been cherished by many of us during a period of fifteen years. In the year 1844, the first synod was held at the Waimaté ; but, in the uncertainty which prevailed on the subject of Church-government in the colonies, many high authorities in England censured our proceedings as illegal. Being well aware that this opinion was unfounded, I was not deterred from holding a second synod at Auckland in 1847, at which I read a correspondence between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Gladstone, containing a proposal for a Church-constitution in which the three orders of bishops, clergy, and laity should be associated *on the basis of voluntary compact*. These diocesan synods of 1844 and 1847 were exclusively clerical : but from that time, efforts have never been intermitted with a view to the admission of lay-representatives. . . . We have not acted unadvisedly in avoiding, as much as possible, all application to the Colonial Legislature. The constitution given us in one session might have been altered in another. These and many more reasons induced the conference at Auckland, in 1857, to concur in founding our Church-constitution on the basis of *mutual and voluntary compact*.

If we now turn to the disestablished Church in Ireland, we shall find its constitution thus laid down by its own general convention, assembled for the purpose in 1870 :—

The general synod shall consist of three orders, viz., the bishops, clergy, and laity,—sitting together for deliberation and transaction of business. A canon of the general synod shall thenceforth be a law of the Church of Ireland, and binding on all the members thereof. . . . And whereas it is necessary that ecclesiastical tribunals be established, there shall be a diocesan court in each diocese. . . . Where the bishop shall in open court

pronounce sentence according to law, . . . with liberty of appeal to the court of the general synod.*

This phrase, "according to law," is explained by the express language of the disestablishing Act of 1869 :—

The present ecclesiastical law of Ireland,—subject to such alterations as may (after January 1, 1871) be duly made therein, according to the constitution of the said Church,—shall be deemed to be binding on the members for the time being, in the same manner *as if such members had mutually contracted and agreed* to abide by and observe the same; and shall be capable of being enforced in the temporal courts in relation to any property. . . . But nothing herein contained shall be construed to confer on any bishop, or other ecclesiastical person, any *coercive* jurisdiction whatsoever.†

But in spite of the great similarity between these two cases, and the remarkable avoidance in both instances of the grave mistakes made in disestablishing other Churches,—for instance, in Canada and Victoria, where Acts of Parliament were unwisely invoked to arrange their general synods in detail,—nevertheless, until the State had finally determined on the severance of the Irish Church from the State, Bishop Selwyn felt himself bound strenuously to oppose the measure. No doubt he had not forgotten his words at Auckland in 1859: "If the Church of England were but disestablished, how grandly she would prosper." But this had been said in the enthusiasm of triumph, at seeing his beloved Church of New Zealand fairly launched and afloat. When the complexities of the question, as it presents itself in the old long-settled countries of Europe,

* "Acts of the General Convention, 1870," pp. 4, 10, 48, 55.

† "Irish Church Act," § 20.

came clearly before him, he modified his opinion. This appeared so early as March, 1868, when he spoke thus in Staffordshire :—

I am personally acquainted with Mr. Gladstone ; he was a school-fellow of mine. Nevertheless, he will have my most determined opposition [on the disestablishment of the Irish Church], because I believe that his resolutions are but the first of a series, which will end in attacking the Church of England. It has been supposed that, because I lived for twenty-six years in the midst of a non-established Church and saw it grow up in spite of the inconveniences of the voluntary principle, I am therefore in favour of that principle. Nothing of the kind. I tried to make the best of the New Zealand Church ; and I succeeded by this very organization of synods, without which we could not have held our ground for a moment. . . . I avow myself the most determined upholder (so help me God !) of the Church established, both in Ireland and England.

With equal clearness and decision he spoke out (June 18, 1869) in the House of Lords, during the debate on the third reading of the Bill. That august assembly, fenced round with every sort of factitious old-world solemnity and expecting to be addressed in measured tones and carefully rounded periods, formed an uncongenial audience for a Peer ennobled by twenty-six years of rough missionary work in New Zealand forests and on rolling Southern Seas. The present occasion, therefore, was the only one which ever, in all his life, drew from him any lengthened effort of Parliamentary oratory : and the speech was (as might be anticipated) a most curious and characteristic one.

My lords (he said), though I appear here as a young member of your lordships' house, I am an old member of my order. . . . In

the diocese over which I presided, I was disestablished and disendowed fourteen years ago. I feel, therefore, that I can trust myself on this occasion to form an unprejudiced opinion and to give a conscientious vote. Now, my lords, I shall vote against this Bill, because I object to its principle and to almost every one of its details. The United Church of England and Ireland is one Church, and I see no reason why that union should be dissolved; just as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is one kingdom, and I see no reason why that union should be repealed. But I hope, my lords, you will not think I am going to defend abuses. I am ready to join my old friend Mr. Gladstone in cutting out all abuses, root and branch. I believe I am as great a Radical in that respect as he. But I am not prepared to admit that the establishment of part of the English Church in Ireland is itself an abuse: and that, I believe, is the principle of the Bill. . . . I think "disendowment" a very ugly word—it seems to me a very ugly word. The question of disendowment assumes a very serious form when it means that the State may save its own pockets by confiscating the property of the Church. . . . If there be any property which belongs fairly to the Church of Rome, by all means let it be given up. But the Church of England professes no sympathy with the antiquated system of confiscation; on the contrary, we believe there cannot be a worse system. New Zealand furnishes the strongest evidence that can be found of the evil of such a policy: because there the British Government has had to spend five millions in order to undo its ruinous effects. . . . When the clergy consented to be taxed in common with the laity, they did not mean that the State should, whenever it might think proper, put its hand into the treasury of the Church and take out what it pleased, to pay its own debts. . . . The reasons assigned are—first, that the Established Church is a badge of slavery. Now, my lords, I do not know anything in England which is not a badge of slavery, except the National Anthem. Scott informs us that "beef" and "mutton" are signs of the Norman Conquest. Even the presence of the Princess of Wales among us is a "badge of slavery;" for we know

that her ancestors (the Danes) overran a great part of England, and that she has conquered the whole. . . . Let me take another argument. Unfortunately the treasury bench is now deserted [Lord Dufferin was, at that moment, its only occupant]: but this is the bench on which sit the representatives of the Queen's supremacy. Now you are responsible if, by your advice, contrary to the honour of the crown and the advantage of the kingdom, you abridge the number of persons who are willing to recognize her Majesty's supremacy. . . . I have myself seen how it is possible for the three forms of establishment which you find in Ireland to work together harmoniously. In New Zealand I was one of three military chaplains who all held the commission of her Majesty: there was an excellent Roman Catholic chaplain; and there was a Presbyterian chaplain. Charity and good feeling prevailed. . . . You cannot expect me to vote for the expulsion [from Parliament] of these right reverend brethren of mine! You cannot expect me to desert them, as mice—I will not say "rats"—desert a sinking ship! Sink or swim, as a bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland, I stand by the side of these right reverend prelates. . . . The poor are the persons for whom an establishment provides. Speaking from my own experience in the colonies, where we are non-established, I can bear testimony to the fact that rivalry between the religious bodies prevents the government making any allowance whatever for [religious instruction in] gaols or hospitals. . . . You have begun at the wrong end. For the real difficulty and danger in Ireland, everybody admits, is the land. Why not, then, go boldly into the question of "the land"? Why not adopt a sound solid system which should place honest and intelligent farmers in the possession of a portion of the land which they till? . . . I believe this bill to be the beginning of a long war against all establishments, in both Great Britain and Ireland. . . . But I have this consolation: however erroneous the act of conciliation may appear to be, I hope it will be recognized in the great council now about to be assembled at Rome, that . . . to the light of the English Bible, which in the Reformation rose upon our land, it is owing that the

British Parliament is resolved, in a spirit of impartial justice and comprehensive charity, to redress the wrongs of Ireland and to heal her bleeding wounds.*

It may be safely affirmed that no more "colonial" and rough-hewn speech than this has ever been heard within the decorous precincts of the Upper House. But who can fail to perceive what tossing waves of conflicting sentiment here raise their heads and heighten in mutual recoil, till they break at last in blinding foam against the sullenly opposing rock? Loyalty to his order, obedience to the summons of superior authority, remembrance of the splendid freedom of his own lately disestablished Church, fear lest the poor should suffer by disestablishment at home, hope that the irreconcilable Romanists might possibly be reconciled, dread of a great revolution in which this measure would count but as a small instalment,—all these discordant feelings were working together, in somewhat chaotic fashion, in his mind; and they resolved themselves at last into a stern uncompromising resistance to a measure which others hailed as an act of justice and a providential withdrawal of the Irish Church from amid the torrent-fury of approaching nationalist strife. Among these last was one whose character and behaviour was in many ways very similar to those of Bishop Selwyn, while both his antecedents and his opinions were entirely different. The future Bishop of Manchester, James Fraser, thus writes on March 4, 1869:—

Come what may of it in the shape of consequences to the Church of England, I cannot resist the justice of Gladstone's

* Hansard, "Parliamentary Debates," 1879.

measure; while the spirit in which he introduced his bill has quite rehabilitated him in my eyes, as the statesman best qualified, of all we have now, to deal with the problems of the age.*

Dr. Hook also, another representative man of the time, took a favourable view of the measure.† Perhaps the truth is, that it was both a righteous and an inevitable solution of a distracting problem; but that its "consequences" were more shrewdly foreseen by Bishop Selwyn than by most of those who took part in its discussion.

About this time a question, of a much narrower and more theological character, unfortunately arose to disturb the peace of the Church; and on this, too, Bishop Selwyn fearlessly gave utterance to an equally strong opinion. A vacancy had occurred during this summer in the See of Exeter; and Mr. Gladstone had recommended Dr. Temple—one of the writers in "Essays and Reviews"—for the important post. Dr. Temple was at this time head-master of Rugby School, and had displayed in that responsible position every quality which should render him successful as the administrator of a diocese. But in 1869 that great ebb of Christian belief was beginning, which has since caused an ever-deepening anxiety to the Church. And the ecclesiastical leaders of the day—especially those whose opinions had been formed at a much earlier epoch—were naturally both alarmed and incensed. Hence, on October 11th, at a great meeting of the English Church Union held at Devonport, a violent opposition to Dr. Temple's appointment was set on foot. Dr. Pusey went so far as to say it was "a horrible scandal;" when, "without any token of repentance,

* Hughes, "Life of Bishop Fraser" (1887), p. 159.

† Stephens, "Life of Dr. Hook" (7th ed.), p. 559.

a writer with the blood of all those souls upon his head is recommended as the guardian of the faith which once he destroyed." And he ventured to add, "Disestablishment appears to me now our only remedy." But, replied Dr. Temple in a letter to the editor of a newspaper, "to allow that a bishop-designate should be called upon to make any other declaration than those required by law, would be a serious infringement of ecclesiastical liberty;" and it was pointed out that his essay was, after all, only a sermon which had been preached, some time before, from the university pulpit at Oxford, and had been reprinted without any expression of concurrence in all the miscellaneous opinions which "Essays and Reviews" might contain. At any rate, honour and dignity alike forbade the writer from publicly repudiating his colleagues, even had he wished to do so. Nevertheless, the opposition with dwindling force went on, led mainly by Bishop Trower as a member of the Exeter Cathedral Chapter; and when, at length, the consecration took place in Westminster Abbey (December 21, 1869), a written protest, demanding at least further delay, was handed in by four opposing bishops, viz., the Bishops of Gloucester, Hereford, Lincoln, and Lichfield.

There is no question that this high elevation of one among the most advanced skirmishers along the extremest frontiers of orthodoxy was a true sign of the times. All honour, therefore, to loyal and far-seeing Churchmen who could not, and would not, avert their eyes from the fact that a vast revolution in theological opinion had begun. Nor is it undesirable that men of the "older learning" should strongly resist such innovations. For it is only

by facing honest resistance that the character and the strength of such innovations can ever really be tested. Should they survive and grow and push their way to the front, then it is time to leave the arena open for free controversy to arise and to do its proper work. Meantime the feelings and opinions of many Church leaders, like Bishop Selwyn, at this juncture may be judged of by the following lively letter, written a few weeks later on :—

I have never (writes Mrs. Selwyn to a dear friend in New Zealand) seen George so well since he was ill ; and he has regained his looks too. Our next move was to Walcot, Lord Powis's pretty place in Shropshire, where all that remains of the largest conservatories in England is one grand house all ablaze with camellias. At Walcot we met the Napiers of Magdala. A most unassuming hero is he, and George had some pleasant intercourse with him. General Wilbraham—a fine specimen of a godly soldier—was also there, with his bright, tall daughter. I do not mean that he is an exclusive Puritan, and talks good, and sits in judgment on his fellow-creatures ; but he is after the pattern of Cornelius, and, I doubt not, does great good at Netley, as he did before in the Crimea. . . . With the large family party at Walcot we are always very happy. It was an amusement to us, on Sunday, to go to Bishop's Castle, where our tent would have been pitched had not the course of events happily diverted us to New Zealand. Albeit, I thought it very unhappy at the time. We came back to Lichfield for a day, and then went to Nottingham, to the consecration of Lincoln's suffragan. The occasion was graced by the presence of Lycurgus, Archbishop of Syra, and his archimandrites. The Archbishop is treated with wonderful deference by his "subs." They neither sit nor eat in his presence ; but, haply, they smoke the pipe of peace together. At any rate, a good whiff was left in our bed-room. The consecration was followed by a banquet in the

town-hall, where the Bishop of Lincoln read, rather than spoke, an address in Greek, first asking his friends not to criticize his "quantities," because the Modern Greek differs from (what is perhaps) our barbarous pronunciation. I thought it all a bad exchange for the rolling Greek, of which I hear so much from George and Charles [Bishop Abraham].

On the 7th, we went up to London for convocation. The cold set in fiercely the next day. But George is braced by frost, and I, being Cockneyfied, am always very well in London. We had divers bishops at the same hotel, who were all of one mind touching Temple of Exeter. They came home on Thursday with thankfulness at his consenting to withdraw his name from the unhappy book; but on Friday they returned disheartened and downcast at the tone of his second speech. He evidently had repented of his repentance, and came forward as the champion of free-thought and free-handling. You will see, too, the discussion about a new translation [the Revised Version]. If they confine themselves to copious marginal readings, very good! But if the text is altered, I hope the old one will last my time; for a great deal more than my strong conservative feelings would be touched by this. On Sunday, we went to the Abbey, where the *commissionaires*—a body of old soldiers—were keeping their anniversary. Dean Stanley preached them a sermon on "manliness." It really was good, and we were truly glad to escape "free-thought," and so forth. Afterwards, I ran away out of the cold. But George felt at home among the soldiers—all the more because the New Zealand medal had been sent to him from the War-office the day before. . . . We called on "Gloucester and Bristol," who has a house in Portland Place for five months. George thinks he should be sick of it in five weeks. But he is happier in London now that he has established relations with King's College Hospital, and can take services in the wards. The new St. Thomas's looks very large, even opposite the Houses of Parliament, and quite eclipses Lambeth Palace. But, if I were Archbishop of Canterbury, I should like to have a hospital next door.

In October, 1869, the Bishop returned to Lichfield ; where, meanwhile, good seed was already being sown, which has since borne admirable fruit. For in December, for the first time, the general chapter of the cathedral was assembled by the Bishop, with a special view to a thorough revision of the ancient Latin statutes of the cathedral, and a presentation of them in a modern English form. This urgently-needed work—if, at least, the cathedral was ever to become once more a real power for good in the diocese—was gladly and even enthusiastically welcomed by the chapter. And after five years of labour a result was reached (in 1875) which has since been crowned, not only with private approval, but with public sanction from her Majesty's Cathedral Commission in 1886. For while every other cathedral in the kingdom was then called upon to alter and adapt its statutes, Lichfield alone received its existing statutes back without a single proposed alteration.

Another good work, of a more directly religious kind, was also set on foot by the same chapter, under the Bishop's inspiring initiation. This was the project of carrying evangelist "missions" into the Black Country and the Potteries, under the guidance and by the authority of the chapter at the head-quarters of the diocese. No one who has witnessed the striking developments which this mission movement of 1869 has attained in later years, under Bishop Maclagan, or who has taken part in the crowded festivals of communicants (sometimes a thousand strong) now held annually in the nave of the cathedral, can doubt that an evangelistic work of the greatest importance was thus begun ; nor can we wonder at the tone

of thankful contentment which breathes through the following letter:—

My husband (writes Mrs. Selwyn) is hoping to organize some mission-work, in conjunction with the Great Chapter who are to meet to-morrow in the cathedral. And as our sturdy Archdeacon [Moore] himself proposed the resolution, and as the Dean [Champneys] is interested and coöperative, there will (I hope) be no opposition. But the mission priests—who have the mind of the preaching Friars, I think—desire to put “confession” prominently forward; which would throw off a good many supporters. After any awakening, such as is the special object of the mission, the thing itself, the unburdening of the conscience, would come naturally,—as it did with the Maories. But it does not seem needful to call it by a controversial name which strokes the hair of many the wrong way . . . It will be a great happiness to George to realize some part of his ancient dream that cathedrals should fulfil their founders’ wishes, and become again a source of life and light to the world around them. The dense masses in our neighbouring Black Country offer a fine field . . .

The chapter is over! It has been a great success. But as it was conducted according to some rules laid down in 1470, which swear them to secrecy, we cannot “pump” the bishops. Thus much we gather: that it was very satisfactory and a step gained; and George is very happy for his cathedral’s sake. If they were as vigorous in council as they were in cold collation afterwards, they will do well.

One of the first laymen licensed by the Bishop to serve in the diocese was the late John Nock Bagnall, one of the principal ironmasters of South Staffordshire. He was from his youth an earnest Churchman, and had long before devoted his life to the service of God. He was, therefore, especially fitted to be a pioneer in this good work of lay-evangelization. Accordingly, though living in the country

a few miles from Lichfield, he often, at great inconvenience to himself, went Sunday after Sunday to hold a service at West Bromwich in the Black Country. "I believe in him," was the remark of a passer-by to one of his congregation; "he isn't paid for it, and yet he leaves his home twelve miles away to come and preach." On a fine summer afternoon he would go out in surplice and cassock, accompanied by a choir headed by a cross-bearer, and conduct a short service at some favourable spot; and he never failed to gather a goodly company round him, who listened earnestly to his eloquent preaching. For ten years he worked as lay-deacon at West Bromwich, and afterwards offered his services to the Vicar of Ogle Hay, near Brown-hills. Here he worked until failing health obliged him to retire from all public life, and one of the clergy who was serving the parish at the same time writes—

I have often said to myself, "If a layman like Colonel Bagnall could work and do so much for Christ and His Church, what ought not a clergyman to do!" I learned from him, on Brown-hills Common, what I have since tried to practise—to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. His example I shall not easily forget.

In conjunction with General Drake, R.E., another of the licensed lay-deacons of the diocese, Colonel Bagnall held special evening services in the village reading-room at Shenstone during Advent and Lent, and by the express sanction of the Bishop he was permitted to give some addresses in the parish church on Sunday evenings during Advent.

Such "missions" as these (said the Bishop, in a subsequent

address at Wolverhampton) will unite together in harmonious action the divers gifts of the Spirit, which God has distributed among different men; will combine in one organization zealous workers in each parish; and, by concentrating their attention upon the sins specially prevalent in that parish, will rouse up the mass of the people to seek after those truths which will make them wise unto salvation.

These words of the Bishop received striking confirmation, shortly afterwards, in a parish in the Black Country. For many years the self-devotion of the clergy had produced no visible effect whatsoever. As a last resort, therefore, a "mission" was attempted; and happening to be emphasized by a violent thunder-storm, in which one of the villagers was killed, it produced a perfect transformation in the character of the place. Pigeons kept for betting purposes were got rid of; cards were flung into the fire; wives, who had never seen their husbands come home sober, now saw them hastening to church; and unmarried women were now no longer afraid to be out after dark. The final result was a great confirmation, held by Bishop Selwyn; at which no less than one hundred and twenty adults presented themselves—some being over fifty, and some even over seventy, years of age. In short, "the mass of the people were aroused to seek after the truths which made them wise unto salvation."

CHAPTER III.

1870.

The Theological College—Mr. Forster's Education Act—Ritual disputes at Wolverhampton—A Unitarian "Reviser" at Holy Communion in Westminster Abbey—Keble College opened—The Franco-German War—University Tests Bill—Work in the mining-districts.

THE new year now opening was destined, throughout the country, to be devoted to the subject of education. It was appropriately begun, therefore, in the diocese of Lichfield, by an appeal to the laity to support their Bishop's schemes for extending and improving the training given to candidates for Holy Orders. The "extension" of such training was, characteristically enough, to be carried downwards to reach even the lower grades of society,—Bishop Selwyn holding a firm belief that vast resources, both of energy and devotion, lay there at the disposal of the Church, if she had only faith and skill enough to use them. Accordingly, he propounded to the diocese what he called a "probationer-scheme,"—in other words, a plan for encouraging and aiding young men, who were already engaged in lay-work of various kinds, and who were anxious eventually to dedicate their whole lives to their Master's service, to prepare themselves for the ministry by a three-years' course

of study. Perhaps the scheme will be best explained by quoting the words used by the principal of the college at Stoke-on-Trent a little later on. Speaking of the increasing number of young men who were anxious to take Holy Orders, but who had not the means of supporting themselves during two years at the Theological College, he said :—

Should such men be discouraged because they are poor? That would be strangely forgetful of the first principles of the Church. In this dilemma, the Bishop has invented a scheme—something like the Oxford and Cambridge local-examination scheme—which secured several good objects at once. In the first place, his own cathedral chapter was induced to take a lively interest in the matter, and to examine the “probationers” who might present themselves. And next, the parochial clergy all over the diocese have been turned into the most able and effective recruiting sergeants. The clergyman recommends a young man, directs him in his studies, employs him in parish work, and certifies every half-year his diligence and good conduct. Then, at the end of two years, the Theological College receives him for one more year of final training, supporting him meanwhile by an exhibition drawn from surplus college fees. This is the “probationer system.” And we submit that such a system may draw into the Church’s service a large number of earnest and able men, who would otherwise be lost to her; that many a bank-parlour, counting-house, school-room, and even workshop, may thus be laid under contribution; and so that each class of society, being allowed to offer its sons for her service, will find in the Church a matter of common interest and a common field of labour.*

* E. A. C., p. 52. A few years later on, a local newspaper informed the world how no less than twenty-three young men appeared, in April, at the Bishop’s palace for examination as “probationers.” They acquitted themselves exceedingly well; and “one of them—a blacksmith, from Derbyshire—delighted a grave D.D. by his facile manner of Greek-construing, and by his vigour and power of mind.”

It is possible (no doubt) that in this matter, as in some others, the Bishop's colonial experience a little misled him. He probably underrated the aristocratic feeling which seems to be ingrain in the English people, and which makes them always prefer a "gentleman" to lead them, whether in spiritual or in temporal matters. This feeling certainly seems strangely out of place in a Church founded by fishermen and tax-gatherers: and Bishop Selwyn was never tired of stigmatizing it as "the gentleman-heresy."* But if it exists, it must be taken account of. And perhaps the experience of more than fifteen years has led a good many Churchmen to modify their first ardour for a presbyterate drawn from all orders of society indiscriminately; and to propound schemes for utilizing in lay-agency the vast silent current of religious earnestness which had so long been allowed to run to waste. The office of "reader," especially, seems ready to hand; and when this "minor order" had been somewhat elevated in dignity and enlarged in powers by Bishop Selwyn, it at once began to attract many devout laymen who had no wish at all to be saluted as "reverend," and who, supporting themselves, were no drain upon the ebbing revenues of the Church.

Among the minor educational schemes of this educational year, which were warmly urged forward by the Bishop, was the provision of college-buildings for his young

* In England, however, as well as in New Zealand, two sorts of "gentlemen" came under Bishop Selwyn's notice, and were easily discriminated by his searching glance. Any man seemed instantly to acquire a claim to his respect who did what he could for himself, instead of making use of the services of other people; and he often related how the Maoris used to say, "Gentleman-gentleman does not mind what he does; but pig-gentleman is very particular." (E. A. C., p. 54.)

theologians at Lichfield, so as to gather them together under one roof and under one easy system of domestic discipline. It so happened that, at this moment, a large and suitable house, nestled under the very shadow of the cathedral, fell vacant; and the Bishop strongly urged the diocese to purchase the property, and convert the house, with its extensive stables and outbuildings, into a college. The following letter, written by Mrs. Selwyn about this time, will show that other and far larger educational schemes were also in the air:—

I will take you first to Birmingham, whither we went to get furniture for the rooms [in the palace] now finished for the ordination candidates. The rail from Lichfield to Birmingham, and from Lichfield to Wolverhampton, is very familiar to us now. It is not pretty; but George looks very lovingly at the tumble-down houses, and furnaces, and pit-mounds, indicating the vast underground population. . . . At Bakewell we were in a very different region; and I took the opportunity of going to see at Derby a House of Mercy—a “Refuge,” as they call it. By my “cabby’s” inquiries, I found the place was called “New Zealand,” as he asked his fellow “How far do you call it to New Zealand?” When I came out, my friend had disappeared, and a passer-by chucked his thumb towards a public-house, and said, “Ye’ll find him there, no doubt.” But there were many “publics,” and my punctilio restrained me from going to their respective taps to fish out my cabby. So I trudged on; and after a while he rattled up, saying, “Bless ye! I was asleep inside all the time.” The Refuge made one’s mouth water for such appliances to promote good washing in New Zealand. They were wholly wanting in the “Female Aboriginesses’ Auckland Washing Institution” of famous memory. But the proper conduct of these homes is beset with difficulties. After a life of wild excitement and lawlessness, it is very difficult to prevent *this* life from being so dull to the poor

things, especially in an atmosphere where amusement is thought wrong, and "addressing the natives" is the order of the day.

The line to Bakewell is very pretty. Dr. Balston is now established there as parson. He was very anxious to come and work under George, who was only too glad to have this bright and efficient man among his clergy. George confirmed about eighty here, and preached in vigorous style without being the worse. . . . We left in a day or so, for a great black place which has sprung up near Wellington, Shropshire. There was a meeting of clergy about some mission-work among the mining population, and then a service at the church, where my old man preached. I like to be with him, to stop off work and make him rest before any strain on his powers. So I go about "like a parched pea" at present. But his next visit to Ellesmere and Whitchurch I missed, alas! and he went and preached three sermons, and held a meeting too. Such a thing it is to have absent "cats"! But I was very angry.

At some schools we visited, the Prussian plan of teaching drawing side by side with writing is adopted. It is well that we "old fogies" shall have passed away before these young ones come into play. The "masses," as they are called, will be a most *instructed* race; but, happen, not better *educated* than those who learnt their Bible and catechism in the old days. Mr. Forster's scheme gave satisfaction and surprise to many at first; but a shade of doubt arises as to ulterior developments, to be evolved by Mr. Gladstone. It creates a huge stir here—the effects of which I should think you would feel by-and-by [in New Zealand], as your legislators would never be behindhand. The steam that people get up about it is astonishing. I suppose, when it gets into the Lords, we shall go up to vote. But George does not care for London or Lords in comparison with his confirmations and diocesan work. On Sunday, he and Mr. Thatcher drove out to a curious place called "No Man's Heath," where the church stands in three counties, and where, in former times, no end of prize-fights were fought. A population of squatters has grown up, who come very trim to church, have a surpliced choir, and do the thing well.

We had Johnnie with us on Monday, ready to be off at early dawn on Tuesday, April 5th (George's birthday), to London for the boat-race. We came out in light blue, with a flag at the top of the palace; the Lonsdales ditto; the deanery hoisted dark blue. The telegram came at 7 p.m., with the good news that Cambridge had won. The *Spectator* is highly superior about it—being Oxford, I suppose; the *Times* is more genial. The *Sporting Illustrated* came out that evening with a portrait of George—"the rowing bishop." He thinks, however, that opinions will vary about the pronunciation of *rowing*, as applied to him. . . . At Hereford we heard Mr. Carter, of Clewer, who had come to preach a Lenten sermon in the cathedral. It was very good; and the man, who looks and is so saintly, is a sermon in himself. Liddon seems a man raised up to meet the infidelity so prevalent in this day. He can fight with their German weapons—and with others that are far stronger. . . .

After many protocols, the question of the college-house is settled. There is a great house on the other side of the cathedral (ours is on the north side), with a garden sloping to the Minster Pool; and the most hospitable visions float across my husband's mind, in view of rows of empty rooms. They will hold all the candidates that we can't take in here at the ordinations. We are having Passion-week services every evening in the cathedral; and on Tuesday our Johnnie preached. I went to see my boy, but felt horribly nervous—without cause; for Johnny was self-possessed and very nice, I think.

Yes, unbelief was indeed beginning to be prevalent; and if increased "instruction" could ward off the evil, Mr. Forster's new bill—introduced on February 17, 1870, into the House of Commons—could hardly fail to produce the desired effect. For it made a new departure in primary education, such as no other state measure has ever done. The aim was to arouse the interest of the whole country in education, and to spread more equably the

burden of its support, by the institution of "School Boards." Theoretically, they were to begin by supplementing the work of national education already long ago set on foot by the Church and by the British and Foreign School Society. Practically, it was hoped, they would soon extinguish the Church schools altogether, and would cover the country with an educational network of school-committees (elected by the ratepayers) to whom should be entrusted the responsibility of deciding what amount, and what sort, of religious instruction should be given. The Act therefore comprised five main points: (1) compulsion upon parents to send their children to school; (2) examination of all primary schools alike, whether "denominational" or not, by a public inspector; (3) a provision that such inspector should be quite unbiased by any religious preferences; (4) a conscience-clause, as the *sine quâ non* in all cases for a grant of public money; (5) the election of local "boards," wherever necessary, to whom the whole "religious difficulty" should be absolutely committed for solution.

It need not be said that the raising of this question gave rise to very animated discussion, both within and without the borders of the Church of England. The clergy feared that the measure would tend to withdraw the children of the poor from religious influences, and would eventually produce a rising generation of "clever devils." The laity hoped that an increase of knowledge would bring with it a decrease of crime,—believing probably (with Plato) that all vice arises from ignorance of the terrible consequences that vice entails. Had the clergy not been so strangely ill-advised as to resent, and

in many cases vehemently to resist, the milder check of a simple "conscience-clause"—meant to secure for children of dissenters immunity from proselytism in Church schools,—it is probable that the stronger remedy of school boards would never have been heard of.* But after the fulminations which had too often been launched, in Convocation and elsewhere, against any interference at all with the teaching-rights of the clergy, it is no wonder that, on February 24th, a great meeting of M.P.s was held in London, which went so far as to advocate "secular education" pure and simple; and that, in the House of Commons, Mr. Dixon moved an amendment that no measure would be satisfactory which left the religious question to be settled by each local school board. This amendment, however, was rejected on the second reading of the bill (March 18th). And it is well known with what splendid vigour the Church then addressed itself to make good all that was defective in her system, and to adapt the old ways to the new requirements of the State. Still, many people dreaded a future predominance of merely secular education. And hence, from the purest motives, Bishop Selwyn and many like-minded men gave their most strenuous support to the "denominational" system, and esteemed the board schools a grave and perilous mistake.

About the same time, another educational question of the highest importance was occupying the attention of Parliament. It was the University Tests Bill; which, after

* So early as 1850, Dr. Hook was warned by "a good Churchman and a man of importance, that if the Church gave a 'cold back' unreasoningly and perversely to all educational movements, the education of the people would be taken out of her hands." (Stephens, "Life of Dr. Hook," p. 489.)

passing the Commons, had been rejected by the Lords. The bill was now introduced again, and was passed by the Commons on May 13, 1870. But on July 14th it was once more thrown out in the Lords, Bishop Selwyn and nine other bishops recording their votes against it. No doubt it seemed to him a serious blow to the Church, and the beginning of much confusion within the universities themselves. But—it was forcibly argued on the other side—it was useless to shut one's eyes to accomplished facts; and this democratic measure had become inevitable, because, on a wide view and under the existing circumstances of the country, it was both a generous and a just policy to admit all Englishmen (without distinction of creed) to the enjoyment of university advantages. Subsequent events have fully justified the foreboding that much confusion would ensue. But all great transitions involve a temporary confusion. And at such periods too much timidity, or even an excessive loyalty to political or ecclesiastical chiefs, often brings disaster in the long-run. Eventually the bill was carried (1871); and it has since borne its natural fruits, not only in the opening of the Universities to all alike, but in the erection of a Non-conformist college at Oxford, and in the presentation of many degrees *honoris causâ* to Dissenters. What Bishop Selwyn probably wished to see done, and what might easily have been done, was to amend the bill so far as to save the colleges (as distinct from the universities) from secularization; and perhaps even to follow the lead given by Dr. Pusey, who proposed that certain colleges, with their endowments, should be fairly given up to the Dissenters, while the Church should retain the remainder

of her beautiful homes of study uninvaded and unspoiled. This is the natural arrangement. It exists in our rising colonial universities ; and it is now proposed, as the latest development of the university system, for London itself. But, even with all his colonial predilections, Bishop Selwyn was too loyal to his ecclesiastical compeers in England to break away from the policy they had deliberately chosen. He was also too sensitively on his guard against any action which might threaten, however distantly, the welfare of the Church, not to vote at least for delay in any measure which appeared to curtail her powers for good. Hence his speeches in Convocation and elsewhere steadily and consistently opposed the Universities Bill. He felt keenly what the religious atmosphere of his own college had been to him ; and he knew what a change for good had come over Eton from the more religious tone introduced there by Edward Coleridge and others.

Meantime, storm-clouds had been arising much nearer home ; and the Bishop's drawer—his “chamber of horrors,” as he called it—was rapidly filling with embittered letters from both parties in a great parish squabble, which had broken out at Wolverhampton. It is needless to rake up afresh the ashes of a conflagration which has long since been happily extinguished. But it is worth while to retain in honorable remembrance the means by which Bishop Selwyn extinguished it. These means were nothing less than the mission of one, who better represented and conveyed his own patient and conciliatory spirit than any one else in the wide world could have done ; and who, with the co-operation of his newly-married wife, perfectly succeeded in restoring peace. His second son, John R. Selwyn—now

Bishop of Melanesia—was sent as Vicar to the disturbed parish ; and once again, for the ten-thousandth time in the Church's history, it was shown what magic influence for good can be exerted by the simple presence of a *person*,—inspiring all around with renewed confidence and good-humour, and healing by words and acts of peace the bitterness of party-strife. The following letter, written about this time, will give some idea of the Bishop's thoughts and movements towards the end of the summer (1870):—

My husband, who is in the thick of Shropshire work now, is well, and says he does not feel it. Conferences and confirmations are going on. There is a good deal to say, and to organize, about work in the mining districts. But the Education Bill is the chief topic. At one such ruridecanal meeting yesterday, George was charmed to have gathered laymen to the number of thirty—overseers, agents, folks connected with the mines, and chiefly Radicals—together with the clergy. No sympathy with their Radical opinions, whatever you may think ! But in view of real work to be done, and of making existing agencies effective, hostility disappears. I wish he could thus handle Mr. Gladstone ! But he is sailing on the top of the democratic wave, and will not be restrained. After all these smaller conferences, the three archidiaconal conferences will take place at George's three county-towns, Shrewsbury, Stafford, and Derby. A good many bishops have followed suit, and there is much life in many dioceses. Over and above all this, there is the work of those who are pleased to call themselves the "Catholic party,"—a bad use of words, to marry anything so grand as "Catholic" to something so base as "party." Its last movement is the establishment of an oratory at the west end of London, having for its laudable object a mission (perpetual) to the upper classes, who have been neglected. This oratory is to be served by a cycle of priests from all parts,

and to be a pattern in all things. It will not seek episcopal sanction,—being truly “catholic”! Celebrations, services, preachings, confessions, are its object: and people may there choose and meet their own “directors.” Its advocate sets forth the glories of its ceremonial; goes on to one great blessing, the “reserved sacrament;” and then, curiously enough, objects to any other but our own Communion Office, and repudiates the notion of dovetailing-in parts of other liturgies.*

So great and important, to those who were engaged in them, seemed the petty ritual conflicts of that day; while a similar weight was attributed, at the time, to the question whether the Holy Communion had been rightly or wrongly administered in Westminster Abbey, on July 22, 1870, to one of the Convocation’s “company of revisers” who was a Unitarian. Against this action a strong protest was presented by thirteen hundred clergyman to the Archbishop. But the controversy gradually died away; especially as the thunders of the great Franco-German war had, about this time, suddenly burst out of a clear sky, and had effectually silenced every other sound. On September 1st, the decisive battle of Sedan was fought; and soon afterwards Napoleon III.—to whose friendship this country owed very much, and the Church in France a good deal more,—became a fugitive upon our shores.† Yet Parliament found time to pass, ere it prorogued, one more bill seriously affecting the Church. It was the Clerical Disabilities Bill, enabling any clergyman—even in priest’s orders—who might be so

* The scheme here mentioned never came to anything. But the repugnance here expressed to it will help to explain the strong anti-tractarian feelings of some at Wolverhampton and elsewhere.

† The emperor, to his honour, had forbidden the French in New Caledonia to “interfere with the Protestant missionaries or their converts” (“Life of Bishop Patteson,” ii. 464).

mind, to divest himself of his clerical status in the eyes of the law, and to resume all the rights and duties of a layman once more. What Bishop Selwyn thought of such a measure, though he took no part in the Lords' final debate on it (July 22nd), we know from his standing refusal, all through his life, to admit that the State could touch with one of its fingers any *office* whatever in the Church. But, in fact, this interference was but one among many events of that time, which seemed to encroach upon the Church's rights: and which caused Bishop Patteson, in October, to write thus to his dear "primate:"—

It is, perhaps, cowardly to say that I am thankful not to be a clergyman in England. I am not the man to stand up and fight such many-headed monsters. I should give in and shirk the contest. The more do I pray that you may have strength to endure it.*

* "Life," ii. 465.

CHAPTER IV.

1871.

End of the Franco-German war—Deprivation of Rev. C. Voysey—The Purchas judgment—The Old Catholics—Oberammergau—Second diocesan conference—First visit to America—Death of Bishop Patteson—Illness of the Prince of Wales.

THE census-year opened with brightening hopes for Europe. The dreadful storm of the Franco-German war seemed passing away. France was exhausted: the inexorable grip of the besiegers had reduced Paris to submission: and on January 28, 1871, she surrendered. Then followed the furious outbreak of the Communists, the destruction of the Tuileries, and the murder of Archbishop Darboy and of several other clergy, on May 24th. Meanwhile, at home, the census showed that the population of England had nearly doubled during the previous forty years. In 1831 it was 13,897,187; in 1871, it had risen to 22,704,108. How was the Church to overtake so enormously increased and ever-increasing a work? Certainly not by indulging in repudiations of canonical discipline; nor by invoking (without the most urgent necessity) the fatal coercive interference of the State. Yet some of the clergy were guilty, at this time, of making both these mistakes.

For instance, the rector of a parish near York, ventured to treat with contempt the doctrinal system of his Church, and to brave the consequences. He was accordingly, on February 11th (after appeal to the Privy Council), deprived of his living ; and soon after appeared in London as an acknowledged teacher of pure Theism, dispensing with Christ and His religion altogether.

Such an event was a sign of the times, in more ways than one. It showed that the State courts might be trusted, at least in cases of avowed rebellion against unambiguous laws, to do full justice to the Church and to maintain her doctrinal canons unimpaired. But it also indicated an ominous growth, both in area and intensity, of that spirit of unbelief which has since threatened to honeycomb the very foundations of Christendom. Hence the anxiety felt by Bishop Selwyn, and by other far-seeing men, on the appointment of a writer in *Essays and Reviews* to a bishopric in the Church : hence their indignant remonstrance with Dean Stanley when he admitted a Unitarian minister to Holy Communion in Westminster Abbey : and hence their determined defence of the existing practice of the Church in reciting the Athanasian Creed in Divine service. In all these controversies it was considered that the outworks of the fortress committed to their safe-keeping were being defended ; and that the deadly assault which must one day be delivered against the citadel of the faith—the Person of the Redeemer, as presented in the Gospels—was being delayed.

Meantime, the Bishop having secured a house in the Close for his Theological College, the new collegiate life began in January, 1871 ; and a gathering of students at the

end of the summer term was attended by a goodly number of the former members, who came to see the new home of their college. In the afternoon, a garden-party was held, at which the Bishop was present, bringing with him the Derbyshire rural deans, who happened to be assembled at the palace; and at a crowded evening service in the Lady Chapel he gave an interesting address. He always took great pleasure in visiting the college, and was especially gratified when he found the young men occupied in the garden, whether mowing the grass, or trimming the borders, or watering the flowers. Any man seemed instantly to acquire a claim to his respect who did what he could for himself, instead of making use of the services of other people. Once, when a colonist of rank, desiring to have his three children baptized, wished the ceremony to be performed in his house, on the plea that there was no road by which to drive them to church, the difficulty was promptly met by the Bishop, who offered to carry two, if the father would carry the third. And even in England, reckless of what "Mrs. Grundy" might say, he would hardly ever allow his travelling-bag to be carried by any one but himself.

In fact, at home, no less than in New Zealand, humility, simplicity, and fertility of resource, always attracted Bishop Selwyn's notice and won his approval. The pretentious, the conceited, the self-indulgent never found the least respect or sympathy from him; and he may even have erred sometimes in giving hasty expression to the impatience he felt towards characters of this shallow type. He was never tolerant of self-conceit or self-indulgence. If a student lay in bed when he should have been at

chapel, and pleaded "a cold," the Bishop's reply would be, "That is no excuse at all: you are seeking to be a clergyman, and if you care for such things as that, you will be saying, when you are knocked up at three in the morning to visit a sick man or baptize a dying infant, that it is too cold to go out." And, if a candidate for Holy Orders urged "his own experience," or "his deliberate opinion," or "the result of his own researches," as an argument against following the customs or teaching the plain doctrines of the Church, it is not surprising that he sometimes found himself a mark for the Bishop's trenchant sarcasms or humiliated by his searching rebuke. On the other hand, for a true "nature's gentleman"—under whatever disguise of threadbare clothing or imperfect education—Bishop Selwyn felt the instinctive attraction of a manly and Christian sympathy. Even from the plough or from the forge, such were ever welcome to all that he could give them and all that he could do for them. And among those to whose ordination he often referred with the most genial and hearty satisfaction were many of this stamp—"gentlemen" in the truest sense of the word.

The following letter, from Mrs. Abraham to a friend in New Zealand, will throw some light on the feelings and doings among Bishop Selwyn's *entourage* about this time.

Lichfield, July 24, 1871.

Our Eton time was very pleasant. Charles [Bishop Abraham] preached in College Chapel on July 14th, on true elevation of character being the object of education—of course, leading up to the highest source in the Gospel. I was glad to see our boy's tutor,—a good man, who does not cast off all responsibility about

his boys, as many do now. We have had fine summer weather, and the Close is very pretty and pleasant. The limes scent the air with their bloom; so it is the very cream of the year with us here, especially since Pihopa [Bishop Selwyn] and Charles have been taking the duty on Sundays. We so seldom hear either of them, that I agree with our friend Miss S—— that “we are having a good time.” Last week we had a gathering of rural deans from Staffordshire, and the overflow from the palace comes to us. This week it is the Derbyshire rural deans, Dr. Balston being one. . . . Sarah lets people know that Mr. —— was not George’s appointment. Truly “patronage,” as it is called, is an irksome possession. It seems to me the patron disappoints and offends many expectants, and seldom pleases or benefits the one he gives it to. The Lloyds are settling down, and Mrs. Lloyd is more content and really happier than she was, though she will always contrast the gaiety and stir of Auckland life with the dulness of a country parsonage in England. It is pleasant to see Pihopa’s pleasure at the growth of the Theological College, and at the way in which the tone has been improved since the college-house has been the centre. Yesterday was the last day of term, and was kept both in church and in the “domus.” A service and celebration in the morning, old students coming over for the occasion from their curacies, some twenty-seven in number; a garden-party, on the pretty lawn we used to enjoy when it was our home, in the afternoon, with tea and fruit. George and Charles joined us, after a day spent in the preliminary examination of candidates [for Holy Orders]; the young folks played croquet, and stayed to supper and music; and the day closed by a service in the Lady Chapel, with an address from Pihopa, which was very nice and encouraging to the principal and his forty students, and might (I hope) explain to the rest of the audience the reason of his great interest in it and his desire to increase the capacity of the house, if the diocese will come forward with the money.

Another grave subject of anxiety at this time was the ever-growing difficulty of maintaining harmony between

the laws of the Church and the laws of the State. The controversy culminated in what was known as "the Purchas case." Mr. Purchas was a very High Churchman at Brighton, to whom,—along with many others, both clergymen and laymen,—it appeared beyond dispute that the "ornaments rubric" (so called), which he had undertaken to obey, meant what it appeared to say. Under that impression, he restored by his own authority the dresses and ceremonies formerly used "in the second year of King Edward VI." And in the Arches Court of the Archbishop of the province that impression of his was legally confirmed. But on appeal by the dissatisfied "Church Association," the archiepiscopal decision was reversed; and then this unhappy rubric was interpreted as meaning "those vestments only were to be retained which were actually in use in 1662, when this rubric was finally revised."* To many Churchmen this sentence of the lay-court, which represented the sovereign, appeared an unfair and partisan decision: and it set many minds at work upon the extremely difficult problem how—without disestablishment—to bring into a better harmony these ecclesiastical and civil tribunals, which had now come into such public and disastrous collision. The question was not one to be settled in a day. Meanwhile it will be interesting to see how the case presented itself to the strong and vigorous minds, which had lately been transplanted from the humble palace at Auckland to the more lordly palace in Lichfield Close.

C— and the papers (writes Mrs. Selwyn) will tell you how this Privy Council judgment, *in re* Purchas, has fallen like a thunderbolt, and convulsed the Church as nothing since the

* See Parker, "The Ornaments Rubric," p. 69.

Gorham decision has done. Mr. Purchas is a very extreme and, I should think, a silly man at Brighton, with an irrepressible taste for show. I have heard tolerably advanced men regret his proceedings, as foolish and bringing discredit on his party. But nothing justifies the paid-spy system adopted by the Church Association, nor their tone in general, especially since this great victory. I am unfeignedly sorry for it, and George says he hates the whole proceeding from beginning to end. "Spying" is not his line. The misfortune is that it touches those who belong to the very heart of the Church and great numbers of the old staunch Church-people. Why could they not leave Sir Robert Phillimore's well-considered judgment untouched? And why not show a little flexibility in the interpretation of doubtful expressions in a rubric? It seems so unlike the wisdom which ruled in our New Zealand synod. This did not define a "Churchman" too narrowly, but stretched out both arms to take in as many as possible. C—— is sorry, and so am I, that George has not a little more sympathy with the minds of many of the very best of the clergy, who are shaken and grieved and cannot divest themselves of the sense of an "animus" in the decision. He would have the tenderest feeling for them if they were very *wicked*, I know. But, though regretful and displeased, he does not enter into their views. For why? He would not be shaken; he does not need external helps; his spirit is naturally obedient, and he delights in obeying a law. Anything he could find to obey he has always obeyed. And, finally, his reverence for the judicial mind is vast, and he will invest these figures with it, talking often of Sir J. Patteson and your husband [Sir W. Martin] and my father. For my part and the clergy's, I like the judicial mind of Sir R. Phillimore best; his judgments are so thoughtful and sober. All this gives a great impetus to the cry for disestablishment; for these extreme people have (apparently) an alliance with Miall and Co., who are destructives. If it is to come, it would be well to prepare: and I give George a poke or two to take the initiative in this direction. He has been so successful in commanding synods and conferences, that he might be equally happy here. There are one or two

other points very near one's heart, but as yet they do not shape themselves.

In this interesting letter one remarkable feature in the Bishop's character is brought into due prominence, which it is generally supposed was conspicuous by its absence. That he possessed an exceptionally powerful mind and will is an undoubted fact; but it is little known, except by those who had familiar personal intercourse with him, under what equally powerful restraint that potent will was curbed and checked. He was credited with a masterful temper and with *despotic* instincts. But here we see one, who knew him far more intimately than any one else could do, point out as a leading trait in his character a predominating instinct of *obedience*. And the observation can be fully justified, not only by the testimony of others less permanently associated with him, but also by noticing his public acts. In spirit Bishop Selwyn was a soldier. He loved the sense of belonging to a mighty and effective organization; he revelled in discipline; and if he commanded others well, it was because (like the good centurion in the Gospel) he rejoiced in feeling himself "a man under authority" as well as in having others under his own control. Hence his votes in Parliament were often the expression of his loyalty to those to whom loyalty was due, rather than the expression of his own individual opinion; just as his return to England had been an act, not of predilection, but of pure obedience. And many a time those who worked with him, and had occasion to thwart his wishes, must have observed the singular self-restraint with which personal bias was subordinated to the sense of duty, and even of courtesy;—loyalty to the great Master producing the exact opposite

of a domineering behaviour in this true "servant of the Lord."

On the other hand, the requirement of prompt and ready obedience from subordinates, wherever prompt obedience was essential to safety or success, was a habit he had not failed to learn while navigating his mission-ship on long voyages amid a thousand hourly perils. Accordingly, to steer a "conference" or a Church congress effectively, or to lay a spell of harmonious concurrence upon a crowd of dissentient and self-important people prepared to dispute rather than to act, was naturally to such a man a dear delight. The writer of the present memoir will not easily forget returning with him from some assembly of this kind, when he was favoured with a genuine outburst of delight at the exquisite pleasure of "feeling the reins well in hand," with the team all in full swing and the lumbering vehicle of an ecclesiastical assemblage—to its own surprise and amid much dust—clearing every obstacle and advancing merrily to some practical conclusion.

It was the same instinctive love of work, the same desire for perceptible progress, and demand of disciplined self-sacrifice as a means to achieve that progress, which gave Bishop Selwyn a strong aversion to anything that savoured of a paralyzing scepticism. It was not that, like many other good and devoted clergymen, he failed to understand it. His marvellous mental power was perfectly able to grasp and to deal with all that crowd of subtle problems which have arisen to perplex modern Christendom. But, as he once told the present writer, he deliberately and firmly, as a man called to action and not to thought, put all such questions away from him; because he felt a full

conviction that no man could live with efficiency two such dissimilar lives at once, as those of thought and of action. And, no doubt, in this view he is supported by the great authority of a consummate observer of mankind :—

“ The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.” *

It could not be expected, therefore, that he should feel much indulgence for those who about this time were tormented with difficulties at the public recitation of the Athanasian Creed ; nor that he should express much sympathy with men like Dean Stanley, who were earnestly endeavouring to save from final apostasy a large class of highly cultivated people, whose faith had been shaken—though not yet destroyed—by the literary and scientific discoveries of the age. His voice and his vote were always steadily given against such attempts (as they appeared to him) to weaken the force and to confuse the clearness of the Church's dogmatic utterances. For “obedience to authority” was his own personal maxim ; and it was not without loyally leading the way by his own example, that he demanded the same obedience from those around him.

Nevertheless, in view of all that has happened since, it may be doubted whether a more conciliatory policy towards those who were afflicted with doubt might not have been—and may not be still—a wiser and more Christian method than one which always seems, to those who suffer from it, to prove either ignorance or disdain of their difficulties. The opposite policy of unyielding firmness and iron dis-

* “Hamlet,” act iii., sc. 1.

cipline was, in fact, at this very moment ejecting from the Roman communion in Germany a large number of her very best and ablest sons: for on April 18th Dr. Döllinger was excommunicated at Rome; and shortly afterwards, at an "Old Catholic" congress held at Munich, he freely spoke out his mind, and gave an interesting account of the Old Catholic community at Utrecht, from which their episcopate now derives its succession. On the other hand, the striking results of the Ammergau "Passion-play," held this year in Bavaria, and attracting no less than two thousand spectators of all ranks and ages and countries, proved what consummate power the simple facts of the Gospel still possess, whenever they are strikingly presented, not to the captious and critical understanding, but to the imagination and the heart.*

In practical matters, and especially in the effort to extend the influence of the Church, Bishop Selwyn's interest was unflagging, and his horizon was only limited by the boundaries of the globe itself. It so happened that 1871 was the year for the assembly of the "General Convention" of the American Church; and the place selected for its meeting was Baltimore. No Bishop from England had ever yet been present at these triennial conventions; and therefore Bishop Selwyn, with characteristic energy and love of sea-voyages, determined to present himself, and to open for his brethren at home a new way of cementing cordial transatlantic friendships. It need not be said that both he and his son and such diocesan clergy

* One who was present, and who afterwards published an account of what he had seen, describes how he observed an old hardened "man about town" touched to the quick by what was before him, and with tears coursing down his cheeks, bury his face in his hands.

as accompanied him found a warm welcome awaiting them both in the United States and in Canada. The *Java*, in which they sailed, became, under the Bishop's practical eye, a sort of floating parish. The captain's sanction for a service was obtained; and then, every day, punctually at the hour appointed, the Bishop was to be seen at the table in the saloon with his Prayer-book opened, and with a congregation of from ten to thirty persons (according to the state of the weather) joining in the psalms and hymns and prayers of the Church.

The following letters from his own hand, cast in the form of a journal, give a complete and graphic account of this interesting visit to the sister and daughter Churches beyond the setting sun:—

To MRS. SELWYN.

S.S. *Java*, at sea, off Holyhead, 9 p.m., Sept. 23, 1871.

DEAREST S.,

The first twelve hours of our journey have been very prosperous. We had Mr. Bangham for our companion to Stafford, and there picked up Mr. Iles and Mr. Willett. We arrived at Liverpool at 11.30; and at sunset we were off Great Orme's Head, and looked upon our old haunts. A brilliant sunset shone on the windows of Mr. Gladstone's house. Our own little house was below the horizon; but the hill behind it was marked out in deep shade. Before dark, another friend came in view,—the revolving light of the South Stack. It is very pleasant to find myself learning something of the coast, without the responsibility of night-watches, for which neither eyesight nor nerves are now so well qualified as they used to be. I have had my usual *korévo* [talk] with the captain. He is a Churchman, by name Captain Martyn, and very co-operative; but is afraid that

the stopping at Queenstown to-morrow morning will prevent our morning service. We have about a hundred cabin-passengers, chiefly Americans, with wives and children, returning from their travels. Mr. Edwards, of Trentham, joined us at Liverpool: so my train of five presbyters is complete. You would like to see how comfortably John and I are sitting side by side, both writing to our loves, young and old, with capital wax-candles on the table, instead of the dingy swinging lamps.

Monday, Oct. 2nd.—Two hundred miles from New York. We have had a most splendid passage, and hope to be in New York to-morrow. Our party aboard has been singularly free from all unpleasantness. The greater part are families returning home from England and the Continent—about one hundred and thirty in all,—of whom we have made acquaintance with about one-third. Among the rest is the celebrated Mr. Seward, one of President Lincoln's Cabinet. He *wrote* the most disagreeable things about England; but *did* the wisest thing, in ordering the Government to give up Slidell and Mason.

The services on board have not been quite up to the standard of our long sea voyages, as there is hardly time in ten days for a mixed party to grow into habits of social worship. But we have had a good morning on both Sundays; and the Holy Communion in my cabin at 8 a.m. on St. Michael's Day and Sunday morning. Daily prayers were held in the small gentlemen's-cabin below, where we have always had a steady little congregation at 10 a.m. John and I have been most comfortable together; and looking back on the delightful voyage, I almost regret you did not come. We have had fair winds, all but one day, and no bad weather. Our highest day's run has been 346 knots (nearly 400 English miles). But when I look forward to the land journeys, I am not sure that it would have been wise for you to come; as the distances are so great, I fear the night-journeys would have made your head suffer. All our party are in vigorous health. I feel sure that it was right to bring John on every account, mental and bodily. You must not contrast my letters to you with his to Clara. Youthful love supplies the pen of a ready

writer; mature love is less solicitous to prove itself by many words. I know how great my love is by its ductility; for no distance weakens it. We hope to start from New York for Baltimore to-morrow, and to be ready for the opening of the Convention on the 4th. I shall write you another half-sheet on our arrival, to let you know of our well-being to the end of our voyage.

S.S. *Java*, New York, 9 a.m., Oct. 3rd.

Safely arrived in New York Harbour, after a most prosperous journey—for which God be thanked. At 3.30 a.m. the engines stopped; and I went up on deck and saw the light on Sandy Hook. There we anchored till six, to wait for the tide to cross the bar. At that time I went up again; and in a few minutes the sun brought me a message from you, rising up out of the still water with light newly come from England. Not a cloud on the horizon; but a mellow haze on the water. It was like the morning in the Red Sea, except that here there was no Um Shaumer or Serbal, but a better type of the Infinite, in the expanse of the open sea. Just now the mail-steamer has boarded us, bringing hospitable invitations for all our party; and as the time is early, we hope to reach Baltimore to-night. We have made many friends on board; and, between the bishops and the lay members of the Church, we are not likely to be obliged “to find our warmest welcome at an inn.”

There are unpleasant questions looming for the Convention; among others the Cheyney Case, a new version of the Gorham question. Mr. Cheyney persists in omitting the word “regenerate” in the Baptismal Service; and his congregation support him. The Bishop of Illinois has deposed him; but some of the bishops think the sentence unduly severe. Of course, the cry of some is, “Alter the Prayer-Book!” as if every heretical opinion was to be allowed to pare away a part of the inheritance of the Church. I hope that our party, in private conversation, may act (in some degree) as mediators, though we have no voice in Convention. Our present plan is to stay at Baltimore five or six days, then go to Canada; and then come back to see some of the

American bishops, after their return from Convention. As far as we know at present, we hope to leave New York about the 15th of November. The first part of our journey was very "colonial;" but in the States of Delaware and Pennsylvania the appearance was that of an older and more settled country. There were no hills or tunnels, and no great beauty of scenery; except the views on the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers, which were often pretty, but not striking. We reached Baltimore (190 miles) at 8.30 p.m.; and were most hospitably received by the Bishop of Maryland and Mrs. Whittingham, who much regretted that you did not come with me. A deputation met us at the station, and carried off the presbyters to their billets, except John, who came with me to the Bishop's house.

Wednesday, Oct. 4th.—Attended the opening service, where more than forty bishops in their robes occupied the church. The service lasted four hours. Then came a resolution, asking me to preach to the Convention the same evening, which I declined, and proposed Monday evening instead.

Oct. 5th.—We attended morning prayers, by which, with laudable perseverance, the daily meeting of Convention is opened. After that, I went to the Upper House, where a seat had been voted for the Bishop of Nassau and myself. Then I was formally presented, and had to make an address, and was followed by the Bishop of Nassau. Next came a committee of the Lower House to take us to be presented there. So we all went,—the two Bishops, the Dean of Chester, and my five presbyters. We were all presented; and each was expected to make an address! Then a lay-deputy moved that the House adjourn for a quarter of an hour, to allow the members "to shake the visitors by the hand." In the evening, we had a missionary sermon from the Bishop of Pittsburgh,—a long one, from which we did not get home till past ten o'clock: after which the bishops came to introduce their wives and daughters. This lasted till midnight.

Friday, Oct. 6th.—Early Communion at seven: Daily Prayer at ten: debate in Lower House till twelve: then in Upper House till three. In the evening, a great missionary meeting was held, at which

I had to speak. Some misgivings about myself, but got through better than I expected. The weather very hot : thermometer 95° in the shade.

Oct. 7th.—Went to Washington : scaled the Capitol : thence to the White House, the residence of the President ; paid my respects to him with my whole train, and was graciously received. Saw the Courts and the Law Library,—where Selwyn's *Nisi Prius* was well known : and then returned from Washington to Baltimore.

Oct. 8th.—Sunday evening, a missionary service and meeting, with an address from Bishop Whipple of Minnesota,—very good and earnest : another from me, who am doomed never to be let off. If you had been here, perhaps you would have rebelled.

Monday, Oct. 9th.—All day writing sermon for Convention. Service at 7.30. Enormous congregation ; thirty bishops and four hundred clerical and lay deputies present.

Oct. 10th.—Took leave of the House of Bishops and made some farewell visits. Dinner-party at Bishop Whittingham's, and an evening party elsewhere. So ended a most pleasant week at Baltimore, where the greatest kindness and most liberal hospitality was shown to all our party.

Oct. 11th.—Took the cars on the Northern Central Railway. Our course was up the River Susquehanna. The autumnal tints were rich, and would have been brilliant if the day had not been rainy. We finished our course of 430 miles at Niagara Falls. The gentle murmur of the cataract helped to lull us to sleep ; but the change to cool bracing air was probably more effectual.

Oct. 12th.—We rose much refreshed, and eager for the glorious sight. The day was most promising. After breakfast,—age and laziness prevent me from saying “before”—we started for the Falls, and walked to Goat Island over a small suspension bridge. Instead of a small rocky island, such as I expected, we found a large space wooded and supplied with good roads and bridges leading to all the most beautiful points of view. The first of these was on Luna Island, where the American Fall came in sight. The mist had partially cleared away ; and the rainbow began to

be visible on the spray. The whole fall was white with foam, the water being shallow over the edge of the rock. On our left the main Horse-Shoe Fall was dimly seen, with the little Luna Fall—which takes its leap more boldly than its grander neighbour—sparkling in front. The delight of Niagara is that everything is seen in its most majestic form, just enough fringed with trees but not hidden. It is no use trying to describe it. Then we went along the lower side of Goat Island till the Horse-Shoe was full in sight. Oh how glorious it looked! In the middle the light green water glides slowly over the crest: as it falls, the pent-up air from the cavern below bursts through snowflakes of dazzling white. . . . We could not see to the bottom, from which a cloud is always rising with rainbows refracted upon it. . . . Leaving this wonderful sight, we went down below, and passed under a side shoot of the great fall; where we could see into the cavern below the fall between the rock and the water. From the sublime we came down to the earthy, and returned to dinner. After dinner, drove to some wonderful rapids and a whirlpool two or three miles below. Here the rush of mighty waters in continuous and rapid descent, or pent into a narrow gorge, was terrible.

Oct. 13th.—Our second day at Niagara was even more delightful than the first. In the morning, we visited De Veaux College, where sixty or seventy orphans receive education free of charge. I gave a short address, and shook hands in New Zealand fashion, which is also customary in America. It is fortunate for me that my hand is in. Then we took a short view of the “whirlpool rapids” just below the college; where the Niagara river, after rushing through a rocky gorge, expands into a circular basin. The rich tints of autumn in the bright sunshine gave great beauty to the scene. . . . In the evening, the sun set in a ball of fire; and the whole river, for miles along, was tinged with a pale evening glow; the rapids dark grey, with fringes of white foam. In some respects the twilight view was the most solemn and striking of all. So ends my fit of Niagaromania.

Oct. 14th.—We left Niagara Falls at 10 a.m.; and, reaching Lake Ontario in half an hour, embarked in the *City of Toronto*.

We reached Toronto at 2.30; and had scarcely entered the omnibus, when a fire broke out in a store on the Pier. Everybody's mind being full of Chicago, there was a regular stampede out of the yard. The fire-engines came on the scene; and then began a battle-royal between fire and water. At last, in an hour and a half, the engines gained the victory; although one jet of flame seemed to have nailed its colours to the mast, and for a long time refused to surrender. Thus Toronto gave us a warm reception.

Oct. 15th.—The Bishop of Toronto has found me out; so my hoped-for retirement and quiet came to an end, for I was carried off to preach at the cathedral. The congregation was thin; in consequence, it was said, of a greater gun than myself, Mr. Punshon, a Wesleyan notability, having arrived. After service, we took a good walk through the University grounds, which were glowing with autumnal tints.

Oct. 16th.—A brilliant day: my window looking on Lake Ontario. My party seem enjoying themselves very much; but we shall all be very glad to get back. There is no place like home: and I am beginning to think—in spite of long training in old days—that it is a great while since I saw you.

Oct. 17th.—On Lake Ontario. It is the thirty-first anniversary of my consecration; often spent before at sea, but never before on a lake,—though this lake may well be called an inland sea. It would be impossible to find a more perfect place of retirement than my little cabin, where I am writing to you after reading through the Consecration Service, and offering up the prayers for myself which Archbishop Howley and Bishops Blomfield and Coleridge offered up for me thirty years ago. I am now truly in "retreat," recalling the past and humbling myself before Him Who, in spite of all my sin and unprofitableness, has preserved me hitherto and still allows me to do Him service. O may I love and serve Him more and more! Yesterday we visited Trinity College, Toronto, founded by Bishop Strahan when the university was secularized. I gave a short address to the students and lunched with the provost, Whitaker, a pupil of Sir W. Martin.

At 4 p.m., there was a gathering of children at the cathedral school; and again the inevitable address. In the evening, we dined with the Bishop.

Oct. 17th.—Another school inspection; fourteen young ladies in Bishop Strahan's school; fourteen pianofortes at work all at once!

Oct. 23rd.—Montreal. This is a beautiful city. The cathedral is very nice, and the Bishop's house stands close to it. Most of the streets are wide, with trees on both sides in Boulevard fashion. But the great sight of the city is the tubular bridge over the St. Lawrence, one mile and a quarter long. The river flows below, in a clear and swift stream at present, but in two months more it will be blocked with thick ice. The Bishop and Mrs. Oxenden are very hospitable and kind, and our stay here is most pleasant; but it will be still more pleasant to be homeward bound.

Oct. 26th.—The general effect of our visit to America is thought to have been good, and you must expect that it will be followed by many return visits from the bishops and clergy of the United States and Canada; with which expectation it will be necessary to establish a smoking-room without delay, for otherwise your bedrooms will suffer.

Oct. 25th.—We left Montreal in an enormous Noah's ark, three hundred feet long. We had a hundred and eighty miles to go down the St. Lawrence, and arrived at Quebec the next day. Mist and rain have prevented our seeing the beauties of this historical place; but tell C—— that we have seen the heights of Abraham and the place where General Wolfe fell. The Bishop was our guest at the Waimaté once for many days. He arrived on the day when John Heki came to demand payment for the ducks shot by Mr. Nihill.

Nov. 7th.—Philadelphia. I rejoice to think that we are fast approaching the day of our return; for I feel a strong desire to be at home and with you. We have had a happy and, I hope, a useful time; but I should not like to prolong it indefinitely. All are most kind and hospitable; but the general habits of the people are not favourable to repose, and the excessive heating of

houses and railway-carriages is continually suggestive of asphyxia. We have just returned from a public breakfast, which lasted two hours, and the speeches two hours more. You will find me coming back to my "crust of bread and hollow tree" with great satisfaction.

N.B.—I struck work after the quail; but was particularly requested to revive at the canvas-back duck as a special delicacy.

We are starting for Harrisburg, to assist at the opening of the Convention of a new diocese carved out of Pennsylvania. With all the talk there is also work going on. But talk bears an undue proportion. A missionary meeting last night, of the American type, was nice and reverent. A short service was followed by three addresses from Dean Howson, Mr. Iles, and myself. I prefer these meetings to our meetings in England; for there are no resolutions, no votes of thanks, and no collection.

Nov. 10th.—New York. This has been a bustling week—the last of five of the same kind,—finishing up with a reception in the evening at 10 p.m. After this, I took advantage of an *Aurora Borealis* to slip out into the garden, and up to bed by the back-stairs. I am now enjoying the only two hours I have had to myself for some weeks. I look forward to the sea-voyage with great pleasure, as rest combined with motion homeward. You must expect American visitors soon; who will come on a double errand—to visit the shrine of Johnson, and to see you. I shall not wonder at either motive.

Your ownest own,

G. A. LICHFIELD.

On their first arrival in America, when the little band of English clergy had been introduced to the Convention, it being the Jubilee-year of the American "Board of Missions," Bishop Selwyn was invited—as perhaps the greatest living authority on mission-work—to give an address on the occasion. He said:—

On the subject of missions, I believe there is no one who will

not accept five or six leading principles : (1) That the commandment of our Lord is to go into all the world, and to preach the Gospel to every creature ; (2) That the commandment is binding upon us all, and is not to be optional with us ; (3) Then, I think, none of us will dispute this great fact,—that the God of missions is no respecter of persons ; but that, in “every nation, he that feareth God and believeth in Him is accepted by him ;” (4) Then, I think, we shall all agree that God has made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the earth ; (5) And further, I hope we shall agree also in this, that all the nations of the whole earth have that measure of capacity to receive the grace of God which is necessary for receiving the benefits and blessings of the Christian covenant ; (6) And then, dear brethren, I must also claim your belief that Jesus Christ died for all alike ; (7) and then, further, for this,—that in fulfilment of His promise, the Holy Ghost is poured out upon all flesh ; (8) and then, the last principle with which I desire your agreement is this,—that at the last day God will gather together His elect from the four winds, a great multitude whom no man can number, to stand before the Lamb and before His throne. There is our foundation. No other can be laid. Now, then, let me trace these principles into their actual operation. . . . I have seen myself what men call the lowest types of humanity : I have seen the Australasian black ; I have seen those poor benighted men in Erromango, who have twice killed the missionaries that landed on their shore. One of this despised race was sentenced to death, and I attended him at his execution. He left upon my mind, at the moment his irons were being struck off, the impression that he died with just so much of simple faith as was accepted by Jesus Christ from the penitent on the cross. . . . I see here one of your own six missionary bishops, the Bishop of Minnesota. I have conversed to-day with one of his clergy, and he tells me there are 4500 Indians in Dakota who are now giving up, under the influence of Christianity, those very wandering habits which were supposed to be fatal to the hope they would ever receive it. He tells me they are settling upon farms ; that they have given up their life in

wigwams, their communist life; that they fill their churches on the Lord's day; and are acquiring day by day the usages both of Christianity and of civilized life. Now, why is this? Because missionaries have been found who, instead of expecting wild men to conform [at once] to our habits, have conformed to theirs, have followed them up from place to place, lived the same rough life, and gained their hearts by showing a real sympathy for them in their benighted state. . . . Never tell me there is a race upon the earth, out of which there cannot be raised faithful ministers, able to serve God in the holy offices of His Church. India has its band of native pastors; Ceylon has a like company of preachers; New Zealand, out of a race never exceeding in number 100,000 souls, has yielded to Bishop Williams and myself seventeen ordained missionaries,—not one of whom, amid the relapse of many to heathenism, has ever swerved either from his allegiance to the British crown or from his faith in the Lord Jesus.*

This animating address was received with the enthusiasm which it deserved: and the American Church determined to express, in a tangible way, the sense of brotherhood in Christ which it evoked, by the presentation of a magnificent Alms-dish, by Bishop Selwyn's hands, to the Church at home. The following is an accurate description, from an American journal, of this elaborate gift.

In the centre is the hemisphere, showing the Atlantic Ocean, with the Old World on the east of it and the New World on the west. A scroll on the ocean bears the inscription, which expresses the spirit of the gift: "Orbis veteri novus, occidens orienti, Filia Matri." At the South Pole is the date, 1871, of the Bishop's visit. In the upper part of the hemisphere is a

* The whole of this spirited and characteristic address is printed in Tucker's "Life of Bishop Selwyn," ii. 291, and has been separately published by S.P.C.K.

circular chased medallion, which covers nearly the whole of Great Britain, and bears a ship typical of the Church, having the cross at its prow, the labarum on its sail, the pastoral staff of the apostolic episcopate at its mainmast, upheld by two ropes on either side for the other two orders of priests and deacons; and "S.S." on the rudder, for the "Sacred Scriptures." This ship is leaving England, and is headed towards the New World, indicating that our Church received its existence from the Catholic Church through the Church of England.

Outside of this hemisphere is a band about an inch wide, with the names of the six undisputed General Councils of the ancient Church, separated from one another by six hemispheres of *lapis lazuli*. As the word "Catholic" signifies "all the world over" so this band runs all around the globe.

From this band, on the outside, spring twelve oak leaves, and between them are twelve twigs, each bearing three acorns with burnished kernels. This use of the English oak sets forth the English Church growing outwards, and carrying her Catholicity with her wherever she goes, in every direction. The *twelve* is the number of apostolic fulness and perfection, and the *three* is a reference to the doctrine of the Trinity. From behind the oak leaves and acorns spring alternate maple leaves and palmetto leaves, the former symbolizing the North, and the latter the South,—thus representing the historical truth, that both parts of our American Church are the outgrowth of the Church of England.

The rim bears the inscription, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It begins and ends at a jewelled cross, composed of five amethysts, four topazes, eight pearls and eight small garnets, all clustered within a circle, the cross itself thus forming a crown of glory. The words are divided by large stones, more than an inch in diameter. As they refer not to the faith, but to gifts, which are of infinite variety, no two are alike. They are all (with one exception) American stones, the one exception being a species of *praise* from New Zealand, which was found in a lapidary's shop in Philadelphia. As Bishop Selwyn has done

more than any other one man to organize the system of the colonial episcopate, the piece of that New Zealand stone was secured, to be placed *first* in the series.

Outside the inscription is a very bold cable moulding, the finish of which shows that it is a threefold cord, not easily broken. This means the three orders of the apostolic ministry; one strand being burnished bright, to represent the episcopate, the next under it having *twelve* cross threads representing the priesthood, and the next below that having *seven* longitudinal threads, signifying the diaconate, the original number of the deacons being seven. Outside this cable moulding, again, is a margin of leaves all growing outward, showing a vigorous outward growth of the Church all the world over.

On the under side of the rim is a plain Latin inscription, more specifically detailing the circumstances of the occasion which called forth this gift from the American to the English Church. It runs thus :—

“✠ Ecclesię Anglicanę matri, per manus Apostolicas reverendissimi Georgii Augusti Selwyn, Dei gratiã Episcopi Lichfieldensis, pacis et benevolentię internuncii, ejusdemque auctoris, hoc pietatis testimonium filii Americani dederunt.✠”

On the Tuesday before Bishop Selwyn left New York, a farewell breakfast was given at Delmonico's, in his honour. The Bishop was introduced to the company by the Bishop of New York (Potter), and after breakfast he delivered a characteristic speech :—

There are two salient points in what I have observed while here. The first is the intense feeling of cordiality which exists between the American States and our English mother. I could never understand why there should be any disagreement between the two countries. It is true that, about a hundred years ago, a question arose as to whether England should tax America or America should tax herself. That question was decided in your

favour, and you have made good use of your privilege. You may now compete with the mother-country for the honour and glory of being the best-taxed country on the earth. . . . How great a blessing God has granted to us all, by the establishing of the principle of "arbitration"! There were those who told us that the whole scheme was Utopian. But I say that "war" is inconsistent with civilization itself. It is a relic of barbarism. God grant that, if ever disagreements occur between the people of England and the people of America, we may say, each to the other, "Let there be no strife between me and thee; for we are brethren." The second point by which I have been impressed, is the unity of the two branches of our beloved Church. . . . There has already been the Lambeth conference, and I have always considered it the greatest event in the Church since the Reformation. Now your presiding Bishop writes me a letter, for which I am very thankful, proposing that all the branches of the Anglican communion should send their representatives—bishops, clergy, and laity—to (what he aptly calls) a "Patriarchal Council." This council should be held, he says, either at Canterbury or at Lambeth. I hope the suggestion will be carried out in 1877, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who should be recognized by all the bishops of our Anglican communion as virtually, if not actually, their Patriarch.

This happy thought of the late venerated Bishop Potter, of New York, has now, for many years, been leavening the minds of Churchmen throughout the Anglican communion, and the time is perhaps not far off when it will produce tangible results. If so, it must be regretted that Bishop Selwyn did not live to see this coping-stone placed on the top of all his noble work for the better organizing of the Church. But he had learnt, during a long and eventful career, that noble labour is still more ennobled if it neither enjoy, nor desire to enjoy, any recompense in this world.

This lesson was more strongly than ever brought home to him when, towards the close of the year, the distressing news arrived that his most trusted and beloved disciple, Bishop Patteson, had been cruelly murdered by the very people for whose sake he had abandoned all things that men hold dear. This terrible event took place on a very small island (Nukapu), among the Melanesian Group, near Santa Cruz, where the good Bishop had landed fully aware of the risk he was running. He was first lured away from the shore, and then his skull was beaten in from behind by a club, and his body pierced with arrows. The corpse being set adrift in a canoe, it was recovered and brought in reverent silence on board the mission schooner, and on St. Matthew's Day (September 21st) was committed to the deep.* When the news reached Lichfield, Bishop Selwyn's heart was almost broken. He loved this man like his own son, and had honoured him above all other men by appointing him as his own successor in this advanced post of supreme difficulty and danger. Every afternoon, for several days in succession, when evensong in the cathedral was over, he requested the organist simply to play the "Dead March" in *Saul*, while the congregation reverently stood in silent sympathy with their chief pastor's grief. And when, at early Communion, he read the Prayer for the Church Militant, his voice trembled audibly, and he paused for some seconds at the words, "We also bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear," slowly adding, "especially for John Coleridge Patteson."

* See this touching story fully told in Miss Yonge's "Life of Bishop Patteson," ii. 566.

The following letters from the Bishop and from Mrs. Selwyn, written not long afterwards, when the sad news had been confirmed by later and more detailed information, will be found of touching interest.

BISHOP SELWYN *to* SIR WILLIAM MARTIN.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

On St. Stephen's Day the full accounts came, and no day could be more suitable.* But if they had come before, I do not think they could have marred the harmony of the angels' song; for they were so much better than we expected, that we felt almost as if the sorrow had been turned into joy. This is the feeling of all his friends—not even excepting his brother and sister. As a matter of "sorrow," we think, perhaps, more of Joe Atkins and his native companions and their death of agony. But all are alike now—their bodies in the deep, their souls with Christ. "And I therein do rejoice; yea, and will rejoice." We have agreed upon a plan for a memoir. How we wish that you could be here, amid a company of loving friends, to bring out as perfect a life as possible of the most perfect of men! It is difficult to compare him with Mr. Whytehead; but the two seem to come nearer than any men I ever knew to the definition in the Hebrews: "men of whom the world was not worthy."

I visited Nukapu with dear Coley first on August 12, 1856, but did not land. Eleven canoes came off in a most friendly manner, and saluted us by throwing roasted bread-fruit on board. One of the men stole Coley's telescope. On September 23rd, 1857, I visited Nukapu again; six canoes came off. I rowed into

* The very last Bible lesson given by Bishop Patteson, just before his martyrdom, was on the death of St. Stephen. His last letter to "the Primate" is full of deep religious feeling. "The volcano [near Nukapu] was fine last night. What is all the bombarding of Paris to these masses of fire and tons of rock cast into the sea? 'If He do but touch the hills, they shall smoke.' To-day's first lesson has a good verse: 'Be strong, O Jeshua, the high priest! I am with you'" (Life of Bishop Patteson, ii., 564).

the lagoon, and landed at the village. Most friendly people. Old Anana and I exchanged names. I called over a list of former acquaintances, and distributed presents. It was altogether a happy finish to the day. The above will show what good reason there was to hope that Nukapu would open the way to Santa Cruz, and that there was no rashness in going there. Why did we not die together then? God only knows. "One is taken, and the other left."

The next letter is from Mrs. Selwyn to a sister of the martyred missionary—one whom Bishop Selwyn most tenderly and happily consoled, pointing out to her a cross he had drawn on his chart of the islands, marking the exact spot where her brother's body had been committed to the deep, and "had taken possession of the great blue sea."

MRS. SELWYN *to* MISS F. PATTESON.

Our thoughts—also, I think, our prayers—have met to-day. I am sure our hearts have been alike full of "the quick" and of "the dead"—the quick, that are at work; the dead, that are at rest. "Their works do follow them." We have had a day of services here, beginning in our chapel and ending in the parish churches, with the cathedral in the interval. How glorious it was, and how I longed that the dear souls "at work" could have the help and comfort of such a place and such words and such music! But I remember how all this seemed to be more than supplied, when I was kneeling side by side with the converts and with those who were yet in darkness, by the longing desire to help and the uplifting of trying,—though, in my case, it was ever so far off. I hope my Johnnie will drink of this deep well, as one sees dear Coley did; though no one will, or can, in his degree.

The next letter is from the same hand, and narrates a most pathetic scene.

MRS. SELWYN *to* MISS F. PATTESON.

I hope that you duly received a precious little box of letters from Norfolk Island—old treasures that could not fail to awaken many memories. I did not advert to another part of the contents. You will guess what it is—a mournful trophy. The Bishop put off the opening till Good Friday, when a little band of friends assembled. The Bishop said some prayers first, and then spread the mat that had wrapped the precious body on the table. The little palm-branch was inside, with the five knots we have heard of, and which those in New Zealand who are conversant with native customs interpret as being a declaration that the act was judicial, the life of the great one being taken for five lives of people kidnapped or murdered in the fray. What is your mind concerning it—the mind of your family, that is? Meanwhile it is in loving and reverent hands, as you know.

Yes, it was indeed with moistened eyes that we saw, and with “loving and reverent hands” that we touched, this “relic”—so eloquent in its strangeness and simplicity—of a modern martyrdom. As for Bishop Selwyn, he seemed at once to look ten years older, and perhaps he never fully recovered the blow. For it was a blow also to the mission which he had started, and to which he was at one time minded to dedicate the whole remainder of his own life as mission-bishop.

Shortly afterwards, Bishop Selwyn preached at Westminster Abbey for this mission. His text was Rom. v. 20 : “Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.” He said—

If it were not for this assurance, the spectacle of human misery and ignorance, which meets us at every turn, might make even the most zealous heart despair. But in this confidence the

missionary goes forth to heathen lands ; and such was the conviction with which Bishop Patteson went forth seventeen years ago, and in its strength he never ceased to work. Next to his reliance on the Divine promises of strength and support, his own humility was the basis of his work. It was stamped on the Melanesian Mission. He went out full of faith in the purpose of God to raise up evangelists from among the natives to preach to their countrymen in their own tongues. These were the pentecostal gifts that he relied on ; and throughout his career he kept this object ever in view. High, indeed, were his qualifications for this great and arduous work. First, there were his gifts of nature—a discriminating ear, a retentive memory, and a marvellous flexibility of speech. Then there were his gifts of grace—aptness to teach, docility to learn, unwearied patience, and (above all) condescension to men of low estate, and even to little children, whose every thought and word he studied, until he was able to attain to that idiomatic power of expression which enchains the savage and paves the way for future influence. Indeed, it may be said that in an especial degree he possessed the gift of languages—a gift inestimable where every island has its own variety of tongue. . . . It pleased God to prolong his life until he had gathered in the firstfruits of his labours. He had drawn out a map of the islands. He knew them all, and was acquainted with the various characteristics of their tribes. Some were bold mariners ; others, creeping among the trees, feared to trust themselves upon the water. And then, in time, the people gathered round a native pastor ; and his pupils sailed from island to island in the mission vessel. And so the work was carried forward, not by an increased body of English clergy, but by a native ministry, trained and superintended by himself. And now we approach the close of his too short career. On a little island, not larger than Westminster Abbey, where he had often sat, and where he was on friendly terms with the natives, his soul departed to be with Christ ; and by the hands of his murderers he received his martyr's crown.

A future page of this Memoir will describe Bishop Selwyn's revenge upon the Melanesians for this dreadful deed. It took the singular, but the essentially Christian, form of sending out to them his second son—who most resembled him, and who had been, both abroad and in England, the most constantly by his side—to undergo precisely similar perils for their good, and to bring home to these murderers the Word of Life.

Throughout England too, at the end of this year 1871, the marvellous power of faith and prayer was demonstrated in an unusual way. For in November the Prince of Wales was smitten down, at his country-house (Sandringham) in Norfolk, with typhoid fever; and in a few weeks he had sunk so low that his life was despaired of. Never, perhaps, has been seen so touching and striking a spectacle as our whole nation presented under the shadow of this impending calamity. Prayer was universally offered up for the Prince's recovery. And in the evening of December 13th a turning-point was reached, after which the patient proceeded steadily towards recovery. Two months afterwards, a solemn national thanksgiving was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, at which the Queen and most of the royal family were present, amid a vast crowd of every rank and degree. Thus a severe trial had shown that the heart of England was sound at the core, and that she had not yet either dismissed her ancient loyalty or forgotten her ancient religion.

CHAPTER V.

1872.

The Universities Commission—Use of the Athanasian Creed—Futile proceedings in Convocation—Speech at Oxford—Consecration of Bishop Rawle—Letter from Mrs. Selwyn—Pelsall colliery accident—Confusions in the Church—Calmness of Bishop Selwyn.

THE year 1872 opened with a very distinct reminder to all whom it might concern that the question of public education, both primary and advanced, was still a matter of prominent interest to the country; and that no employment of public funds for educational purposes would much longer be uncontested which was local or sectarian in its area. Accordingly, primary education having been already dealt with by Mr. Forster's Bill in 1870, the endowments devoted to more advanced education at the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge now came under review; and on the 9th of January a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the subject. Naturally, a good deal of alarm was expressed in some quarters at an inquiry which seemed ominously to forebode, at no distant time, a forcible interference with the bequests of ancient "founders and benefactors." Hard words were used,—“disendowment,” “confiscation,” “diversion of property held in trust for one

purpose to some other, and perhaps alien, purpose." And no doubt such phrases, as Bishop Selwyn said on another occasion, "are ugly, very ugly words." They look like defalcation, and breach of honour towards benefactors now long passed away, who cannot speak a word in support or explanation of their own purposes. But then it was forgotten that nothing would have grieved and disappointed those good men more bitterly, than to have suspected that posterity would care so little about their bequests as to make no inquiry, after the lapse of centuries, about their freedom from abuse or waste. Moreover, the greatest Churchmen and statesmen of the past—such as William of Wykeham, Wolsey, and many others—had not scrupled to modify the employment of vast endowments, bequeathed originally for monastic purposes, and to adapt them to the educational necessities of their own time. While, if any doubts remained as to the expediency (at any rate) of such well-considered changes, it was reassuring to hear from the lips of Dr. Sewell, at the great Wykehamist Festival in 1887, that he—who, as Warden of New College, had conscientiously resisted the great changes at Oxford resulting from this Royal Commission in 1872,—now felt bound to confess they had been both expedient and righteous changes, and had brought little else than good in their train.

At this time, however, the flagrant contradiction which arrayed men in two opposite camps on the whole education question was brought into the most vivid light. For while amiable Churchmen were pleading in pathetic tones for the rights of the clerical conscience to teach, in all the national schools, their own full Church of England doctrine,

a fierce "demonstration" was being made in Dublin (January 17th) in favour of downright *separate* denominational schools: and an equally determined front was shown by the Dissenters at Manchester (January 24th) in favour of downright *secular* education. It is quite clear that the former of these two schemes is, at least among scattered rural populations and in countries of strongly divided religious opinion, both physically and financially impossible; while, as to secular education, our countrymen have hitherto decidedly set their faces against it. Accordingly, on the education question, Bishop Selwyn held on his own tranquil conservative course, insisting that education to be worth anything must needs be religious, but yet fully acknowledging the right and duty of the State to curb, by a "conscience clause," any exuberance of proselytizing energy which the clergy might display.

Nor was it only on the Education question that the Church of England had, about this time, to face her enemies in the gate. On February 17th, two events occurred on the same day, which showed what need she had of courage and patience and of that skilful leading for which she naturally looked to the episcopal bench. In the afternoon of that day, a great meeting was held at St. James's Hall, London, to advocate a trenchant reform of the Prayer-Book and a disuse of the Athanasian Creed, as the only practical alternative to the disestablishment now so loudly and confidently threatened by the Dissenters. And in the evening, the first step towards the accomplishment of that threat seemed to be secured, when Mr. Osborne Morgan's Burials Bill was read a second time in the House of Commons. Two days afterwards the Church had reason

to cry, "Save me from my friends ;" when Lord Shaftesbury brought in his bill on "Ecclesiastical procedure" permitting any three "aggrieved" persons throughout the length and breadth of a diocese to throw any parish at pleasure into convulsions, by bringing an action against its clergyman for "Ritualism." This danger was happily conjured away for a time, and "risu solvebantur tabulæ," by a humorous speech from the Bishop of Peterborough.

Is it not (he said) a fitting function of a ruler, to decide whether prosecutions such as these should be instituted? But to whom is this important power given in the bill? To any three persons in the entire diocese,—who may be the three greatest fools in it! These persons—let us say, three old women in the Channel Islands—would have the right to prosecute, for any minute violation of the rubric, any clergyman in a district within a stone's-throw of your lordships' house!

We can easily imagine with what twinkling eyes Bishop Selwyn would enjoy the humour of his brother-bishop's speech. For his sympathy would be entirely with those whose votes on that occasion upheld the principle of discipline by the voice of responsible authority, rather than the infliction of ecclesiastical censures by "aggrieved" partisans from without. Such external interference in a parish would inflame every smouldering discord and every latent fanaticism into a blazing conflagration. How strong such theological differences could be, was manifested by the fierce conflict, already referred to, on the admission of Dr. Vance (a Unitarian), among the other New Testament "Revisers," to receive the Holy Communion in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Burgon, Dean of

Chichester, wrote thus to the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol :—

In God's name, I invite you, right reverend sir, to clear yourself from further complicity in this terrible scandal. Believe me, you cannot as a Christian bishop retain your present alliance with that Unitarian teacher without giving a shock to the conscience of the Church, and of your own clergy in particular. The knowledge that faithful men, in all parts of the world, are writhing under the spectacle which you and your episcopal brethren continue to present to the wondering eyes of Christendom, emboldens me to address you with more than common plainness.

The truth is, that one commotion in the ecclesiastical world often awakens or gives additional exasperation to another. And at this moment, in 1872, the air was thick with storms, owing to the revival of a controversy which had long ago agitated the English Church, as to the public recitation of the Athanasian Creed. To an unprejudiced bystander—if such a person existed at that time—it must have been perfectly amazing to observe with what fierce acrimony this merely rubrical question was debated. It was in Convocation, naturally, that the fire attained to a white heat; and there it is instructive to watch the course of proceedings, and to record the final result. First, in February, 1872, an event occurred which was thus described by one of Bishop Selwyn's Archdeacons :—

One of the greatest events, as regards the Church, is her Majesty's authorizing, for the first time these two hundred years, the Convocations of Canterbury and York to take into consideration the Report of a Ritual Commission, and to report thereon, with a view to legislation.

Such a description was not a promising one : yet great was

the exultation and excitement among the leaders of the clergy at this event. The biographer of Bishop Wilberforce relates how "it was the completion of the work for which he had laboured during well-nigh twenty years:"* and the Prolocutor (Bickersteth) lucidly described to the Lower House the effects of the three cumbrous keys by which the Crown lawyers had now unlocked the handcuffs, imposed by Henry VIII. on these provincial synods of the Church:—

(1) a royal "licence," at the present stage of the operations, was unnecessary. But the reason why it has been issued as well as (2) the "*letter of business*" is this,—that it is possible some matter may arise requiring the enactment of a canon; and then the "licence" will be ready to our hand. I have always contended that under (3) *the royal "writ"* we have ample liberty to discuss every question; and can do everything short of enacting a canon."†

Armed with this trifurcated weapon from the royal armoury, at which Bishop Selwyn—fresh from his diocesan conferences, on the free and business-like colonial system—must have smiled one of his most contagious smiles, the Convocation of Canterbury proceeded to work.

That elaborate confession of a true faith, "*the psalm Quicumque Vult,*" has for centuries been regarded by Churchmen as a most valuable bulwark of orthodoxy. And, indeed, elaborate as it may appear, so decisive and dogmatic are its statements, that Bishop Selwyn often alleged that no statement of Christian doctrine could compare with it for effect upon the simple Maori mind.

* "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," vol. iii., p. 391.

† "Chronicle of Convocation," 1872, p. 62.

“Now,” they would say, “we see what the Church’s teaching really is.” But, terse and impressive as its unhesitating definitions of the most inscrutable Divine mysteries may be, two subordinate questions arise about the Athanasian Creed to which even the soundest Churchmen may give diametrically opposite answers. (1) The first is a ritual question—whether a long creed of this highly speculative cast has any more claim to be sung as a part of Divine worship than the Thirty-nine Articles have? (2) The second is a literary question,—whether the so-called “dam-natory clauses,” with which it menacingly guards itself, are any essential part of the creed? For, if not, when it is elevated to liturgical honours, and adorned (like its sister-creed of Nicæa) with musical embellishments for use amid praise and thanksgiving, it should be first disembarrassed (like that sister-creed) of its discordant accompaniments of anathema; so that it may be recited thankfully to God, rather than menacingly to man. Accordingly, various schemes were proposed.

The most learned defence of the existing usage proceeded from the lips of the venerable Bishop of Lincoln (Wordsworth). He pleaded that the creed could not be a forgery of “about the year 800,” because two years earlier (A.D. 798), a Bishop of Worcester made “a profes-sion of his faith” in its very words; and six years earlier (A.D. 794) a council at Frankfort mentions it as a well-known formulary; and Alcuin (writing about the same time) even attributes it to Athanasius himself. He added that—

perhaps the true solution of the [chronological] question has been given by Gieseler,—who supposes that the Athanasian Creed was

the final settlement of the theological discussions in the various Councils of Toledo, especially on the doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation: and as in Spain the Arian heresy was usually called "the creed of Arius," so the profession of the Catholic faith was called "the creed of (his great opponent) Athanasius." . . . With regard to what are called the "damnatory clauses,"—it is the duty of the Church to warn the unbeliever of his danger: and I should be quite prepared to leave the creed to stand as it does, without any word of comment. But we are bound to consider the scruples of others; and I should therefore be willing to concur in the addition of an explanatory rubric, as follows:— "Note.—That no clauses in this creed are to be regarded as words of private persons pronouncing any judgment on others; but in it the Church of God discharges the duty, solemnly laid upon it by Him, of publicly warning those of their danger who wilfully reject the fundamental articles of the Christian faith rehearsed herein."

On the other hand, there were those who felt, much more strongly than the good Bishop of Lincoln did, that "the scruples of others must be regarded:" and at the head of them was no less a person than the Archbishop of Canterbury (Tait) himself. In reply to Bishop Wordsworth, he began by laying before Convocation a petition signed by eighteen leading London clergymen,—among them the present Bishops of Rochester (Thorold), Sydney (Barry), Colchester (Blomfield), and Manchester (Moorhouse)—stating that—

while we heartily acknowledge the value of the Athanasian Creed, as testifying to the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith, we consider it to be unsuitable for use in the public service of the Church.

To this view of the matter the Archbishop added the weight of his own personal approval; while in favour of

the proposal to separate the damnatory clauses, and to omit them in the public recitation of the creed, he laid before the House an opinion of three out of the four Cambridge professors of divinity, to the following effect :—

Believing that the character of the Athanasian creed is not sufficiently understood, we beg to call attention to the following facts :—(1) The internal structure of the document shows that it consists of two parts—the exposition of the catholic faith, and the admonitory clauses which form its setting and are no part of the exposition itself: (2) in the earliest extant manuscript of this document, clause forty-two occurs in a wholly different form, and runs thus,—“This is the holy and catholic faith, which every man who desires to reach eternal life ought to know in its integrity and to guard with all fidelity.” *

At the risk of some prolixity, it has seemed worth while to set forth quite clearly this leading controversy, which disturbed the ecclesiastical world to its deepest depths, in 1872. For these thoughts formed the theological atmosphere of the time: and the leading men of any age cannot be fairly understood without taking into account the subtle influences of the air they breathed and of the “public opinion” of their day.

On April 24th, the battle-royal began in the Lower House of the Southern Convocation. Prebendary Kempe proposed that the Athanasian Creed should only be used at occasional and shortened services; this was lost by 60 votes against 10. Dean Stanley urged that the rubric directing its use should merely be permissive; which was rejected by 60 votes against 12. Another desired that the whole matter should be left to the discretion of “the

* “Chronicle of Convocation, 1872,” p. 37.

Ordinary;" but he only obtained 13 votes against 54 on the other side. Dean Blakesley then wished that the creed should be regarded purely as a hymn or canticle; a notion which was repudiated by 42 votes against 19. At length Lord A. Compton proposed that things should remain simply as they were at the beginning of the whole discussion; which was carried by 62 votes against 7. And, finally, Archdeacon Denison moved that there was no occasion even for an explanatory note; which was more hesitatingly carried by 21 voices against 17. The question was thereupon removed to the Upper House; and it was there moved that the bishops assembled "do agree with the Lower House;" which was finally negatived by the Archbishop's casting vote. Thus the nett result was absolutely nil. And if any justification were needed for Bishop Selwyn's anxiety to leaven the Councils of the Church with a "lay element," it was now supplied.

Meanwhile—as if to add a touch of pathos to this picture of wasted energy—there passed away amid the thickest of the storm (on April 1, 1872) Frederick Denison Maurice, the man of all others who had mainly contributed to the opening of this question. His career had been blasted by the violent opposition it aroused. But his biography is now read with amazement by a younger generation, who can find therein nothing but the profoundest piety and the most untainted orthodoxy, shrouding themselves in unintelligible forms of entangled speech.

Amid all these portentous theological tempests, there was one man who appeared perfectly unmoved. It was the man who amid raging gales on Southern Seas had learned, with serene self-possession, not to be disturbed by

sound and fury ; but to consider, and then to do, whatever practical work most needed to be done. For Bishop Selwyn made no pretensions to be a skilled theologian, although his intellectual gifts would have amply equipped him for such a career, had he been called to it. But his marvellous force and directness, and the singular humility which lay so deeply ingrained in his character, enabled him deliberately to confine himself to that special work of practical organization to which, in both hemispheres, he perceived himself to be summoned. Few men have the moral courage thus to satisfy at once their intellect and their conscience, and in this manly way to recognize quite clearly the rightfulness of "division of labour" in the Church. Consequently most men of great practical energy are, unlike Bishop Selwyn, intolerant men. They are impatient of studies which seem to them to paralyze action : and, forgetting that without skilful direction mere energy is a useless "beating of the air," they rudely overturn the strategist's tent in the lusty onward march of their enthusiastic battalions—to defeat.

On March 9, 1872, a large meeting was held at Oxford, to express veneration for Bishop Patteson's character and deep regret at his untimely death. To the crowded assembly Bishop Selwyn gave a long and luminous account of the Melanesian mission, in the following words :—

The Melanesian mission extends over nearly a twelfth part of the circumference of the globe ; and it includes a hundred islands, some larger some smaller, with a population of about 250,000 souls. Almost every one of these islands has a separate dialect of its own ; and consequently the same work has to be

done in each case over again. Bishop Patteson's plan, therefore, was to make the smallest possible use of English agents; he sought rather to train up native youths at the central school in Norfolk Island. Down to the time of his death he had had 565 young men under his care. It was the duty of the English agents to go among the natives, often to climb up into their curious tree-houses (one of which has been described to me as eighty feet high), into which the dwellers have to take up all their arms and provisions, besides a quantity of stones to throw down on any that might approach the tree to set it on fire. Such was Bishop Patteson's plan. And if it be only continued as he left it, it will itself be the best mode of showing reverence to his memory. It should be remembered that a great part of the staff still remains, especially four promising young men in holy orders. The case of the Rev. George Sarawia is a good illustration of the actual nature of missionary work. Thirteen years ago this young man had never seen a white face; and now, with the entire approbation of every one, he has been ordained a minister of the Church, and has taken under his charge the island of Mota. We entertain a hope that Mr. Codrington (who was a Fellow of Wadham) may consent to become the successor to Bishop Patteson. If he does—and I speak here to the young men of this university—we must do all we can to supplement his exertions. The physical exercises in which young men indulge at these seats of learning are not all idleness. They are a training of the future man for higher purposes than playing at cricket or pulling in a boat,—necessary that the man may be thoroughly furnished to all good works. Well then, if Cambridge will send him two university oarsmen, will Oxford find him two more?

On St. Peter's Day, June 29, 1872, an event occurred which appeared to Bishop Selwyn, accustomed to large views and oceanic horizons, as one of the most notable occurrences of the year. It was the public consecration—and, this time, in Lichfield Cathedral itself—of a fourth

bishop for colonial service who had been selected by him from among the working clergy of his own Midland diocese. In 1869, he had appointed Dr. Cowie, Rector of St. Mary's, Stafford, to succeed him in the diocese of Auckland. In 1870, the Rev. H. Cheetham, late Vicar of Quarndon, Derbyshire, was made Bishop of Sierra Leone; in 1871, Dr. Nevill, Rector of St. Mark's, Shelton, was consecrated Bishop of Dunedin; and now, in 1872, the Rev. Richard Rawle, Rector of Tamworth, was to be sent forth as Bishop of Trinidad. No appointment could have been more appropriate; and the ceremony was most touching and impressive, and worthy both of the simple-hearted man who stood there ready to be consecrated, and of the world-renowned Bishop who was (by the Archbishop's delegation) now to consecrate him to his work. Five English prelates, one Scotch bishop, and three from New Zealand, with a large number of clergy, formed in procession on the terrace in the palace-garden, and entered the church by the great west door, singing the *Te Deum* as they passed up towards the altar. A striking sermon was preached by the Bishop of Peterborough (Magee). The number of communicants was nearly five hundred; and the beautiful alms-dish presented by the American Church to the mother Church of England, in memory of Bishop Selwyn's visit to their convention at Baltimore, was now used for the first time. After a few weeks, the new Bishop landed in his island diocese; where his first words on arrival struck a note in fullest accord with all New Zealand precedents:—

It gives me pleasure to be introduced to you with less ceremony

than had been arranged. Being a man of plain and simple habits, I prefer that my entering-in among you should be in keeping with what my past life has been. In coming, I have lovingly obeyed what seemed to me a very loving call—not to greatness, but to a chief post of work and responsibility in the service of Him whose I am and whom I serve, the great Bishop and Pastor of your souls. To Him I look for guidance in the relations upon which we are now entering.

The following letter gives a graphic description of one of the guests at this consecration, and also affords a welcome glimpse into the domestic circle at Lichfield about that time.

MRS. SELWYN *to* LADY MARTIN.

Lichfield, July 24, 1872.

MY DEAREST P——

My dear old Johnnie's mind is fully settled now [about going out to Melanesia]. It has never wavered in purpose; but the uncertainty was unsettling. Perhaps you will say, "What uncertainty?" This: Supposing that Mr. Codrington had left the mission, and that ——'s influence in the synod had led to the appointment of a man of other views, who might have wished to carry out the work after a different sort, George would not have advised Johnnie to go. But all that is at an end; and the warm welcome from the other side of the world has been reassuring and comforting. I wish his friend, Mr. Still, could have had the like encouragement. I think you cannot fail to like that good and pleasant man with his fair Saxon face. Mr. Still's own people have been very good. His father, a man apart from missions, accepts his son's intention in a way that will surely raise himself; and he sends his child out with his blessing. I did not quite look for all this so soon from the rich solicitor, who does not understand it. Johnnie and Mr. Still are deep in

medical, or rather surgical, studies at the hospital at Wolverhampton, by way of preparation for their start. The break-up at Wolverhampton takes place in September, and a sad day it will be; for Johnnie has been enabled to bring a most unpromising state of things into very fair order, and to establish a very strong feeling towards himself. Especially have the schools prospered, and all the wild colts of the parish are his devoted supporters. So I hope it may be with other wild colts elsewhere. We came back from Eton to Lichfield for George to finish his Derbyshire confirmations. It was ever rain and storm, and not like summer at all. The hay-crop is a grand one, but a good deal of it has been injured. However, a fine day intervened for us on a great occasion here, the consecration of a bishop. We English are not good hands at a function, still I think that this ceremonial went off very well, especially the long procession up the nave of the cathedral, chanting the *Te Deum*. There were seven consecrating bishops, and the Bishop of Peterborough preached. No doubt you have a *précis* of the discourse from C——. We were full of bishops at the palace; and the Angelical doctor of Lincoln [Bishop Wordsworth], and my old friend, his wife, remained over the Sunday with us. He is angelical most certainly—a didactic angel, ever flowing on. One feels, as he talks, that his conversation is in heaven, and that you wish to be good. How blessed to have come to such a state that you are a living sermon, a living word! We went to our Lollards' Tower on July 2nd. It was not ready, so benignant Mrs. Tait had us to the palace. I told you of our going to the S.P.G. Festival at St. Paul's, where the American alms-basin was formally presented by George, and received by the Archbishop. And into it went a wretched offering—only £50 from great guns and all!

George found an American friend at St. Paul's,—the young lady whom he had married to Mr. Chauncy, and who lives at No. 1853, Spruce Street, Philadelphia. They settled to come hither: but (unresty people!) they sent a telegram at last to put it off. The way they race about England takes one's breath away.

I wish they could have dined with us all at the Mansion House. It was a grand affair, with the quaint old customs still retained. It was long. We heard many songs and many speeches; and got away while a magistrate was describing the practice of his police-affairs, which did not seem in any sort connected with the S.P.G. On our return, my beloved husband (as usual) invited a whole family to come and see us,—parents and four daughters: so we were a fine petticoat-party. The clergyman in question gave us an amusing account of George's original visit to Derbyshire, when he was meeting the clergy and churchwardens in order to set the conferences going in this diocese. A farmer met a former churchwarden after the meeting, and asked what they had "done up yonder?" "Well, I don't know much about it; but I always went with the Bishop, for he was master of them all." And a cynical old clergyman observed: "I don't care for the man; and I don't like his plans; but I like to see him bowl them all over, one after another." However, these were old days. The consent is universal now.

The silver alms-dish, to which reference is made in this letter, was formally presented to the Church of England, in St. Paul's Cathedral, on July 3rd,—the Bishop of Ohio (Mac-Ilwaine) and Bishop Selwyn kneeling side by side, and together committing the precious gift to the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Tait). On the following day, being "Independence Day," Bishop Selwyn telegraphed a characteristic message to Bishop Potter of New York: "July 4: alms-basin presented in St. Paul's Cathedral: 'independence' is not dis-union." This message was soon published abroad by the venerable recipient, who observed—

it was a kindly and graceful impulse on their part to give such dignity to the reception of our offering of love, and to send us

such a message on such a day. It will be warmly appreciated by all the members of our communion on this side of the water.

Who can estimate the blessings that always flow, in ever-increasing volume, from such "kindly and graceful" acts of Christian love and courtesy! They form the softening and harmonizing influence among all the complicated machinery of social life; and—on the larger scale, where Churches and nations are concerned—they symbolize and engender a latent goodwill and friendliness which may, some day when "peace or war" hangs trembling in the balance, turn the scale and save generations of mankind from the malediction and misery of bloodshed. Had the true ring of Christian courtesy, which is heard in Bishop Selwyn's brief message to New York, only predominated in the journalism of both countries during the previous twenty years, "Alabama" and other menacing claims would probably never have been heard of; and the news which rang through England on September 14, 1872, that the Geneva arbitrators had actually fined us three million two hundred and thirty thousand pounds for a quite imaginary act of connivance with "rebels," would never have tingled in men's ears. No doubt, the passions of our kinsmen across the water were at that time violently, and perhaps justly, excited. For the union of their country had been threatened: and they could therefore vehemently apply to the *United States* what such great English Liberals as Mr. Bright and Earl Russell, that very year, were publicly saying about the *United Kingdom*: "to have two representative Parliaments in the United Kingdom would be an intolerable mischief." *

* *Guardian*, Jan. 20, and Oct. 12, 1872.

This apparent failure of justice and equity, on the very first important occasion when the essentially Christian system of "arbitration" had been resorted to, seemed at first sight a calamity for the human race. Perhaps in truth it was not so. But, any way, all honour to Mr. Gladstone, who displayed the same moral courage as Bishop Selwyn had already shown in New Zealand, in suspending his country's interests and honour on the arbitrament of reason, rather than of the sword. Thereby he placed England first among all the nations of Christendom, as not only believing, but acting upon and suffering for, the principles of the Gospel. Who dares imagine that such conduct can ever, in the long-run, injure any nation? It were a puny and shallow love for Christ's splendid principles of forbearance which could not endure a check, or a temporary collision with those strange contradictions to all reason and goodness of which the world is full.

In the autumn of this year a sad accident occurred. One unlucky stroke of a pick in Pelsall Colliery released a rushing flood which entombed twenty-two men and boys for five days, and condemned them to a lingering death.

There lay the twenty-two men as if asleep. One old man had his arm round the neck of his grandson, a fine young man of five-and-twenty. A poor boy had a piece of a leather boot-string in his mouth, telling its sad story of raging hunger. And one man of prayer was dead upon his knees.*

The following letter from the curate of the parish gives a vivid account of the Bishop's behaviour on this occasion:—

In November, 1872, while I was curate of Pelsall, we had a

* Dean Champneys, "Tale of Pelsall Colliery," p. 9.

sad colliery accident, which occasioned the death of twenty-two colliers. The water broke in from an old disused mine, and flooded the working so rapidly, that it rose to the top of the shaft in about three hours. It was hoped that the men in the pit might have got to a higher part of the workings. The Vicar of the parish was totally laid aside by paralysis; and the Bishop, knowing this, and my want of experience, most kindly came down to help me in my work on the Sunday. Finding that I had not been to bed for the two previous nights, he said, "You must do nothing to-day: I will take all the duty for you." Accordingly, he read the prayers and preached in the morning; and after the service asked me to go with him to the scene of the accident. There he conducted another service in the open air; and from an old coal-waggon he gave an excellent address to the vast crowds gathered round. He also took the service in the evening.

Knowing the distress likely to arise from the accident, I had a number of boxes made, to collect subscriptions from the crowds who flocked into the parish. One of the young men with a box met the Bishop as he came in from the station, and he at once took out his purse and emptied the contents—gold and silver and all—into the box. I was told by the station-master afterwards, that the Bishop had to borrow the money for his ticket to return home. I was living in a small cottage at the time, and although most of our well-to-do people were anxious to entertain him, he preferred to stay with me. We had a large number of boxes in circulation for collecting subscriptions; and by Sunday night we had collected £200. The whole of the time between the services on that memorable Sunday, the good Bishop was engaged with my wife and myself in counting the money given by the poor colliers to help their fellows in distress. The Bishop paid us several visits afterwards, and gave us the benefit of his advice. He also visited the bereaved families and prayed with them; and the kind interest he took in the sufferers left a most favourable impression, and greatly strengthened my hands in my work.

With such words of comfort and ministries of help as

could be given, both Bishop Selwyn and his son went forth each day from Lichfield, and stayed till nightfall among the wailing women and pale men at the pit's mouth. But who—except One—could restore the dead brother or bring back the widow's only son to life? *

Indeed, this whole year was full of manifold calamities and confusions. First, a telegram arrived from Melbourne, which covered every face at Lichfield with shame and sorrow. The martyrdom of Bishop Patteson was currently reported to have been avenged, and the ignorant revengeful savagery of Nukapu to have been taught how Christians forgive, by the deadly lessons of shotted guns fired from a man of war.† Then, on September 3rd, the most precious historical building in England, the cradle of the English Church, and the richest treasure-house of her antiquities, Canterbury Cathedral, was set on fire by the folly of one man and was saved by the heroism of another. On the very same day, the future of the Church of France and her hopes of reformation were perhaps fatally blasted, or (to say the very least) were gravely compromised, by

* During one of these nocturnal walks (eight miles) back to Lichfield, a characteristic scene was witnessed. The Bishop and his son (now in Melanesia) were passing through a village on their road, when they observed a poor woman at her cottage door in great distress, because a load of coals had been tumbled rudely down at her threshold and left there for her to "get in." In a moment both the stalwart ecclesiastics had their coats off; and in half an hour all was safely stacked and housed, and the poor woman left in a state of breathless astonishment and gratitude.

† This report was afterwards found to have been incorrect. "The natives discharged a volley of arrows, and a serjeant of marines was killed. This was an attack on the British flag; and it was severely chastised with British firearms. But it is much to be doubted whether Nukapu will ever understand that her natives were shot, not for killing the Bishop, but for firing on the British flag." (Miss Yonge, "Life of Bishop Patteson, ii. 577.)

one man's self-indulgence. The eloquent leader and champion of the Old Catholic movement in Paris was on that day married at the Marylebone registry-office. Only a few days later, on October 6th, England returned this unlucky visit of the French reformer by sending a portentous anti-reformation contingent on pilgrimage to the Virgin's shrine at Lourdes. By the time it reached the south of France, this rolling snow-ball is said to have agglomerated forty thousand persons ; and the procession was led by an English peer of the highest wealth and dignity. Nor was the impression of a perilous confusion in the Redeemer's kingdom abated by a public declaration, soon afterwards, from the once trusted leader of Anglicanism, John Henry Newman, which stated that—

in questions of right and wrong, there is nothing really strong in the whole world, nothing decisive and operative, but the voice of him [the pope,—at that time “ Pío Nono ”] to whom have been committed the keys of the kingdom, and the oversight of Christ's flock. That voice is now, as it has ever been, infallible when it teaches. . . . I have not a word [of all this] to retract.*

Thus finally had the subtlest and most carefully polished of Oxford's sons succumbed to the ruinous theory of a despotism in the family of Jesus Christ ; while, almost at the same moment, another of her sons, more brilliant and versatile by far, William Ewart Gladstone, was earnestly warning the students at Liverpool against the assaults of Strauss upon the Bible ; and yet another, an accomplished preacher and writer, Edward Goulburn, Dean of Norwich, attempted to ward off the criticism which

* *Guardian*, Sept. 13 and 18, 1872.

threatened to paralyze all Biblical study by publicly protesting, in defence of "the written word of God," against Dean Stanley's appointment as Select Preacher at Oxford, and by resigning his own preachingship when the protest was ineffective. Yet, only two days subsequently,—fresh from the mounds of Assyria—George Smith revealed publicly to the Society of Biblical Archæology the firstfruits of his discoveries, in the "Chaldæan legends about the Deluge;" and thus opened to all men's eyes a new mine of fascinating study, from which no sense of danger would ever hereafter be able to deter them.

Amid all these confusions, Bishop Selwyn's policy was carefully directed towards preparing for a happier and better-ordered future, by the most loving attention to the rising generation. Indeed, his tenderness to children was always remarkable. Whether in some modern ill-designed Black-Country church, or in the glorious cathedral at Lichfield, his confirmations were always alive with a sense of earnest reality, such as—amid incessant repetition and fatiguing routine—few bishops can attain to. And when we read a touching letter from him, in reference to a sad case of womanly downfall after confirmation by his hands,* we call to mind yet another deeply tragical event of this same year, which pierced, as with a sword, the hearts of all who saw its meaning. On September 5th, Alice Oswald, a girl of twenty, a governess from America, committed suicide by leaping off Waterloo Bridge. And on her person the following letter was found:—

Alone in London! Not a penny, or a friend to advise or

* See Tucker, ii. 269.

lend a helping hand! Tired and weary with looking for something to do, failing in every way, footsore and heart-weary,—I prefer death to the dawning of another morning. I have only been in Britain nine weeks. . . . O God of heaven, have mercy on a poor helpless sinner! Thou knowest how I have striven against this: but fate is against me. I cannot tread the paths of sin, for my dead mother will be watching me. Fatherless, motherless, home I have not. O for the rarity of Christian hearts! . . . Farewell to all,—to this beautiful and yet wretched world!

Such a letter was enough to wring tears even from a heartless and godless “man of pleasure,” or “man about town.” What must that “rare Christian heart” at Lichfield—ever busy like his Master, in going about doing good—have felt on reading it; and so soon, too, after the fraternal interchange, on bended knee at St. Paul’s, of sympathies and charities between “Britain” and America? Surely he must have murmured—like Clovis, on hearing of the world’s tragedy at Calvary,—“O that I, and some of my men, had been there!”

CHAPTER VI.

1873.

A year of great funerals—The Irish University Bill—The “gentleman heresy” —Mission of J. R. Selwyn to Melanesia—Ritual dissensions—The Bishop’s relations to “young men”—*West Bromwich Parish Magazine*—Loyalty to the Prayer-Book—Superstition—Religious education—The Bishop among his theological students.

THE year that had just closed had been for England, with all its faults and its waste of energy, at least a year full of active life. The new year now opening was to be a period of exhaustion and failure, a triumphant progress of the dark spectre of death. A score of men, who had occupied a leading position in various departments of public life, were during this year carried to the grave.* And, while funeral processions were forming so prominent and frequent a spectacle throughout the country, the failure and protracted death of a recently secure and powerful Government disturbed the nation like the sub-

* Among a great number of leading personages who died during 1873 were the following: the ex-Emperor Napoleon III. at Chislehurst, John Stuart Mill in France, Lord Lytton the great novelist, Dr. Livingstone the African explorer, Lord Westbury the late chancellor, Sir Edwin Landseer, Professor Sedgwick the geologist, Sir Henry Holland the octogenarian traveller and physician, Dr. Lushington the famous ecclesiastical judge, and—above all, as affecting the fortunes of the Church—Samuel Wilberforce, the ubiquitous and brilliant model-bishop of that day.

sidence of a mountain, and produced something like a revolution,—as we, happily, understand that word in England. So early as March 11th, Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet—which had carried the great Education Act of 1870, and next year had thought to finally pacify Ireland by disestablishing the Irish Church—collapsed on the Irish Universities question; and that, most unkindly, by the adverse vote of twenty-one Irish members. The measure was a well-meant attempt to settle “higher” education in harmony with Irish ideas. But “Irish ideas” proposed, not only to separate the Dublin University bodily from the Protestant stronghold “Trinity College,” but to make it a teaching as well as an examining body. The so-called “Catholic University,” at whose creation Dr. Newman and the Irish bishops had laboured so hard, was to be incorporated therein. While—to conciliate these same Catholic bishops—the startling and sinister proviso was inserted, that three main lines of study should be ruled-out of the university curriculum, viz., modern history, moral philosophy, and theology. In point of fact, such a scheme pleased nobody. The “proviso” was ridiculed by Dr. Playfair and the Scotch liberals as a “gagging clause;” while the Roman Catholic prelates saw that a standing grievance was much better for them than anything short of absolute ascendancy. But nothing could damp the patriotic ardour of Mr. Gladstone. And at the very moment when the prelates were thundering in Dublin, “We reiterate our condemnation of mixed education; we will not assent to the proposed affiliation,” the enthusiastic supporter of the measure was passionately commending his views to Parliament at Westminster.

Where we have earnestly sought peace (said he), we have found only contention. Let us efface this last—I believe it is the last—of the religious and social grievances of Ireland!

Two days afterwards he resigned office. But, Mr. Disraeli being unprepared to take his place, he resumed public duties till the year was out; when a dissolution gave the Conservatives a majority of fifty-one in the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone let it be understood that he considered his political career was over. But too grotesque had been the irony of history, if so long and brilliant a career had thus tragically ended in an Irish quagmire.

Meanwhile, from the Bishop's roomy study at Lichfield—with its sea-going "lockers" of many ingenious kinds, its model of a mission schooner, and its "chamber of horrors" (the drawer full of acrimonious partisan-disputes)—a keen and watchful glance was being cast on everything affecting the fortunes of the Church. The sudden apparition of a new and menacing power in the land, "the agricultural labourer," agglomerated and disciplined under Mr. Joseph Arch (a Dissenting preacher, adverse to the parson and the squire), did not escape Bishop Selwyn's penetrating eye. As an English prelate and a Conservative, he could hardly countenance a rapid *bouleversement* of all existing ideas. And yet, as at heart a colonist and a lover of all things manly and abreast with the times, he could hardly conceal a genuine sympathy with "working-men" of every kind, and with "John Hodge" among the rest. Hence, among his "probationers" preparing for the ministry of the Church, were to be found more than one scion of the agricultural class; and he expressed an earnest

hope that the time might come when "many a rustic mother would feel an honest pride in the profession of her son, and would bless the Church which had adopted him into her service." Indeed, so great a Liberal was he at heart, that he was often heard to say that (in Church matters, at least) the worst and most fatal of all modern heresies was the "gentleman heresy." With colliers, especially, it need not be said, he felt a strong pastoral sympathy. And when, early in 1873, no less than seventy thousand of them were out on strike in South Wales to resist a ten-per-cent. reduction of their wages, the keen and intelligent interest of the Bishop of the Black Country was not withheld from a question so closely affecting his own diocese. A genuine sympathy seemed ever flowing forth from him, even to sufferers not of his own communion. For instance, on the night of January 14, 1873, a whole family of seven persons—from a grandmother to an infant in arms—were suffocated in a burning house close to Lichfield market-square. They were Roman Catholics. But the Bishop, after the affecting spectacle of their funeral, standing on the neighbouring steps of the ancient house where Dr. Johnson was born, addressed the populace in the open air, and drew some Christian lessons for them from the terrible event they had witnessed.

On a far broader scale, and with a far more serious act of personal sacrifice as its sequel, the Bishop's feeling heart was now appealed to on behalf of the Melanesian mission. He had himself, as we have seen, founded that mission; and he had engaged his own sympathies with it in that one way which (as Aristotle long ago remarked) always most deeply engages men's affections, viz., by

giving largely to it and by working personally for it. But the time was now come when neither work nor money was needed, but men. And the men required for leadership at such a forward post of danger, of long and lonely voyages, and of Babel confusion of tongues, must needs be the choicest of England's sons. No common man could be trusted, in such isolation, to keep the flame of generous self-devotion brightly burning. No untrained mind could master the vernaculars of a hundred islands, each with half a dozen dialects of its own. Nor could any ordinary physical powers cope, not merely with hardship on sea and land, but with some of the most unhealthy climates to be found in the world. In the hour, then, of the mission's utmost need, where would its founder—glancing up and down among the parsonages of England—light upon a man capable and willing to occupy this advanced post in the Church's campaign? He determined that no other should be sent than his own son. John Richardson Selwyn had already accompanied his father in several long voyages; had visited America with him; was familiar with New Zealand and the South Pacific; and had already been tried in difficult work at Wolverhampton, where his patience, firmness, and good-humour had calmed an embittered controversy, and made his few years' incumbency in St. Mary's parish a true "mission" of peace. His friend and curate, John Still, was ready to accompany him. The father's blessing was given to him; the mother's bright and cheerful adieu strengthened him. And so, early in the following year, the two friends departed "o'er many horizons rounded large" to the other side of the world.

The quiet simplicity with which this noble deed was

done was, in one way, almost a misfortune. It deceived us who witnessed it; and we entertained, with easy inadvertency, the notion that nothing unusual was going on, nothing being done that we could not—had circumstances appeared to require it—have done ourselves. But the slightest after-thought is enough to convince, at least, any father who rejoices in a favourite and like-minded son, that such a sacrifice as this could not have been lightly made. We may reverently draw the veil and forbear to pry into the natural and inevitable feelings of that hour. But if there is a “holy of holies” upon this earth, it is the quiet home—whether in palace or cottage is of no account—where feet of passers-by go briskly on their errands, and voice of friendly accost sounds cheerfully through open windows; but where, kneeling perhaps beside her bed, a mother is devoting her son to absence and danger for God, or a father turns over the page in his study but cannot read it, for his eyes are misty and his thoughts are far away.

Meantime, the dissensions that perennially afflict our Church were going on as usual. But their smallness is never truly perceived until some accidental neighbourhood of greatness dwarfs them to their true dimensions—as Gulliver’s arrival dwarfed the Lilliputians. On January 31st, there was a heated meeting at James’s Hall, Piccadilly, to protest against the “optional” use of the Athanasian Creed. On February 5th, Convocation agreed to a manifesto that “the warnings in this creed are not otherwise to be understood than as the like warnings set forth in Holy Scripture;” which was also accepted by the Upper House on May 7th. About the same time, an anti-

ritual petition was presented to the Archbishop at Lambeth—where, at this period, Bishop Selwyn was occupying rooms in the Lollards' Tower, as (nominal) sub-librarian—entreating him “to protect us and our families from teaching subversive to the Reformation.” On May 9th, the Upper House of Convocation discussed a matter which afterwards created an unusual amount of scandal: it was a request, signed by 483 priests of the Church, for the appointment by ecclesiastical authority of a certain number of “duly qualified confessors.” It was well meant, the purpose being to debar from undertaking so difficult and delicate a duty all those—and they were by no means few—who were *not* “duly qualified.” But the petitioners forgot that “the confessional” formed precisely the most irritating and burning question of the day. In spite, therefore, of the not unfriendly words of Archbishop Tait in introducing the petition—“It is desirable that no person should be allowed to confess any one whatever without being licensed thereto”—it was virtually shelved by being referred to “a Committee of the whole House,” whose report was laid upon the table (July 23rd), and the subject was never debated again. On this occasion Bishop Selwyn made a short and characteristic speech, as follows:—

I do not like to remain altogether silent on this subject, so thoroughly convinced am I in my own mind that the Confession indicated in the Church of England is *voluntary* and not compulsory; that it is *occasional* and not habitual; and that, in the choice of the person to whom confession is made, there is very great *freedom* allowed—or else the disburdening of conscience would not take place. . . . But at the time of ordination, when we admit young men into [office in] Christ's

Church, it is our duty to state to them the commission we have given them. A young man little knows his own heart; and he little knows his own weakness, if he rushes into such a task. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." If I thought I was entrusting to every one of these young men whom I ordained the function of administering the use of habitual confession, I would rather resign my office of bishop than do it—considering how solemn and important the function is. . . . If I found a young man transgressing the limits laid down with regard to confession in the Prayer-Book, I should feel quite justified in revoking his licence.

The slight impatience here manifested with "young men"—whose imprudence and self-conceit, however, more frequently amused than irritated him—was highly characteristic of the veteran Bishop. "These young men," was a phrase often anticipated from his lips, and even angled-for by some of us who came prepared for a good story of some callow curate's self-importance. Indeed, many a tale is still current, showing how sharply and yet how kindly the bishop dealt with younger men. "Is it *rest* that you require?" he used to say. "Rest is like a top, when it is 'asleep.' It is then at full and steady work; and it is only when it begins to lose its speed that it begins to fall." He would frequently warn them against "exaggerating their cross;" telling them that soldiers did and endured things from simple obedience, which we should think ourselves martyrs for doing or enduring.

Once (says a late student at the Theological College) I ventured to consult him about the *choice* of a curacy. This unlucky word was enough. The storm broke and the lightning fell. "Young men must not pick and choose; young men must

go where they are sent." Then, in one moment, the storm cleared off, and the sunshine came out. "Go," said he, with a fatherly hand laid upon my shoulder—"go where Christ is not, and take Him there!" In my own case, five years' work in South Africa was the result of that one sentence.

Another young man, very airily professing—and showing—his perfect knowledge of the Church Catechism, was promptly suppressed by a demand that he should recite the questions there put, as well as the answers given. But his utter discomfiture was immediately covered by the kindly remark, "You see, we must be prepared for all emergencies, such as the omission to be provided with a Prayer-Book!" Another young candidate for holy orders, with much gaiety of heart at saying precisely the right thing, averred that "he had no difficulties" to deter or perplex him. "What!" slyly answered the Bishop, "do you thoroughly understand the Athanasian Creed from beginning to end?" Another, a deacon, proudly pulling out for inspection his first sermon, on the text, "I have declared unto you the whole counsel of God," was promptly humbled by the remark, "What! all that in one sermon!" To others he would say, "Remember in society to be easy and free; not to be free and easy:" or again, "You call so-and-so a 'bore.' What is a 'bore'?" It is a man who will persist in talking about himself, when you want to talk about yourself." Or, "Never forget that the cultivation of your own personal character is the first charge upon your time." Smoking should, he thought, be given up by every parish priest: "You are never off duty, and may be summoned to minister to a sick or dying woman at any moment." And generally, "In entering on parish-work,

remember the four conjugations in the Latin grammar— (1) *amo*, begin with gentleness and love; (2) *monco*, advance to admonition; (3) *rego*, act as rector, manage; (4) *audio*, venture, at last, to listen to the difficulties people may pour into your ear." That the "confessional" question, here judiciously hinted at, occupied much of his thoughts at this time, and filled more than one cartridge-paper envelope in his "chamber of horrors," may be guessed by perusal of a letter entitled "Answer of the Bishop of Lichfield to Memorials" attacking the *West Bromwich Parish Magazine*. It runs thus:—

March 31st, 1873.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,

I have carefully examined the document, with the assistance of my coadjutors, Bishops Hobhouse and Abraham. And it may be a convenient occasion to state my decided conviction that no clergyman is at liberty, through his own private judgment, to determine (as by authority) what are, or are not, "ecclesiastical customs and ceremonies established." . . . Any one who cannot quiet his own conscience, but requireth further counsel or comfort, is invited [in the Prayer-Book] to come to his own "or some other discreet and learned minister of God's word, and to open his grief." The only difference [in the language of the magazine] which seems to be of any importance, is the omission of the words "by the ministry of God's holy Word" before the words "the benefit of absolution." . . . I cannot consider "bowing towards the altar on entering and leaving Church" as an ecclesiastical obligation. It was never more than a recommendation [in the Canons of 1640], and was qualified thus: "In the practice or omission of this rite, we desire that the rule of charity prescribed by the apostle may be observed,—which is that they which use this rite despise not those who use it not, and they who use it not condemn not those who use it." . . . To communicate fasting

was certainly ordered by the twenty-ninth canon of the Council of Carthage, A.D. 397, after the severance of the Agape [or love-feast], which seems originally to have preceded the Sacrament, whenever they were celebrated jointly. But the evening of Thursday in Passion Week was sometimes excepted; and a dispensation was usually granted to persons who were prevented from complying with this rule by age, infirmity, or other necessary hindrance. In the Church of England, fasting communion has not been enjoined as a matter of ecclesiastical obligation.* . . . On the Sacraments of the Church, in the first paragraph the word "absolutely" is improperly substituted for the word used in the Catechism, "generally" necessary to salvation. In the second paragraph there are several points to which I must object. Care has evidently been taken to distinguish the two "great Sacraments," or principal Sacraments, from other "sacramental ordinances" or lesser sacraments: and if no precise number of the sacramental ordinances had been spoken of, it might have sufficed to quote the words of Archbishop Secker (Lect. xxv., on Baptism). But the words are precise: "the other five," and "these are the five sacramental ordinances or lesser sacraments;" and it is stated that "they are commonly called and have the nature of sacraments." I must here express my regret that clergymen of the Church of England should publish statements which have no foundation except in the formularies of the Church of Rome. The Church of England has never recognized seven sacraments. . . . In the words "Christ bade His apostles and their successors, the bishops and priests of His Church, to 'do this'—that is, to offer this sacrifice, as He had done,"—some of the most difficult and controverted questions are taken for granted, and are addressed to the people of West Bromwich as if they were plain to the simplest understanding. It is by no means certain that the words "Do this" were used by our Blessed Lord in a sacrificial sense.

* This also was Dr. Pusey's view. In a private letter, he firmly lays down the principle that fasting before Holy Communion is "mos, non lex" [a Church-custom, not a Church-law]: thus rebuking many who made it "mos pro lege."

With regard to the word "sacrifice," those who are skilled in theology know that it may be applied to the Holy Eucharist without implying a reiteration of the one full perfect and sufficient Sacrifice offered once upon the cross for our redemption. This may be seen by reference to Jeremy Taylor, in his "Holy Living," iv. 10. . . .

I remain, my dear brethren,

Your faithful friend and pastor,

G. A. LICHFIELD.

Nothing could show more clearly than the above extracts do, what was the habitual attitude of Bishop Selwyn's mind towards the troublesome ritual controversies of that day. To the directions of the English Prayer-Book he was absolutely loyal.* But he entertained a very high idea of Episcopal prerogatives, in ritual as well as in all other departments of Church life,—forgetful, possibly, that there is also a lower view of the episcopate, which has been held by many good and learned men in all ages of Church history. To the broad general law of the Church universal,—the Canon Law, in its relation to the varied local customs of England, France, and other countries,—he had naturally not given much attention. But to the personal authority of the Archbishop of his province he always paid—as a disciplinarian himself—the utmost deference. Even

* "Loyalty" is the safeguard of "liberty," whether in Church or State. Given "loyalty,"—and almost any amount of elasticity and freedom is both safe and possible. But what are bishops, as administrators of the Church's law, to do when good men allow themselves to use such language as the following? "An experience of more than thirty years has proved that there is no alternative for the Church of England but revision, or the confessional. Either our excellent Prayer-Book must be freed from the few expressions it contains of a sacerdotal nature; or we must submit to have the degrading and enslaving abominations of the confessional established in the midst of our National Church." (Dr. Jacob, "Ecclesiastical Polity," (1878), p. 423.)

to the "ecclesiastical law" of the State, confused and contradictory as it often was, his bias prompted him to yield an unhesitating obedience. He was even prepared—with that majestic patience which never failed him—to submit to all its most irritating "inhibitions" with respect, as offering to crude and hasty developments a wholesome check.

On June 26th, occupied by an important confirmation in the Potteries, he deeply regretted not to record his vote in the House of Lords in favour of the Public Worship Facilities Bill. This bill was intended to enable a bishop, on request of twenty-five parishioners, to license an additional clergyman (without consent of an obstructive incumbent) for services in school-rooms or similar buildings. The "parochial system" is indeed, for most purposes, admirably devised. But, like all other human devices, it has its drawbacks; and the excessive inhibitory power of an idle, or partisan, incumbent is among these drawbacks. To Bishop Selwyn it seemed that the very purpose of the episcopate in the Church of God was to overrule such fatal obstacles; which sometimes paralyze all good work in a parish during an incumbency of half a century. But to statesmen and lawyers "vested rights" and "established precedents" naturally appear far more sacred things, than the intangible and highly controvertible matters of a spiritual nature, which come under a bishop's cognizance. Another influence has always in England to be taken into account. It is that excessive, almost irrational, dread of Popery, and of everything that seems (however distantly) to make for Popery, which Puritanism has bequeathed to modern times. This blind terror occasionally renders the good

government of the English Church almost impossible. Yet the truth is that, ever since the Reformation put an end to a bloody policy of persecution which, by sheer terror, had masked the Church in hypocritical unanimity, the Anglican communion has never shrunk from grappling with the hardest of all tasks—the task of welding together, in one catholic communion, the two opposite types of humanity which people the world. The task is difficult indeed. For the two species of mankind, whom French psychologists now characterize as *visuels* and *auditifs*—people accessible by the eye and people accessible by the ear—strain apart with a divergence that only the most genuine Christian charity can overcome. But just that genuine and patient Christianity it is the noble ambition of the Anglican Church to engender. And by simply believing firmly in its possibility, a unity little short of miraculous has—to the confusion of all the devotees of ecclesiastical imposture and brute force—been hitherto successfully maintained.

Still, no small amount of “scornful wonder,” must be expected from her foes, whenever any religion is convulsed by passions, or disgraced by superstitions, more befitting the childhood of the world than its maturity. And it must be confessed that England, in 1873, saw many such spectacles of confusion. On May 16th, a grand attack was delivered in Parliament from the Puritan camp, in Mr. Miall’s Disestablishment Bill: but it was rejected by 356 votes against 61. On June 16th, a great protest of 60,200 evangelical alarmists was quietly rebuked by a reply from the two Archbishops: “It is an open question, whether the tendencies to superstition, or those to infidelity

or to indifference, are most to be deprecated." Nevertheless, on June 30th, an excited crowd gathered at Exeter Hall to anathematize the "confessional;" the impure undertone of which may be estimated by the test-question fiercely thrown by Lord Shaftesbury in the face of the High Church party: "Would they agree to appoint female confessors?" On July 15th, with equal fierceness, the High Church champion of that day, Bishop Wilberforce, publicly, in the House of Lords, threw back in the face of an Irish peer a covert charge of Romanizing:—

I hate and abhor the attempts to Romanize the Church of England; and will never hear any one make such a charge without telling him to his face that he is guilty of a gross misrepresentation.

These spirited words were the last public utterance of a wonderfully gifted and versatile, though not perhaps a really great, man. Four days afterwards, he was lying on the grassy uplands of Surrey, near Leith Hill, a corpse. Riding with Lord Granville from Burford Bridge across the downs, his horse stumbled without coming down; and the Bishop—taken unawares, though an excellent horseman—was thrown heavily to the ground and broke the vertebræ of his neck. So sudden a death of so leading a man spread grief, and almost consternation, through the Church of England. Indeed, his skilful management and persuasive tongue were soon to be lamentably missed: for the Public Worship Regulation Act was already being hammered on the anvil. About the same time—as though purposely to warn all Protestants what the spirit of Romanism really was—Archbishop Manning of Westminster pronounced

his authoritative benediction upon an English pilgrimage to a village near Paris, where a hysterical woman (Marie Alacoque), three centuries ago, had fancied herself actually espoused to a heavenly lover, Jesus Christ Himself. It was accordingly carried into effect on September 2nd. No less than six hundred English pilgrims embarked at Dover, held mass on the steamer's deck (Monsignor Capel officiating), and then proceeded to fulfil their self-appointed "act of faith." Meanwhile, the Pope himself (Pius IX.) had publicly repeated to the Emperor of Germany the most extravagant claims of the mediæval papacy, announcing in inflated language (on August 5th) that "every one who has ever been baptized belongs, in some way or other, to the Pope." And, towards the end of the year (December 14th), another note of irritation was sounded in a solemn "warning," issued by Archbishop Manning to "the faithful in his diocese, that all who deny or dispute [papal] infallibility incur 'heresy.'"

What wonder that dread and repugnance in view of any supposed tendencies towards Rome poisoned the minds of many Englishmen at this time, and even warped the action of some bishops into hostility against the High Church party? What wonder that, in return, the leaders of that party menaced resistance,—“If the bishops propose to repeat the policy which drove out Wesley, let them try its effect upon us! They will not succeed:” or that, on the other hand, the Evangelical party made overtures of alliance against ritualism to the Dissenters,—overtures which, in the Congregational Union at Ipswich (October 15th), were publicly read and rejected? Meanwhile, on the Continent, the “Old Catholic” resistance to “Modern

Romanism" took firm and definite shape by the consecration of Professor Rheinkens as its first bishop, at the hands of the Bishop of Deventer (in Holland) and two assistants. Nevertheless, as a Roman Catholic writer says of Cardinal Wiseman's scheme for parcelling England into "dioceses" in 1850, so now—

the most chimerical notions prevailed in the Vatican. To the eyes of papal enthusiasts, the whole English nation seemed only waiting for some word in season, to return to the spiritual jurisdiction of Rome.

The Irish priesthood also contributed to the wide-spread suspicion by dabbling openly in politics ; and when (November 18th) the first great Home Rule demonstration was made in London, the saying was already in the air, "Home rule, Rome rule." Hence the difficulties of English Churchmen grew apace. Religious education, especially, seemed becoming impossible. And at the opening of Denstone Church schools (August 12th) Bishop Selwyn spoke as follows :—

We see no danger in freedom, if only all agree to accept God for their king and to bind His law upon their hearts. . . . The middle class must ever be the strength, or the weakness, of the State. The great question is now before us. The battle is begun. We have "conscience clauses" excluding all distinctive teaching. We have a powerful [Birmingham] league clamouring for the banishment of religion from our schools. Are we to sit still and see all Church teaching, and even Christianity, banished from our schools? No : we will hold fast to that which can never be taken from us ; we will appeal to that instinctive reverence for religion and that love of God which are deep-rooted in the nation's heart. This is the spring which will feed our reservoirs. . . . And when

parental teaching can go no farther, then the mother will take her child to the school where true religion is taught.

Possibly the danger was overrated, and irreligious education will never become popular in England. At any rate, the Birmingham League had no prolonged success: and in the midland capital itself the *doctrinaire* system of exclusively secular teaching in primary schools was ere long given up.

Bishop Selwyn, however, at this time deeply interested himself in the inspection of National schools in religious knowledge, as offering some guarantee that the children were being taught the principles of the Christian faith. This idea was opposed by many; among others, by an able and respected Archdeacon (Allen), who wrote as follows:—

I have a difficulty about this religious inspection of our schools. I do not like to fail to second anything recommended by our Bishop; but I am unable to persuade myself that the money for this object will be well spent. Religious teaching must be secured by taking pains to get good teachers, by the increased labours of the clergy in the schools, by public catechizing in church, and by seeing that good training-schools are duly supported. I have little faith in the results of an examination in religious knowledge once a year. Inspection is worrying to teachers and to clergymen. I fear the development of a rivalry between the so-called religious inspection and the State inspection.*

The fear, as regards the children, was justified by subsequent events. In one parish, the rivalry threatening to tell disadvantageously upon the attendance at the "re-

* Grier, "Life of Archdeacon Allen" (1888), p. 270.

ligious inspection," the Rector's wife ingeniously redressed the balance. On secular inspection day, the children were regaled with bread-and-butter; but on religious inspection day, with bread and jam.

At Lichfield itself, the alterations in the Theological College were now completed. The spacious stables adjoining the dwelling-house had been converted into rooms for a vice-principal and twenty-five students, together with a large lecture-room. This was a work of great interest to the Bishop, who used constantly to bring his visitors to see the buildings, explaining to them with what ingenuity the previous owner's "stud" had been converted into "studies," and how in the transformed harness-room "the saddle had at last been placed upon the right horse." At one end of the lecture-room a small apse was thrown out to serve as a chapel. This apse was the gift of a former student, the Rev. Frederic Beaumont, who also supplied it with suitable fittings. The Bishop opened this building with a special service, which was attended by the choristers and several of the clergy of the cathedral: and ever since that day—though the structure has since been altered, and the "apse" has expanded into a chapel—the sound of its evening-bell has been recognized by the inhabitants of the Close as a signal that "the toils of day are over" and the hour of rest has come.

The morning service, on the other hand, had for many years been held at 8 a.m. in the Lady Chapel at the Cathedral. But in 1873 this part of the Cathedral was closed for restoration; and the early College-service was then transferred to the Bishop's private chapel. The cold there, at eight o'clock on a bleak winter morning, was

sometimes intense. But the Bishop, who was ever ready himself to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," would never hear of any excuses. When a man once complained of having suffered from a cold during the whole winter term, the Bishop remembered him too well; and inquired whether the same cold had not lasted all through the summer term also. The impeachment could not be denied.* Indeed, manliness and self-help were daily inculcated by example, as well as by precept. No quarter was given either to effeminacy or to negligence. One day, the Bishop strolling into the college-garden found that the students had left their lawn half-mown. With his usual readiness, he improved the occasion,—humorously comparing the lawn to David's messengers half-shaven by the king of Ammon. And while they were all enjoying their ill-earned lunch, they beheld from the window their Bishop reappear and, scythe in hand, begin vigorously to complete the neglected work. Still, he by no means expected to see "old heads on young shoulders" or failed, on proper occasions, to turn—like Lord Nelson at Copenhagen—a blind eye to signals which he did not care to see. Thus, on one occasion, when walking along the main corridor to show a friend round the college, many voices from a student's room seemed to betoken high debate on some knotty point of theology. The Bishop put his head in; but instantly withdrew it and, with a sardonic smile, softly closed the door. It was a "mock auction," that was being

* It was not only on his young theologians that the Bishop sometimes (as one of them expressed it) "came down like a ton of coals." A rector in his diocese requested leave of absence far too often, on the score of feeble health. "Well," replied the Bishop; "but if you were only a curate, you would simply take some physic and would remain at your post."

held by a party of too high-spirited friends amid piles of crockery, stores, and other miscellaneous effects of an absentee, at that moment innocently taking his daily "constitutional" round the well-trodden margin of Stowe Pool. Not a word, however, was ever said on the subject to betray the episcopal cognizance of this most untheological scene. By all these things the Bishop won for himself a strong attachment and a fervent admiration from all who were worth the winning. It was those that shirked and winced and dared not look him in the face, who fancied him masterful and cross. To them perhaps he was, in truth, masterful and cross.

CHAPTER VII.

1874.

Bishop Hobhouse appointed "Chancellor of the diocese"—Meaning of the appointment—The Public Worship Regulation Act—Bishop Selwyn's loyalty to Anglo-Catholic principles—Second visit to America—Its results—Sermon on "Sympathy."

THE year 1874 was marked by a great disaster to the Church of England—the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act. It was an Act of the State—although unhappily sanctioned by the concurrence of many chief men in the Church—by which the sword of forcible repression was sharpened (as Mr. Disraeli confessed) to "put down ritualism." Coercion, in short, was deliberately held superior to toleration; and was preferred to arbitration. Even Bishop Selwyn was carried away amid the rapids of this tumultuous and chaotic debate. And yet, in the early part of this very year, he had both by word and deed shown his own calm and unbiased judgment in an opposite sense. For on January 12th, the chief ecclesiastical tribunal of the diocese of Lichfield had been strengthened, and its Christian character (as, in the main, a court of arbitration) had been almost ostentatiously emphasized in the nave of the cathedral, by the public institution of

Bishop Hobhouse (late, of Nelson, N.Z.) to the office of chancellor, or diocesan judge. On that occasion Bishop Selwyn prefaced the service with the following words :—

I am desirous to state in public my reasons for appointing Bishop Hobhouse to the office of chancellor, just vacated by our reverend friend Chancellor Law, after fifty-two years of faithful service. If Lord Shaftesbury's bill had already passed, it would have become necessary for me to appoint a barrister of five years' standing ; but, as that has not yet become the law, I use my discretion in appointing a clerical chancellor for the following reasons. In all differences that may arise between clergymen and their people, I much prefer exercising the Christian principle of conciliation and arbitration to that of law and litigation. And as I have known Bishop Hobhouse for many years, and have seen his powers of conciliation and peace-making among his brethren, and as his character is thoroughly appreciated in the diocese, I believe that he may be very serviceable in carrying out a system of prevention, which is better than cure. At the same time, I know him to be well acquainted with ecclesiastical law and precedents. . . . Further, I wish to state publicly that Bishop Hobhouse, by his own desire, has accepted the office only during my life and my tenure of office ; and thus my successor will be left at liberty to appoint a " barrister of five years' standing " if he wishes it, or if that bill of Lord Shaftesbury's becomes law. In this way, those who prefer legal decisions to the principle of arbitration and conciliation will, in due course of time, see their desire accomplished.

Bishop Hobhouse then knelt down, and the Bishop of Lichfield said—

The Lord God, the righteous Judge of all the earth, Who is no respecter of persons, give thee a right judgment in all things, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

It is quite evident from the tenor of this short address

that the idea of a "chancellor," or ecclesiastical judge, was floating before the mind of Bishop Selwyn, which differed *toto cælo* from that of the statesmen and lawyers of the day; and which bore a very faint resemblance indeed to the grim reality which was ere long to be forced by Parliament upon the acceptance of the Church. In the Bishop's estimation a "court Christian"—the consistory court of a diocese or of a province—was essentially a court of *conciliation*. It was not a court where hard justice was to be done; where swift execution was to overtake the offender; and where "contempt" was to be avenged by the prison cell. It was a court where—Christian principles being, *ex hypothesi*, accepted by all—St. Paul's maxim should prevail: "Dare any of you go to law before the unbelievers? Nay, there is utterly a fault among you, that ye go to law at all one with another. Why do ye not rather take wrong? On the contrary, ye do wrong,—and that to your 'brethren.'"* We can easily imagine, therefore, Bishop Selwyn's dismay when, from amid the teeming chaos of debate, there came out at last the well-known "Act for the better Administration of the Laws respecting the Regulation of Public Worship,"—or as it is more commonly and briefly entitled, the Public Worship Regulation Act. This shorter title, however, is in itself utterly misleading and mischievous. For it seems to affirm, what few Churchmen in England would ever have agreed to accept; viz., that Parliament has a right to "regulate" the public worship of the Church. The truth is, of course, that Parliament claims nothing of the sort. The utmost that the State has ever done is to

* 1 Cor. vi, 1, 7, 8.

commit to chosen Churchmen—clerical or lay—from time to time, the duty of revising, translating, and adapting the formularies, so as to bring them into better accord with the requirements of the age; and the State only herself steps in—as she must needs do—to *recognize* the new “regulations” when made, and to give *effect* to them at any point where obedience needs to be actually enforced. It is at that point, the point of “coercion,” and at that point alone, where the two circles of civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction touch. It so happened, however, that just at that time great confusion had arisen in the Church, owing to “private interpretations” of a highly ambiguous rubric. Hence, the episcopal courts being apparently powerless to enforce obedience and to restore order, Archbishop Tait was induced to bring in a bill (April 20th) in the House of Lords, virtually “to put down Ritualism.”

What, then, was this “Ritualism” which, in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, was threatening to throw the Church of England into convulsions? It was nothing else than a natural prolongation of the line originally taken in 1833, when a revival of catholic (or Church) principles followed upon the previous Evangelical revival of the eighteenth century. Eagerly fastening upon an ambiguous rubric, expressly left in the Prayer-Book (it would seem), at its last revision in 1662, to favour a more ornate Eucharistic Service whenever the time should be ripe for it, the advancing Churchmanship of this century boldly asserted that the time was now ripe. It therefore claimed the sanction of this rubric for a more elaborate style of worship than that to which the people were accustomed. And thus it happened that the innovating

ceremonies were all of one kind ; that they were exhibited with startling abruptness ; and that their purpose was clear and undissembled, namely, to give greater emphasis to the mysterious doctrine of Christ's " real presence " in the Eucharist. It is not surprising, therefore, that around the " Ornaments Rubric " a bitter conflict of parties soon arose ; and that—the language of that rubric lending itself easily to litigation—expensive and long-drawn contests rapidly succeeded each other, destroying the peace of many parishes and rendering episcopal government extremely difficult.

Meanwhile, there was one voice which had long before counselled the Church to prefer legislation to litigation ; and to clear up dangerous ambiguities by a new rubric, instead of leaving them to the hazardous decisions of the law-courts. But it had all been in vain. Bishop Selwyn, therefore, now publicly announced his policy, in view of the near approach of the passing of the Act : and at the diocesan conference, held at Lichfield on June 4, 1874, he spoke thus :—

Dear brethren of the clergy and laity, it is not my custom to interfere with the discretion of the standing committee in the choice or arrangement of the subjects to be brought before the conference. I desire a free expression of the opinion of the clergy and laity. But in my opening address I reserve to myself the privilege of changing the order of the subjects on the paper, according to my estimate of their comparative importance. . . . The [Public Worship] Bill, which is mentioned on the notice-paper, will this evening be considered in committee of the House of Lords. I express no opinion upon the bill. It can scarcely be called the Archbishops' Bill, still less the Bishops' Bill ; for it has been so altered by amendments, suggested by lay members of Parliament, as to be very unlike the bill when it was first proposed.

I take no part in the measure, because I look forward to the time when the clergy, under the pastoral guidance of their own bishops and with the advice of their faithful laity, will be "a law unto themselves." If we were all guided by the same spirit which filled the Apostolic Church, so far from needing new Acts of Parliament, we might dispense with many that are now in force. In those happy days of old, "no man said that aught that he possessed was his own." Now the law says that everything that a clergyman possesses is his own. It builds him a castle into which the bishop cannot enter; and within which (if the truth must be spoken) some defy even the law. All our present divisions might be healed at once, if we would think less of our legal rights and insist less upon our own interpretation of antiquated laws and rubrics. There is no fear that this would lead to unworthy compromises or lowering of the truth; for the apostle teaches us that it is possible to covet earnestly the best gifts, and at the same time to follow the more excellent way of charity. I shrink, therefore, from the duty which may now at any time be required of me, if the bishop is called upon to *enforce* the law against all clergymen who deviate from the directions contained in the Book of Common Prayer, either by omission or addition. At present, I am at liberty to respect the conscientious feelings of those (for instance) who omit the Athanasian Creed, and of those who celebrate the Communion in the eastward position. I can take into account the customary use which has prevailed in the parish, and can give due weight to the feelings and wishes of the congregation. This discretion is necessary in the administration of laws which are admitted by the highest authorities to be by no means clear. Indeed, it must be admitted by all that the Act of Uniformity has not produced uniformity. How, then, is this diversity to be kept within due bounds? Those who contend for absolute uniformity will, of course, say that there are no other bounds than those which the law defines; and when the law is doubtful, that the law-courts must decide. . . . But is there no other solution for these difficulties? The true and only effectual remedy for our present divisions is a revival of the true catholic principle of

Christian unity, based upon a *fatherly and loving exercise of episcopal authority, and a willing and filial spirit of obedience in the clergy*. We ought to need no law but the law of love. But not a one-sided love—that the bishop is to love his clergy, and that any of them is to be at liberty to grieve his heart, by defining doctrines, ordaining rites, interpreting symbols, omitting, adding, garbling, at his pleasure; forgetting, in short, the inspired precept, that “God is not the author of confusion, but of peace.” Relying upon this authority, then,—far above that of human law,—I again invite my brethren of the clergy, and with them my faithful laity, to recognize and act upon the precept of love and peace contained in the preface to the Book of Common Prayer, namely, that the parties, who doubt or diversely take anything contained in that book, shall always resort to the bishop of the diocese; who shall take order for the quieting and appeasing of the same. And I can answer for myself that filial obedience on the part of the clergy will always be met by hearty sympathy and fatherly affection on the part of their bishop.

I may say a few words in conclusion on the present state and prospects of our Church. The Church of England has, as I firmly believe, its own distinct mission. It has pleased God to allow that Church, which His blessed Son made one, to be divided by the unruly passions and prejudices of men: and the largest section of Christendom has closed the door against reunion, by assumptions and claims which never can be recognized by us. The duty, therefore, of the Anglican Church is to approach, as nearly as possible, to the standard of the Primitive Church; to hold fast all catholic doctrine and all essential points of Christian worship; but to claim and exercise the power of ordaining rites and ceremonies, as a particular and national Church. It is not necessary that ceremonies should be always and everywhere the same; provided that they be enacted by lawful authority and not be put forward by private judgment. It is one of the many anomalies of the present time that some, who denounce the principle of rigid uniformity in our own Church, seem to desire a minute conformity to the Church of Rome. Let us, rather,

have a standard of our own—an Anglican standard—admitting as much flexibility and variety as the Church itself may direct for the good of her people ; with cathedrals, parishes, rich and poor, town and country Churches, missions at home and abroad, special services for every special need. So will all act together like the various sections of a mighty army, each having its distinctive uniform and its own drill, but all alike “under authority.”

These last words point to what may be called Bishop Selwyn’s favourite text: “I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me.” Never was any man more obedient to authority, more uneasy without it, more athirst for a restful sense of submission to discipline, than he. Yet no one could be more averse to the uncatholic autocracy of the Papacy, than was this military spirit—naturally, one would say, a disciplinarian after Ignatius Loyola’s own heart. His safeguard was that he knew his Bible thoroughly ; was fortified against error by possessing a true spirit of catholicity ; and was permeated by a sincere and even passionate loyalty to his own mother Church of England. Hence his persistent advocacy of a complete Anglican system of Church organization,—not only on the smaller scale suitable to the “diocese” and the “province,” but also on the larger scale of English-speaking “Christendom.” For it was to him that the Pan-Anglican synods,—which have done so much to knit the daughter Churches together and to instruct the mother Church at home by their means,—owe their present vitality, if they do not owe their origin. And now, in 1874, through his mouth, in the Convocation of Canterbury, the Canadian Church first gave utterance to that word, “Patriarch,” which contains (as in a nutshell) the germ of ecclesiastical and even national

confederation. For nations are very often, on the page of history, seen to adopt the policy foreshadowed for them by their Churches. It is as though the "spiritual body" of the nation brooded, with some subtle influence, around the self-shaping material body and from chaotic rudeness elaborated beauty and order. So, in the seventh century, Archbishop Theodore's conception of "one Church for England," ere long resolved the Heptarchy also into "one Realm for England:" and again, in the eighth century, Archbishop Boniface's organizing work in Germany paved the way for Charlemagne's Germanic Realm, which first consolidated barbarism into civilized order. And so Bishop Selwyn's indefatigable efforts contributed, above all other causes, to weld the Anglican communion into a voluntary unity; and thereby produced an atmosphere (as it were) favourable to a political confederation, on the grandest scale, of the whole English-speaking race. His words, on introducing the subject into Convocation, were as follows:—

It is the desire of the fifty-two or fifty-three bishops in the United States, of the bishops of the whole province of Canada, of all the West Indian bishops, and probably of all the bishops in Australia and New Zealand, that another meeting of what is called the Lambeth Conference should be held, as soon as your grace [Archbishop Tait] may think fit to convene it. I have therefore come prepared with the following resolutions:—"That his Grace the President be requested to appoint a joint Committee of both Houses [of Convocation] to consider and report upon the following propositions: (1) That the various branches of the Anglican communion throughout the world be invited to consider what is the exact position that it is desirable the Archbishop of Canterbury should hold in reference to the various

branches of the Anglican communion. (2) That his Grace be requested to convene a general conference of the bishops of the Anglican communion, to carry on the work begun by the Lambeth Conference in 1867. (3) That the reports of the Committees, presented . . . in 1867, but not adopted or even discussed, be taken into consideration at the second Conference." In the first place, I will refer to the position of the Archbishop of Canterbury. That there was in the ancient Church a *PATRIARCH*, who had authority over the metropolitans of various provinces, I suppose it is not necessary to prove. I think we may now fairly consider whether the time has not come when something equivalent to the office of "Patriarch" ought not to be adopted by the Anglican communion; and I am persuaded that it is the earnest desire of the Anglican Church throughout the world that the Archbishop of Canterbury should be recognized in some such capacity.

The extent and need of such an arrangement will appear from these facts: there are altogether—exclusive of suffragan and coadjutor bishops—156 bishops, forming (what is called) the Anglican communion; which, at present, can scarcely be said to be under any visible head. There now ought to be, as in the solar system, a centre of unity. . . . The Scotch [Episcopal] Church has an independent position in Caffraria: the Church Missionary Society is anxious to have its own bishop in China; the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel wishes to have its own bishop in China. I look with jealousy upon episcopal missions connected with missionary societies, unless there be a strong and well-defined authority overriding them, to determine the limits of their respective jurisdictions. Now, if there be a council of advice, under the Archbishop of Canterbury, acting in the character of Patriarch (or by whatever name he might be called) with the agreement of all the branches of the Anglican communion, it will be free to every branch to send its own bishop who will know his own position with regard to the other bishops in the same territory, and would clearly see the course by which inter-diocesan questions may be settled. . . .

On the point relating to "doctrine" it is impossible to lay too much stress. Unless there be in the colonies some such power of ascertaining, without much expense, what is the received doctrine of the Church of England, it will be scarcely possible for the colonial Church not to deviate widely from the Anglican standards of faith. . . . Having nearly 160 bishops who preside over the Anglican communion, I am persuaded that a voluntary tribunal of appeal, established by their authority, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, would be accepted as a "court of final appeal" on questions now threatening the disruption of the Church. I cannot hope that any great result will come from the rigid enforcement of laws laid down—often in ambiguous language—two or three hundred years ago. I cannot believe it was ever intended that the laws then made should never admit of contemporaneous exposition by the voice of the Church; but should be submitted to the law-courts, to be judged by the verbal and literal construction of legal documents. What I do gather is, that if the authoritative voice of the Church itself could be heard, there is scarcely one clergyman in a thousand who would not respect it. . . .

There are other points of importance, which I will touch upon very briefly. One of them is that of intercommunion with other Churches. The terms of union with the Greek Church, the terms of union with the Old Catholics, must they not be settled? . . . I am convinced that the time has come when the Anglican communion must have a recognized head—a federal bond of union—and (above all) a living voice to speak with authority for the Church. And as we have prayed to-day in our Convocation litany that the Holy Spirit which brooded over the Apostolical Council may rest upon us, may we not rely with a far greater assurance of faith upon the certainty that, whenever it shall please God that the representatives of the 160 dioceses of the Anglican communion shall be gathered together, the Holy Spirit in answer to the prayer then offered up will be abundantly vouchsafed?

A very brief debate followed, in which, with much

courteous circumlocution—as the manner is—a half-hearted support was given to Bishop Selwyn's ardent and sanguine projects. Certainly there were more "difficulties" in the way than, perhaps, he cared to notice ; and they all found clear exposition in a very able speech with which Archbishop Tait closed the discussion. He said :—

There are two totally different subjects before us : one, the gathering of bishops at Lambeth ; the other, the position which the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to occupy. . . . Now, when my reverend predecessor summoned the Lambeth Conference, he was very careful to have it distinctly understood that it claimed no authority. And it is even much more necessary to bear this in mind now ; because a very great change has come over the colonial Church during the years that have intervened. Each of these Churches is now an independent voluntary community ; and I do not apprehend that any one of them gives to the bishop, *quâ* bishop, any sort of controlling power with regard to the declaration of what is, or is not, the doctrine of the Church. In every case, matters have to be submitted to three distinct bodies, the bishop (or bishops), the presbyters, and the laity ; . . . and we must be quite sure that we have the sanction of the governing bodies of those separate Churches before we proceed to consider the bishops as the representatives of those bodies. I would mention, too, in passing, that the Government have, in all their dealings with these Churches of late, taken very distinct steps indeed to show that they do not consider the bishop in the Anglican Communion to be "the Church." . . .

On the other point I ought not perhaps to say much, *viz.* the exact position of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the colonial Churches. . . . That the office of metropolitan can co-exist along with an oath [of obedience] to the Archbishop of Canterbury is proved by the case of the Metropolitan of India. No undue interference, that I am aware of, has ever occurred ; and yet it is laid down in the Acts [of Parliament] which constituted the See of Calcutta,

and made the occupant of that See a metropolitan, that he is to stand to the Archbishop of Canterbury in the relation which has been pointed out in the discussion to-day,—viz. that there is to be a sort of friendly power and control, without any very definite assertion of what that power and control are to be.

There is no doubt that, in this short speech, the Archbishop laid his finger precisely on the only blot which disfigured the admirable scheme of Church-organization, on the large scale, devised by Bishop Selwyn. With the natural instinct of a born ruler of men, he was tempted to magnify his own office, and to lay too much stress on the episcopate, as a separate and even representative order. Hence, by a pardonable inaccuracy, his pen frequently wrote "the bishops, clergy, and laity," as though the bishops were not themselves among the "clergy." And, again, to a private assembly of the bishops, annually meeting at Lambeth, he paid so excessive a deference that his lips were actually sealed by a majority-vote, secretly taken there; when his own judgment, had it been forcibly expressed in the House of Lords, might have saved the Church the Public Worship Act. And now the Pan-Anglican Conference was to speak in the name of the whole communion, though composed exclusively of bishops. It was indeed a most pardonable and "canonical" error—if error it were. Yet it was hardly to have been expected from one to whom the Church of England owes, so to speak, the "enfranchisement" of her laity, and a welcome, for the first time, accorded to her "masses" to take part (by representation) in the settlement of her affairs. It were much more in accordance with his mind if the "general conventions" of the various colonial Churches should each

appoint a few chosen presbyters and laymen to attend upon their bishops on these rare and solemn occasions. And then, it is possible to conceive of ecclesiastical gatherings in "old England" which should voluntarily anticipate nearly all that more political and secular schemes of confederation propose to themselves to effect ; and should even pave the way for still larger schemes of disarmament and amity, when the Greek and Latin communions, too, shall learn how easily Christians can be kept in friendly unity by the great principle of "representation," and by a new outpouring of the meek and gentle Spirit of Christ.

Ever foremost among the apostles of this new (yet old) gospel of union and peace, Bishop Selwyn again, in 1874, crossed the Atlantic, and attended both the Canadian synod at Montreal and the "general convention" of the United States at New York. But, before he sailed, he held one of those striking ordination-services in his cathedral which—continued ever since on the same lines—have made a Lichfield ordination one of the most affecting pieces of ritual to be witnessed anywhere in England. It is thus described, in a letter written June, 1874:—

It would be impossible for any one to pass an ordination-week at Lichfield, especially at this time of the year, without carrying away with him many pleasant memories. The Close is most lovely with its fresh spring foliage ; and the refreshing breeze from Stowe Pool contrasts delightfully with the oppressiveness of the examination-room. Then there are the early morning prayers in the cathedral before the day's toils begin, and the evening service in the Bishop's chapel when they are "past and over." There are the addresses given by men of large sympathies and varied experience ;—by Dean Champneys, who laboured so hard

and so well in Whitechapel and St. Pancras; by Bishop Abraham, whose best years were given to New Zealand; by the aged Bishop of Newfoundland, who is on the eve of returning to the wild diocese over which he has presided for thirty years; and yet again by our own Bishop, who spoke as he only can speak, and whose words made a deep impression on all who heard him. All these things remain very pleasantly in the memory, long after the anxieties of the ordination-week are forgotten. The examination was finished on Thursday, the result being published early on Friday morning. Friday and Saturday were spent in private interviews with the bishops, in hearing pastoral addresses, and in taking the required oaths. On Sunday, there was morning prayer in the cathedral at nine o'clock, at which the candidates were present. The great service of the day began at eleven. The candidates were seated under the central spire on either side of the screen gate, and after the "bidding prayer," the service was at once commenced by Archdeacon Moore, who preached an excellent sermon from the words, "How can these things be?" (St. John iii. 9). At the conclusion of the sermon, the candidates were ushered into the choir, and the ordination service began. Every English Churchman ought to witness an ordination; and nowhere is the ceremony more solemn and affecting than in the cathedral at Lichfield. The choir was occupied by the choristers and the students of the Theological College. The Bishop sat in his chair before the holy table—the coadjutor bishops occupying seats by Bishop Lonsdale's monument, and the Dean and Canons sitting opposite in the sedilia. The service was most effective. The questions were answered by each of the twenty-four candidates separately. The Bishop's manner was very grave; and both he and those on whom he laid his hands seemed to feel the solemnity of the act in which they were taking part. No one could have witnessed the ceremony without being sensible that if any of the English clergy are unfaithful pastors, it is no fault of the Church that they are so. Every care which can be taken is taken: every promise which can lawfully be asked is asked and given: and

the fact that the ministers of the Church are sometimes other than they should be, simply proves that it is impossible to keep the field free from tares so long as there is an enemy to sow them.*

In August, the Bishop started for his second visit to America, accompanied on this occasion by Mr. Hodson, his legal secretary, and by the Rev. E. J. Edwards and the Rev. Nigel Madan, as his chaplains. After touching at St. John's, Newfoundland, they arrived at Montreal, and attended the provincial synod of Canada. Here he gave a short address, in which he spoke of himself as the representative of Church missions, and as earnestly desiring—with his companions—to extend to sister Churches the right hand of fellowship and unity. Addresses were also read from the archdeacons and rural deans of the Lichfield diocese, inviting the members of the Canadian synod to attend the Church congress to be held at Stoke-on-Trent in the following year. After this, the Bishop took a short tour in the north-west. His travels extended to Nebraska (five hundred miles west of Chicago), where he was entertained by Bishop Clarkson, at Omaha. While he was staying with the Bishops of Huron and Minnesota, he addressed some Indian tribes by means of an interpreter, touching on those circumstances of his experience in New Zealand which bore upon themselves and their own position in the Christian Church. To this their chief made a short reply on behalf of his people, expressing his own and their gratitude to the English for having brought the gospel to them.

No doubt their gratitude was not undeserved. But

* Letter, in E. A. C., p. 62.

still it cannot be said that the English Church in bygone times had really done the best she could for America. For, as the Bishop said when addressing the missionary meeting at Montreal, the early system of sending out only presbyters to America was one which had starved the Episcopal Church. The true plan was to send out a bishop first, who would build up a Church.

Let him, if necessary, be bishop, priest, and deacon all in one. And let him not only visit Churchmen; but, if a man is said to be an infidel, don't believe it. Go and talk with him, and you will find he is no more an infidel than yourself.

As to the financial support of missions, he said it was a duty which they could not cast off. It was a mistake to say that what a man has is his own. As John Wesley, that good presbyter of our Church, replied to a man who asked if he could not do as he pleased with his own, "There is the mistake you make; it is not your own." He then spoke of the great work in store for the people of the Dominion; and prayed that they might be guided to do it well.

Soon afterwards the Bishop preached at the opening service of the Convention of the American Church in New York, at which fifty bishops were present: and he and his party were afterwards introduced by the president to the Convention, who received them as warmly as before. The president's words were these:—

I introduce the Right Reverend the Bishop of Lichfield, whose name is as dear and familiar beyond the bounds of Christendom as within them, and especially dear now to the American Church.

The whole assembly remained standing whilst the Bishop—who was greeted with loud applause—responded in a few words, referring to his former and to his present visit, and giving an account of the presentation of the alms-basin which has already been mentioned. He then read the addresses from his diocese, which were similar to those sent to the Canadian synod, inviting the Convention to attend the congress at Stoke-on-Trent in the following year. After this, the rest of the visitors were severally introduced, and were received with that courtesy which is so welcome to the stranger and so well understood by the members of the American Church. Indeed, everywhere his presence was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. Not only had his reputation, as the boldest pioneer for Christ's advancing army (and navy) known in modern times, preceded his arrival; not only did the glamour of his presence and of his noble bearing captivate men; but far more was he welcomed as representing the mother Church, the "home" of English Christendom. Consequently, on his departure, yet another token of amity and concord was invented by the ever-ready ingenuity of the American Church; and the conjoint names of Bishop Potter of New York and Bishop Selwyn of Lichfield were happily blended in a "Potter-Selwyn Prize," for annual competition at Lichfield Theological College.

Of this second visit to America the Rev. Prebendary Edwards has left on record a very interesting account. He says:—

We left Liverpool on the evening of Tuesday, August 25th, 1874; and had a rough passage, the wind being against us and very cold. We were fortunate, however, in meeting with some very

agreeable fellow-passengers. The Bishop read morning prayers daily on board, and the service was heartily joined in by a congregation of twenty-five to thirty passengers. On both Sundays the Bishop preached, when the attendance was much larger, a considerable number of the ship's company being present. This is an indirect, but considerable, benefit from these missionary trips to which our Diocesan has devoted his holiday. We dropped anchor in the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, on Friday evening (September 5th); and attended Divine service in the cathedral, which promises to be a very effective building. The town and harbour and country around reminded me of Norway. We were much disappointed in finding that Bishop Field was absent, on the coast of Labrador. Another forty-eight hours brought us to Halifax, Nova Scotia; and early on Friday morning, September 11th, we reached Montreal. On the same day, we were introduced to the provincial synod [of Canada],—when the presence of the Bishop of Lichfield called forth the most enthusiastic welcome. The Bishop made a short address, in which he spoke of himself as a representative of Church missions, anxious—with others who had accompanied him—to see the provincial synod in session, and to extend to them the right hand of fellowship.

From Montreal we found our way through the Thousand Islands, Toronto, the Falls, to London (Canada West); where we spent Sunday, September 20th, with the Bishop of Huron (Helmuth). Bishop Selwyn preached in the chapter-house—the commencement of a future cathedral,—and in the afternoon addressed the Ladies' Diocesan College, an institution with excellent buildings immediately under the eye of the Bishop. Here we left the "Dominion;" and at Fairbault, Minnesota, the Bishop (Whipple) most kindly entertained us for two nights. The diocesan institutions here, both for training students for the ministry and for the education of youth of both sexes, are conducted on a most efficient Church-like system. Bishop Selwyn spoke with his usual earnestness to the scholars of their respective colleges. Bishop Whipple has befriended the Indians, and has

won their affectionate devotion. He introduced us to a small settlement of the Dakota Indians in their immediate neighbourhood. Their manners were very gentle; and they repeated the creed and the Lord's Prayer in their own language, in a quiet reverential manner.

Another five hundred miles brought us to Omaha, within the Nebraska diocese. Bishop Selwyn preached here twice on Sunday, September 27th, to large congregations; and in no place has his visit been more cordially and gratefully acknowledged, whether by the clergy or by the faithful laity. The *Lichfield Churchman* is every month received and read at Omaha,—thus paving the way for the very friendly welcome we received. This is the extreme point of our tour, more than fifteen hundred miles on the American continent westward. On our return route we visited the settlement of the “Indians of the Six Nations.” Divine service was going on when we arrived at their pretty church; and Bishop Selwyn, with the aid of an interpreter, delivered a short address, touching on those circumstances of his missionary experience in New Zealand which bore on themselves and their present gathering into the fold of Christ's Church. The chief made a short and becoming reply. . . . None but those who have witnessed the affectionate and reverential welcome with which the visit of an English bishop is hailed on this side of the Atlantic—and not less, certainly, by the Church in the States than in the Dominion—can appreciate the kindly effect that the conversations, sermons, or familiar addresses of one like Bishop Selwyn have upon all present, followed by the hearty shake of the hand at parting, more indicative of the feelings on both sides than words can convey. . . . We did not linger at Boston, but took the cars for Fredericton (New Brunswick), about three hundred and ninety-two miles,—where we spent two days most agreeably with the bishop (Medley). The cathedral church is the most complete that we have seen. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the noble river St. John, with a large area of greensward round it. I never saw the English Church, both in its externals and its ritual, more pleasantly transported to a foreign home.

Our leave of absence was now drawing to a close ; and we left Fredericton for New York direct, arriving in time to take part in the opening service of the General Convention. There were, perhaps, fifty bishops present, including the Bishops of Lichfield, of Montreal, and of Quebec. It is to be regretted that the discussions are held in a house of prayer, rather than in a building set apart for these deliberations. The bishops occupied the chancel, while the four hundred deputies (four clerical and four lay from each diocese) filled the nave. The pews—for pews yet linger in New York—were marked with large placards, “Nebraska,” “Illinois,” “Maryland,” and the rest. The Bishop of Lichfield preached the opening sermon, from Acts xv. 28 : “It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us,” dwelling on the too frequent self-assertion of the rights of private judgment, and on the need of its wholesome control by the authority of the Church. A telegram conveying the greetings of the congress at Brighton to the assembled convention was received in the course of the first day’s session.

Friday was the day appointed for the reception of ourselves and other visitors : and the whole body of deputies remained standing while addressed by each successive visitor as his name was announced. I need hardly say how heartily the Bishop of Lichfield was greeted, and how attentively listened to while he referred especially to the prospect of drawing closer together the bonds of the Anglican communion by means of a second Lambeth conference. . . . No one can be present at these deliberations without being sensible of the earnestness, ability, and patience with which they are conducted. No pains, no time (and the American knows the value of time) is grudged, in discharging the various duties confided to the Upper and Lower Houses of the GENERAL CONVENTION. On Tuesday, we took leave ; and at the conclusion of Bishop Selwyn’s parting address, the whole House went down on their knees to offer up a prayer for our safe return to England. I know not that I ever felt the power of Church unity so truly as on this occasion. . . . The Bishop arrived safely at Lichfield on October 24th ; and the bells of the cathedral rang out a cheering welcome home.

The following letters—here, for convenience, thrown into a continuous form—from Bishop Selwyn's own hand, not only present us with the details of this journey from another point of view, but also reveal something of his character from a new point of view—new, at least, to those who had not familiar access to him, and who had little idea of his profoundly affectionate nature. They begin on the very day of sailing from Liverpool :—

BISHOP SELWYN to MRS. SELWYN.

S.S. *Nova Scotian*, in the Irish Channel, August 26, 1874.

DEAREST S.,

The pleasure of your happy little journey with me sends me on my way rejoicing ; though I was disappointed of my hope of a quiet little *korero* with you in the carriage for the last ten minutes. Still, I treasure up your helpful words of counsel ; and pray to be enabled to profit by them. How varied our life has been, and yet invariable in its happiness ! May God bless you, my dearest love, and reunite us in this world, if it be His will ; or, if it please Him, in heaven !* I began this morning with a deck-walk at 7.30 a.m., reading Thomas à Kempis. At nine we were off Llandudno. The day is beautifully fine, and the sea perfectly smooth. Mr. Edwards and I have fitted ourselves into

* Many years before, during one of his long and perilous absences from home in New Zealand, he had written in a strain of deep emotion and intense religious feeling : “ And now I commend you and our very dear little sons to Him who disposeth the future, and who knoweth what is good for us. If it please Him to reunite us, after these months of separation, it will be joyful indeed. But if not, may we part in hope of a better and more enduring union hereafter ; in which, though it may be that all personal feelings may be swallowed up in the intense catholicity of perfect love, that God may be all in all, yet there may be an inner circle of affection, some special sympathies,—like that of our Lord with St. John and Lazarus. In the exercise of that love we may renew, and carry out to the full, the joys of our present union of heart and soul.”

our quarters like old travellers ; and Mr. Madan and Mr. Hodson, after a few hints, have "huddled themselves." My party of four sit on the right hand of the captain. Opposite to me is a naval youth, Lord Charles Beresford. There are several clergymen, two for Newfoundland. As I write, I have two Newfoundland lassies near me, returning home after three years' school in Edinburgh. I have supplied them with post-cards to write to their school-fellows. There are several babies—not too vocal ; a quiet canary-bird, and a pianoforte. We began our daily morning service at 9.30, in a quiet corner of the saloon, which I hope will be thereby *whakatapued* [set apart for Church purposes] during the rest of the journey.

Sept. 2nd.—Your birthday has been a day of joy and refreshment to all on board ; and most of all to me, who—in addition to the charms of bright sunshine and calm sea—have been full of happy thoughts of you and of home. I have thanked God for all the blessings which He has granted to me in you ; and have prayed that, so long as He may be pleased to continue them to us, we may be more closely united in seeking His glory, and helping one another forward in the way to heaven. How much more than I can tell you, I owe to you : and how much more benefit I might have received, if I had been more earnest in seeking for it ! But it has been my lot to be much separated from you ; and though you are never long absent from my thoughts, yet (no doubt) the habit of intercourse has been in some degree impaired. This may be changed for the better ; as I feel you are more and more necessary to my inner life, and feel truly that "it is not good for man to be alone."

We have a very quiet and sociable party on board ; and our daily prayers have never been attended by less than fifteen, and now by thirty-five. The Sunday services were performed under difficulties. I took the morning service, and Mr. Temple (a Newfoundland clergyman) the evening. I had also a service with the steerage passengers, and another little service with the sailors in the fore-castle. We are very punctual and methodical. I am first to turn in and to turn out. The clear hour before breakfast has

been precious to me. I have a delightful study in the space between the two cabins, with a table on which my books are arranged, and a good port-hole giving plenty of light. The table is just the right height for reading and writing on my legs, which I much prefer on shipboard, as "the cradle of the rude imperious surge" is very apt to lull me to sleep. Thus standing, I have read through Thomas à Kempis, St. James, St. Peter, St. John's Epistles, and one-third of the Revelation, in Greek; and have gone a long way towards finishing my sermon for the opening of the Synod at Montreal (text, Acts xv. 28, "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us"). Besides my sacred reading, I have read "Misunderstood," the latter part of which is very touching. I am now reading the last chapters with a Chinese boy, a servant of Lord Charles Beresford, who has been baptized without much knowledge, and is unable to read the Bible with sufficient ease to be taught by reading it. He is much interested in the story; as he tells me he once nearly drowned his brother by leading him into deep water. Our captain would have been a namesake of yours, if neither I nor any of your numerous suitors had married you. We have great confidence in Captain Richardson. He is a very quiet, careful, and steady Scotchman. And as neither he nor I drink any wine, we are not obliged to compliment one another. The ship does not take us further than Halifax, and we must go by rail to Montreal, calling at St. John's, New Brunswick, by the way, and thus getting a sight of the three maritime dioceses of North America,—Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

Sept. 7th.—We have had strong head-winds, which delayed our progress; and we did not reach St. John's, Newfoundland, till 8 p.m., on the 4th—two days after the usual time. The Bishop was not there, having been obliged by Bishop Kelly's illness to go off to the Labrador, to visit out-stations and to pick up Mr. Curling. But Mrs. Field gave us a hospitable reception at tea and at breakfast the following morning. From St. John's we had a beautiful passage, and are now (God be thanked!) within 50 or 60 miles of Halifax.

Sept. 8th.—After I wrote to you last, we had very thick weather till noon : but the sun at last came out, and we saw the entrance to Halifax just before us, and the place where the *Atlantic* was lost. A very sharp gale from the north pursued us into harbour, where we were soon at peace, and anchored (or, rather, moored) to the wharf. At 5 p.m. I went to the Bishop's house, where his daughter received me most hospitably. Halifax Cathedral is a primitive wooden church, shingled from top to bottom. I have just been to the morning service at nine.

Sept. 14th.—Montreal. A most welcome letter from you reached me on Saturday night, and sent me to bed with a happy and thankful heart. The meeting of the synod on Saturday was made most interesting by an admirable speech from Provost Whitaker, on the subject of the confirmation by the metropolitan and comprovincial bishops, after the election of a bishop by the clergy and laity of the diocese. I never heard a speech in which clearness of statement, precision of reasoning, and high tone of Christian feeling were more happily combined. Several other speeches, on both sides of the question, were also very good ; especially one from Mr. Cameron—by whom the draft of the Canadian Church Constitution was drawn. He failed, however, to convince Chancellor Bethune that the act was intended to strike off old fetters from the Church, and not to bind on new ones,—to remove doubts and not to suggest them. The debate was continued during the whole of the day ; and I dutifully sat it out, and found the greater part remunerative. On Friday evening, we had a missionary meeting in aid of the new diocese of Algoma, at which the previous speakers occupied two hours ; so I escaped with twenty minutes. On Saturday evening, we met the rank and fashion of Montreal at a garden party ; where lamps of various colours lighted up the lawn, and the Aurora Borealis—as if bespoken for the occasion—appeared, to make our illumination hide its diminished head.

Sept. 18th.—Niagara. Would you believe it ? I have actually had two days' consecutive rest ! This day, Friday, has been one of surpassing beauty. Sunshine and moonlight both combined to

set off Niagara to the greatest advantage. From our hotel we see both falls in full face of our windows; and can watch every change of light and shade and the various effects of the sun, as he passes from east to west. As usual, the sublime and the ridiculous meet together. Photographers are on the watch at every turn, to induce visitors to be photographed with the Falls in the background. One, exhibited as a specimen, represents a snob with a cigar in his mouth in the middle of the Horse-shoe Fall. However, cockneyism and vulgarity cannot quench the sublimity which they mar. Some spots are still to be found where you can sit and meditate on this image of irresistible power and of a fall, like the angels', without hope. My former thought came to my mind,—that the force of a storm at sea is as great, and the waves to all appearance as irresistible; but in the wildest gale hope never dies out. The storm, compared with Niagara, is like the fall of man compared with that of the angels. In the one there is hope: in the other despair. I have written to take berths in the Cunard steamer sailing from New York October 14th. I can assure you that all the charms of the "sea" do not make me unwilling to return to my inland "See" and my own dear love. I sometimes wish that you were with me—especially with Niagara before me, as I write, in glorious sunlight, with the broken water of the shallow falls, the bright green water of the deep channel of the Horse-shoe Fall, the silvery mist and spray all glittering with light.

Sept. 21st.—Minnesota. We have had a most prosperous journey (God be thanked!) to our furthest point in the north-west; and are now lodged with Bishop Whipple. Last Monday, we arrived at the great City of the Lakes, Chicago, where we took up our abode (in compliment to C——!) at Palmer House,—a palatial hotel with white marble staircases; to contrast, I suppose, with the seventy black waiters. A lift carried us up to the third floor, where a bed-room, simple and comfortable, was given to each of us. . . . The hotel is said to have cost more than a quarter of a million. At 10 a.m., we started for St. Paul, Minnesota, on the Mississippi, and within two or three hundred miles of its source.

Oh the brightness of that day, across two hundred miles of cultivated prairie! Scarcely a spot which had not been made productive, more or less. In one sense I was disappointed, as I looked for wild country and Indian missions. But when I have gone to the utmost limit that time will permit, I find that I shall still be two or three hundred miles from the "native territory." So far back have the Indians been driven by the advance of the white man. This day's journey was most easy and luxurious in the Pullman car. The privacy of these cars, in a long day's journey, is as refreshing as the sleep is at night. After being awake a short time, looking at the bright moonlight in the forest country into which we had passed from the prairie, I fell asleep; and woke up near St. Paul's, Minnesota, in time to catch another train for Fairbault, where Bishop Whipple has his house and cathedral. At 7.30 a.m., we crossed the Mississippi, but could not see it well for the morning mist. Judging by the time we took in crossing it, it seemed about as wide as the Thames at London. We had very pretty views along the Minnesota river: then two more hours of cultivated prairie, fruitful with maize, wheat, and pumpkins. At a quarter-past ten, we came to Fairbault, and fell in with a country fair, and a muster of firemen in gay uniforms, several hundred strong, with engines of burnished brass. They marched in procession round the town; and then had a pumping-match, to see which engine could throw water the furthest. In the afternoon, we went to the fair. Fancy me at a fair! In the evening, Bishop Whipple arrived, and much profitable talk began.

Sept. 24th.—Thursday. Service at 9 a.m. at the diocesan boys' school, at which the girls also attended. All were present when the Communion was celebrated, but only a few communicated. I consecrated according to the American order. The boys are in military costume, and under discipline, the States Government supplying an officer of the regular army to conduct the discipline. There seem to be many advantages in this plan, and the boys like the honour and glory of being soldiers for a time. After service, we drove to a small Indian village of four families—all

that, I fear, we shall see here. They live in good houses, and were at dinner. (N.B. Clean tablecloths, knives and forks, stools ; beds with sheets clean and turned down!) We had a short service in the best house ; and I felt myself in New Zealand again.

In the evening, a missionary service was held, at which Bishop Whipple gave an address, and I followed. Altogether it has been a very happy day, although the Indian element was so much less than I had hoped for.

I scarcely know whether this letter will reach you before my return. At all events it will be the last that I shall write here. After my last letter to you we came back post haste, sleeping in Pullman cars, to London (in Canada) : thence to Paris (also in Canada), where I spent a pleasant day with the "Indians of the Six Nations," attending service in their pretty church. Then we had speeches, ending with "God save the Queen," played by an Indian band. We reached Fredericton at 5 p.m. on Saturday, where we received a loving welcome from the Bishop and Mrs. Medley. The little cathedral on the river-bank is a charming spot, so quiet and free from all buildings, standing in its own grove of trees, with the broad river flowing by. The repose of this Sunday was a good preparation for the bustle of New York. Mrs. Medley, as you know, is charming, and follows Sarah's example in calling her husband "my lord," which she does in a very pretty manner. But I do not request you to follow her example ! I preached twice in the cathedral.

Oct. 5th.—We left Fredericton and passed again through Bangor, Portland, and Boston, and reached New York at 5 p.m. on Tuesday, where we found a kind welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, in a fine house in Fifth Avenue. I have a grand room, which you ought to be with me to occupy. This morning I preached at the opening of the Convention before more than forty bishops. Our passage is taken by Cunard steamer *Russia*, to leave this day week—the anniversary of my consecration. On Thursday, we were presented to the House of Bishops ; and on Friday met the bishops in council on the proposed Lambeth

Conference. We were then presented to the Lower House ; and in the evening I preached a missionary sermon to a grand congregation in the largest church in New York. I am going on board Lord Charville's yacht, *Marcia*, for a pastoral visit. He is dying of consumption, and to-morrow I hope to administer the Holy Communion to him. Is it not strange that I should thus find a little parish of my own in the harbour of New York ?

The following letter to Mr. Edwards from the Rev. Dr. Whitaker, Provost of Trinity College, Toronto, shows how the Bishop's visit to the Church of Canada was appreciated on their side of the water. He writes—

I am unwilling to let you leave this continent without endeavouring to convey to you my impression as to the happy result which we may hope to follow the visit of the Bishop of Lichfield, as the representative of the Church at home, both to ourselves and the sister Church in the United States. Assurances in writing of Christian sympathy, conveyed to us across the Atlantic, are by no means valueless or ineffectual. But, when a leader of the Church, like Bishop Selwyn, honours and gladdens us by his revered and genial presence—"drawing us with the cords of a man," by look and tone and gesture—far more is done than can be achieved by the wisest written words, to impress on the hearts of men the great lesson of Christian love, the reality of the communion of saints. The Bishop's sound wisdom and delicate sense of the relation in which he stood to those whom he was addressing led him to give counsel *indirectly*, by narrating what the Church in New Zealand had done under similar circumstances ; and the synod was well aware of the exceptional privilege it enjoyed in hearing from Bishop Selwyn's own lips the results of his long experience and having the plans of this wise master-builder submitted to it by himself for its guidance. I am satisfied that whether from the far west, from Fredericton, or from the assemblage at New York, the like testimony will be borne as to the

happy results of this noble endeavour to give a substance to that which men too often regard only as an attractive shadow, and to present before us by living word and deed an impersonation of Christian love.*

Soon after his return, at the reopening of a Staffordshire parish church, the Vicar said :—

How thankful we all are that the Bishop has come back to his own country in safety, and full of as much zeal and energy as ever. We are entitled to feel not a little proud of the way in which our Bishop has been received in America : and very proud indeed we are of his work at home. An old soldier once remarked to me, “They’ve got the right sort of man for a bishop in Lichfield. I remember him well when I was in New Zealand. Many a time have I seen him ride into camp ; then set to work to clean his horse and cook his dinner ; and, having eaten it, preach us a first-rate sermon. This is the sort of man to make a bishop of ; for he can do anything he puts his hand to.”

One of the last events of this year again carried every one’s thoughts to America. That land of unbridled liberty— or, as Coleridge put it, “where every one may take liberties” —had given birth to a strange religious sect, of a communistic character, called “the Shakers ;” and the new fanaticism had extended itself to England. Among other notions, they held firmly to the duty of passively “waiting upon Providence :” and accordingly, evicted from a shelter they had appropriated in the New Forest, they awaited calmly a Divine interposition on their behalf ; and no less than twenty men, with one hundred and eleven women and children, were seen encamped upon the cold ground amid the rigours of an English December. It is well, perhaps,

* E. A. C., p. 66.

that such sects should exist; for perfect freedom of action shows, beyond all dispute, how difficult it is to improve on the institutions left us by Christ: just as perfect freedom of speculation demonstrates, to every patient beholder, how incredible are all the creeds which are invented to replace the creeds of the Church. Were any disproof necessary, however, of the Shaker's childish conceptions of a God who disowns His established and intelligible laws, it was supplied only ten days later by a most terrible railway-accident near Oxford. A crowded train, on Christmas Eve, was wrecked upon a bridge: and thirty-four mangled corpses, with seventy injured sufferers besides, attested how stern (as well as benevolent) is God's righteous "reign of law;" and how urgently needed, amid the mysteries of God's government and "His ways past finding out," is some gospel of reassurance and peace. As Bishop Selwyn put it, in a heart-stirring sermon on suffering and sympathy:—

False philosophy, in old time, used to represent God as too highly exalted to care for the sorrows and sufferings of mortal men. But the very foundation of the Christian faith is laid on the certain truth that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son" for it. Predestination, election, adoption, the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world, the names written in the book of life,—these are all proofs that the mercy of God has found its exercise, even from eternity, in sympathy with man. . . . He who, for our sakes, was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, is the perfect pattern of human sympathy. His "being made man for us" adds to the sympathy, which He had throughout eternity, the compassion for our sorrows which He has learned in the school of suffering. "We have not a High-priest which cannot be touched with a

feeling of our infirmities." "In all our affliction, He was afflicted:" "in His love and in his pity, He redeemed us:" He came to "weep with those that weep," and to weep for those whose hardness of heart had closed the fountain of their own penitential tears. . . . We have no reason to believe that the compassion of Christ has ceased, because He is gone up on high and is at the right hand of God. So must we have compassion upon all those on whom our Lord and Master Himself has compassion. The range of our compassion must be as wide as the love of Christ. We must feel for the poor,—for these are the guests whom Christ calls to His marriage-feast. We must comfort the widow and the orphan,—for He who spake from His cross still speaks to us from His throne: "Behold thy mother! Behold thy son!" We must minister to the sick and wounded,—for the Lord Himself so feels for them as to count every act of mercy done to them as if it were done to Himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

1875.

Deaths of many prominent persons—Mr. Osborne Morgan's Bill—First organization of diocesan "missions"—Ritualism—Murder of Commander Goodenough at Santa Cruz—The labour traffic—Mission-festival at Lichfield—Church congress at Stoke-on-Trent—India and Melanesia—Revision of the cathedral statutes.

THE year 1875 was not marked by any public events of first-rate importance. But a good many persons, of great interest to the Church at that period, passed away. Among them was Dean Champneys of Lichfield (February 4th). He was a man whose gentle loving nature had drawn the Bishop's heart to him in a remarkable manner. And when the grave was made, deep in the solid rock on which the Cathedral stands, on the south-east side of the Lady Chapel, Bishop Selwyn pointed out that spot as the place where he wished to be laid himself, close to the remains of his beloved friend, whenever his own time should come. In illustration of this wish he made allusion to a well-known double tomb in Hereford Cathedral, where some ancient bishop and dean are sculptured side by side, hand grasping hand with a friendship not broken, but secured, by death. Others, who died during this year, were Canon Selwyn of Ely (April 24th), the accomplished and scholarly

brother of Bishop Selwyn, who had been originally designated for the bishopric of New Zealand; Professor Ewald, the greatest Hebraist of his day in Germany, (May 5th); Bishop Thirlwall of St. David's, the ablest and most "judicial" mind among the bishops of that time, (July 27th); and Dean Hook of Chichester (October 20th), who first showed, at Leeds, what a parish priest inspired by the "catholic revival" could be like, as Bishop Wilberforce first showed what a home-bishop, and Bishop Selwyn what a missionary-bishop, could be like. Many curious events also occurred, displaying the singularly varied aspects of English religious life. In January, the Congregationalists gave public intimation of the active and persistent campaign they were bent on prosecuting, in favour of their own principles, by opening with much ceremony their new "Memorial Hall" in London. The Hall had cost £30,000; and was to be a "memorial" of the great stimulus given to the Dissenting interest by the unwelcome bracing-up of the Church's discipline in 1662: when she rose from the mire into which she had been trodden during the Commonwealth, replaced some few survivors of her expelled and ruined clergy, and demanded that the intrusive occupants of her rectories should (at the very least) be "ordained." A few days afterwards, Mr. Osborne Morgan's Burials Bill was, on a second reading, rejected in the House of Commons; and, later on, Bishop Selwyn spoke upon the subject at the Derby Conference, as follows:—

It would be well if our Nonconformist brethren would learn that their cause cannot be served by the assertion of imaginary grievances. They have been relieved from the payment of

church-rates; every civil and religious disability has been removed; they can be married in their own chapels, and buried in their own graveyards. A public cemetery has been provided for most of our large towns, in which they can either bury their dead in consecrated ground with the service of the Church of England, or in unconsecrated ground with any service they may choose. As members still of the National Church, notwithstanding their schism, they have the free right of sepulture in our consecrated graveyards, the right to the ministrations of our clergy, the comfort of an unequalled burial-service. Let them forbear to disturb the peace of the grave by questions which have no value to the dead, and which could have no place in heaven.

On March 9th, Messrs. Moody and Sankey—recently arrived from America—opened their long series of “revival” services in the vast Agricultural Hall at Islington; reminding the Church of England, in a very forcible way, of her urgent need of “home missions” to supplement the steady beat of her regular parish mechanism.

In the face of all these religious activities and theological rivalries, it is not surprising that Bishop Selwyn bestowed his presence neither willingly nor frequently in the House of Lords, nor at all in the brilliant society of London drawing-rooms, nor very conspicuously even in Convocation. It was to his own Midland diocese that, like a true bearer of the pastoral staff, he devoted almost all the energies of his nature. Early in the year he was gathering the opinions of the various ruri-decanal chapters on a subject, at that time, of urgent practical importance—the proposed revision of the rubrics. Convocation had, as we have seen, in 1872, been empowered, by special “letters of business” from the Crown, to examine and to

adapt to modern needs the directions in the Prayer-Book governing the Order of Divine Service. One of the first rubrics which met them, on the very threshold of their labours, was the ambiguous "ornaments rubric;" and the question now arose: Should Convocation use its unwonted opportunity to clear up, once for all, the disputed rubric; or should it permit the miserable and interminable feud to drag on its weary course of irritation through court after court, with humiliating appeal at last to the State to settle matters? In a word, should recourse be had to "legislation;" or must the humiliating confession be made, that the passions of Churchmen were too unbridled to admit of anything else than vindictive resort to "litigation"? Bishop Selwyn's personal opinion on this question was expressed, with no uncertain sound, in Convocation (July 6th). He said:—

I think it must be clear to all of us that *legislation*, in any difficulty of the Church of England, is the very cause for which Convocation exists. To give up this duty because these questions involve altercation and dispute is, in fact, "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*" I further contend that this is the very purpose for which *letters of business* have been issued, and that the special points submitted to our consideration are these very rubrics. Legislation is the oil poured upon the waves: litigation is the oil poured upon the fire. [But] if we attempt to draw a hard and fast line, it will end in the disruption of the Church. We are all tolerating a great many things which are not strictly according to law; and I hope that we shall continue to do so. . . . During last week, a clergyman came to me and stated that he had himself for fourteen years, and his father before him for twenty years, celebrated the Holy Communion standing eastward. He asked if he must abandon a practice with which his parishioners were familiar, and to which they had no objection. What could I do?

Was I to persuade him to make a change which would disgust his people?

The whole speech was in every way characteristic. It expressed a righteous impatience of pretending loyalty to a Prayer-Book whose very first rubric was allowed to remain unintelligible. It betokened the colonial administrator of many a long year, habituated not only to discuss, but to decide matters of importance in synod. It breathed, moreover, the spirit of gentleness, tolerance, and conciliation—a spirit which was not natural to the speaker, but which the grace of God and prolonged self-discipline had long ago made a “second nature” to him. Unfortunately, Bishop Selwyn on this occasion stood almost alone. The opinion of his own clergy had been invited on the point, and it had gone against him. Every ruri-decanal chapter throughout the diocese had been carefully supplied with a form, in which to record their judgment; and while two-thirds of the clergy considered the question so immaterial that they returned no answer at all, the remaining third, by a majority of nearly two to one, desired “that the ornaments rubric should remain unaltered.” In Convocation he encountered a similar opposition. His venerable friend, the Bishop of Lincoln (Wordsworth), said—

A legislative body has often to exercise a wise discretion in silence. I think we might have spoken with great effect some time ago; but that time seems now to be passed. The present condition of things, when passions run high to a feverish excitement, seems to me unfavourable to legislation.

The Bishop of Chichester (Durnford) alone agreed with the Bishop of Lichfield:—

No one (he said) can be satisfied with continual litigation which settles nothing, and exasperates rather than calms religious animosities. "Letters of business" have been given to Convocation for the very purpose of putting an end to this legal war.

But in an able and crushing speech, the Archbishop (Tait) put an end to all hope of legislation. He said—

The clergy as a body, having been consulted as to whether they thought legislation desirable or not, nearly all of them said it was not desirable. Now, every sensible man, however he may desire it in the abstract, never thinks of proceeding to legislate if public opinion is entirely against his doing so. It is better to tolerate ambiguity, than to rush into legislation which may stir up much party-feeling; . . . and it may be wise not to rush hastily into legislation, until we see more distinctly the working of the Church of England in the present political condition of the country. It is childish to say there is no doctrinal significance in the practices we condemn. To "obey the decisions of the ordinary" is the thing they ought to have done. I think people have learnt to decide things a great deal too much for themselves. I do not know whose fault it is, but they ought to have been held with a tighter hand. After all, the persons who have caused all this difficulty and disturbance are but a small body; and if one had them privately to talk to, I think one could almost persuade them. But when they hold public meetings and band together and get excited, they become totally unmanageable. That state of things must come to an end.

In these words we have a complete explanation of the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act, so recently effected by the Archbishop in Parliament; amid a complete forgetfulness that this "small body" were but the straws on the bosom of a great advancing tide. As Canon Butler reminded the Lower House—

There has sprung up in the whole civilized world a great taste and love for all that is beautiful, for music, sculpture, and the fine arts in general. Is, then, a great symptom like that to be ignored? Is Satan to have everything that is attractive, as well as "all the good tunes"?

Nevertheless, after a discussion on this one point,—viz. What to do with the ambiguous "Ornaments Rubric,"—which occupies no less than three hundred pages of close print in the "Chronicle of Convocation," the only result was the following resolution, passed *nem. con.*:—

This House, believing legislation on these points to be at the present time neither desirable nor practicable, does not deem it expedient to discuss the course which any such legislation should take.

On this, Bishop Selwyn returned to his own diocese, a sadder—if not a wiser—man.

Soon afterwards we find him engaged in a much more congenial occupation. At a meeting of the Staffordshire Sunday School Association he delivered a very interesting address. He said:—

The great difficulty in Sunday Schools is to find time for the things which demand attention. The subject of the greatest importance, and that which should be impressed on the minds of the children from the earliest moment, is the explanation of the LORD'S PRAYER. The children should be taught the foundation of prayer, and how the duty was wrapped-up in the baptismal covenant. Then teachers should impress on their children the duty of praying for the extension of the kingdom of God and of denying themselves in aid of it. A small portion of time may thus be well employed in gaining a real comprehension of the world and of the people who live in it. A lesson, for instance, might easily be given on Ps. ii. 8: "Desire of Me, and I will

give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession ;” and it might be shown how between New Zealand and England lay numberless places which are calling aloud for our help. Then the teacher might take a map and show how England—with her colonies and her two hundred million souls in India—has a great charge and a great privilege laid upon her. For I earnestly ask you to interest the children in real objects ; and not to waste their sympathies on mere excitement, and make them feel as if nothing were real. Thus prayer should always be followed by self-denial. Dean Champneys, at Whitechapel, after years of patient teaching, awakened such an interest in missions, that, in 1845, the various schools of his parish made a collection for New Zealand ; it amounted to no less than £100,—all given in copper coin, and each separate penny representing among these poor people a separate act of self-denial. A personal interest, moreover, between the children of two countries may be maintained by specially assisting individual scholars in mission-schools from the pence collected in some school at home. Indeed the power of “pence” is not sufficiently understood. In the parish church at Walsall the annual offertories amount to £1000 ; and half of this is collected in “pence.” The London Society’s mission-ship is mainly kept at sea by “pence.” In short, the old Scotch saying should never be forgotten, “Many a mickle makes a muckle.”

“Ships” and “missions” were, very naturally, always associated closely together in Bishop Selwyn’s mind ; and towards sailors his readiest sympathies were invariably shown. Indeed some of his most powerful sermons drew their inspiration from the sea. For instance, he once preached thus, during the Californian “gold fever,” on St. Paul’s shipwreck narrated in Acts xxvii. :—

What a description is this of the soul which is cut off from Christ ! A ship driven from its anchor by which it held to the

Rock ; tossed by the raging waves, and unable to bear up into the wind ; with devils howling for joy amid the storm, "Let her drive !" It is a true account of all who have lost their hold of Christianity. "Let her drive !" To them neither sun nor stars appear ; no small tempest is upon them. . . . Who will deny that the manifold changes of the world were never more manifest than at the present time ? All human powers alike are proved to be unstable as water. A torrent of unruly will is sweeping away everything before it ; and when it has done its work of disruption it is itself overwhelmed by the next wave that follows it. And in the midst of this wild and frenzied fever of the world, as if in mockery of human madness, Satan opens his last remaining lure. When all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them have been seen to be worthless, he points to the rivers which flow with golden sands ; now, in the last ages of the world, he reveals his hidden treasures as fuel for the fire he has kindled upon earth. Lest nations should be too poor to war, he first inflames their passions and then supplies them with the means. And then he who has raised the storm looks on with a cry of joy at the sight of the vessel hastening to destruction. "Let her drive," he seems to say with bitter scorn ; "Gold is no longer needed for the thrones and crowns of kings,—cast it into the midst for the multitude to quarrel for."

Full of this love of the sea and admiration for sailors, he deeply grieved when, in the House of Commons (July 22nd), the sailors' friend, Mr. Plimsoll, M.P. for Derby, compromised his scheme for abating unnecessary risks at sea by a want of steady temper and patience under vexatious delays, which he might have learnt from no one better than from his own diocesan. Still greater was the Bishop's anxiety and distress when (August 20th), at the Melanesian island of Santa Cruz—close to the scene of Bishop Patteson's martyrdom,—Commander Goodenough

and a whole party of sailors were shot with poisoned arrows, while on shore to mediate about the so-called "labour traffic." For this heathen outrage was probably connected with a previous Christian act of vengeance, which had—to every good man's poignant regret—followed, and apparently revenged, Bishop Patteson's death by a bombardment of the island (Nukapu) where it had occurred.* For it seems that some Santa Cruz people, wholly unconnected with the murder, happened to be there, and perished in the bombardment. So that when a canoe from that island, accidentally encountered, broke the long silence that had enveloped this ill-omened group since 1871, it was discovered that revenge had begotten the spirit of revenge; so that the acceptance of the "gospel of peace" was delayed by the evil passions of war. Nevertheless, the permeating influences of the Church have since then found a way to enter, and have taken full possession, even there; although with what reserve such a statement must always be made, became clear during the mission voyage of the Bishop's son, ten years later on. He had landed at a Christian island, to return four scholars who had been entrusted to him. But where the cross and the school-house should have been, he found only skulls of slaughtered enemies and "all the hideous

* In a letter to Miss F. Patteson, in 1871, Bishop Selwyn says: "On the very day I heard of your dear brother's death, I wrote to Mr. Gladstone, renewing the claim which has been so often pressed upon her Majesty's Government, that a small ship of war—with a chosen commander—should be commissioned to watch over the islands of the South Sea: to take care that the agreements made with the natives be thoroughly understood by them, and faithfully carried out by their employers: and, above all, that every kind of forcible or fraudulent abduction should be prevented or punished. I need not say that I studiously avoided any word which should imply the slightest wish that punishment should be inflicted upon any one who, either directly or indirectly, has been the cause of dear Coley's death."

trophies and signs of cannibalism,—showing how very little, if at all, these people had yet emerged from the darkness of former times.” At the bottom even of this purely native massacre lay some dispute connected with the “labour traffic,”—a system which, in some hands, was very hard to distinguish from “slavery.” Hence arose a jealous watchfulness on the part of the Aborigines Protection Society; and they wrote to Bishop Selwyn, receiving the following cautious reply :—

I hardly know what to think, still less what to say, about the Admiralty instructions [for returning fugitive slaves to their owners] to which you refer. Tested by the only field of which I know much, viz. Melanesia—where a large portion of the population of every island are likely to be “slaves” of the other portion,—it seems to me impossible that Commander Hopkins should be bound to return any man who swims off to his ship to any other man who claims him as his slave. Are we to accept the statement of every ruffian that a man is his slave? If not, where is the question to be tried? There seems to me no clear course, but that every man who sets foot on British soil or on the deck of a British vessel is presumed to be free.

But,—no doubt the Bishop would fain have added,—though that be a “clear course,” yet no doubt injustice and heart-burning among native slave-owners often come of it; I therefore show you “a more excellent” way—the introduction of Christianity among these heathen islanders; and, thereby, the abolition of slavery altogether. This more excellent way was indeed always foremost in his thoughts and nearest to his heart. “Missions” of every kind seemed to his active intelligence the very *raison d’être* of a Church; and to this conviction his triennial system of

diocesan festivals bore witness. For while, in deference to the infirmities of musicians he meekly allowed one year to be sacrificed to a choral festival, which had no charms for him, the other two years were firmly claimed for foreign missions and home missions. In the present year (1875) the turn for "foreign missions" had come round; and on June 1st there was a typical gathering at Lichfield Cathedral of men who had done good service in the cause.

It happened to be a lovely summer's day—one of those English days that no colony or dependency of the British Empire can match,—and a long procession issued from the palace gate and slowly swept round to the great western doors of the cathedral. First came the students of the Theological College,—whom the military-minded Bishop always eyed, as his half-drilled conscripts, with disciplinary but affectionate eyes; then came a hundred clergymen, the prebendaries and canons of the cathedral, and the archdeacons of the diocese; then two bishops of daughter Churches—Bishop Webb of Bloemfontein in Southern Africa and Bishop Venables of Nassau in the Gulf of Mexico; after them, with long sweeping train and two attending chaplains, the bishop of a sister Church, the venerable Bishop Forbes of Brechin in Scotland; and last came the greatest of them all, the veteran who had borne the cross of Jesus furthest of them all, and had faced by far the most appalling dangers of them all, Bishop Selwyn. His beautiful ebony and silver pastoral-staff (the gift of New Zealand friends) was borne before him, and he was attended by his two coadjutor bishops, who had seen service with him in the southern hemisphere, Bishop Abraham and Bishop Hobhouse. The

sermon was preached by Bishop Webb; and afterwards, assembling in the palace gardens, a little crowd gradually drew round a brilliant laburnum-tree, a "dropping well of fire," beneath which Bishop Selwyn had taken up his post, and whence he and the others addressed the meeting. He spoke with his usual felicity, combining a remarkable breadth of view with special local touches of nearer interest to the bystanders.

This meeting (he observed) is one on the most comprehensive plan. It is not held on behalf of any one particular society, nor in support of any one branch of mission-work. It is held to support the cause of missions generally throughout the world. Still, we all have, I think, a special interest in the Melanesian mission, to which this diocese has already contributed, besides many prayers and offerings, more than one useful *person*. Among them are Mr. Penny, Mr. Still, and my own dear son. Nevertheless, the work for which we have this day offered up our prayers in the cathedral is world-wide; for the "field is the world." And it is with a view to kindle a more lively interest in that work that the dean and chapter have, with my hearty concurrence, agreed that every year there should be such a diocesan gathering as this. Let us try to do the duty which Christ has assigned to every believing man,—to go and seek out the sheep that have strayed from His fold, and to bring them back to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls.

Another mission—a woman's mission to the "great dark continent"—about this time awakened the warm sympathy of this modern apostle to the Gentiles. A daughter of Archdeacon Allen had dedicated herself to missionary enterprise; and he invited her, with all members of her family who could accompany her, to break her journey at Lichfield, when she was starting for

Zanzibar. Of this visit a graphic description is given by her brother-in-law, the Rev. R. M. Grier—

On October 29th, after an early celebration of the Holy Communion in her father's church at Prees, Miss Allen, accompanied by her father and mother and sisters, set out for Lichfield. It was a sorrowful journey; until at Stafford the Bishop joined the party. Then all was at once changed. He took charge of everything and every one—of shawls, rugs, umbrellas, luggage, the Archdeacon, and the ladies; and met Mrs. Allen's remonstrance at his thus burdening himself by the playful rejoinder, "I am only a good porter spoiled." When the train started, however, he proved that he was something more; for he kept up the spirits of his companions until they reached their destination. At the palace, after dinner he took his guests into the study, and, opening a case, presented Miss Allen with a side-saddle such as his own observation had taught him would be most likely to be useful to her abroad. That evening there was a solemn service in the Bishop's Chapel; and the next morning in the same place there was a celebration of the Holy Communion. In this, the only variation from ordinary custom was that, while Miss Allen knelt at the altar rails after receiving, the Bishop laid his hands upon her, in token (as it were) that she was consecrated to a life of labour and self-sacrifice for Christ's sake. About midday, the party started for London from the platform of Lichfield station, to which the Bishop had brought them; and there he stood, waving adieu to them, till the train was out of sight.*

Shortly afterwards Bishop Selwyn was called upon to address a large assemblage of people at Wellington, in Shropshire, at the consecration of a new cemetery. He observed that—

the word "cemetery" simply means a place where bodies are laid to sleep. Many who hear me will remember seeing at Lich-

* Grier, "Life of Archdeacon Allen," i. p. 276.

field (what is termed) "the sleeping children,"—that is, the figures in marble of two young girls taken away in early childhood. They are represented with their arms round each others' necks; and no one who has seen them can ever forget the appearance of perfect peace in those children. It fills one with joy and comfort to know, amid the sin, sorrow, and folly of this world, that one out of every seven born into the world, depart to be with Christ before having committed actual sin.

This is certainly a pessimist view of the world; though it may find an echo in the hearts of many bereaved parents, and may bring them a certain comfort. But it was not a view which was habitual to Bishop Selwyn, nor one which at all appeared in his confirmation addresses, or in his usual method of dealing with young people. His "confirmations" he always felt to be matters, not only of the most solemn obligation, but of the greatest delight; and he sometimes almost sternly imposed the obligation, where the delight was not properly felt. Witness the following letter to the Rural Dean of Stoke-on-Trent, about this time:—

I have found great inconvenience in submitting the scheme of confirmations to the ruridecanal chapters. A certain number of the clergy attend and give their opinions; others stay away and afterwards write letters complaining of the arrangements proposed. A third set—happily small in number—escape from confirmations altogether, and avoid the painful suggestion of neglect of duty, which would come home to them if the confirmation were held in their churches. The people in those parishes lose the whole benefit intended for them and for their children. I have been endeavouring for four years to hold a confirmation in every church, by the aid of my coadjutors; and, at the rate of more than two hundred annually, this ought to have been now accomplished. But there are still three churches, at least, in Stoke rural deanery, in which

confirmations have not been held. I do not take any account of the inconvenience of the church or of the character of the clergyman. Whether the lack of candidates be owing to his neglect or to the prevalence of Dissent, it is still my duty to let the people know to what they are pledged in their baptism, and what is required of them as a preliminary to Holy Communion.

This gives a glimpse of the bishop in his sterner moods. His more exultant and humorous mood was seen on the beach at Auckland, when his nocturnal landing with half a dozen firstfruits of Melanesian boyhood was cheerily announced to his long-watching and weariful wife by the terse announcement—"I have got them." Or when, on the same beach, another landing was effected with specimens of dark-skinned girlhood on either arm—little Wabisane and little Wasitru ("little chattering bird ")—decked in indescribable sea-garments of the bishop's own construction, but each with a tender thought for feminine ways expressed in a bunch of gay ribbons at the shoulder. Again, his highest reach of joy and hope in dealing with children was occasionally witnessed—and who that witnessed or took part in them can ever forget those scenes—when, at the elevated font in Lichfield Cathedral, he baptized a daughter of his own son, or the child of one of his Canons in the Close. With the most beaming happy looks, he would on such occasions hold forth the child on outstretched arms in sight of all the congregation, while he pronounced the words: "Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ, let us give thanks unto Almighty God."

Nevertheless, an occasional deep depression of spirits

—especially at any season of ministerial ill-success or disappointment—was, as we have already seen, a trial from which even his abundant vivacity did not exempt him. Perhaps his personal acquaintance with grief contributed its share towards making him a most effective consoler of the afflicted, and a most delicate bearer of ill-news. One has attested this who was herself supported by him under the agonizing loss of a martyred brother, and heard his calm whisper—“I know that you would not, at the bottom of your heart, and conscious what this noble death really is and will be to the Church—I know you would not have it otherwise.” The same person, too, has borne testimony to his singularly thoughtful sympathy, having witnessed how he broke the news of fast-approaching death to one quite unaware of its approach—a lady whom he had known during the war in New Zealand. In truth, “masterful” though he certainly was by nature, stern and unsympathizing harshness was totally foreign to his character. It was a side presented only to people who needed either shaking-up or shaking-off. So that his own wife has been heard to say, “With George,—if I must perforce be either one or the other,—I would certainly rather be a knave than a fool.”

At all events, Bishop Selwyn, with his bright, frank, humorous energy, was the last man in the world to become a “pessimist.” Rather, the world seemed to him a delightful field, and life a happy opportunity, for the exercise of his many gifts and for doing indefatigable service both to God and man. And as he stood, in this year (1875), beside the open grave of his friend, Dean Champneys, and on the very ground which was all too soon to be opened again to receive

his own stalwart frame, the Dean's favourite hymn (sung ere the grave was closed) seemed precisely to express that common devotion to their Master's cause which drew these two good men together, both in life and death :—

“ Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live :
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.”

As to the reverential and peaceful solemnity which, he conceived, should encompass the resting-places of the dead, it was probably much more prominently in his thoughts, when he resisted the intrusion of alien services into our churchyards, than any nervous anxiety about the inviolability of Church property. Thus, at the archidiaconal conference in Shropshire this year, he combined together the two subjects of funeral reform and the Burials Bill—

because (he said) the one will probably hereafter have an important bearing on the other. If the Church is not to be allowed to possess her burial-grounds in peace, it may be necessary to provide for ourselves new grounds, to be held in trust for the Church. Then funeral reform will prepare the way for a complete system of Church sepulture. We need reform of everything which separates rich from poor in that ordinance which levels all distinctions. “ Devout men ” should follow a Christian to his grave.

All present were not, however, of the Bishop's opinion ; and, though a resolution was carried *nem. con.* that “ the exclusive right of the Church to her churchyards be maintained, but that (where it is desired) an interment without services at the grave should be allowed,” still one of his own archdeacons (Allen) made a vigorous speech on the other side, and advocated the permission—afterwards

enforced by Act of Parliament—for Dissenters to use their own services in the church's grounds.

How little our Bishop cared for personal attacks or anonymous abuse, in this or any other controversy, will appear from a letter written about this time to the same Archdeacon.

For all your kind expressions of sympathy and affection I heartily thank you. To all charges brought against me before the Archbishop of Canterbury I am ready to answer in due time, at appointed place, and in lawful manner. To all personal charges my rule is, "Answer him not a word." For anonymous writers in the newspapers (as such) I care nothing. I am most thankful for advice; but, to be kindly taken, it must distil as the dew, and not bluster like Boreas.

An important event was now approaching, and preparation for it occupied much of the Bishop's thoughts. The Church Congress was to be held once more within the diocese; and the populous capital of "the Potteries," Stoke-on-Trent, had been fixed upon for this great gathering of Churchmen. It was opened by the Bishop on October 5th, and continued for four days, as he afterwards thankfully remarked, "without one word being uttered of bitterness or strife." This congress was not so brilliantly "successful" or so well attended as some previous congresses had been; but the impression made by it upon the surrounding masses of the local population was profound. It was to them like a new revelation. They had never known before, by ocular demonstration, the vast power and resources of the Church of England.

A few weeks beforehand the Rector of Stoke (Sir Lovelace Stamer) wrote thus to the *Guardian*:—

The presidency of Bishop Selwyn will be the chief distinction of this year's congress. He will be recognized as the bishop who, on his translation to an English See, gave the example of a well-organized system of conferences in his diocese, and found a place for the laity in the councils of the Church. It will be remembered, too, that no one has done so much to draw together the various Churches in communion with the Church of England, and that the proposal to hold a second Lambeth conference has been carried through his persevering advocacy.

The following is an outline of the Bishop's inaugural address :—

The object of the Church Congress is truth—truth as perfect as God, by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, may be pleased to reveal. We do not accept as infallible the authority of any mortal man ; nor do we submit doubtful questions to the decision of a council ; nor, again, do we agree to differ, as if truth were beyond our reach. But we invite a free expression of opinion from men of various habits of thought, hoping that the greater part of our differences will vanish when we come to understand one another. The language of extreme party-spirit is an unknown tongue to all but the initiated. The man of one party is a “ barbarian ” to the man of the other (1 Cor. xiv. 11). . . . Some may say, “ Are not these thoughts for the synod rather than the congress? Are not the objects of the congress purely practical? ” I cannot put asunder what God has joined together. Christianity knows nothing of practice as distinct from doctrine. . . . I cannot doubt that the Anglican Church is the true centre round which may be rallied, in God's own time, all the scattered forces of those who agree in accepting Holy Scripture as their standard of faith, and the creeds of the undivided Church as their summary of doctrine. Stretching out her arms to the great English-speaking race, now widely scattered round the earth—bearing with any errors she may discern in other Churches, as she hopes her own may be forgiven,—commending herself to Jew and Gentile by her visible unity,—she may

press on to the development of a catholicity as wide as is possible to be attained ; until Rome, awaking from her dream of universal empire, shall be content to be what she was at Nicæa and at Ephesus—one among many living stones built up into one holy, catholic, and apostolic Church, JESUS CHRIST Himself being the chief Corner-stone.

At the conclusion of the Congress, the Bishop added a few words upon the offering of praise, and led the thoughts of his hearers to Eucharistic praise as the highest kind of worship. He concluded with the *Ter-sanctus*—the whole assembly rising simultaneously, and standing with bowed heads as he recited the sacred words.

By such gatherings and such speeches as these the minds of Churchmen have of late years been wonderfully awakened, and their ideas have been mightily expanded. The retired country parish, with perhaps a dull routine of Sunday services, and an interest in nothing beyond the gossip of the ale-house, has suddenly found itself within walking distance of a crowded assembly addressed by men whose names were conspicuous in the newspapers, and who were discussing questions as wide as the world. The townsman, keen on local politics and taught to regard the Church as one among many sects, squabbling (like all the rest) over petty school-board elections, or about some trumped-up "burial scandal," became abruptly aware that the Church was a power which had to be reckoned with on a scale very different from all that. The Dissenter found out to his surprise that Churchmen, too, could talk ; and talk with as much practical sense and power as "the minister ;" while the subjects discussed, and the perfect freedom and courtesy with which they were discussed,

gave matter for unaccustomed reflection. The very sight, too, of such a man as Bishop Selwyn—one who had faced danger in many unaccustomed shapes, had converted cannibals into Sunday-school teachers, knew how to dispense with every luxury and even necessary of life, and who (literally, as well as in figure of speech) could “paddle his own canoe,”—was an inspiring and an elevating sight; especially when he sat, calm and radiant, surrounded by the magnates of the district, and easily governing with the sweep of his long quill pen the swaying impulses of an excited assembly.

Another event, in the same month of October, 1875, also helped to enlarge all Englishmen's ideas, and especially to give them a livelier interest than they had before in that great “field,” both for the operations of the world and of the Church, INDIA. On October 11th, the Prince of Wales, attended by the heartfelt good wishes of all his loyal countrymen, set forth from Charing Cross station for his long-planned visitation to the East. For the Prince's Indian tour Parliament made abundant and dignified provision. They voted £52,000 for his voyage, £30,000 for his entertainment in India, and £60,000 for his personal expenses.

No doubt this vast sum was well spent, though it was on a truly imperial scale. For an Oriental people must be impressed as well as governed. The minds of their less educated classes seem, like those of children, to be developed only so far as the imaginative stage. This was long ago found out by Bishop Patteson.

The mode of thought of a South Sea Islander resembles very closely that of a Semitic man. That the Jew did not think—

certainly did not speak—like a European, is self-evident. Where, then, are we to find [a similar] people, children in thought, keenly alive to the outer world, impressible, emotional, but devoid of the power of abstract thought? I assure you, the Hebrew narrative, viewed from the Melanesian point of thought, is wonderfully graphic and lifelike. The English version is dull and lifeless by comparison. We [Europeans] say, “When I get there, all will be right;” but every South Sea Islander would say, “I am there; and it is right.”*

Add to this the direct testimony of a Hindu:—

It is only an Asiatic (says Mr. Mozoomdar) who can teach religion to Asiatics. Hindus have a powerful national life, which remains all but utterly uninfluenced by foreign preaching. . . . Was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic; and all the agencies, primarily employed for the propagation of the gospel, Asiatic? An Asiatic man can read the imageries and allegories of the gospel, and its descriptions of natural sceneries and customs and manners, with greater interest and a fuller perception of their force and beauty than Europeans. To Asiatics, therefore, Christ is doubly interesting. . . . When we speak of the Eastern Christ, we speak of the incarnation of unbounded love and grace; when we speak of the Western Christ, we speak of the incarnation of theology, formalism, ethical and physical force.†

In the autumn of this year a work of the highest importance to the efficiency of his cathedral was completed by the Bishop. He had some years before encouraged his chapter, first to revise and adapt their statutes to the requirements of modern times, and then to translate the result into mother-English. For, as has been well said, “there is no question that the true ‘sacred language’ of

* Yonge, “Life of Bishop Patteson,” vol. ii., p. 476.

† Mozoomdar, “The Oriental Christ” (1883), pp. 16, 21, 46.

the modern time is English." Besides, this note of "simplicity and truth" was clearly struck, three hundred years ago, by the masculine sense of our Reformers, who put into mother-English both the Prayer-Book and the Bible. In the same spirit of earnest faith in reality and veracity, and in fervent hope that a cathedral—once made intelligible and lovable—would prove (as many of our cathedrals have since done) matchless instruments for good in the hands of the Church, Bishop Selwyn's great chapter set to work. They cleared away whatever was irrecoverably dead and bygone; they faithfully and anxiously preserved every feature of the past that could be preserved, so as to maintain unbroken continuity with the system of their forefathers; and then they put the whole result into plain English.

The ancient statutes, of which these are a translation and abridgment, date from a very early period. Indeed, their origin is lost in the mists of a primitive antiquity, when the bishop lived with his clergy in a common house, and served the surrounding country from that central home. So early as the third century we find traces of this arrangement, in the writings of Tertullian (A.D. 200) and Cyprian (A.D. 250). But in the fourth century, Augustine of Hippo—attempting to revive Church discipline almost on monastic models—drew up a few stringent statutes for his clergy. He made them live with him and draw (as the clergy of Qu'Appelle do now) their food and clothing from a "common fund"—a phrase in ordinary cathedral use to this day; he menacingly forbade any of them to possess property of their own; and he inscribed on the common dinner-table the following excellent warning against "gossip:"—

“*Quisquis amat dictis absentium rodere vitam,
Hanc mensam indignam noverit esse sibi.*”

Four hundred years later on, we get a fresh glimpse of the life led by cathedral canons, in the statutes of the Cathedral of Metz, compiled by Bishop Chrodegang (A.D. 750). The bishop is dean, and in his absence the archdeacon. They all live together, and sleep in a common dormitory. If none of them have learnt (like Bishop Selwyn) how to cook, a layman may be had in for that purpose. The discipline was severe and sometimes corporal. But now each canon might enjoy his private property, on condition that he bequeathed it to the society. These statutes were remodelled about a century later on, in a synod held at Aachen (A.D. 816); and again we get some curious glimpses into ancient cathedral life.

It is clear as daylight (says the synod) that no institution [of the Church] is so good as that of canons. But though they may wear linen, eat meat, and possess property—all of which things are forbidden to monks, who live a harder life,—yet in avoiding vices and scandals their life should be not inferior to that of monks. No one in the society must be useless or idle, drawing his pay without any duty done; but should daily come to service, always sleep in the common dormitory, always eat at the common table. The canon's dress should not be foppish, nor yet (on the other hand) entirely out of fashion and unseemly; for each of those extremes is a sure sign of pride or pretentiousness. It is very improper that a canon should go about dressed like a monk. In public reading and choral service, let him rather consider the edification of the people than, that vainest of all things, popular applause. Let the song not be drawn out to inconvenient length; and let the words be clearly pronounced. Should any be unmusical, it were well that he should remain silent. No women must be about the close. Let each one, according to his ability,

study some useful art or other : so that no one, in the College of Canons, appear to be useless or eat up the gifts of the faithful in idleness. Such should be the character, and such the life, of those who have [in this way] devoted themselves to God's service.

Thus both the early Church and the Church of the "Dark Ages" have very clear and well-drawn statutes for the cathedrals of their time ; and from them it is easy to see the "ideal" which has always floated before the mind of the Church,—an ideal which, like a golden thread, runs through all the various changes and adaptations of fifteen hundred years, and gleams out, in our own time, wherever some man of God arises to rub off rust and apathy, and to let the gold appear. In the Middle Ages, at Lichfield, we have the first extant statutes, dating from about 1190, and going into curious detail about the services in the cathedral. Here first comes into view that admirable arrangement of cathedrals "of the old foundation," surviving to this hour, whereby—as the material structure rests solidly upon four great central piers, that support the tower—so the personal structure rests upon four "principal persons," the *dean* with pastoral charge of the close, the *precentor* in charge of the music, the *chancellor* in charge of the library, and the *treasurer* in trust with the sacristy and all its contents. These four are the great officers of the cathedral ; and all the other personages, told off to fulfil various duties to the community, are but supplementary and auxiliary to these four. The dean, as "primus inter pares," is in the same position towards his brother-canons as the rural dean is to his brother-clergy : and, like them, he has three months of statutable "residence" in the year. In 1290, however, he

was bound to continual attendance, with one month's leave of absence every fourth year.

But, as time went on, and the princely bishops lived far away from their proper head-quarters, human infirmity persuaded the mediæval deans to give themselves airs; and they even presumed to keep the bishop out from his own cathedral. Thus, so early as 1320, Bishop Langton's revised statutes have to check the encroachments of the dean. Indeed, every subsequent revision of the statutes at Lichfield shows, only too clearly, the gradual break-down of the whole mediæval system. The revised statutes of 1440 deal chiefly with derelictions of duty and neglectful methods of performing service: the next revision (1450) attempts to put a stop to rancorous quarrels by heavy fines; the next one (1490) imposes angry punishments on neglects and contempts of common decency; the next (1520) inveighs against abuses and scandals, by this time become enormous and intolerable; and the last of the pre-Reformation revisions (December 22, 1526) is an attempt by Bishop Blythe to expunge all the old rules that had become obsolete and neglected, and to compress within a few leaves—exactly as Bishop Selwyn did, three hundred and fifty years afterwards—all that was “alive” and practically useful. After the Reformation—the kingly power having become ascendant in the Church—King James I. (1624) issued Letters Patent, confirming to the Bishop of Lichfield “with the assent and consent of the dean and chapter”) his ancient power of revising the statutes; and this power was accordingly exercised by Bishop Hacket (1662) and by five of his successors. Bishop Lonsdale, at last, in 1863, added some statutes in English; and following these

various precedents extending through no less than seven hundred years, Bishop Selwyn in 1875 revised and compressed the whole of the statutes, and translated them into plain English.

At the same time, a certain ominous and strange document was finally got rid of, and laid to rest amid the cathedral archives. It had, for four hundred years, formed a standing monument of distrust and animosity between bishop and chapter: and was entitled a "composition" between these two parties. It proved only too evidently that, as the Middle Ages sank into corruption and despair of self-reformation, the bishops had followed the example of the popes, and had used the opportunities of their high office for shameful extortion of fees; while, no doubt, the canons on their part had reason for avoiding unpleasant inquiries. Hence they forced the bishop to a formal treaty; in which, among other concessions, he undertook never to hold a "visitation" of the cathedral till four years had elapsed from the previous one. At such a scandalous restriction as this, Bishop Selwyn naturally expressed much contemptuous impatience. And the reader will now be able fully to understand a brief but characteristic passage, from a letter written to New Zealand on the last day of this year:—

Our chapter-meeting was most happy and harmonious. On the second day, before twelve o'clock, we closed our proceedings with earnestness and solemnity and with much thankfulness of heart. And so came the euthanasia of the old "composition," and of all the unintelligible stuff which had been sworn-to for four or five centuries.

Thus ended a year full of labours, rich in blessings,

fruitful in far-reaching changes. Doubtless, the Bishop, as he rose from his knees on that "last night of the old year," appended with more than usual thankfulness to his diocesan scheme of things to be done "if the Lord will" in 1875, his customary seal of their happy completion in the words *Deo gratias*,—"Thanks be to God!"

CHAPTER IX.

1876.

The Bulgarian atrocities—Sister Dora—The Burials Bill—The “Old Catholics”—A “Church House”—The Final Court of Appeal—Visit to the Isle of Man—The Bishop as a “muscular Christian”—The Diocesan Fund.

THIS was a year of tranquil and strenuous activity in the diocese of Lichfield ; but it was unmarked by any events of first-rate importance. In fact, the diocesan machine had now been got into easy working order, and had become in great measure permeated by the Bishop's ideas. When therefore, everything was moving at high speed and with perfect smoothness, there was naturally little to record.

But in the outside world events were happening which, like clouds gathering on the horizon, portended in the near future dark calamities both to Church and State. First of all, it was the year of the too-celebrated “Bulgarian atrocities”—the first mutterings of the storm which was shortly to break over Eastern Europe in the disastrous Russo-Turkish war. In all the military occurrences of that war Bishop Selwyn, as usual, took a deep interest. The solid discipline and obedient self-devotion of the Russian armies he warmly admired. The passive valour

and tenacity of the Turks, in defending assailed positions, won his highest praise. But, meanwhile, every day there was being paraded before all men's eyes the terrible mystery of useless human suffering, of baffled endeavour, of successful iniquity. And these things did not fail to engender in many minds perplexity and sometimes unbelief.

But to demand (said Bishop Selwyn, in a sermon at Lichfield Cathedral) that we should explain everything which is dark or doubtful is altogether unreasonable. A man comes to me with a difficulty; and says, "Explain that!" I ask him, "Why?" He answers, "In order that I may believe." But if I fail to explain it to his satisfaction, what then? Is God, therefore, to be less God, or the Bible to be less true, because I am unable to explain, or you to understand? A man would starve, if he refused to take food till he could understand its properties or could trace its effects. In the least things, as well as in the greatest—in the food and raiment of the body, in light and heat, in the air we breathe, in the clouds and vapours which supply us with rain, in the compass which guides us over the ocean, in the planets which are chained to the sun with chains of calculated power, in the rivers of water which run up-hill to the tops of the trees, in every thing (in short) which we see or hear or touch or handle—the same truth is still evident, viz. that "it is the glory of God to conceal a thing."

The spectacle of suffering and bloodshed does not, however, always produce a merely paralyzing perplexity. It goads more robust and believing souls to energetic action. And so it came to pass that this Russo-Turkish war stirred up the most fervid longings to be helpful, in the heart of one who, at that time little known beyond the diocese in which she worked, has since acquired a

world-wide celebrity through the touching account of her life written by Miss Lonsdale. The fact is that "Sister Dora," from her quiet home in the Cottage Hospital at Walsall, kept a watchful look-out upon the great world and its affairs. Hence, during the Franco-German War in 1870, and now again, when the battle was raging between Russia and Turkey, she earnestly wished to offer herself as a nurse to the sick and wounded soldiers. But the Bishop was at hand, "between whom and Sister Dora a strong sympathy existed; for they were kindred spirits, and she gave him probably as much of her confidence as she ever gave to any one."* No doubt it was by his advice that she determined to remain humbly at her less ambitious post of duty: and there she worked till the end of her life.

To the Bishop this simple "Cottage Hospital" had a special charm. He often visited it; and consulted with Sister Dora on the best means of being helpful to the poor in Walsall. One tangible result of these visits was the erection of a suitable chapel at the workhouse for the use of the inmates. Having heard how badly provided they were, he made arrangements for taking the service at the workhouse on a certain afternoon; and finding—as he anticipated—the crowded assembly gathered in a long, low room, in which they had all lately dined, he took care to express his objections very pointedly in the visitors'-book. The result was, that the guardians soon afterwards determined to build a chapel: and when it was completed, the Bishop had the satisfaction of officiating at its opening in person. This was not the only occasion on which he used his influ-

* Miss Lonsdale, "Sister Dora," p. 62.

ence in obtaining a chapel, or other decent accommodation, for paupers in workhouses ; and his known readiness to espouse all weaker causes, as well as his obvious manliness and reality, had a great effect upon the working-classes. "They all," says a late incumbent of Walsall parish church, "thought most highly of their Bishop ;" and as to Sister Dora, they were ready to die for her.

In the early days of her nursing-mission at Walsall, she had achieved a wonderful success in saving for a working-man his working arm. The limb had been so terribly mangled by some machinery, that the surgeons decided it must be amputated. But the poor man's groans and expressions of despair went to the nurse's heart ; and when he appealed to her, "O sister, do save my arm for me, it's my right arm," with a swift glance she took in the possibilities of the case, and determined to try. Her skill and attention were rewarded with success ; and her patient installed himself as one of her most devoted admirers, calling to inquire for her when she was ill, and begging the portress to "tell Sister, it was 'her arm' that rang the bell."*

In the same way, Bishop Selwyn, too, saved an arm. In visiting a hospital, he met on the steps a dejected-looking figure with a sentence of death from the doctors ringing in his ears. For he had positively refused to allow his arm to be amputated, and was preparing to take the consequences. "I'd a deal rather die, sir ; and I'm going home to tell my wife so. I couldn't bear to live, just to be a hobble on her and the children." The Bishop's sympathy was enlisted on behalf of the poor man ; and

* Miss Lonsdale, "Sister Dora," p. 24.

arrangements were at once made for sending him to a London hospital. Some time afterwards, the happy grateful convalescent appeared at Lichfield and asked to see the Bishop. With great pride and satisfaction he pulled up his sleeve and showed him his arm. It was almost well and already in a fair working condition, owing to the insertion of a silver tube in place of the diseased bone which had been removed. "It's the Bishop's arm now and for ever, if he wants it," said the man, enthusiastically, as he showed it to several lookers-on: "a five-pun note he paid down to give me my silver bone; and it's just made a new man of me." The man had walked over from his home at Sedgley to show these good results to his benefactor. "I like that man," said the Bishop; "he is so genuine and straightforward: he never asked me for a penny, though he must be hard-up; and many men in his position would have used that arm for begging purposes." Indeed, there was something in the rough and ready ways of the Black Country men that always drew him towards them, even more than to others; and he was ready to go and work among them, even at the cost of much personal inconvenience.

I only had to ask him (writes the incumbent of a Black Country parish), and he came. I remember well, one Saturday evening, when he and Mrs. Selwyn were sitting in our drawing-room by the fire, she suddenly asked him where he was going to preach the next day. He gave her the name of the place (rather an unmanageable combination of words) and then said, "I am going to give a special address to the pitmen and the puddlers,—the first of a week's course."

"Ah, you'll like that, George," she replied; "but will they come?"

"That I can't say, my dear. 'You may call spirits from the vasty deep'—you remember the rest." He preached the following evening, and the church was crowded. It was an earnest, stirring sermon, well adapted to the congregation. On the following Wednesday, it fell to my lot to give one of the addresses; and just as I was leaving the church, I was told that a young man was waiting outside, and very much wished to see me. I found him in an anxious state of mind; and we walked up and down for a long time in serious talk,—the flaming chimneys all around our only light. I asked him what had first set him thinking; and if he could trace the rise of his convictions to any special occasion. "That I can," he said; "it was last Sunday night when the Bishop preached. I never heard anything like him before, and I have had no peace of mind since. I'd have put a bold face on it and gone to him for help, if he had come again. But seeing as I knew you, and you happening to be here, I thought I would ask you. But he were a one that did speak straight home to you. He just knew all about *we*, I can tell you." Then I thought of the scene by the fire in the drawing-room, the previous Saturday evening, and remembered the Bishop's playful answer to Mrs. Selwyn. He had, indeed, "called a spirit from the vasty deep," in a way he had not perhaps looked for. His straightforward way of speaking seemed to go straight to the hearts of the rough men. "He knows all about *we*, I can tell you," exactly expresses what they felt when listening to his simple addresses; and you might hear a pin drop while he was speaking.* He never minced matters; but went at the men, time after time, about their gambling and

* The same remarkable power of adapting himself to his audience had often been witnessed in New Zealand. None who were present can ever forget how, one night, sitting with some Maori chiefs round a bivouac-fire, he rebuked them for a recent murder of a poor English carter-boy. They were all (as usual) telling ghost-stories; and when the Bishop's turn came, he gradually pictured out a vision of the pale blood-bedabbled boy; and in the background the retiring forms of his murderers, "mighty men of war, wise counsellors, powerful chiefs!" They started up in fury at his scathing words, but soon sank down again, conscience-stricken.

their drunkenness; and told them what a curse drink had been to the New Zealanders, who knew nothing of drunkenness until the English had brought spirits among them. "And yet," he said, "they are not so bad even now as some of our people here. To see a Maori woman go into a public-house would be thought a terrible disgrace. It would have been so once in England. And now, O my Christian brothers, I should be ashamed for the Maoris to see what is to be seen in our large towns; where the wretched wrecks of womanhood haunt the gin-palaces and refreshment bars."

Once again, I remember our revered Bishop coming to preach for us. The occasion was no occasion at all. He was simply asked, and at once complied with the request. As we walked to the vicarage, he turned the conversation to the parish, suggesting that he feared it was rather a gloomy spot with little to encourage one in it. I assured him, however, that we had much to be thankful for, and that there were many bright and hopeful signs already in our work. The aspect of the place, however, seemed to strike him as depressing. "After all, my lord," at last I said, "it is not trees and hills and rivers that make a parish beautiful; but rather the faces of its inhabitants, with their various interests and associations." "Most true," he replied; "the real sunshine of a place is sympathy. Chimneys, coal-heaps, crowded dwellings, it glorifies them all." And as he spoke of sympathy, its "sunshine" shone in his face.

In the vestry, when I told him that the service consisted only of the Litany and sermon, he said, "I always like to have a Lesson; it hardly seems a service without one." Accordingly, when the sermon-time came, he whispered to me, "I am going to read a Lesson;" and went to the lectern for the purpose. The chapter he chose was St. John xv., and on this he founded his address. The church was crowded, the congregation consisting largely of the poorest people; and the words of the Bishop were full of simplicity and love. Illustrated as they were, in the memories of those who knew his history, by his own noble life of self-sacrifice, they came with extraordinary power.

As we were talking afterwards in the evening, he referred to his own first curacy, and told us of a remarkable man in that neighbourhood, who had since risen to eminence as a Nonconformist minister. He spoke of him and his work with cordial respect. "We began life together," he said, "and some years afterwards he became so distinguished that I dubbed him 'Archbishop.' He didn't mind it; and wrote among the first to congratulate me on my appointment to Lichfield."

Among other things the Bishop referred to the question of Church discipline, and to the advantage of formularies and articles as a basis for teaching and a standard of appeal. "I was discussing the question once," he said, "with a friend belonging to another communion. 'How do you secure yourselves,' I asked, 'against the insinuation of error? with your unrestricted private judgment, don't you abolish safeguards?' My friend replied, 'If we see anything of that sort in any of our ministers, we call him aside and reason with him.' 'Yes; but on what authority?' 'Oh, on no official authority; we simply trust to the good effect of influential remonstrance.' 'Quite so: but suppose you are disappointed?' 'Oh, then we improvise a "court," and try the question.' 'Thank you. That is what I wanted. You concede the point with which I started. You establish Church-authority; for you find that you cannot get on without it.'" He then went on to speak of parish work, inquiring about classes, night-schools, and so on; and remarked that clergymen, like doctors, should be always accessible; and that the evening—especially in Black Country parishes—was the most favourable time for getting hold of the people. In this we cordially agreed; and he rejoined, with a merry smile, "Then you don't agree with a clergyman I once heard of, who, when he first came to his parish, gave out that his dinner-hour was six; and that he considered that to be the end of his day's work." As he left the house, he shook hands with my sister, and said, "Thank you, very much; you have quite cheered my heart." He said this referring to the bright view she took of everything around

her.* As we walked to a station two miles distant, he wanted to carry his bag, as he usually did ; and I had considerable difficulty in getting him to allow me to take it from him. It was a delightful walk to me ; and as he talked of spiritual things and dwelt on the importance of personal ministry, it was not at all like a chief lecturing a pupil ; but more as one workman might talk to another about their common work. " I find nothing like the ' occasional services,' " he said, " for help in reaching individuals. The times when these are called for are times of special sorrow or joy ; and those are just the times (with God's help) to win souls. You then meet on a common ground of sympathy. If I were an incumbent myself, I would never allow a birth or a death to occur in my parish, whatever might be its size, without my knowing of it at once. Failing reports from district visitors, there is always the registrar to be got at ; and if you call upon him, say once a week, he will readily show you his books." When we reached the station, the train was not yet due, and I was anxious, naturally, to wait and see him off. But he would not hear of it. " You have to preach to-night," he said, in his kind and considerate way : " you must go home and rest."

A troublesome controversy arose about this time, in itself trivial and almost contemptible, but involving larger issues in the future. A respected Wesleyan minister in Lincolnshire had described himself on his daughter's tombstone, in the parish churchyard, as " the Reverend H. Keet." As this title would be misunderstood by the parishioners, the Vicar unwisely, but not unnaturally, took objection, and forbade the title " Reverend " to appear on

* The stiffness and formality sometimes encountered in the houses of richer people were very little to the Bishop's taste. At such a house he once shocked all the proprieties by a laughing reply to the polite question, " Had your lordship a dairy in New Zealand, and servants acquainted with dairy-work ? " " Well," he said, " I got one very capable girl out from St. Giles's " (his wife's father lived in Bedford Square), " and she turned out very well."

the tombstone. The question was brought first before the Bishop's court at Lincoln; when judgment was given in favour of the Vicar's contention. Appeal was then made to the Archbishop of the province, by whom the judgment of the court below was confirmed. But the Wesleyans were not satisfied. They appealed to the Queen in Council. And now, on January 21, 1876, the judgment of the Privy Council was made known. It was a complete reversal of all that the Church courts had hitherto affirmed. The title of "Reverend"—the claim, as it seemed, to ordination—was henceforth to be permitted and sanctioned by the State in the burial-grounds which the Church had long been taught to regard as exclusively her own, and of which she had always understood lawyers to say that her appointed and accredited minister held the "freehold."

Here, then, was a great blow and discouragement to all such exclusive notions. The occasion might be trivial, and even repulsive. But a feather had shown which way the wind was setting; and no observant person pretended to misunderstand the forecast. "This incident"—as Dr. Punshon, the great Wesleyan preacher, observed—"is historical."* The Church, it was clear, would shortly have to defend her burial-grounds from much more serious aggressions than this; and then would have to defend her buildings, her tithes, her cathedrals. In short, a Burials Bill was already in the air; a Welsh "tithe-agitation" was any day possible; and the vast and far-reaching series of changes concealed under the word "disestablishment" might before long be attempted. On May 12th,

* Macdonald, "Life of Dr. Punshon" (1887), p. 405.

therefore, Bishop Selwyn spoke in Convocation on the proposed Burials Bill, as follows :—

If I thought the time had come, I (for one) would be thankful to concede, not only this, but a much larger measure than is proposed. But I find a great hindrance in the attitude of the Dissenters themselves. They have pressed the matter forward, without coming to Convocation to ask us to change our laws. We take our stand on the fact that the Church of England, as the National Church of this country, is bound to provide such a service as will be a guarantee to the whole community that nothing unscriptural or unholy shall be said or done over the graves of the dead. But if a man is competent to sing a hymn in a churchyard, he is competent to offer a prayer. It will be very inconsistent to tell a Dissenter that he may sing, but that he may not pray. And if we grant the use of the churchyard to sing hymns in, we are bound to grant the use of the church to read the Bible in. I may be considered illiberal and uncharitable for voting against this proposal. But having lived at peace with the Dissenting bodies in the country in which the greater part of my ministerial life has been passed, I can leave that imputation to take care of itself.* On a similar question—about the joint use of a chapel between the Wesleyans and the Church of England—when I said that I thought it was much better they should have their own chapel and their own burial-ground, the Wesleyan superintendent of the

* A Wesleyan minister, in New Zealand, writes as follows: "From the time of his first coming into this country, he had no personal difference with a minister of any denomination. In one case he deferred the consecration of a church, where there was no resident clergyman, in order that any one might preach in it; and more than once I had the opportunity of officiating therein." (Buller, "Forty Years in New Zealand," ch. vii.). At the same time, on proper occasions, the Bishop was well able to hold his ground. An amusing story is told by one who witnessed the scene at Auckland, how a minister, who urged the duty of unsectarian interchange of pulpits, etc., was non-plussed when the Bishop leaned back in his chair and pulled down from the shelf a copy of the good man's own chapel trust-deed, forbidding the very thing he pleaded for.

mission said, "I quite agree with you; I like the Lot-and-Abraham principle."

He had, in fact, another scheme in view as a remedial measure in the last resort, and one which promised certain collateral advantages. He said—

If the Church is not allowed to possess her burial-grounds in peace, it may become necessary to provide for ourselves new grounds, to be held in trust. Funeral reform will then prepare the way for a complete system of Church sepulture. We need reform of everything which separates rich from poor in that ordinance which levels all distinctions.

On a closely related subject, the revision of the Burial Service, he took a very liberal view; speaking in Convocation as follows:—

The question before us is the alteration in the Burial Service, so as to abate the scandal of reading words, suitable for saints who have died a Christian death, over notorious sinners. The Bishop of Gloucester has proposed to insert in the rubric a *refusal* of such honourable burial, not merely to "the excommunicate," but also to "those who have died in the commission of any grievous crime, or who have been open and notorious evil-livers, and of whose repentance no man is able to testify." But to this proposal I take serious exception. The question is a matter of "discipline;" and discipline refers to the living, and not to the dead. If the discipline laid down by our Lord be left in abeyance, how can we think to improve our position or to ease our consciences by encouraging every clergyman to take upon himself the functions of judge, jury, and executioner? The gospel expressly declares that no one shall be pronounced excommunicate until he is fairly and duly tried.* Can any one, then, believe that, on the great day of judgment, a clergyman will be

* St. Matt. xviii. 15: "If thy brother shall trespass against thee," etc.

judged by our Lord for having used over the tomb of a dead person words which expressed, perhaps, a little more hope than the circumstances of the case seemed to justify? But for a clergyman—a young and inexperienced clergyman, perhaps—to take upon himself to declare that the Burial Service ought not to be read over the body of a brother-Christian (a Christian, at least, by baptism) is, I think, an assumption of a fearful kind. If a man is living at our doors a notoriously evil life, there is the law of Christ and of the Church, and there is also the notice of the Bishop (or of the Archdeacon) calling upon us to “present” that living man for the salvation of his soul; and yet it is not done. Here is the beginning of the evil.

The motion was ultimately withdrawn.

On another kindred question—that of providing a Burial Service for the unbaptized—Bishop Selwyn again took a very liberal and even, so to speak, “colonial” view. He said :—

When I was Bishop of New Zealand, it never entered into my mind to give discretion to the catechists to baptize. Yet it is evident that death might occur between the visits of the regular clergy. If, then, a native convert under Christian instruction died unbaptized, I considered him worthy of Christian burial. We never thought—being so small a section of the Church of Christ—that we could alter the rubrics, unless the alteration were first made by the Church in England. But we did consider that in all Churches a difference is recognized between the outward form of an ordinance and the inward spiritual effect thereof. In the Communion Office, for instance, it is stated to be possible to receive the body and blood of Christ, without partaking of the elements. Again, the Church has always believed that the blood of martyrdom was equivalent, for the purposes of salvation, to the waters of baptism. Will anybody assert that such martyrs had no right to Christian burial? Were they not in every respect

equal to baptized persons? At any rate, we came to that conclusion, not as claiming to be deeply learned theologians; but as men guided by plain common sense, anxious for the spread and well-being of the Church.

Another question of great interest, at this time, largely occupied the attention of English Churchmen. The first great conference of the "Old Catholics" had lately been held at Bonn. Canon Liddon, and several deputies from the Greek Church, had attended on this occasion; and the subject of inter-ecclesiastical relations was afterwards freely debated in the English Convocation. Bishop Selwyn spoke earnestly in favour of union.

At the present moment (he said) we are in the midst of one of those great openings in which God gives us an opportunity to carry out His purposes. I believe the Christian Church is now beginning to recognize more fully the duty of carrying out the wish of our blessed Lord, that all Christians should be one. This ["Old Catholic conference" at Bonn] is but a small instalment to that end; but it may be the germ of that which is to come hereafter. I think, then, that the consideration of this question should not be confined to the Convocations of Canterbury and York. It should be discussed at the Lambeth Conference, which I trust will soon be held. I am the only Bishop here who was present when the first Bishop of Jerusalem was consecrated; and a very painful thing then occurred. The Bishop who preached the consecration sermon said, "it was impossible to hold communion with the Churches of the East, because they were idolatrous." When the sermon was to be published that paragraph was happily struck out; and we are now holding out, more and more, the right hand of fellowship to the Churches in the East. We are doing what it is our bounden duty to do, trying to promote union among all the Churches of Christendom.

A still more "practical" question soon afterwards occupied the attention of the clergy; viz. how to secure a retiring-pension for disabled incumbents. On this subject Bishop Selwyn held clear and strong opinions; and, both in Convocation and elsewhere, anticipated several schemes which have since been adopted, with good results, by the Church. Thus, in seconding a proposal of Bishop Magee, he said:—

This is a matter in which all are interested, patrons as well as parishioners. Bishops know—to their great regret—that there are some [sick or aged] clergymen with regard to whom grave doubts arise whether they are equal to their duties. For such men there ought to be a pension-fund; which would form the nucleus round which any benefactions may be accumulated that are likely to come in.

In fact, the good Bishop's anticipations of schemes, which have ripened and borne fruit later on, went further still. He threw himself, for instance, cordially into a plan for ecclesiastical fire-insurance. Archdeacon Allen, of Salop, reported long afterwards in Convocation how Bishop Selwyn had said that,—

during the ten years he had been Bishop of Lichfield, he had not known a single case of a parsonage being burnt down. Yet, during that time, £7000 had been paid by the clergy [for insurance], from which not a single penny had been drawn [to cover losses by fire]. Under the proposed scheme, all that £7000 would come back into the pockets of the clergy.*

The Bishop also advocated, in 1876, the plan of a "Church House." He moved—

* Grier, "Life of Archdeacon Allen" (1888), p. 173.

That a joint committee of the two Houses of Convocation be appointed, to consider the expediency of endeavouring to provide a Church House for the meeting of Convocation : and that it be instructed to communicate with the S.P.G. and the S.P.C.K. and with other Church Societies who are, or may be, willing to combine for that purpose.

But a much more important controversy soon came to the point and occupied the attention of all thoughtful Churchmen. It was the question of "appeals" to the State. The recent ritual innovations had set out for solution a very interesting problem : viz., How far did the arrangements of the sixteenth century, and especially the State's recognition of the Prayer-Book, preclude all further development of ritual, as new needs and new desires might happen to arise? The answer to this question was given piecemeal, on successive appeals to the State. First of all, in 1850, came the Gorham case : whereby this point was secured—that the State courts would never pretend to legislate ; they would never do more than adjudicate on points of Church law submitted to them. Next came the Liddell case in 1857 ; and here the point was gained that the State recognized the earliest reformed Prayer-Book (that of 1549) as the regulating authority in ritual matters. Then followed the Mackonochie case, in 1868 ; and here the enforcement of the 1549 ritual was so far enhanced as to preclude under penalties the use of any other : because "whatever is not prescribed by the Rubric is forbidden." The next Privy Council judgment, however, gave the whole question a new direction. In the Purchas case, of 1871, it was decided that the ritual of our Church was not, after all, fixed by the first Reformed Prayer-book ;

but that it was subsequently modified by certain "advertisements" put forth by Queen Elizabeth. When therefore, in 1876, the Ridsdale case came on for trial and the previous ruling was rigorously adhered to, a deep distrust of the appeal-court which could give such (apparently) contradictory judgments took possession of many good men's hearts. What, then, was the opinion entertained on this subject by so experienced and practical a Churchman as Bishop Selwyn? He spoke thus in Convocation, on July 18th :—

I think it important that we should have a committee to sit— if need be—again and again, until it attain the point necessary almost for the preservation of the Church of England. That point is, that we should have such laws as we can understand; and that ecclesiastical questions should not be submitted to a tribunal which cannot decide on matters properly belonging to the Church to decide. I do not mean to cast any disrespect on the Final Court of Appeal; but I do say that these are not questions which the Church ought to leave to the decision of any lay tribunal at all. That such trivial questions as these, whether a cross should be movable or fixed, or should be raised one inch or two inches above the holy table, should be left by the Church—which has authority to legislate for itself, with the sanction of Parliament—in such a state of doubt that they must needs go to the Court of Appeal, seems to me a strange dereliction of duty. It leaves to judicial action things that it is able, and should be willing, to settle for itself. Why should not the whole of these questions be settled by the bishops themselves? I have already had two clergymen in my diocese who, without accepting the decisions of the Privy Council (which I did not ask them to do, in the face of their strong objections) have submitted themselves to the decision of their Bishop. I have given them advice on the subject, and they have followed that advice. Another

clergyman, formerly in my diocese, wrote to me to the effect that, while rejecting on principle the decision of the Final Court of Appeal, he should feel bound to accept the judgment of his diocesan. But he should throw the whole responsibility of his doing so upon the Bishop. And he closed his letter in these words, "To do anything else would simply lead to anarchy." This I feel strongly myself. It is only doing what every soldier and sailor in her Majesty's service habitually does.

Meantime the diocese was reminded by an accident, providentially without any serious consequences, how easily, "amid the changes and chances of this mortal life," the most precious life may be in a moment withdrawn. Late in June, 1876, the Vicar of a parish in Derbyshire was driving Bishop Selwyn to a confirmation; when, about noon, the horse, hot and tired with his journey, was relieved of his blinkers and bridle that he might refresh himself at a wayside trough. For a moment the driver's back was turned; and the horse, taking fright at something, dashed away along the road with the helpless Bishop behind him. The result might have been fatal: and, as it was, the Bishop was violently thrown out, the concussion hurting his shoulder, cutting his hands and knees, and shaking him severely.

Nothing, however (says his companion), could exceed the coolness and calm thankfulness of the Bishop. Though a good deal bruised and shaken, he held the intended confirmation that afternoon and another in the evening; and returned in a butcher's cart, thanking God for a cool night-breeze, which seemed to refresh and revive him.

The accident did not in any way abate his accustomed activity. He held a missionary meeting shortly afterwards

in the garden at Lichfield ; when he told how a barrister had come to him, on the eve of his first departure to New Zealand, and had promised him a hundred pounds every year in aid of his work. The promise, he said, had been punctually fulfilled ; and just before leaving for England he had received the twenty-sixth instalment of the gift.

The same month witnessed the annual prize-giving to the children who had been successful in the diocesan religious examination. After service in the cathedral, a crowd of happy faces gathered in the palace garden, and the Bishop distributed the prizes to the children with a kindly shake of the hand to each in turn. All were afterwards liberally provided with refreshments, the children sitting in picturesque rows on a grassy bank, the teachers at long tables in the hall, where part-songs and hymns formed afterwards a pleasant conclusion to the day's proceedings. The Bishop always took great interest in the school teachers and in the pupils of the diocesan training colleges ; and he made a point of saying a few kind words to them when they were gathered together on these occasions.

Teachers (he said) must take care that their teaching be seasoned with salt, so that all they teach shall in some way be made to redound to the glory of God. They must remember how our blessed Lord, when He taught, turned to account the blade of grass, the grain of corn. Now, there is one means of instruction more effectual than all others, if properly conducted ; and that is the catechetical system. I once asked Mr. Wilderspin how he acquired his power over children, and he said, "I cannot tell how it is, but as soon as I begin to question the children, something seems to flow from them into my mind, and then flows back again from me to them. Perhaps it may be

called sympathy." I do not think it possible for mere addresses to produce this effect. The really effective way to teach is to give a very short lesson, and then to work it into the children's minds by means of plain questions. I once was present when Mr. Wilderspin reduced a most unruly group of some two hundred street Arabs and gutter children to complete order, just by asking them a few simple questions.

In September, the Bishop took his holiday in the Isle of Man, occupying the palace, and holding confirmations for the diocesan, who had been for some time out of health. At starting from Lichfield, a characteristic scene is currently reported to have been witnessed. The servants attached to the huge caravan (with luggage for more than twenty persons) about to leave the close for Liverpool, asked, in blank dismay, how the household work could possibly be got through for so large a party. With imperturbable good temper, the Bishop replied, "Do it amongst you; and whatever you can't manage, I will do myself." Perhaps there was not another bishop on the bench at that time who would have made a similar reply, unless it were Bishop Fraser of Manchester. For he was a man singularly like, and yet singularly unlike, Bishop Selwyn. In manly simplicity of character and superiority to all cowardly dread of public opinion, he was cast in precisely the same mould. And what his biographer calls "the strange phenomenon of a bishop striding about his diocese on foot, carrying his own blue bag containing his robes, stopping runaway carts, and talking familiarly with every one he met, gentle or simple,"*—all this was no "strange phenomenon" to people in Staffordshire. On the contrary,

* Hughes, "Life of Bishop Fraser," p. 195.

it was their daily experience. Endless were the stories, at that time in everybody's mouth, of offence unwittingly given to country squires, or to elderly clergymen of the dignified school, by the colonial simplicity of the Bishop's manners.

On one occasion, presenting himself, bag in hand, after a long walk from the station, at the principal entrance of a great country house, he was soundly rebuked by the "gentleman's gentleman," and sent round to the servants' door. He meekly obeyed, much enjoying the comedy; and then, to the abject confusion of the footman, was warmly welcomed by the master of the house as "the Bishop." On another occasion, he took up a Primitive Methodist minister in his carriage, and dropped him at his humble wayside chapel, while he himself went on to preach in a neighbouring church. Another time, finding an invalid lady in great difficulty at a railway station, from inability to cross the line, he called out to his coadjutor-bishop to lend a hand; and the two, forming a "sedan chair" with crossed arms, carried her safely over to the opposite platform. A student at the college relates how he—

saw the Bishop for the first time as he stood courteously holding open the door of a third-class carriage for a coal-begrimed woman, with baby and basket, to get in. It was as though a great lord were ushering a duchess into Windsor Castle

A young lady bears witness how, cantering by his side, she found him suddenly reining up at a little foot-bridge, where a boy was trying in vain to get a flock of sheep across the stream. "Stupid boy!" growled the Bishop, as he flung himself off his horse; and seizing one sheep by head

and tail, forced it over, when all the rest readily followed. Such stories are "household words" at Lichfield. An old labourer relates how he was once working in a field near the palace, and managed to upset a heavy barrowful of iron hurdles. The Bishop happened to be passing, and in a moment began reloading the fallen barrow; and when it was carefully packed, he finished the old man's task for him, by wheeling it down the field to its destination. Old women, however, he still more especially honoured; and the same authority declares that he saw the Bishop, walking along the road, presently come up with a tottering old body and her daughter, carrying a heavy box between them; and that the Bishop insisted on taking the old woman's share of the burden, while she walked on in front. Such scenes were of very frequent occurrence: and they were enacted with the most entire simplicity, and by a spontaneous impulse always to "take the labouring oar," and to assist the weak and honour the aged. One of his own prebendaries, full of years and infirmities, was seen one day in the Bishop's strong arms, borne like a baby from his carriage to the railway platform, and deposited safely in the train. In all these things he did what Bishop Fraser might conceivably have done. But in all his actions there was a certain grandeur and an air of massive Churchmanship (so to say), which was quite foreign to the character of his brother-bishop, and which rendered it extremely unlikely that any "sturdy dissenting operative should seize him by the hand with the remark, 'Ah, Bishop! thou'dst make a foine Methody preacher.'"*

It is easy to imagine how thoroughly the Bishop en-

* Hughes, "Life of Bishop Fraser," p. 195.

joyed his brief respite from work, living in the house once occupied by the saintly Bishop Wilson, and amid the beautiful scenery of the Isle of Man. Beginning with a bad sea-passage, lasting seven hours,—which was indeed no trouble to him, but which seriously discomposed the rest of the party,—he soon had the pleasure of exploring the island from end to end, in company with the dear friends who had so often tramped over far rougher ground with him in New Zealand. Sir William and Lady Martin were among the party, and Mrs. J. R. Selwyn with her children. There were also the children of Lord Justice Selwyn, who, since their father's death, had found a home at the palace ; and this element of young and joyous life added considerably to the Bishop's happiness. The bright breezy air of the island, too, was refreshing to his jaded frame, and during his long rambles he had leisure to enjoy once more the beauties of nature, as he had not been able to do for many a long day. And no one could enjoy the lovely works of God more than he did. How keen an eye he had for the beautiful, and how deep a sympathy for nature, may be seen in many of his letters in earlier days. On one occasion, for instance, he writes thus :—

I am writing (he says) in the midst of a majestic thunderstorm. The little vessel is alone on the wide waste of waters ; yet not alone—for here we see the wonders of God without distraction from the works of man. . . . Yet what man in his sober senses, and with his Bible before him, would sit down in the prime of life with the deliberate purpose of spending a quarter of a century—like P—— C——, in collecting butterflies ! There are butterflies out here, which flew across my path as I climbed a lovely waterfall in New Caledonia—glorious butterflies, radiant with the

deepest blue and large as dragon-flies. Did I catch one? Not I. Never would I catch, much less impale upon a pin, that great type of the immortality of the soul.

During these precious summer days, too, the Bishop had unwonted opportunity for reading, a pleasure with which he was seldom able to solace himself. The books he liked best were good biographies and sterling volumes of travels; and of these he always furnished himself with a plentiful supply before leaving home. One class of literature he carefully avoided. Controversial theology, and even the interesting results of modern criticism, had no attractions for him. His counsel was once sought by a dear friend on certain religious difficulties which had presented themselves to her mind; he earnestly besought her to pursue the same course as that which he followed himself.

My earnest advice to you is, not to suffer the perplexing questions of the day, which are dividing the Churches, to disturb your own singleness and simplicity of faith. It cannot be necessary for all to follow the learned into the thorny paths of controversy. Let the peasant plough and sow in peace, while a defensive war is being waged on the frontiers by the trained forces of his countrymen.

When the Bishop returned to Lichfield, he found a "practical" subject,—such as he especially loved to deal with—occupying the attention of his most loyal and hearty supporters. It was the pressing and difficult subject of "diocesan finance." To quote the words of a well-known clergyman, then stationed at Derby (Rev. M. H. Scott)—

For school-inspection we are dependent on the liberality of

our Archdeacon ; the Board of Education has well-nigh no funds at all ; and the Poor Benefice Fund has almost ceased to be a "fund" at all. Something real and practical and generous ought to be done : and what we unquestionably want is a *Diocesan Fund*, loyally supported by [collections on] a *Diocesan Sunday*. We are only waiting to hear the decided crack of the Fatherly whip, and we will go in for a "Bishop's Sunday" with delight.

The "crack" was shortly afterwards given ; and the Diocesan Fund became one of the established institutions of Lichfield diocese.

CHAPTER X.

1877.

Consecration of J. R. Selwyn as Bishop of Melanesia—Proposed division of Lichfield diocese—Fourth diocesan conference—The barge mission—A diocesan clergy house—"Institution" and "induction"—Proposed conference on ritualism.

AN event of the highest interest, not only to the Bishop and his family, but also to the whole diocese, took place in the early part of this year. Some months previously, a letter had been received from one of the clergy in Norfolk Island, stating that a synod had been held there to nominate a successor to Bishop Patteson; and that one had been chosen whose name was held in high honour in Lichfield. The letter ran thus:—

We have had a busy time in Norfolk Island lately. The plans for the Memorial Chapel [to Bishop Patteson] are all ready, and building is to begin at once. There are seven clergy here now, and one native deacon. The services are nice and hearty; most of the bigger [Melanesian] boys can sing, and all join in with great spirit. One evening, Selwyn and Brooke gave a great magic-lantern show, which amused the boys immensely. Yesterday we had a meeting to nominate some one to fill the vacant see; and John Selwyn was unanimously chosen. Of course, however, he cannot be consecrated yet,—not for another year, at least;

as he will be away at the islands till the end of October, and the General Synod of New Zealand has to accept the nomination. I wish I could tell you of the beauty of this place. It is simply lovely. The coast is very fine, with bold cliffs and innumerable little bays and headlands. The lower part of the cliff is a black basaltic kind of rock; and the water is of a deep blue colour. The whole island is like a great park in England; but in the glens there are tree-ferns thirty or forty feet high.

Not long after this, the General Synod of New Zealand confirmed the choice of the Melanesian mission clergy; and John R. Selwyn, the Bishop's second son, was elected as successor to Bishop Patteson. On February 17th, his consecration took place at Nelson; where he was joined by his wife and youngest child, on their return from a visit to Lichfield. Two little daughters had been left behind in England, to be brought up with Sir Charles Selwyn's orphan children at the palace. The day was well observed at Lichfield; for the younger Bishop Selwyn was intimately known and much beloved there.

Our thoughts all concentrated themselves in Nelson on that auspicious Sunday (wrote a Staffordshire clergyman); for there, at eleven o'clock in the morning, a young man whose face is familiar to all here, and who could never be mistaken for any other than the son of our Bishop, was presenting himself for consecration in the place of the martyred Bishop of Melanesia.

The preacher on this occasion was the Rev. B. T. Dudley, Incumbent of St. Sepulchre's Church, Auckland; and in the course of the sermon he said—

The whole history of the Melanesian mission is an illustration of love going forth in self-sacrifice, and proving itself a marvellous power for good. Look first at its founder, the first and only

“Bishop of New Zealand.” He is with us in spirit (we know) this day, and with his whole heart is offering his beloved son for this work. Which of us, who were privileged to live or labour under him, does not remember with admiration and thankfulness the many and rare gifts wherewith God had endowed him? And yet which of us would attribute his greatness and his world-wide influence to those gifts, and not rather to the spirit of love in which those gifts were exercised? In that spirit he gladly devoted himself to the sick, the prisoner, the mourner, and the destitute, to the lonely settler in the backwoods, to the natives of this country, and to the islanders of Melanesia. In that spirit—can I ever forget his words as I heard them myself?—he pleaded with the seamen who navigated his mission-ship, till their hearts were melted and the tears rolled down their faces. In the same spirit, too, Bishop Patteson was enabled to sacrifice many of his natural tastes and inclinations, and to throw himself, with all his varied gifts and powers, into the missionary enterprise. That spirit—and not his linguistic skill and other talents—gave him his marvellous power, and inspired him (as his beloved pupil, the Rev. Henry Tagalana, said) “to love us all alike.” The same spirit, too, has helped our friend, who is now before us, in that choice of his vocation for which we all give thanks this day. Go forth then, brother, to your “work of faith and labour of love” among those whom your father cared for and first sought out; to whom Bishop Patteson devoted himself, and by whom, in ignorance, his life was taken! “We wish you good luck, in the name of the Lord.” We trust that the life you this day surrender to Him more fully than ever before, may long be spared for His service; that every needful gift may be bestowed upon you; that in all your difficulties, and your perils by land and water, you may be ever cheered by the sense of His love. We will follow you, and those who work with you, with our thoughts and our prayers and our free-will offerings.

At Lichfield, too, hearty prayers were offered for the young Bishop; especially when, at eleven o'clock, on

Saturday night,—the hour which coincided with that of the consecration on the other side of the globe—a simultaneous service took place in the cathedral. It was a cold winter night; and as the congregation wended their way to the cathedral the stars shone brightly through the freezing air, in striking contrast to the brilliant sunshine bathing the summer sky at the same hour at Nelson. It was indeed a solemn occasion. The midnight hour, the partially lighted cathedral, and the presence of the Bishop, all helped to deepen the impression. Some hymns were led by the students of the Theological College, and the prayers were read by one of the canons. Then, through the stillness, came an address from the Bishop. His words were few, but weighty; and his strong voice trembled with emotion as he spoke of the special bond that now existed between Lichfield and Melanesia.

Such an occasion as this (he said) is one better suited for deep feeling than for much speaking. The Great Intercessor is always praying for the Church, "Give Me the heathen for Mine inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for My possession;" and His prayer is ever receiving its fulfilment. So far, indeed, has our own Church been blessed, that it may now be said, with perfect truth, she is offering up all round the globe a ceaseless and continuous sacrifice of praise. And now, while humbly thanking God for His servant lately departed this life, Bishop Patteson, let us also devoutly pray that his work may never perish, and that he may never lack a worthy successor. Your presence here to-night shows that you are all prepared to give your prayers for my own dear son, personally known to many of you, and ordained in your own diocese. May he be given boldness and prudence; and may he be saved from the perils of presumption!*

* That there was some little anxiety about his son in the Bishop's mind is evident from the following anecdote. "I was sitting in the drawing-room

earlier destination by the advice of Bishop Patteson, may he be blessed in carrying on Bishop Patteson's work, to which he now is called !

The Nicene Creed was then sung ; and, after a short space for private prayer, the Litany was said. Then came the *Veni Creator*, and the service ended with the Benediction. Among those present on this occasion was Sister Dora. She had driven over from Walsall, a distance of ten miles, in an open pony-carriage, her charioteer being the porter of the hospital.

It took us a good part of the night (he said afterwards) to get there and back ; but Sister Dora, she didn't seem to feel the cold nor yet to be a bit tired. She never stopped talking all the way, telling me stories to pass the time : and often I have wished I could recollect some of the things she then told me. But the words won't come.*

Shortly after this event, another interesting link was added to the connection between Lichfield and the colonies. Bishop Selwyn was appointed first "Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George,"—an order created for the purpose of marking distinguished service in the widespread Greater Britain of these latter days.

at Lichfield," says an intimate friend, "with the Bishop, Mrs. Selwyn, and John, the evening before the latter was to leave for Melanesia. The Bishop was giving his son some practical advice about the work in Melanesia ; and he wound up by saying, 'And now, John, there is only one apprehension I have about you—and that is your dash. Of all things, coolness and foresight are the most wanted. I am rather afraid that, when there is great risk to be run, you will say, "Let's go at it,"—and then you'll pay the penalty.' The Bishop then left the room ; and Mrs. Selwyn said, 'Oh, Johnnie, you won't be rash, will you?' 'Of course not, mother,' said John, playfully ; and off he went to finish his preparations for the journey. But no doubt the words entered into his heart and mind. For though he has never shrunk from danger, we have never heard of his being charged with rashness in any way."

* Miss Lonsdale, "Sister Dora," p. 66.

In his letter from the Colonial Office, announcing the appointment, Lord Carnarvon stated that it was offered "in recognition of long and great services rendered to the Church in the colonies" by the Bishop; and he expressed his own personal pleasure at being the medium of this communication. It is needless to say how highly such a mark of distinction was valued by the Bishop. He wrote thus in reply:—

MY DEAR LORD,

May I request your lordship to present to her Majesty my most humble and dutiful thanks for the honour conferred upon me, in the appointment to the office of Prelate to the Order of St. Michael and St. George. My own period of colonial service has come to an end. But I am thankful to have a son who, by God's help, may carry on the same work of uniting the Colonies of Australia and New Zealand together with the native races of the Western Pacific, in faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and in allegiance to the British Crown. Allow me also to thank you most heartily for the personal kindness of your communication.

I remain, with many thanks,

Yours very faithfully.

G. A. LICHFIELD.

About this time the question of the division of the diocese began to come prominently into view; and at the Derby Archidiaconal Conference the Bishop thus expressed his mind on the subject:—

We are all aware that a Bill is about to be introduced into Parliament for the further increase of the Home Episcopate; and I have no doubt that it will soon be passed. As soon as it is passed—contingent, of course, on a sufficient endowment being secured—we shall be able to carry out our proposed plan of dividing this diocese.

The work of the Episcopate is daily increasing at such a rate, that the bishops are gradually becoming mere machines. They have no time either for study or prayer. And it is evident that their work must go on increasing, in proportion to the increased religious life and energy of the clergy and laity. Take, for example, the consecration of churches and the dedication of schoolroom-chapels—why the work of a bishop is now ten times greater than it was in the first quarter of the present century ! Then as regards confirmation, the feeling has become established that parents ought to be able to attend the confirmation of their children ; and that the children ought not to be taken to a great distance to be confirmed. This has led, of necessity, to confirmations being held occasionally in every parish. Also it has been rightly judged that the prayers should be said over every candidate—or at the most over two at a time—and not over a whole railful at once, as the former custom was. These changes have, I need not say, more than trebled the work of a bishop. Now, what we claim is, that we may have as much work as we can do thoroughly and no more. We wish that there may be no formal or hasty skimming over the surface ; but that there may be time to dive into the depths, to take counsel with the wise and good among the clergy and laity, to spend some time in training our candidates for holy orders, and to spend one day at least in every parish once in every three years. This would be a real “visitation,” and very different from the mere conventional gathering which now goes by that name. . . . “How the division of the diocese can best be carried out” is a question on which I do not expect unanimity. I have lived long enough, moreover, to be content to accept the second-best when I cannot have the best plan. My own idea is that dioceses should be conterminous with counties. But, of course, each of us has some pet scheme, which he broods over in private ; and we all have to learn to give up our own ideas for the sake of working harmoniously with others. With regard to the endowment of the new see, all I can say is, that I am myself prepared to give up £300 a year,—the largest sum I am allowed to give up by the Act of Parliament, which prevents me from reducing

the annual income of my see below £4,200. The Bishop of Lincoln will also contribute £500 a year; so that an income of £800 is already provided. Still, as a total income of £3,500 is necessary for the endowment of the see, this leaves the large sum of £50,000 still to be raised. It is in vain that we point to colonial bishops, happy, useful and respected, upon five or six hundred a year. Bishops in England, it is said, must be of a certain type. So we must wait for new bishoprics till £100,000 has been raised for each! There again the lower object is placed before the higher. "Episcopus," says the venerable Bede, "is a name meaning work;" but we have made it a name meaning income and state.

The triennial choral festival was held this summer at Lichfield, and it was made the occasion of an interesting presentation to the Bishop. A new organ was needed for the private chapel in the palace, and it was now subscribed for by all the clergy who had been ordained by the Bishop since he came to the diocese. After luncheon the clergy congregated on the lawn, and the Rev. Robert Hodgson, Vicar of West Bromwich, read the following address:—

MY LORD,

We, as representatives of the subscribers to an organ for your chapel, beg your lordship's acceptance of the same, in token of our sincere and grateful appreciation of your uniform kindness, both during the Ember weeks, and at all other times. To this we add our hearty prayers and hopes that your lordship may long be spared to preside over this diocese to which by God's providence you have been called.

The Bishop returned thanks briefly for the gift, which (he said) was indeed a most welcome addition to the chapel, but was precious to himself for the sake of the

donors, rather than for the musical pleasure that it would afford him ; as he was no musician. In conclusion he invited all who were gifted with "ears to hear" to attend at the opening of the organ by Sir Frederick Ouseley.

As soon as the festival was over, and the usual routine of summer entertainings and meetings had been got through, the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn, accompanied by their large family party and some friends, started for a quiet holiday at the Lakes. They took up their quarters at Brown How, a pretty place at the foot of Coniston Water, belonging to a true friend and fellow-helper in the diocese, who gladly lent it for the occasion. The party included Sir William and Lady Martin, and several other friends ; Lord Justice Selwyn's four children ; the two little granddaughters from Melanesia ; and, with a proper complement of servants, they numbered eighteen souls. It was a very wet day when they arrived ; and a large omnibus met them at the station to convey them to the house. In order to enjoy a better view of the beautiful country, some of the party seated themselves on the roof of the vehicle ; and, as long as they were in the open, this was all very well. But when they turned in at the lodge, and passed under an avenue of spruce-fir trees bordering the drive, they repented themselves of their elevated position ; for they were swept by the wet branches, and were drenched to the skin. The Bishop rallied them merrily as they descended, one by one, in woe-begone plight, from their ambitious elevation. But thinking it well to avoid the repetition of so unpleasant an experience, he obtained the owner's permission to lop the offending branches ; and when it was observed that no marks of the saw were

visible, he laughingly observed, "Summa ars celare artem." He always seemed to have some classical quotation as ready at command on secular occasions, as he had Biblical quotations ready in singular profusion for every ecclesiastical or theological opportunity. As to Latin versification, it seemed almost his natural language. "He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." In asking for a holiday at Shrewsbury school, he would couch the request in the most polished elegiacs; and even when detained at a railway station he would challenge his companions to a contest of skill and speed in turning the advertisements on the wall into Greek iambics or Latin hexameters.

The memory of this pleasant north-country visit still lingers in the neighbourhood. On Sundays he helped the local clergy; and on week-days he made long expeditions and explored the surrounding country, sometimes driving, but more often (as in New Zealand) on foot. Nothing pleased him better than having a friendly chat with the country people in their cottages. The old people at the lodge were often favoured with his visits, and referred to them afterwards with the greatest satisfaction, while they proudly exhibited a large-type Bible which he had given them as a parting gift on one of these visits. He related some of his New Zealand experiences, and described how the people who came to church often had to cross two or three rivers on their way. So, on arriving at the bank of the first, they stripped off their clothes, tied them in a bundle, and, holding them above their heads, swam or waded across. They then walked on to the second and the third, and crossed them in the same way; and then they dressed for church. "Eh, Bill," said a little boy, after

hearing this story, "them folks wouldn't think much of a wet Sunday, would they?"

The Bishop seemed to gain new vigour in this delightful country air, and his walking powers were wonderful. One day, however, when he was walking up a steep hill with a friend, he suddenly seemed to remember the claims of charity and slackened his pace; and presently he stopped altogether.

"I would rather walk with you, my lord," panted his grateful comrade, "than with your brother of Manchester."

"How so?" sharply said the Bishop.

"Because you are more merciful to your companion," was the reply: "he never slackens his pace for a moment, up hill or down dale; but you do allow one a little law."

"Ah well," said the Bishop, "I know by experience. And, indeed, on other occasions, besides walking uphill, to 'allow people a little law' is a very good thing. Nevertheless," he added playfully, "give me time, and I will undertake to walk your bishop down."

In fact there was something quite characteristic about the Bishop's walk, and it was easy to recognize him a long way off by his steady swinging gait. He never seemed in a hurry, and had a particular dislike to seeing other people in a hurry, whether rushing to catch a train, or hastening to be in time for service. "It is a bad sign," he once said, "to see a man always in haste: and there is certainly much truth in the old proverb, 'Hurry is the sign of a weak character, despatch of a strong one.'"

Early in the year he had lost a good friend and loyal supporter by the death of the Earl of Shrewsbury. He

was among the leading men in the diocese, who took great interest in the "conferences," and was a regular attendant at them. At the fourth diocesan conference, therefore, which was held in September of this year, his absence was deeply regretted; and the places of several other members being also vacant, the ranks were considerably thinned since the session of 1874, when it had been held in the same room. The Bishop in his opening address made allusion to these losses that had been caused by death, and reviewed the changes that had occurred among the clergy during the nine years that had passed since the meeting of the first Diocesan conference.

The meeting of our fourth diocesan conference reminds us that nine whole years have passed away since we first met on the 17th of June, 1868. Solemn thoughts must come into the mind of every one who reflects upon the changes which have happened in the diocese since that time. Two deans, two out of three archdeacons, three out of four canons residentiary, twelve out of nineteen prebendaries, and twenty-four out of forty rural deans, have passed away. This record of changes, caused chiefly by death, cannot fail to warn us who are alive and remain that we must "work the work of Him that sent us while it is day; for the night cometh when no man can work." The personal warning thus addressed to each of us, "Set thine house in order," must be followed up by another lesson of the same kind and no less important. The rapid change of office-bearers in the diocese points to the need of fixed principles, upon which our work may be securely built up. As short-lived men, who know that we must soon die, we learn the value of institutions which may last for ages. Private opinions pass away with the mind which conceived them, unless they have been stamped upon the permanent records of the Church. Our own views of doctrine and forms of ritual may satisfy us in our lifetime, and may comfort us on our

deathbed. But if they are merely our own, they are like a life-annuity which will expire with us.

Ere many months had passed, the voice which spoke those words of faithful warning was itself for ever silenced, and that robust frame, which during half a century of service had hardly known fatigue and never shrunk from any call of duty, lay powerless and still upon the bed of death.

The Bishop also spoke at the conference on the subdivision of the diocese, the establishment of a diocesan Sunday with offertories for diocesan purposes, the probationer system, the proposed clergy house in the close, the barge mission, the establishment of working-men's clubs, and the pastoral charge of the labourers and their families employed at the new barracks on Whittington Heath. He concluded with some remarks on the subject of the churchyards, urging upon the conference the duty of resisting the "Burials Bill," and advocating the establishment of parochial cemeteries wherever it was possible to do so.

The barge mission, to which the Bishop referred in this address, was the result of an earnest desire on his part to do something for the floating population of the canals. The Trent and Mersey canal-system runs through the heart of the diocese; and the traffic to and fro is very considerable. "There are some people," he once remarked, "whom you cannot attract to you or draw round you. You must therefore go after them yourself, if you wish to reach them." This is especially the case with canal-people. They always regard strangers with suspicion, and "keep themselves to themselves," as the saying is. So in order to carry out his idea of searching out these people

and getting hold of them in their own haunts, the Bishop conceived the plan of building a church-barge to be called the *Messenger*. This vessel, he thought, would be always available; it would move about the canals with a chaplain on board, and would "cast anchor" at every suitable centre. He set to work, accordingly, to get this new mission-yacht built, under his directions, at Tipton; and by extraordinary ingenuity contrived a long and narrow chapel, out of which opened the chaplain's cabin, and at the opposite end the bargeman's quarters, with a stable beyond for his pony. Alas!—as a brother-bishop expressed it—the good "naval constructor" for the Church had proved himself "too clever by half." It appeared that certain exceptionally low bridges occurred here and there along the canals, under which the mission-barge failed to pass. It was therefore necessary that the roof should be constructed so as to be capable of moving up and down; and the barge was conveyed to Lichfield, where the Bishop himself could superintend the necessary alterations. Meanwhile he did not allow the spiritual work to stand still. A chaplain was engaged to visit among the barge population, and to hold religious services for them wherever he could—some students from the Theological College coming out to help him on Sundays. Indeed, the Bishop himself assisted whenever his engagements permitted him to do so; and might often be seen sitting on a cinder-heap with the chaplain, taking an *al fresco* luncheon with him between the hours for service. Before, however, the church-barge was fitted with its movable roof and made finally ready for use, the Bishop was called away to his rest, and the work was left for other hands to carry forward.

Another scheme was also abruptly stopped by his death : it was the foundation of a clergy house in the close, from which an associated body of licensed clergy should go forth to help sick and disabled incumbents. A house was taken and partly furnished in 1877 ; and much thought was expended on planning the domestic arrangements. But the idea was never fully carried out ; and the legacy of £6000 (the bequest of Miss Tyrrell), which was to have been the nucleus of the whole scheme, was afterwards invested as a "fund" for supplying help to the clergy during temporary disability.

Among the clergy whose death was spoken of by the Bishop at the conference was Archdeacon Moore. Full of years, yet almost with "eye undimmed and natural force unabated," he passed away early one morning in his sleep. With that physical power for which he was remarkable, he continued his work to the last. He visited the churches in his archdeaconry, climbing over the roofs and examining the structures in a way that few men far younger than himself would have ventured to do, and preached twice at Stoke on the Sunday but one before his death. The Bishop appointed as his successor the Rev. J. H. Iles, Rector of St. Peter's, Wolverhampton,—one of the clergy who had accompanied him on his first visit to America. The "institution" took place in the cathedral, in the presence of about one hundred clergymen and churchwardens belonging to the Stafford archdeaconry.

The institution of an archdeacon (said the Bishop in his address) is like forging a new link in the comely order of Church discipline. He has to act as the "eye of the bishop" throughout his archdeaconry, and has authority to hold a court in every

parish, or in some chosen centre of parishes, in which to receive "presentments" or complaints, and to advise on difficulties. But though archdeacon over others, he is subject to the same solemn oath with which the clergy and churchwardens have bound themselves. He must administer his office both with true allegiance to the queen and in canonical obedience to the bishop. Thus, by keeping up this orderly arrangement of the Church, we are strengthened to take our part in the struggle against infidelity, and to offer a combined front to the enemy.

Thus carefully did the Bishop endeavour to make clearly "understanded of the people" the disciplinary arrangements of the Church to which he attached so much importance. Indeed, he made a special point of publicly instituting every new incumbent (if possible) in the church which he was about to serve, instead of appointing a deputy to perform this duty or going through the formality himself in a private room at the palace. With the "induction" ceremony—as will be seen from the following anecdote—he wished the clergy clearly to understand that he, as spiritual head of the diocese, had nothing whatever to do. At a certain church, to which a new incumbent had been appointed, when first the Bishop announced his intention of performing the institution, the various officials were a good deal puzzled as to what had to be done on the occasion; for the rural dean or archdeacon had generally officiated at the "induction," and the "institution" had always been performed in private. It was plain, however, that the Bishop expected the ordinary Morning Service to be gone through; and at the close of the service he gave an earnest address, solemnly commending the new pastor to his flock. Then placing the Bible in his hands, he said—

Receive this book in the Lord's name. I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead, preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine. And the blessing of God Almighty be with you always. Amen.

At the close of this solemn "institution" the Bishop withdrew to the vestry. But after him soon came the Rural Dean, who had hitherto been accustomed to officiate alone on these occasions, and who could not understand the sudden disappearance of the Bishop before the various formalities connected with the "induction" had been gone through.

"What is to be done next, my lord?" he said. "I thought you were going to finish the service; and we are all waiting."

"Oh!" said the Bishop, "that is your affair, not mine. I have done my part, and have instituted the Vicar into the spiritual charge of the parish. Now it is for you and the registrar, on behalf of the State, to do the rest. You must take him into all the little holes and corners, and must see that he rings the bell, puts the key in the door, knocks at the vicarage. In short, you must 'induct' him into all the temporalities of the benefice."

The Rural Dean then went off to perform these duties, and the Bishop remained in the vestry talking to me (says the narrator of this story) in the most fatherly manner, inquiring into my future plans, and giving me advice about my conduct in a new parish, where I was shortly going to work.

Presently I heard a carriage drive up to the church door to take the Bishop on to a neighbouring town. But when we reached the end of the church the west door was locked. I rattled the handle, and called out, "Open the door; the Bishop is waiting!" But all the answer I got was the loud sonorous voice of the Rural Dean, peeling through the keyhole into the empty church: "In the name of God, amen. We——"

Then followed his own name and titles given in full length, and the noise he made was portentous. I drew back and looked round furtively at the Bishop; for I was not quite sure how he might take the matter. However, there was a twinkle in his eye, and a twitch about his mouth that soon developed into a broad smile; and I saw that he was quite alive to the humour of the situation, and sympathized fully in the difficulty I had in maintaining my gravity. At last we were allowed to emerge: and the Bishop, happening to see the wife of one of the principal farmers, went up to her and said, "Now, Mrs. B——, I have given you a right good vicar; mind that you are good to him." No amount of solemn episcopal charges could have had half the effect of those few simple words spoken in half-playful way, and uttered in the peculiarly telling tones of his deep voice.

The Bishop was, in every good sense of the word, a Broad Churchman, as well as a High Churchman. Accustomed to deal on friendly terms with men of all shades of opinion, both inside and outside the Church of England, he could not bear in any way to narrow her boundaries. On one occasion, when he was instituting an evangelical clergyman to a parish, the patronage of which he had declined to place in the hands of trustees, he spoke strongly on this point.

We are told that in the present day too little attention is paid by bishops to the religious views of those whom they appoint to minister in God's house. I say therefore, at once, that I am bishop of a Church and not of a sect. I institute you, my brother, with perfect tranquillity of conscience, whether your views agree with mine or not; because I believe that both your views and mine may be legitimately held within the wide area of our reformed Church. And in the administration of patronage, as the discharge of a public trust, I do not feel at liberty to confine preferment within the limits of my own opinions. You will

therefore understand that I cannot with a safe conscience transfer a public trust to a body of trustees, whose avowed object and duty it would be to restrict their patronage to clergymen of one school of thought.

In the exercise of his patronage the Bishop always took great pains to put the right man in the right place; and nothing pleased him better than when his younger men placed themselves unreservedly in his hands to be posted wherever he might wish. This is illustrated by the following incident, mentioned by one of his clergy. He says—

The Bishop wrote to me to say that he wanted to see me, and told me to come into the vestry after a certain service at Wolverhampton. When I entered, he said at once, "I want to give you some work more entirely your own. Where would you like to go?"

"Wherever your lordship pleases to send me," I replied.

"Will you go to Bilston?" he said, with a half-comical smile, more in his eye than on his lip.

"Certainly," I said, "both gladly and gratefully, if you wish it."

He looked much pleased at my answer; though I confess the word "Bilston," when I first heard it, had cut like a knife through me. But I never let him know this till a year afterwards; when I had learnt to be deeply thankful for having been sent there.

"When will you go?" he added, a twinkle of pleasure still in his eye.

"Whenever you please," I answered.

"Will you go to-morrow?"

"Certainly."

"Then go," he said; and he gave me such a grip at parting as could not easily be forgotten.

In connection with the same subject, Archdeacon Scott tells the following story:—

Just after the Bishop had put me in charge of the parish of St. Andrew's, Derby, I was offered a far richer living, which I declined; believing that, as God had led me to St. Andrew's, He would maintain me there. When the Bishop heard that I had done this, he was much pleased, and at once wrote to my brother, Sir Gilbert Scott, promising to contribute £50 a year to increase the income of St. Andrew's, if he would guarantee the same amount.* Only one condition was attached to this offer, and that was, that I should never be told anything about it. During the six years I was at Derby the Bishop never failed to send his contribution; and, strange to say, directly I moved to St. Mary's, Lichfield—my present charge, a much better endowed parish—both the Bishop and my brother died within a few weeks of each other. "The manna ceased when the old corn came."

The Bishop's sympathy with such a man as this did not end here. When Mr. Scott received the call to St. Mary's from the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield, he wrote at once to the Bishop, telling him that his wife and himself were quite willing, and more than willing, to stay and fight heartily at their present post [in Derby] if he thought it was their duty to do so. In reply to this he received the following characteristic letter:—

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT,

I have carefully considered your thoughtful letter; and this is the result: 1. That the deliberate choice of such a body as the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield is a call of a very high kind. 2. That the assent of the Bishop to such a call gives to it

* This is far from being the only piece of secret generosity which has come to light since the Bishop's death. At the Diocesan Synod held at Auckland in 1878, it came out that "he sent annually to the funds of our home-mission, for five years after he left us, a contribution of £200. And to the end of his life he ceased not to contribute to the necessities of many of our people (of both races) to an extent of which few besides myself [Bishop Cowie] are aware." (*The Church Gazette*, for Auckland and Melanesia, December 2nd, 1878.)

the weight of a full Diocesan appointment. 3. That the assent, being given by the same bishop who appointed you to St. Andrew's, removes all idea of disloyalty to the authority which placed you where you are. 4. That the reinforcement of the cathedral heart, not only by able canons, but also by able incumbents of the cathedral livings, especially in the city of Lichfield, is an object of the highest importance. 5. That St. Andrew's is a living which must expect to have a succession of incumbents, as the income is not sufficient for the maintenance of a permanent pastor. 6. That there are many young men now working as curates who would be well qualified, not indeed to fill your place at St. Andrew's, but to carry on the work well. Upon the whole, I am clearly of opinion that you may, with a clear conscience, accept the offer of the Dean and Canons.

Yours most truly,

G. A. LICHFIELD.

But other questions, of still wider scope and more far-reaching importance, were now claiming the Bishop's attention. And a letter, written by him in 1877, clearly reveals his own personal feelings in relation to the alleged "ritualistic practices" of that day. In reply to some dissatisfied parishioners, he wrote thus:—

You are aware that in a large number of churches deviations from the law are justified on the plea of custom. Now, my own wish is well known, viz. that all clergymen should bring their services into conformity with the Rubrics, as interpreted by the Final Court of Appeal, and should resort to the bishop for advice on all doubtful points. My persuasion is that our duty is moderation. Our blessed Lord's whole example was moderation; and we are taught to be subject one to another. Therefore, in all things let our moderation be known unto all men.

In one town in the diocese troubles on ritual questions

were at this period frequently arising; and in 1877 the local branch of the "Church Association" was very anxious to compel the Bishop to prosecute one of his clergy whose ritual was deemed to be illegal. They accordingly sent him a memorial on the subject. He replied at some length, and with great patience and firmness declined to assume the office of public prosecutor of the clergy. He also suggested that if all were compelled to obey the Rubric to the very letter, it would not be the High Church clergy only who would come under rebuke. For there were many customary deviations from the rule of the Prayer-book in almost every church in the diocese. In spite, however, of the Bishop's earnest wish to avoid litigation, a prosecution was commenced against the Vicar of St. Andrew's, Wolverhampton. But it broke down on some technical point; and although further attempts were made to bring the matter into the law-courts, by the joint action of the Bishop and the Metropolitan, litigation was in fact prevented. "I have always been, and always shall be, for conciliation," said the Bishop. "I am not the man to put any one into the crucible of the law-courts if I can avoid it." In full accordance with these views, a welcome suggestion was made now by a leading Evangelical clergyman in the diocese. He thought that if a conference could be held on the Ritualistic controversy, both sides being fairly represented and the Bishop presiding, it might bring about something like unity. To this proposal the Bishop gave his hearty assent, as will be seen by the following letter; but unfortunately, owing to various delays and manifold engagements, the conference never took place.

The letter ran as follows :—

MY DEAR MR. BOLLAND,

No time can be better than Christmas for acting on the angel's message of "peace on earth." You are the author of the proposal for this conference; and I should wish you to be the convener of it. I would bring the Archdeacon with me as my assessor, and have accordingly sent your letter on to him. Next week is crowded with engagements, and the week after that is devoted to the candidates for holy orders. I will therefore write to the Archdeacon and propose Innocents' Day, December 28th, in the hope that we may all come to the meeting with souls as "weaned children."

Yours most truly,

G. A. LICHFIELD.

The same clergyman bears striking testimony both to the Bishop's largeness of heart and to his Christian command of temper.

My first thought about the Bishop (he says) was always his wonderful magnanimity. It is true he would never refuse battle; but he never seemed to feel hostile. There was no room in his nature for any petty personal feelings of ill-will; and one could always depend on meeting him on friendly terms when the conflict was over. However much, therefore, I might be wounded at the time, I never felt hurt after it was over. And although on several occasions I came into collision with him—my views being strictly what are called "Evangelical"—he appointed me as rural dean when I had no claim to be chosen; for I was only vicar of a district church at Wolverhampton. I have often been obliged to disagree with him, but have never varied in my opinion of him; I have often said, "Go where you please, you will not easily find a man who so truly combines the man, the gentleman, and the Christian, as does Bishop Selwyn."

I remember well on one occasion being much struck with his wonderful power of self-control. At a confirmation service, held

in a leading Evangelical Church, something in the Bishop's address gave offence to the Vicar; and when it was over he vehemently attacked his diocesan in the vestry. "My lord," he exclaimed, "I was extremely hurt and displeased at your address. It has quite undone the effect of my teaching during the preparation of the candidates." The clergy who were present, although some of them sympathized with the angry Vicar, were a good deal taken aback at his sudden attack on the Bishop, especially in such a place; and they looked anxiously at him to see how he would take it. But he showed no outward sign of discomposure, standing perfectly quiet in massive silence. Afterwards, at luncheon, the Vicar, having recovered his equanimity, said to the Bishop, "I hope, my lord, everything in the service was arranged to your satisfaction." "Very much so," was his reply; "and I only wish that everything on my part had been as satisfactory to you. Come now," he added, "let us talk the matter over, as Christian brothers should. I quite thought that, in the line I took in my address, I was following up the suggestion you gave me in your letter. Tell me exactly what your ideas on the subject were." The Vicar then proceeded to open up his grievance, and they talked the question over in the most harmonious manner. Although possibly, after all, they may have only agreed to differ.

On another occasion, an important work having been carried off from the Theological College Library without being entered in the "lending book," a great hue and cry was raised over the loss. At last, one of the students, who had been at the palace attending a certain lively lecture (with black-board illustrations) on the force of the Greek prepositions, slyly informed the Principal that he had espied the missing volume in the Bishop's study. The discovery was soon followed by a detective note from the Principal; this drew a humorous confession of his crime

from his lordship, with a humble promise never to offend in like manner again.

The Bishop however, could be very angry when he chose. If he thought any duty had been neglected, or if the flock had been made to suffer through carelessness on the part of their shepherd, then the merry genial smiles rapidly gave way to looks black as thunder, and kindly words were soon replaced by rebukes and admonitions.

A correspondent, writing on this subject, says :—

On one occasion he had arranged to hold a confirmation at a large hospital where I was Chaplain. The correspondence about it was conducted through the Rural Dean, and the final order (as I understood it) had come from the Bishop that he should be met at the hospital on the fifteenth of the following month, at five o'clock in the evening. I arranged things accordingly; the Bishop, however, had not arrived when the appointed hour struck. The little harmonium went on grinding out more voluntaries than it had ever done in all its musical life before; but still no Bishop. At last, after waiting an hour, a cab drew up, and out of it appeared the well-known shovel-hat, with two such eyes flaming underneath the brim. It was an episcopal hurricane all the way to the vestry. But the address was beautiful—just that union of strength and tenderness which characterized all his confirmation addresses. After the service the storm broke out afresh. Why had I not replied to his proposal to come to-day? Had I not received the proposal? Was that the way to treat my diocesan? For it was by the merest accident (it seemed) that he had heard of the service being arranged for this day. He said a great deal more; till presently, when a pause came, I ventured to put in a word. "But, my lord, I was simply told that you were coming to-day at five o'clock; and that was enough for me. I accepted the announcement as an order from my superior officer, and never dreamt of disputing it. I had no idea

that I was to write and say that it suited *my* convenience ; for I felt that any hour you appointed ought to suit me." While I was speaking, I noticed the corners of his mouth gradually relaxing, and soon a smile of approval lit up his face. "I see," he said ; "so then, perhaps, after all, it is I that am wrong. But there was a misunderstanding somewhere."

And now this year of terrible confusion and bloodshed in the East of Europe, and of anxiety in England, drew to an end. Bishop Selwyn's life-work was, though he knew it not, and none of his friends had the remotest suspicion of approaching calamity, now fast approaching its completion. Nor was any year of his life more patiently and unselfishly and effectively devoted to His Master's service, or more conscientiously spent in ministries of every kind for man, than this last year of his presence among us—
1877.

CHAPTER XI.

1878.

The end approaching—Last speech in Convocation—A parish in the Black Country—Confirmation in Stafford Gaol—Love of children—Sermon in the Potteries—Ministries to the sick—Death of Mrs. J. R. Selwyn—Friendly talk with working people—Illness—Last meeting at the Theological College—Fatiguing Confirmations—Death.

THE time was now approaching in which this “good soldier of Jesus Christ” was to lay down the weapons of his warfare and to enter into his rest. It seemed, when the year opened, as though he were already half unconsciously preparing for the end, and redoubling his efforts to set the affairs of the Church in order with a view to the trials that were coming upon her. Hence his unyielding attitude of resistance to the threatened invasion (as he thought it) of the Church’s peaceful sanctuaries where the dead repose; and his dread of surrendering them for indiscriminate use, at the command of the State. In Convocation, therefore, early in the year he presented a petition from the diocese against the Burials Bill, and himself spoke strongly on the subject. The petition ran as follows :—

“We, the undersigned, hereby declare, *first*, that we consider the churchyards (subject to the legal rights of the parishioners to interment) to be the property of the Church of England; *secondly*,

that we are opposed to any legislation which shall permit persons not being ministers of that Church to claim, as of right, to officiate in our churchyards, and to use forms and ceremonies therein which are not sanctioned by the English Church."

Having read the petition, the Bishop then said :—

In these few and brief words forty-five thousand persons, lay and clerical, express what they consider—and which I entirely agree with them in considering—their right to protest against any invasion of the churchyards, which are now vested in the clergy of the Church of England for the use of all the members of that Church, whether professing the doctrines of our Church or whether swerving into Dissent. As long as the Act of Uniformity remains in force, every person in this country is considered a member of the Church of England. The Dissenters have therefore the right to use our burial-grounds, provided they conform to the laws of the Church by which the service at the grave is regulated. Now, after administering for ten years one of the most populous dioceses in England, I can say most distinctly I have never met with a single grievance. I have made many inquiries on the subject among the clergy, and have never yet found a single clergyman who, during his ministry, had met with any such grievance as that which has been put forward as a justification of Mr. Osborne Morgan's Bill. On the other hand, the grievance proposed to be inflicted on the clergy is so great that I, for my part, shall concur with the whole body in offering the utmost opposition to the Bill. For all the alleged grievances there is a remedy ; as is proved by the fact that by far the largest portion of the population of England—not less than fourteen millions—have already been supplied with burial-grounds under various cemetery Acts. I now present this petition, signed by three-fourths of the clergy of England, and will only add that I regard it as entitled to most serious consideration.*

* It must not be supposed that this unyielding opposition to the Burials Bill proceeded from any unworthy feeling of bigotry or of jealousy towards

The Bishop then presented a printed copy of the petition ; but the Bishop of London objected, and pointed out that, being in print, and consequently without any written signatures, it could not be received. To this Bishop Selwyn replied, " I should be happy to present the original petition ; but it would require two or three porters to carry it into your Lordships' House." It was therefore received, but simply as a " declaration," not as a " petition." *

This was the last act of Bishop Selwyn in Convocation, and his last public speech within its walls. In other places, and especially in his own populous diocese, with its crushing charge of thirteen hundred thousand souls, his activity was to the end unabated ; and the schemes he pressed forward for completion were multitudinous. He had in hand, for instance, his Diocesan-Sunday scheme, his probationer-system, a clergy head-quarters in the Close, the barge mission, and a mission to the large encampment of workmen and their families just then employed in building the new barracks on Whittington Heath. As soon as this working colony had arrived, the Bishop walked out to visit them and to make arrangements for the supply of their spiritual wants. He then brought the matter before the cathedral authorities ; and before long a chaplain was appointed, who was made responsible for the services, while he himself and the various members of the Chapter undertook to assist as much as possible. Indeed, the Dissenters. On the contrary, he never failed to appreciate their splendid services in the cause of Christ. For instance, soon after Bishop Patteson's death, in giving a lecture at Derby on the subject, he occupied fully half the time (says one who was present) in speaking of the Nonconformist missionaries, who had first borne the tidings of salvation among those dangerous islands of the southern seas.

* " Chronicle of Convocation," February 12, 1878.

Bishop was always glad of an excuse for undertaking pastoral work ; and he often helped the overtasked clergy in his diocese, not merely by preaching a sermon for them, but by taking charge of the whole Sunday service. In this way he frequently relieved the chaplain of the Lichfield Workhouse, who was burdened with many other duties on Sunday ; and one Christmas Day he took pastoral charge of a neighbouring village, that the curate might go home to help his invalid father. On another occasion he undertook the burden of a much more responsible charge, by ministering to a parish of twelve thousand people in the heart of the Black Country, where the Vicar was obliged by illness to be absent. This living was under sequestration also, and all the income available was £150 a year. No curate could therefore be appointed, and everything was in danger of falling into hopeless disorder. When the Bishop had for many weeks ministered to all these unshepherded people, he finally enlisted the interest of a rich London congregation in the case ; and they engaged themselves to maintain a mission in the most destitute part of the parish. Stimulated by the Bishop's zeal, the Black Country people, too, came forward with help ; and the result was that a curate was appointed, and before long a church was built. The Bishop was to have consecrated it on Easter Tuesday, 1878. But on Easter Tuesday he was no longer here.

Besides visiting the people in the workhouse, he also took great interest in visiting those who were in prison ; and one of the last acts of his life was to hold a confirmation in Stafford Gaol. A correspondent who was present thus describes the scene :—

On the morning of Thursday, January 10th, the Bishop held a confirmation at Stafford Gaol, where seven male and nine female prisoners were confirmed. The Chaplain to the barge mission was in attendance, and several of the neighbouring clergy met him in the Chaplain's room. Thence the procession passed through divers yards and passages into the chapel, where the prisoners sat side by side as in an ordinary church. The candidates sat near the altar; and, after the third collect, the Bishop ascended the pulpit. Truly it was a great opportunity; for before him were more than six hundred criminals. No one can rise to such an occasion better than the Bishop. He had seemed to be suffering from a cold whilst he was at the communion table, and looked rather worn and perhaps a little sad. But, once in the pulpit, he rose to the full height of that dignity and solemnity which we all know so well.

"It is," he said, "not only ourselves, but others, that we are to pray for to-day—others who are about to renew their vows of allegiance to the loving Saviour, and to claim His gift of the Holy Ghost. That Saviour has made a special mention of visiting those who are in prison. He 'came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' And therefore, certain as we are that Christ is in the midst of all who meet together in His name, we are still more certain that He is present with us now. 'Ah!' some might say, 'if we could but see the nail-prints in His hands and the spear-mark in His side, we would believe.' Such persons must not be too sure of that. Believing does not come from seeing, but from the influence of the Holy Spirit. Though invisible, like the air, He is necessary to our spiritual life. For that Spirit, then, we must pray this morning. But, ere you can hope to receive Him, old bad habits must be cast out of the soul. If two vessels, the one full of sand, the other empty, be let down into a stream, which will be soonest filled with water?"

The Bishop then concluded with an earnest appeal to the candidates to cleanse their hearts with innocency before

they went to God's holy altar, and to receive the Holy Spirit with true repentance and sincerity.

Temptations (he said) and bad companions will no doubt await you when you go forth into the world again. But the promise is sure: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Lord shall lift up an ensign against him."

The sight of some of the younger prisoners filled the Bishop with heartfelt pity. Some of the girls were mere children, and yet their lives were already blighted by sin and sorrow, through want of a little watchful care. An attempt, therefore, to show such watchful care, and to keep a hold on young people after their confirmation, when tried at one large parish in the diocese, met with high approval from the Bishop. It was this. Each person confirmed was assigned to one of the regular communicants, who undertook to watch over his (or her) future course in accordance with the following promise neatly printed on a card, headed with the text, "We, then, that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

CONFIRMATION WITNESS.—I, —, promise to act as guardian in things spiritual to —, confirmed at the parish church on —. This promise involves chiefly the earnest endeavour, with God's blessing, (1) to watch for him that he may be a good soldier of Jesus Christ; (2) to persuade him to use regularly the appointed means of grace, and to be a devout communicant; (3) to sympathize in joy and grief, and to advise in difficulty.

If only those poor lads and girls in prison had been helped in such a way as this, how different their lives might have been! Now, at any rate, their hearts were deeply touched by the Bishop's words and by his cordiality when he shook

hands with them afterwards, and wished them a kindly good-bye.

To children of other classes, as well as to those of the poor, Bishop Selwyn was never wanting in ministries of love. At Denstone middle-class school for boys his cheerful manly presence was always welcome, and in his favour the sturdy farmers perhaps relaxed an objection they had once formulated in the Philistine demand for "more pudding and less prayers." At Sandwell Hall, too, a large school for girls, at that time managed by a woman of first-rate ability, the Bishop's own sister, he frequently appeared as a visitor; and, taking the Chaplain's place, preached to the girls in the private chapel, and held a Bible-class afterwards. A Derbyshire clergyman says—

I shall never forget the last confirmation which he held in my parish shortly before his death. I never heard such a beautiful address as he gave, so far above the usual level of such exhortations. He took 2 Pet. i. 3-7, as his subject, and really spoke upon it as if he were a man inspired, as I have no doubt at that moment he was. He seemed quite lifted out of himself, and yet at that time he must have been suffering the most acute pain.

In one of his later sermons, preached in a Pottery town, he dwelt forcibly and earnestly on the duty of thus caring for the instruction of the young:—

Mark the next point,—that this knowledge of God is freely offered to all. "Repent and be baptized *every one of you*; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." I speak, then, to all; for the commandment is to all, the promise is to all,—to clergymen and schoolmasters, to parents, sponsors, employers of labour, masters of families, school-fellows. The voice speaks to all: "Teach one another, by the Holy Ghost thus freely given to us all."

And first to the clergyman. Can we be satisfied with baptizing infants, and take no pains to teach them? Can we be like the ostrich, "which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers." These spiritual children, whom we have placed in the arms of Christ in Holy Baptism, ought to be as dear to us as our own flesh and blood. The example of the Lord Himself warns us to teach, as well as to preach.

He had a wonderful power of adapting himself to the simple folk and to children in his sermons or addresses; and few who heard it will ever forget his graphic description of a funeral at sea (such as he had himself often witnessed) given at a children's-service in the cathedral on the last Easter Day of his life.

But the most remarkable feature in his sermons was the extraordinary familiarity with Scripture which they displayed. His facility in quoting appropriate texts was really surprising. He had published a list of Proper Psalms and Lessons for use at Confirmations, out of which each parish priest might choose whatever he thought best. As the list was very extensive, the selection allowed of a fresh combination at every church. Yet, in his extempore addresses to the candidates, he always managed to utilize the Lesson previously read, and to make it the foundation of his teaching. Thus there was variety and freshness in each address, even when he held confirmations two or three times in one day. He attached great importance to the study of the Bible: and with a view to the cultivation among the people of better habits of meditation and private prayer, he expressed a strong desire that parish churches should be kept open during

the day. St. Chad's Church at Stafford was one of the first in the diocese that was kept open for this purpose ; and people who had to wait at the station often paid a visit to that most interesting Norman structure. One day the newly appointed Vicar met the Bishop at the station ; and was surprised and pleased at his salutation, " Good morning, Mr. B——. I found St. Chad's open ; and I have been praying for you at your own altar." In truth, his working clergy and his " co-operative " laymen were constantly in his thoughts and in his prayers. And this was more especially the case if they were sick or in distress. Thus, early in this year, he paid frequent visits to a small village near Lichfield, to minister to the highly respected and much-beloved Vicar of the parish (Rev. W. Williams), who had been for some time invalided and was now drawing nigh unto death.

I was half afraid at first (writes this clergyman's wife), to admit the Bishop into my dear husband's bed-room ; for he was so very weak and ill, I thought it might disturb him to see any visitors. But as soon as this visitor came in, I saw at once that my fears were groundless. He entered with such a soft step, and spoke in such a quiet gentle voice, that it seemed to soothe the poor patient instead of disturbing him. The last time he came, he knelt at the bedside, and commended the long-trying servant of God to his Master's loving care ; then, laying his hands on him, he gave him his blessing. The dying man could only point upwards, and say feebly, " Up there ; I am going there." To this the Bishop answered, as he took his hand in his, " Yes, dear friend, you are going up there—where you wish to be. Rest in peace ! " As he left the room he told me to send for him at any time by night or by day, if he could be of any service ; and I felt that he was indeed a good angel of comfort, helping my dear one on his

heavenward way, and helping me also to bear my coming bereavement.

This gentleness, and even tenderness, to the sick had been a remarkable trait in the Bishop's character all through his life. At a far earlier period, an invalid clergyman in New Zealand, who had recently experienced his kindness, wrote as follows :—

“ You would be surprised to see the Bishop when he is with me. He seems really to love me. He tells me about all the concerns of the Church in the colony, and talks to me about my own soul. Then he prays with me ; and, with tears in his eyes, gives me a kiss and leaves me. He is a most remarkable man ; I never saw his equal. He possesses talent of the first order, and combines the most opposite qualities. With the most acute intellect he unites that patience which will enable him to spend hours, day after day, in catechizing the most ignorant little native children. With the greatest self-denial and indefatigable industry he unites that feeling of charity which makes him also appreciate and value the very inferior labour of others. He possesses a courage which no opposition can daunt, a determination of purpose which no obstacle can arrest, and a resolute adherence to principle which no apparent advantage can for a moment interrupt.

It is not the first time that the strong hand and the tender heart have been found in close conjunction ; nor, thank God, is it likely to be the last. But examples like these serve assuredly to maintain that Christ-like spirit of gentleness and simplicity which, through all ages, form the leading features in the religious life of the Church.

On February 15th, sad news was received by telegram from Norfolk Island. It announced to the Bishop the death of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. John R. Selwyn. The

blow was a heavy one, and the thought of his far-distant son in his widowed loneliness pressed heavily on his mind. Only six years before, he had officiated at their marriage ; and wrote thus to his dear friend, Sir William Martin :—

This day I have united John R. Selwyn in marriage to Miss Clara Long-Innes ; and they have plighted their troth, not only one to another, but also to the Melanesian mission ; for they are both quite ready to go out and work there with Mr. Codrington.

In fact, when first the young curate of Alrewas asked his Vicar's niece to be his wife, he coupled with the proposal the inquiry whether she would be ready to undertake missionary work with him ; since he felt bound to devote his life to such work, if he were called upon to do so. The young girl answered him in the touching reply of Ruth to Naomi : “ Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge : thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.” In memory of this scene, her husband long afterwards, receiving the gift of a new mission-ship and being asked what name he would like it to bear, said, “ Let *Ruth* be her name.” And for many years the faithful *Ruth* bore him from island to island in his Melanesian diocese.

The two little motherless children at the palace were now more than ever the object of the Bishop's tender care. “ Poor little things, they have no mother now ! ” he would say, as he pressed them to his heart and tried to assuage the grief of the elder little girl, who was old enough to remember her mother and was almost heart-broken at her loss. She was born at Lichfield in October, 1871, just before her father and mother started for Norfolk Island. When the news of her birth was brought to the Bishop, he was

presiding at a missionary meeting in the large hall at the palace. At first he seemed disappointed that the baby was not a son, to carry on the missionary traditions of the family. "But at all events," he said humorously, "she can be called *Sally Polly Gertrude* in honour of the S.P.G., under whose auspices she has first made her appearance in the world."

He was always deeply affected by the sight of a child's grief. Indeed, the troubles of all Christ's little ones, and of all who were poor and weak, at once touched his chivalrous feelings and called into play his instincts of gentle guidance and fatherly help. Bishop Patteson related how, on one occasion, he paced the deck of the mission vessel for several hours with a little sick boy from one of the islands in his arms. And another time, during one of his voyages, he took entire charge of a baby when the mother was invalided; and with so much success that, at the end of the voyage, the child was unwilling to leave his care for that of its own mother. At Lichfield, too, when driving along the road, he would sometimes stop his carriage to take up a poor woman laden with a heavy child, or would lend a hand in carrying an unmanageable burden.

He never passed without giving me the time of day (says an old man whom he often met in his morning walks before the college service), and he'd often give me a hint as to the best way of doing my work. Almost the last time I saw him before his death, I was laying down stones and gravel to make a path, when he came by. "Good morning, old gentleman," he said; "I don't think you've got that gravel half fine enough. You must break it up as fine as possible. Don't you know that if you put sugar

in a basin and shake it up, the big lumps will all come to the top? Well, it is just the same with your path; if you don't break your stones fine enough, the big pieces will all work up to the top, and it will be a rough road and no path at all." Ah, I've seen a many bishops and deans and church dignitaries, but there war ne'er a one ever come nigh Bishop Selwyn. He war a brave man and a foine man; and, better nor all that, he war a good man. And my! if he thought there war anything wrong he'd soon let you know. Wouldn't he just speak out, that's all! But if you ever wanted a good turn done for you, the Bishop war the man to do it.

Yes; all his life this had been the universal feeling of his friends—"If they wanted a good turn done, he was the man to do it." But now the end of all that ready helpfulness was approaching, and the hour for rest had come. The first two months of the year were spent by the Bishop in his usual work; but at the beginning of March he began to feel an unwonted sensation of weakness. Happening, therefore, to be in London in the early part of the month, he thought it prudent to consult an eminent physician there about his health. No serious cause of mischief, however, was discovered; and the patient was dismissed with a simple recommendation to rest. But several confirmations had been arranged for, in Derbyshire and in Shropshire; and such engagements he always most religiously kept. He returned to Lichfield on Shrove Tuesday, and his appearance seems then to have caused some anxiety to his friends; for Sir William Martin, who was staying at the palace, wrote afterwards—

I thought him looking very ill when he came to see me; but I hoped it was only the fatigue of travelling. When I saw him the next day he seemed better, but said that his nights

were sadly disturbed, and that the London doctor could not account for the great weakness he felt. I found him sitting at his grindstone—as usual—in the afternoon, writing his review of the St. Andrew's Wolverhampton ritual case, remitted to him by the Archbishop, on his carefully folded large sheets of paper. He talked to me about the case, and alluded to the admission made by one of the clergy at Bournemouth, that the Low Church party did not themselves adhere to the Rubrics, and remarked that he must tolerate both parties in slight deviations. *De minimis non curat ecclesia.*

On March 18th, the Bishop was present at a council meeting at the Theological College, and, although he looked very tired and worn, his never-failing humour had not abandoned him. But the following day he was not able to appear at the probationers' examination, much to the disappointment of the candidates. In the evening, however, they saw him at the station as he was on his way into Shropshire, and he spoke very kindly to them, his affectionate manner striking them all particularly at the time.

He evidently was not well enough to undertake the Shropshire confirmations; but when he was urged to give them up, he only replied that it would do him good to be at work, and that he especially wished to go and confirm "those dear boys at Shrewsbury." In fact, these confirmations seriously taxed his failing powers. At one church he felt strangely cold, and asked for something to throw over his shoulders. "I feel," he said, "as if I had got my death-chill." At another place he asked to be left alone in the vestry after service, feeling too ill to join the party at lunch at the vicarage. He was very unwell when he arrived at Shrewsbury, and quite unfit for work; but,

with characteristic force of will, he carried through the confirmation at St. Mary's Church, on March 24th. It was his last act of public ministration; and he concluded a most affectionate and fatherly address with the words, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Bishop Hobhouse, who was with him, remarked afterwards in the vestry, how full of vigour he had seemed in church. "Yes," was his reply, "but it was like holding on to a ship in a storm. I held on by my hands and feet." He then laid back his head in the chair; and feeling, no doubt, his marvellous powers ebbing away, he said, "The end is come."

The next day he returned to Lichfield, and a local medical adviser of great experience was called in. He speedily discovered the presence of a subtle malady, which was too surely undermining the Bishop's powerful frame, and ordered him to give up all work. For a whole week he fluctuated between relapse and improvement; but continued to take interest in all that was going on. No serious alarm was at first felt about his condition by his family at the palace. The usual ladies' working-party was held there during the week; and in reply to many inquiries about the Bishop's health, a cheerful answer was given. Mrs. Abraham read aloud while the ladies were working at garments for the Melanesian mission, and Mrs. Selwyn came in for a short time and talked in her usual bright way about the Bishop, saying how deeply his sympathy had been stirred by the loss of the *Eurydice*, and how it recalled the loss of the companion ship, the *Orpheus*, many years previously.

But as the week went on, the Bishop's sufferings and weakness gradually increased; and on Saturday morning

he said to Bishop Abraham, "I have passed through fire since I saw you ; but pray that I may be perfected through sufferings, like the Captain of our salvation." He then received the Holy Communion with his family and servants, and to each person present he said a few words of Christian exhortation. To his elder son he committed "the care of the orphans ;" and when he had blessed him he paused a minute, as if thinking of the other dear son far away across the sea, and then added, "The blessing of his father shall be upon the head of him who is separate from his brethren." He joined in the *Gloria in excelsis* in an audible voice, and then gave the Benediction for the last time.

That evening he became much worse ; and on the Sunday the physician despaired of his life. Further advice was called in from Birmingham, but it was too evident that nothing more could be done, although a lingering hope remained that the Bishop's strong constitution might even yet bring him through. On Monday, he seemed to have rallied considerably ; but the evening brought renewed signs of fever and delirium, and then all hope died down in the hearts of those who loved him, and they resigned themselves to yield him up to God. Since his illness began there had been a constant alternation of ebb and flow ; but now the ebb proceeded until the end. During his wanderings he frequently asked who was doing this work or that ; and then he would add, "I ought to be there ; I fear I am getting idle." Prayers were offered for him daily, both in the cathedral and throughout the diocese, —even Dissenting congregations adding their intercessions to those of Churchmen. For several days the cathedral

bells were silenced, and an anxious foreboding seemed to hush all tongues as the critical state of the beloved Bishop became fully realized.

On Tuesday morning, he asked to see his little motherless grandchildren, and they were brought to him out of their beds. He talked to them playfully, and holding out his finger, said, "If you were but little robins, you could sit there." So when he had kissed them and blessed them, he made a sign for them to be taken out of the room. Then, recognizing his old and loyal friend, Sir William Martin, he talked of past New Zealand days, and said it was like the old times at Taurarua, to see him there. Bishop Abraham, who was going to hold a confirmation at a distant parish, came in before six o'clock in the morning, and the Bishop was able to remind him of what he particularly wanted to be done and said during the day. He then relapsed into a state of quietude. Occasionally wandering in mind, he seemed once more among his beloved Maoris. "They will all come back," he repeated several times; and he began to murmur the sweet sounds of the Maori language, as familiar to him as his own mother-tongue. "A light to lighten the Gentiles," he whispered; and passages of hymns came to his lips. Death seemed to have no terrors, and pain no bitterness. "Thank God for pain!" he said several times. On Tuesday, he was unable to take food, and shook his head when the nurse pressed it, saying, "You are only keeping me from happiness." Nearly his last intelligible words were spoken to Sir W. Martin in Maori, and they were the words by which a New Zealander when dying tells his friends that he sees heaven opening before his eyes,—“It is light.”

Throughout Wednesday his life ebbed slowly away, and on Thursday, April 11th, the end came. He had been unconscious for some time, but when Bonar's hymn, "A few more years shall roll," was softly sung, he followed it with evident pleasure. At last the old cathedral clock slowly struck the hour of noon, and the bell of St. Michael's Church rang out to tell the people in the neighbouring gardens that the hour for ceasing work had come. Suddenly the Bishop roused himself, and said a few words expressive of his faith in God and his love for his wife. Bishop Abraham then read the Commendatory Prayer; and, a few minutes afterwards, all who were present became aware that the "hour for ceasing work" had truly come. The Apostles' Creed was then recited by the little company of faithful friends and relatives; and with tearful eyes and thankful hearts they left the room.

Some who had loved and revered him in life were afterwards admitted to kneel for a few minutes beside his bed of death, and to bid farewell to that beautiful and placid face—the almost perfect expression of manly power and dignity. And on Tuesday, April 16th, at an early hour, several friends and near relations gathered for Holy Communion in the private chapel, where, near the altar-steps—covered with floral wreaths and bearing on its lid the pastoral staff of ebony and silver—stood the coffin. Soon after this, preparations for the funeral service began. Five hundred of the diocesan clergy assembled to do honour to their departed chief; and many thousands of the laity, including a large number of the working-classes, were gathered in the cathedral. Bishop Abraham was among the mourners; Bishop Hobhouse stood beside the

empty throne as the coffin rested before the altar ; and among the congregation there were many who occupied high positions both in Church and State. The Bishop's favourite hymn, " We are but strangers here, heaven is our home," was sung as they bore him to his rest in the quiet Cathedral Close. Sister Dora stood by Mrs. Selwyn under the shadow of the Lady Chapel, and Mr. Gladstone stood at the head of the grave, when the coffin was lowered into its last resting-place in the solid rock. The pall was borne by Archdeacon Allen, the Provost of Eton, the Earl of Powis, Lord Hatherton, Sir Perceval Heywood, Sir William Martin, and the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone ; and the pastoral staff was carried before the coffin by the Bishop's chaplain (Rev. F. Thatcher). At the conclusion of the service, a hymn was sung by the choir and people together, " The strife is o'er, the battle done." Bishop Abraham then gave the blessing, and all was over.

So closed the grave over all that remained of Bishop Selwyn. The arrangements for his funeral were as simple as possible, in accordance with the simplicity of his life. The crowded attendance, the long procession of clergy and laity, were but the spontaneous outcome of men's reverence and love. It was this feeling which brought one young workman from the Potteries to pay the last tribute of respect to the Bishop who had confirmed him, and who had made such a deep and lasting impression on him that he had been a steady communicant ever since. To him, as to all of his class—the mighty army who toil with their hands—the words and acts of the Bishop came home with a peculiar power, from their simple straightforward manliness. The poor who were present at his funeral testified their

affection for him by their quiet reverential demeanour, and many held up their little ones to see him as he was carried by. All who were present, felt that it was not merely a "Bishop" who had been laid there to rest, but that of him the well-known words were true—

" His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ' This was a MAN. ' "

Yes ; " all was over " with the Bishop's life and with his ennobling, animating presence among us. But all was not over with his fruitful work and his spiritual influence, either in England, America, or New Zealand. In New Zealand, of course, that influence—steadily exerted for a quarter of a century—had left the deepest mark for good ; and should the name of their great benefactor ever be forgotten, and no monument in stone or brass recall his memory, still on the largest scale (it may be replied) " Si monumentum quæris, circumspice. " So long as the Church in New Zealand lasts, her admirable and most prudently devised organization will ever remind the thoughtful colonist of the great Bishop, the " wise master-Builder " of the olden time. And whenever the Church amid the Polynesian islands shall have drawn together, at last, in peace and unity and mutual charity, those men of jarring feuds and Babel tongues, then in those wild regions, too, the Selwyns—father and son—will be for all time gratefully remembered. Indeed, it is conceivable that tradition, a thousand years hence, may have fused the two honoured names together and have constructed out of the abundant adventures of their lives one romantic story of Christian heroism and self-sacrifice.

But not only there. In England, also, it may fairly be hoped, the time is coming when the sterling manliness of Bishop Selwyn's character and the far-seeing wisdom of his reforms will be on all hands acknowledged and revered. Old things in England are rapidly passing away. The days when Deans of Lichfield used to attend the races on Whittington Heath, while the church bells rang to celebrate the festal occasion, already seem to our children incredible. And to their children (there is little doubt) a period when laymen had no share in the management of the Church, when diocesan conferences did not exist, and when Parliament was held sufficient to supply all such "lay element" in her organization as was either needful or desirable, will appear a state of things beyond their power to comprehend. And then one striking and almost romantic personality will stand out in bright relief amid the disappearing shadows of more ephemeral "celebrities." It will be the figure of GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN—the man whose tomb at Lichfield is already an object of pilgrimage to tattooed Maoris,* to Melanesian clergy, and to American bishops; the man of whom a leading statesman of his day could say, "I have known him from boyhood, and there is one epithet which I hope will always be associated with his name—the epithet of 'noble;'" and the man to whom hard-handed workmen and poor toiling women lifted tearful eyes as he was borne along to the

* For instance, "About seven years ago (writes Bishop Abraham), an old native chief came to Lichfield to see the Bishop's effigy. He knelt down by its side, and shed tears as he recalled his memories of the different features of the Bishop. I was standing by, and heard him say in Maori, 'That was his very chin; that was his forehead; and those were the very nails that I saw him bite in his nervousness, when he preached his first sermon in our language.'"

grave, and testified aloud, "We shall never see his like again."

Amid a different class at Cambridge, where his four stirring sermons on Missions in 1854 will, it is hoped, never be forgotten, "Selwyn College" now preserves his name and his principles in everlasting remembrance. And among the clergy of his own diocese the impression that his manly, simple, devoted character left upon his contemporaries may best be understood from their own words:—

We cannot but express the affectionate veneration in which we hold his memory. To him we owe our opportunities of meeting together, clergy and laity, for mutual counsel. We recognize in these institutions the hand of a leader who endeavoured to inspire both clergy and laity with a spirit of brotherly union reaching beyond all differences of opinion.*

In the establishment of an organized system of conferences, in the multiplication of opportunities for confirmation, in the greater solemnity imparted to the institution of priests to their benefices, in the promotion of religious education, and in the efforts made for reclaiming the erring and neglected of all classes, we recognize the marks of a power, a wisdom, and a spirit of self-sacrifice, such as are rarely to be found in the characters of men.†

One chief means by which the Church has been better enabled to do her work, and by which the late Bishop will be long remembered, is the establishment of a system of conferences between the clergy and laity, first set in order in this diocese nine years ago, and since that time adopted, with slight modifications, in nearly every English diocese.‡

We reckon it as a most important fruit of the experience gained [by Bishop Selwyn, in New Zealand and elsewhere] that a system of conferences has been firmly established in this diocese, in which the laity have been brought into consultation with the

* Wolverhampton R.D. Conf., 1878.

† Stafford R.D.

‡ Walsall R.D.

clergy. While in the holding of confirmations annually in every part of the diocese, in provision made for the admission of deserving students to the theological college by the "probationer" system, in the care which he bestowed upon the candidates for holy orders, in the annual gatherings within the cathedral at Lichfield, in frequent visits to workhouses, gaols, and infirmaries, in the establishment of the "barge mission,"—we recognize the high and exacting standard of duty which our late Bishop proposed to himself and the pattern of unwearied devotion to his Master's service which he gave us to follow.*

The following testimonies are from two men, as opposite as the poles asunder, but both of whom knew Bishop Selwyn well and had seen him at work in his most vigorous days. One of them had been, in New Zealand, a conscientious but somewhat bitter opponent; the other had been, both in New Zealand and in England, a most faithful friend and devoted fellow-worker. The former writes as follows:—

Bishop Selwyn was great in everything—even in his faults—and every inch a man. His deficiencies (such as they were) lay hid behind the display of manifest strength; though he knew not how to measure his force. But he was a grand Bishop—not indeed a "missionary" bishop, but as the head of the Church of England in New Zealand. And he was never so popular as when he left.†

The testimony of the latter was given in a sermon, preached shortly after the Bishop's death:—

The principle which had the deepest hold of Bishop Selwyn's heart, and formed one of his strongest and most unflinching motives of action, was the principle of "stewardship." To be found faithful in his manifold stewardships was, I believe, his highest

* Stoke-on-Trent R.D.

† Carleton, "Life of H. Williams," ii. 363.

aim and ambition. As a steward of sacred things, of "God's mysteries," he was (as the world knows) conspicuously faithful. But as a steward of other things also—things earthly, human, personal, things wherein one man can help, comfort, edify, guide, uphold, lighten, and cheer another—into all this range of stewardship he, on principle, carried his faithfulness. With him everything was regarded as a "talent," to be traded with at all times and in all places, whether in the drawing-room, or in the railway carriage, or on shipboard, in social scenes just as much as in scenes of duty or of peril. It was that principle which made him to the guests at Lichfield Palace the most considerate and attractive of hosts; and, at the same time, to such as the bereaved ones at Pelsall Colliery the most acceptable of comforters. Whatever he had in his power to bestow—tangible or intangible, counsel, sympathy, instruction, mirthfulness, as well as silver and gold and open-handed acts of helpfulness.—he was the unforgetting steward of these things, to dispense them for his neighbours' good, and so to render back his talent to his Master's hand with richest usury. And these outward acts of his proceeded from an inward principle, the principle of stewardship carried to its utmost reach.

And this I attest, dear brethren in Christ, not for the sake of praising him who exemplified this principle, but that we may all take count of what we hold in trust for God, and try to make it redound to the Giver's honour, in ministering to the neighbours' edification.

But you must not infer from my words that the steward principle was in our Bishop a motive of greater power than the love of God. That love might, of course, be the most powerful of all motives in a Christian heart. And doubtless it was so in him. But the love of God showed itself especially in him in his love to man. The love of man, as God's creature and moulded in His image, was the secret spring of his intense conviction that there was in every human being, however depraved, something that could be wrought upon—wrought upon first by human sympathy and then by Divine grace.

His own way of putting it, when urging the colonists of Sydney or New Zealand to raise the condition of the natives, was this: "Under every human skin God has planted a human heart." It was this belief that fired his zeal in carrying forward Christ's work among the tribes of New Zealand, and that carried him outwards to the Melanesian Isles. It was the same belief that, here in England, bade him seek the pauper in the work-house, the collier in the pit, the prisoner in the gaol, the barge-man on the canal, just as in New Zealand he sought the gold-digger at the quartz-reef on the rugged mountain side, sharing with him the bareness of a canvas home and the roughness of a working community. "Under every human skin God has planted a human heart: go and find it." This was with him a growing belief and a deepening principle. All last year he avowed that it was taking firmer hold of him than ever; and he showed it. On this Sunday last year, and on all his free Sundays in the chill season of November and December, he went out on the canal sides to gather, whenever he could, a congregation of bargemen. Small as were the first results, he would not take them as discouragements. The principle in itself was true,—of that he was certain,—and time, faith, perseverance, alone were needed for working it out. He had no fear of the final fruits of a patient loving husbandry.*

This testimony of his coadjutor-bishop is borne out by the words of one who had known him more intimately still, and who was indeed, for many years in New Zealand, his "bosom friend."

What was the secret (writes Sir William Martin) of this wonderful activity? What was the hidden power which sustained this vast labour? It was simply the conviction—ever present to the mind of the Bishop—that he was the servant of ONE who had given him a work to do. He was ever mindful of what he used to call "the grand monosyllables of Bishop Bull,"—the

* Bishop Hobhouse, "Sermon preached at Shenstone, 1878."

maxim, "In we are, and on we must." Accordingly, to him work was no drudgery. He was the willing servant of a loving master; paying little regard to praise from men, rather turning aside from it and giving to others the credit of what he had done or spoken well. There was no moroseness or asceticism about his religion. He enjoyed, as few do, the beauty of the world. Being strong in faith, he was daring, direct, and fearless; stern too, when sternness was needed; yet withal tender as a woman to the sick, the suffering, the penitent, and to children. As he was a true Englishman, so was he a true son of the Church of England. He favoured everything that might add to the beauty or solemnity of worship; yet not so as to mar the simple majesty of the services of the Church. He was tenacious of primitive order; but, above all, of truth. And he nourished his life upon the Scriptures.*

But enough of human testimony. This man, who never courted praise, was above such things. And his biographer feels bound—in loyalty to the most absolutely single-minded and noble-hearted man he ever saw, or expects to see—to add, in conclusion, that Christian check on all excessive admiration of his life and character, which he himself was always the first to suggest: "Give God the praise!" "It is God who gave the increase. So then, neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth; but God, who giveth the increase."

* Sir W. Martin, in *Foreign Church Chronicle*, June, 1878.

THE END.

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