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# INDIAN . MISSIONS

## A Letter

ADDRESSED TO

HIS GRACE

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BY

HENRY ALEXANDER DOUGLAS, D.D.

BISHOP OF BOMBAY

*A NEW EDITION*

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## PREFACE TO THIS EDITION.

THE issue of a new and cheaper edition of this letter enables me to correct some misinterpretations which appear to have been made, more especially of the language which I have used in speaking of "common Christianity." I must request that my words may be taken as meaning precisely what they say, neither more nor less. The main object of the portion of my letter in which that subject is discussed is to point out the exact nature of our Indian enemy, and, as a consequence, the hopelessness of conquering him, by means of abstract and philosophic, as distinguished from organic and embodied, truth. I see around me in India a number of active and earnest men, representing a multitude of religious associations, European and American; and devoting themselves to the conversion of the country upon a principle which, if plain speech is to describe it, is indifference to belief in the Church of Christ. The "Bible only" theory is carried out on its widest scale by Protestant Missions as a whole in India, and an open and very general avowal is made that all questions of ecclesiastical system and organization are of little importance, and have no necessary

connection with Christian life. This theory is not the theory of the Church of England, which in its creeds and its formularies utterly repudiates it, and is as certainly impotent for the conquest of Hindooism as it is radically untrue. And I have pointed out its essential weakness. But I have omitted all personal reflections on the many excellent persons who are misled by it, and I have been content to mark out the lines of a truer and wiser policy, which, as it is the policy of the Church and of Scripture, so also contains within itself the promise of that Divine blessing which is the pledge of success.

That, then, is what I have said, and I would explain, if possible more clearly than before, that Caste and Hindooism are, to all practical intents, convertible terms; so that nothing is done while the overthrow of Caste is left undone. Until Caste is taken by storm, something may be effected among the camp followers and those who hang upon the outskirts of the fortress, but we have made no real progress in conquering Hindooism itself. Caste is our enemy, and nothing less. What then is Caste? Caste is a *social* system of the most compact and consolidated kind. The men who devised it looked very deeply into human nature, and, inventing a system which should in some way satisfy sense, imagination, and conscience, have deceived men into a belief that their blood unites them eternally with God, while they have actually welded countless millions together into a solid mass which hitherto



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has been impenetrable. Caste is, in fact, an idolatrous Church association, fashioned by imagination, but fashioned out of nature and blood and race; and this false Church is built up as a fortress, only not impregnable, and is still cased with the iron plates of an inexorably rigid discipline, which can be pierced by nothing less than the artillery of God. And what are we doing to destroy these iron-shielded walls of Caste? To assault this terrible fortress—the strongest and most terrible which ever man devised—Protestant Missions as a whole, and the Church of England too generally, are bringing up a form of the religion of Christ which I have called an abstraction and a philosophy, because in theory and in practice it goes far to deny that our Lord commissioned His followers, while they taught the one truth, at the same time to found the one and universal Church. Protestant Missions as a whole have been an attempt to convert India by teaching the truth and giving it the Bible, without at the same time giving it the Church of Christ. In doing this they have severed things which God has joined together, and they have preached an imperfect gospel, because they have not endeavoured to embody truth in the organic life of the Catholic but single society. And with what result? With failure, I believe, at all seriously to shake the walls of Caste. The failure, too, as I believe, can be accounted for: naturally, because an abstraction such as even Christian truth becomes when divorced from the organic life of a community, is essentially unsuited to con-

tend with a social system which is full of corporate vitality; and supernaturally, because Christ gave Himself to the world as the head of a society, and to assail Caste by truth, as dissociated from the kingdom which embodies it, is to disobey the commands of our leader, and to fight Goliath with merely human weapons, which grace has not proved and faith has not sanctified. I must say then again, and say it with all possible emphasis, though with the deepest charity towards those who do not receive it, that we have no right to expect the blessing of our adorable Head till we work openly and avowedly as "His Body, the fulness of Him who filleth all in all." Until we distinctly aim at founding everywhere in India a corporate organization, and that a branch of the one Holy universal Church, we may teach, but we shall teach little more than a Christian logic; and we may diffuse throughout the atmosphere of India some elements of Christian thought, but that thought will be little more than a form of Christian opinion. It will not be a faith and a living religion; it will only be a theory, and weak theory, of truth.

As for the truths which the Church holds in common with those who repudiate corporate Christianity, and as for the persons who hold those truths, no one would recognize more thankfully than I whatever is the work of God's Spirit, and whatever good has been done by many who have laboured while we were in a state of sleep. But God forbid that I should in such wise recognize the work of God's

Spirit beyond our borders, as to give up that truth, which God, in undeserved mercy, has preserved to us, and which they, as yet but not I hope for long, have failed to find. And God forbid that we as a Church should cast away what they have lost, when our vocation is to supply their serious deficiencies. Our error in India has too often been, that we have followed rather than led those who are separate from us, and that we have imitated not only their zeal, which often has been admirable, but their unspiritual methods of work. If even now, so late, we were true to ourselves and to the glory of our own Catholic ideal, we should lead our dear Protestant brethren by the beauty of that truth which we should display and publish; and we should conquer Caste by the majesty of our Divine but still undeveloped strength.

As regards a brotherhood, I have myself no doubt that only some such machinery can supply the force that is needed to effect a Titanic work, and I say what I think, asking wise men to judge what I say, and to criticize my plan of warfare, provided only that they criticize as counsellors of war who really intend to fight. And what does war mean? It means, at least, that we shall have an army of some sort, and we have not an army now. We need men by hundreds, not to say by thousands, and we need such men as Patrick, as Columba, as Boniface, to lead them, by tens. We need, too, men\* unbound by any tie except the nails which fasten them to the

\* 2 Tim. ii. 4.

cross of Christ, men who will not hesitate to throw away their lives for Christ's cause, as soldiers when they mount a breach, cheering while they die. And these multitudes must be men who can be maintained at a moderate and practicable cost. Where are these tens, these hundreds, even thousands, to come from, unless we can evoke the enthusiasm of sacrifice? We must find them while their hearts are young and burning, and we must pierce their souls by hopes which reach above this earth, and catch a sight of homes beyond the stars. I cannot believe that married men are to be found in any numbers for such a work, or that if found they are, as a rule, the fittest soldiers for such a warfare, or that they can be maintained at a rate proportional to the funds which can be procured. Bishop Claughton questions the accuracy of my estimate of present cost. I shall be glad to find that I erred upon the side of excess, but I believe that error rather lies upon the side of deficiency. Speaking as I did of India only, I am of opinion that I greatly understated the average expenditure. At any rate, the proof of my error is to be obtained easily, and no one will be more ready to acknowledge it, when proved, than I shall be myself.

But upon this whole branch of the subject I do but ask practical and earnest men of every school to put to themselves this question. How is India—not to say Asia—to be won to the Church of Christ—as Europe was won in a former epoch? How is this vastest and most populous of the continents

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to be lifted out of its horrible idolatries to that faith and kingdom into which we are built? How is this work to be done—not discussed only, but really done? It seems to me, plainly enough, that past efforts, while as a whole they have been defective in so far as they have failed distinctly to aim at giving the Church, have also been absurdly inadequate to the dimensions of the hugest and most stupendous labour which ever man aspired to accomplish. And I fall back upon an army like that which converted Europe, but adapted to modern circumstances and to that state of general freedom in which men have learnt from God to be a law unto themselves. I can at least conceive of such a body of men, steadfast in their own hearts, like him whom the Teutonic race has looked to as the model apostle, and like those who even now are working together in the dark places of our great towns. Certainly, history has been written to very little purpose if it has not taught us that the religious warfare of Missions needs a peculiar kind of army, and that men unentangled in the cares of life have been the chief soldiers of conversion, especially in difficult and dangerous times. Reason and common sense appear to me to add the conviction, that India, with its tropic climate, and with its teeming myriads, bound closer together by Caste than ever the multitudes of a race were bound before, needs not less bold or devoted assailants, needs not men less ready to sacrifice themselves, and live by rule. To this tribunal,—to History, to Reason, to Common Sense,

enlightened by the Blessed Spirit,—I appeal on behalf of India, asking the Church to draw out of its sheath the sword of God. And the Church may not sleep a moment longer. The Philistines are upon her. Already, in the European press of this country, Christian unbelief, leagued in a Satanic alliance with Hindoo Pantheism, is rising up to dispute with the Church the mastery of the souls of India. Now and at once is the time for efforts, worthy of her Divine gifts and her immense capacities. May the Spirit of her glorified Head guide her to exertions, as full of courageous and chastened wisdom as proportioned to her latent and unimagined strength.

BOMBAY, *April 21, 1873.*

## INDIAN MISSIONS.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,

In the year 1869, within a few months after I had entered upon the charge of the Diocese of Bombay, I addressed a letter to the Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, of which your Grace is the President, pointing out the more important circumstances in the condition of the Western Presidency, regarded as a field of Missionary labour, and the manner in which as a Church we were fulfilling our duties to the population of this portion of our Indian Empire. In that letter I showed that within my Diocese there is a population estimated at from twenty-one to twenty-five millions, speaking five different languages, and that our efforts as a Church for the conversion of this multitude of souls were represented by about sixteen European Missionaries, most of them belonging to the Church Missionary Society, and located in Bombay or its remote vicinity, and in the Province of Sindh. At the same time I recommended to the

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel that it should at once occupy, with two or three Missionaries at each place, some of our chief European stations in the Mahratti-speaking portion of the country, and chiefly along the line of the old Madras road; that tract being recommended for occupation because of the importance of several of the stations in themselves as centres of European influence, under the shadow of which the Native Church would most naturally arise,—because the several stations would form a connected chain having each a link of about seventy miles in length;—because one language is spoken in it;—because the climate is about the best for Europeans which can be found in India,—and because it could most easily receive from me such personal oversight and care as I can give. The Committee of the Society received my recommendations not only with a general approval of the scheme, but with an interest for which I am deeply grateful, and which took substantial form in an immediate grant of 3,000*l.* towards a commencement of the work, and in an appeal both for men and for the means which were further needed to support them.

[*The Plan appeared practicable.*]

A scheme such as this, confined as it was to one portion of a vast territory, could be regarded, as your Grace will perceive, only as a beginning; but it appeared to me wiser to set before the Church a



small and very practicable plan, which was so far complete within itself, and, as I thought, within easy and not distant accomplishment, than to propose suddenly and at once a serious attempt, on a scale commensurate with the greatness of the endeavour, to subdue twenty-five millions of unbelievers to the mild yoke of Jesus Christ. Our efforts in India, if compared with the herculean nature of the work which is to be done, and with the gigantic character of the conquest which is to be effected, have hitherto been so feeble and insignificant, that it seemed in accordance as much with religious prudence as with sound sense to ask the Mother Church to take a little step, and not to put before it that full course over which its Divine Head graciously invites it to travel until that step had been fully taken. Nor was I unaware that God is best pleased to work from small beginnings, and that a humble effort, carefully conceived, as it was most in accordance with our past performances, was also most likely to receive that blessing from above, without which even the grandest schemes must be formed in vain.

*[The Plan was not carried out for want of Men, and the consequent Necessity of calling attention to the Failure.]*

Small, however, as the plan was, it is with pain, and, when I recollect how highly God has blest that Church which is our Mother, even with no small sense of humiliation, that I have now publicly to

bring to the notice of your Grace, as the chief Bishop of the Anglican community, and as the President of our English Missionary Societies, that after three years no addition has been made to our little band of Missionary clergy, and that the scheme which one of our Societies so heartily approved seems nearly as far as ever from its accomplishment. The reason, too, of this failure, as your Grace I believe knows, is not the want of means, which here no less than in England are greater and more abundant than the men, and which I am confident would still more rapidly flow in from many sources if hope received that stimulus which comes from the sight of hearty and generous exertions, but an absolute dearth of men who are prepared to undertake this most arduous kind of religious labour. And as a dearth of this sort—felt as much by the Church Missionary Society as by the Society which I addressed—can be overcome only by an outpouring of those dews from heaven and those waters of God the Holy Spirit which make a Church fruitful in works of devotion, as well as by those arrangements of sanctified wisdom and inventiveness suited to each age and crisis of the Church's history, which God uses and blesses as the instruments of His sovereign will, I am impelled, by my vows and by the account which I must give of all these unbelieving millions, to invite the particular attention of your Grace and the Mother Church to the neglected condition of this portion of our greatest national dependency, and to lift up my

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voice, however weak it may be, in the ears of my fellow-churchmen, that, through their prayers, their labours, their gifts, and above all, their self-oblation, something may be done, here and throughout India, not wholly unworthy of us as a people and as a Church which God has blessed. And I am the more bold to make this appeal because, while I have felt for some time that I must make it, I have lately been informed that this great dearth of men is a trial which has come home to the hearts and consciences of many in England, and that your Grace, in ready response to the feelings of sorrow and shame which it has aroused, has appointed a day of common intercession to the Lord of the harvest, that He may send forth labourers into this and other whitening portions of the wide field. Nor, as I would fain hope, shall my voice be heard in England only, for I trust that the Church in Scotland, waking up as it now is to a consciousness of what it owes to the world, will more and more perceive that its own life depends on that life which it bestows on others. And I do not, I feel sure, presume too much on those ties of blood, language, and religion which unite us with our brethren in America, if I venture so far as to cross the Atlantic, and to invite our sister Church to consider that, while other Christian Associations of the United States have taken up the work of Indian Missions with an earnestness which makes the term "American Missionary" a household word throughout the land, that Church which lays especial claim to the character of Apostolic has yet to

put in its first appearance on that field which more than any other at the present time clamorously calls out for Apostolic labourers.

[*The Church of England not sufficiently alive to what is due to India.*]

My Lord Archbishop, I have not scrupled to speak of the past efforts of the Church of England in India as feeble, and I would now take leave to say that the conscience of that Church has never yet been really touched by a sense of its obligations to India, or its heart warmed at the sight of that glorious work in this land to which God still graciously calls it. Thirty-five years ago this confession must have taken a far wider range, for men were then saying that even our own flesh and blood had been cast off like refuse upon every part of our great Colonial Empire, and had been left in a state of provision for their religious life so meagerly disproportionate to their necessities that truth could only describe their condition as one of utter neglect, in which no man cared for their souls. That stone of reproach has now, thank God, been rolled away. The Colonial Church has now been planted, we may even hope rooted, in all those nascent communities which carry in them so much of the future destiny and prospects of the human race, and the mother of so hopeful a progeny has seen abundant cause to bless God for His gifts and to prepare herself for new and greater efforts, in a confidence which

is not reliance upon herself but on that arm of God which has so manifestly upheld her. In that work the Church of England has, as it has seemed to me, served her apprenticeship, and should now, when she has thus fully learnt her work as a propagator of truth and of Christ's Kingdom, take up with perfected strength and wisdom the conversion of Asia as her calling and business during her mature life. It needs, I think, no powers of prophetic vision to discover this as God's purpose when He thus took her into His own hands, and trained her by a work which is both so good in itself and is now, upon the whole, completed. But those who love the Church of England best are looking, scarcely yet with alarm, but with something of a suspicion, that an energy so far beyond anything in her former history, so different from that timidity and "trust in princes" of the Georgian era, which lost America at once to the Church and to the nation, may after all have been but fitful and galvanic, and that she, whom her loving and admiring children had begun to call the Mother of Churches, may have exhausted herself by an effort which for a time was marvellous, but which really was only a prodigy, not natural, not normal, not such as could be growing and continuous, not Catholic, not Divine. The gates of the temple of God cannot be closed. The boundaries of the empire of the Church cannot ever be fixed. War must continue till all opposition to the great King is overcome, and there can be no limit to His dominions

until the utmost parts of the earth have been won as His possession. One victory, therefore, can only be the preparation for another campaign, and one conquest but the spur to fresh aggressions, by which new and large conquests may be achieved. Yet now, when we might have thought that the Church, like a giant refreshed by the excitement and satisfaction of the great work which has been done, would have girded itself to fresh labours, and, saying, "I have supplied the more pressing needs of my own children, and of the regions which they have occupied as colonists," would have looked around and afar, and asked, "On what new field can I find room for the exercise of my growing strength? Where can I now anew go forth conquering and to conquer?" we see no signs of this continued and expanding vitality. It really seems as if a lethargy was creeping over those young and stalwart limbs, and as if the giant, instead of seeking fresh Philistines to vanquish, was disposed rather to lie down in soft inglorious repose. At any rate, 180 millions of unbelieving souls, conquered by the prowess of Great Britain, and held in subjection by an iron hand, which will never relax its grasp till the arm of Great Britain, as a power among the nations of the earth, drops in paralysis, awaken in the Church of the nation no strong thrill of sympathetic interest. Nothing has as yet been done to prove that the Church is even disposed to arouse itself to strenuous and hero-like exertions. Eyes were opened for a short space when the mutiny

shocked the nation by revealing the cruelty and intense malignity of evil which lay, ready to explode, beneath the thin surface of a quiescent servility. Samson rose up and shook his conscience for a moment. But now it would almost seem that Samson has lain down again.

*[It is difficult to account for this, when we consider the many signs of the Finger of God in the circumstances which have given Great Britain the Empire of India.]*

Why? I would crave permission of your Grace to ask, why is this? A Bishop in India, at all events, cannot help asking, why it is that India is so little thought of? Why it is that the Church does so feebly what must be done with all its vigour if anything is to be done at all? He finds himself here, one of three bishops, bearing names derived from the three chief seats of English Sovereignty, names which connect them and their offices with the territory and soil of India, and through that with an Imperial dominion, the most singular and the most clearly indicating the Finger and Providence of God which history has seen. A company of traders, with no objects in view but those which commerce furnishes, settles itself in one or two corners of India, and takes its almost unnoticed place among the incongruous circumstances of Indian life, unconscious all the while that it is really like that new piece of cloth of which Christ speaks, and that it is inserted within

the old garment of Oriental Society. As time went on, such Western and even Christian vigour as was in the new cloth got itself mixed up in the decayed and rent condition of the older vesture, and its influence spreading inconceivably, and its power asserting itself very marvellously, the new patch covered more and more of the old robe, at the same time drawing into itself the potency of the nation from which it issued, till a Company grew into a mighty Sovereignty, and handed over its authority to the Queen of England, who now rules from Peshawur to Ceylon with undisputed sway. We did not seek this Empire. We scarcely wished for it. It rather came to us and was forced upon us than deliberately sought for and conquered by us. We found ourselves here in a position out of which this Empire has grown, as if by a kind of fate and predestined necessity; and now we feel that all our glory as a nation is bound up with our tenure of it, and that it is now as much our duty as our choice to keep it, for such a work throughout the continent of Asia as God only fully knows, and time only can reveal. But who,—I do not say what religious man, but who that has the intelligence to see what Christ has done as a civilizer,—can at all doubt what the Divine purpose mainly is, or what Society is most distinctly called, and most strictly bound to give that purpose execution? We are not the only European nation whose influence has been felt in India. But of all the other European nations whose settlements have been established here, the



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influence has gradually vanished. And now Great Britain occupies the place which for centuries was held by the champions of the Crescent, and the Cross of St. George waves above every battlement of India, and gleams from every ensign even of those sepoy regiments which wear her scarlet uniform and uphold her power. Can any man doubt why it is that not Portugal, which once could give to England a portion of India, as the dowry of a Queen, and not France, which contested the possession of India with England on many a hard-fought field—that not Portugal, nor France, but England, is the representative of the Christian faith in this country, the possession of which is the key to the mind and conscience of the whole East? Your Grace at any rate will not doubt this. Long ago St. Paul taught the Athenians that every tribe of men on the face of the whole earth, however far they might have strayed from the right knowledge of their Creator, had not been abandoned by Him, but that all their times, changes, and migrations were ordered, and all the bounds of their habitation fixed, by His all-gracious and all-ruling Providence, in order that, feeling in due time their blindness, and groping their way even through darkness towards Him, they might find Him at last near at hand. Who, then, can doubt that God is now approaching the inhabitants of India through the commerce and the migrations of the English race? Who can doubt that God wills the conversion of Asia, no less than He willed and accom-

plished the conversion of Europe in a former era? or when he sees the English race and language paramount at once in America, in the Pacific, in Australia, and in Asia, can hesitate to believe that God now delegates to that race and to its Church the chief place in the conversion of the regions still darkened by idolatry, and above all in the conversion of India, where by so mysterious a Providence England is supreme?

Why, then, a bishop in India cannot but ask, why is the Church that sends me here so cold and apathetic, as she looks on 180 millions of people placed beneath her tutelage, handed over by the marked determination of the King of Kings to her converting care? I look around me as a bishop representing at once the Church Catholic and the Church of England in this country, and, reflecting on my position as living among twenty-five millions of unbelievers, I see that all which the great Church of England does for their conversion is to look on with favour at the work of two ill-supported Societies, which after using all the influence of speeches, meetings, sermons, and deputations throughout the length and breadth of England, are able to send us sixteen missionaries, and then say, after three years of effort for extension on the part of one of them, that their power is exhausted, and that men are nowhere to be found. An Indian bishop in such circumstances is certainly the most pitiable of objects. But the Church, which can do no more than leave him in this state

of prostrate impotency and inefficiency, must surely have reasons enough for searching into the grounds of her deficiencies, and for asking what it is in her system and methods of working which renders her unable to answer the calls of duty, and to evoke the enthusiasm of her sons. The Church, which I deeply love, and which I have desired through nearly thirty years faithfully to serve in three quarters of the globe, will, I am sure, forgive me when I thus fearlessly point out her blemishes, and when I openly proclaim her sluggishness, her coldness, her indifference, not now for the first time imputed by those whose hearts have been given to her, but never more apparent than in her past and present treatment of India, never more likely, if not exchanged for fervour, to bring down God's blighting judgments on her and on her nation, because never were opportunities so great, and never had a Church so great a call from Him, Who never calls without offering those gifts which enable men to answer Him.

*[The Importance of using the Opportunities which the present State of India affords.]*

Opportunities! I do not hesitate to say that India at this moment stands with open mouth, if still with stammering and inarticulate tongue, asking for a religion. The masses of this vast country are still inert and unreached in their stolid and stagnant stupidity, crushed and ground to dust by a religion

which can produce nothing but tyranny in Government and general debasement, because while it idolizes life in a brute, through its system of Caste it looks with scorn and contempt upon the body and soul of ordinary human beings. But, to those who can perceive those influences which operate within the heart of things, it is evident that the root of such intelligence as supports the still abundant growth of superstition is even now cut, and that the work of fuller decay is but time's business. The more intelligent among the Brahmins defend idolatry upon grounds which are fatal to its permanence, maintain it as an accommodation to the ignorance of the people, and profess to look down upon the grossness which confounds the symbol with the divinity. The cannons of the English army, which have shattered in turn the fortresses of Hindostan, have been followed up by conquering agencies in the sphere of thought, not by any means so clearly perceptible, but perfectly indisputable, and every year the work of destruction goes on in ratios which multiply, and in forms so thoroughly effective, that even now it may be affirmed with tolerable confidence, that if direct English influence should cease from this period, the India of the future cannot be the India of the past. A tide of Western knowledge and of those arts of civilization which a knowledge of nature, given by Christ, fosters, pouring in new notions and ways of thinking, as well as new habits of action, is carrying before it and sweeping out of existence old views

and habits, and, along with these, faith in the old religion, of which these departing customs are an actual part, or with which they stand in close internal relations. And, destruction visibly spreading, the more intelligent of the Hindoos are feeling, as the old passes away, What do you give me in exchange for my own religion? The interval is one chiefly of doubt, but not as yet of rejection; though European influences, actively at work in some quarters, are doing all that they can to produce positive antagonism to Christianity. Some, at all events, there are, and there may be many, whose minds are not content to be a blank, and whose hearts ask for something which may fill them. We know that at the coming of "the Desire of all Nations," the void in human nature, as it existed in that great Empire of Rome which was then the world, was making itself felt within those contrite and wounded spirits whom Christ came to heal, and actually led them to Him for healing,—and that afterwards, when the deluge of the barbarians came surging over the same empire in its dissolution, there were in all those hosts, so varied in their origin and forms of savagery, impulses and yearnings, inexplicable by themselves, after goods and treasures which they were blindly seeking, but which Christ alone could and did satisfy, so that prostrate Rome conquered for Christ those who were her conquerors, and won over them a greater victory than that by which they vanquished her. As, then, in these two greatest eras of revival, the crash of change

was accompanied by a thirst and a demand for something new and permanently good, so, I doubt not, here at this very time, the condition of India is nothing else but one great and splendid opportunity, which, if the Church does but seize it at the critical moment, will have the conversion of the East for its final consequence; but if this opportunity be coldly suffered to pass by, unwelcomed and unimproved, it will, at no distant date, rise up to overwhelm us, like one of those great tidal waves which suddenly and without warning overleap the barriers imposed by God to check the flow even of the ocean; and, when the work of judgment has been done and the mighty wave has receded, the historians of all future time will find in it their most striking lesson, the prophets will take up their most solemn parable, and the poets will point their darkest moral as they show how England fell.

[*The Church called upon not to miss its Opportunity.*]

Men, Brethren, and Fathers of the Church of England, let me cast aside fear, reserve, conventionalities, and let me speak to you as a Christian to Christians, as a man to men. Are we indeed a portion of the Church which Christ founded? Are we Christians in something else than name? Do we believe that He whose name has been given to us, and whose cross we carry upon our foreheads and often wear above our hearts, is not a man only but very God, and now reigns above as Universal

King? If you belong to the Catholic Church, if you are Christians in reality, how can you rest in your beds, and how can you repose among your green fields and uplands, and in your peaceful homes—whether these are palaces, or halls, or parsonages, or cottages among country scenes, or whether your lot is cast among the streets and squares of busy cities—how, I ask you, can your consciences be still while you so faintly carry on the war for your all-conquering King? Here is, not India only, but Asia at your feet, waiting to be conquered. Here, in an age of universal change, and of preparation for greater things to come, the whole Eastern world—500 millions of the human race—is appearing before you, not in dreams and visions of the night, but by palpable and already historic Providences, and is saying to others indeed also, for in this work there is no monopoly, but to you above all, “Come over to India and help us; come from the West to repay the donations of the East.” And what is your answer? “We have no men to spare you. We want all our good men here. Consider the state of our great cities. How can we think of India, when charity begins, and has so great a work to do, at home?” As if charity at home was not nourished and increased by charity abroad! As if the Jew of Tarsus, and the model men of all times, had not left us an eternal example of indebtedness to Greeks and barbarians, to bond and free! As if large-heartedness, breadth, and comprehensiveness of spirit did not deepen and feed roots, at the same time that

they spread branches ! As if sacrifice was not the only specific for all moral evils, domestic as well as foreign ! As if, too, sacrifice did not multiply in proportion to the greatness of its aims ! And as if for every man that sacrifice spends on its most noble and heroic work a thousand did not spring up, as if from the earth, quickened by the new life which he communicates, enamoured of the death which their example died, and eager for the unseen crown which they have learnt from him to covet ! The Church exists but for progress and conquest. Its commission, never abrogated, is not "stay," but "go." Its main work, like that of Rome in its ascendancy, is not at its centre, but on its borders. There is the school where its legions, having passed their time of training at home, may go out to do the work of men, and after long years return, veterans and covered with the scars of genuine warfare, to shed the glory of their hoar hairs and the seed of their ripe experience on the perplexing, though less trying and self-sacrificing, labours of the Church at home. And if it comes to calling in the legions of the Church, from border, aggressive, and external warfare, or, what is practically the same thing, if conquest, ever advancing, never resting, is not the Church's chief work, there is a worm at the core, there is a cessation at the heart itself of the full beat and impulses of life. Decay, if not outwardly apparent, is inwardly proceeding ; and, even if a bloom is still upon the surface, death is at work within. A policy of peace and abstinence from



conquest may be possible in earthly kingdoms, and in them may be as expedient as it is commendable, but in the kingdom of Christ not to advance is to retreat, and not to make new conquests is both to lose what has been won, and to lay open the very centre and citadel of power to an enemy, whose armies are ever on the alert, and who is ready, at any instant, to turn his own attitude of defence into a sharp attack, where it will most be felt, on his inactive and undefended adversaries.

[*The Contrast between the Work of the World in India and that of the Church.*]

But again, let me ask, what are your hearts doing? These millions, 180 millions—for I cannot too often remind you that we have here to answer for about a fifth portion of the earth's inhabitants, men like yourselves, in whom the blood of Adam runs,—where are your hearts, when your eyes fall on them, and see them at the foot of your armies, and governed by your own sons, brothers, countrymen? Soldiers flow into the country, and give up their lives in war to duty when it calls them, and even in peace to the more terrible demands of a climate which wears them out, and to disease, which occasionally breaks out in fierceness, and cuts them off by tens and hundreds in a day. Civilians flow in also, eager for employment, until now the stream is checked because it is superabounding. Merchants and men of business add themselves to the gathering waters,

peopling the Presidential towns, and directing the whole course of trade, which in remote corners of the land feels everywhere their presiding influence. Barristers and solicitors succeed, and reap from a litigious people harvests of gold, which, after a few years of strenuous work, they carry back with them to their native soil, there in comfort and in rest to end their days. Engineers and artisans follow on the track of the Railroad, the Steamboat, and the Telegraph, making locomotion easy, and distributing with swiftness and precision the produce which the land yields, and the intelligence which interests all nations. We rule the land; upon the whole unselfishly and wisely. We restrain throughout the land such evil as an honest love of right and truth can put down, by instruments far from perfect, but the best which the land furnishes. We diffuse intelligence by education, the best among us thinking that such light as intellect alone can give is better than none, and hoping that a time may come when that better light of conscience and the heart, which the true God only can bestow, may be added to it. And we cover the land with a coating of Western civilization, spreading rapidly and carrying far and wide obvious advantages. But when we look for the presence of those profounder influences, which by giving new hearts can alone communicate real and intrinsic vitality, when we look for the Church of Christ and her servants, coming with the grace of God, and with the life, the power, the sacrifice, the knowledge, which might bring down the fire of

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heaven, and add to this man of Western clay, and to all his works, that Divine Essence which alone can give virtue and value to them, then, alas, this stream, hitherto so ample that it needs to be determinedly checked rather than stimulated in its flow, changes into a faint dribble scarcely to be discerned, and now of late the few drops which before rather trickled than ran, seem ceasing. Where, then, I have a right to ask the whole Church, where is your heart? These countless multitudes, what are they? Are they things to be ruled? to be used as a camp of active exercise for your armies? to provide for your sons that livelihood which your little island cannot yield them? to make cotton for your Lancashire manufactories and to consume your piece goods? to be made money of? to have the cream of their productions skimmed from them and carried home? Is this all? Is this what a fifth of the people of the earth was made for? And, when it comes to that balancing of productions of which even commerce makes so much, and to a case of exchange, in which you can give them far more than you receive, treasures beyond all estimation, the gifts of heaven in return for the productions of earth, are they to be "things" still? a school for your soldiers? a provision for your children? feeders for your commerce? not souls, each one of whom is loved by our Father Who is in Heaven, and for whom Christ upon the cross shed, drop by drop, the blood of the Son of God? It cannot be that such indifference can long continue.

[*This Difference to be attributed to Insularity of Feeling, and Want of Imagination, more than to deliberate Neglect.*]

It cannot be that you have looked on them, and then, Jew-like, deliberately passed them by upon the other side. It rather is through that insularity of temper, which keeps Englishmen, travellers and rovers though they be, within the groove of those demands which most importunately address their more immediate ear, or through that want of range in the national imagination, which seems unable to realize the dignity, or I will say the majesty, of our position as a people, and to bring home to us in any conscious way at once the universality of the sphere in which God is calling us to act, and the vastness of our strength and capabilities as a Church, if we had but the faith and the zeal to put out that strength which we reserve within us ;—it is through causes such as these, rather than through any deadness and decay of soul, that our conduct as a Church is so sadly in contrast with our boasted vigour as a nation. And, therefore, I shall yet confidently hope that the Church which I serve will not always be as impotent in India, or, at all events, in this part of India, as it now is, and in this hope I shall venture to lay before your Grace and the whole Church some further considerations, which are offered with diffidence and only from a sense of duty, as my humble suggestions for the removal of that drought of men,

ready to sacrifice themselves as Christ's devoted soldiers, which is now our grief as a Church, and our scandal before the world and our self-sacrificing Roman neighbours.

*[It is absolutely necessary that we should recognize the Difficulty of Converting India.]*

It is, I believe, of primary importance that we should clearly recognize the extraordinary difficulty of the work which is set before us for accomplishment; because, until this is seen, our efforts as a Church will not only not be sufficient in magnitude, but will not be of a kind and on a plan which are adapted to the practical result which must constantly be kept in view. Great as have been the feats of the Church in the nineteen centuries of her past history, the conversion of Asia, when it has been effected, will be regarded as by far her greatest work. And if, limiting our view to India, as the citadel of the whole fortress hitherto impregnable, we consider only the conquest which has to be achieved here, nothing short of a faith which might remove the Himalayas can even hope for the coming of that day when India will have turned from its foul idolatries to the pure love of Jesus Christ. What we have to do is to move a compacted mass—a monster shall I call it?—of 180 millions of men, and a monster like that of the poet, which “moveth all together if it move at all.” Those who know by

observation the versatility and flexibility of that Brahminical race which so long has domineered over the social life of India, openly or secretly administering affairs in such a way as to maintain its own pre-eminence, will not speak of the East as unchanging without qualifications. Certainly nothing more immediately catches the eye of an examiner of India at the present time, than that discernment of the Brahmins which has led them to perceive that education is the road to power, and the readiness with which they have adapted themselves to Western ways of action, while yet, I fear, they retain the subtlety, the intrigue, and, I must add, the falsehood, to which they owe their former influence. In the sphere of thought, and in acts and habits of a superficial kind, there has been considerable innovation. But in the main elements which go to form society, change is still unknown, certainly not perceptible. Force has put down the immolation of a widow upon her husband's funeral pyre ; but the strong efforts of a few persons to break through the tyranny which condemns even child-widows to perpetual mourning for a husband whom they have scarcely seen, are ineffectual as yet even in Bombay, where European influence is most apparent, and the very knowledge of such a change as contemplated or conceivable has not penetrated the cloud of ignorance in which the remoter regions are enfolded. The village system, to which we ascend from that of our family, is still the same as existed two thousand and two hundred years ago, when India was seen by the Greeks who

followed Alexander. Buddhism has passed through the land as a rationalizing and reforming agency. Mahometanism conquered the land and established a civil supremacy which lasted through many centuries.

[*The Immobility of Caste.*]

Yet Caste and its accompaniments stand, as at once the product and the bulwark of the religion ; and it is even conceivable that Caste may outlast the religion, and maintain its place upon the basis of infidelity. At any rate, of all those forces which hold men together in societies, none is so difficult as Caste to reach by any power of dissolution. Nothing but birth can give it, and, while its privileges seem to the possessor above all price, it is held on condition of maintaining rules of the minutest stringency. It comes to a man out of an unseen world, through supposed relations with his Creator ; it so follows him in life that the character of every act, great and small, is regulated by it ; and it goes with him in and through death as determining his everlasting destiny. From the individual who is affected by it all individuality is gone, his social position absorbing his personal life, and subjecting him to the will of his fellows, who hold in their hands everything on which he depends for life and happiness. Thus Caste is the ruler of India, even of those Hindoos who are hopelessly and for ever upon the outer side of all its advantages, and India, so far as it is Hindoo, and excepting only so far as our presence here has scarce

perceptibly affected its social arrangements, is one great stereotyped community, every man's habits and lot fixed for him at birth, and no one able to break through the fence, behind which causes beyond human control have placed him here, and, as it seems to him, elsewhere and for ever. Society is in a state at once of wholeness and immobility. It cannot be attacked in detail, for it is a whole everywhere. Its parts cannot be disintegrated, for it is without divisibility. It must be upheaved all together, and changed all together, if at all.

[*The Conversion of India a more difficult Work than that of the Roman Empire and the Barbarians of Europe.*]

There is thus the greatest possible difference between the social circumstances of the East and those of that more Western world, in which the Church won its two past triumphs. In both of those eras society was held together by but loose bonds of coherence, and when it came in contact with the order and discipline of the Church in which love was the centralizing influence, society was in a state of conscious confusion, like that of bees when they have lost their queen, and are eager to find for themselves a new bond of unity. In the Roman Empire decay everywhere was busy; religion had dropped such power as it ever had to hold families and people together, and philosophy was as weary of itself and its insoluble perplexities as it had wearied all its followers. When, therefore, the Church with its



community of hearty life appeared, it seemed like a rock amid universal change and dissolution, and men of deeper thought and more earnest feeling, discerning in it the one solid element in the social state, built their lives upon it. To the barbarians, conscious of their strength and juvenescence, but seeing in everything besides and in their own achievements little but wreck and destruction, while yet their hearts, moving ever onwards and forwards, were filled with all the eagerness of hope, the Church was the one green oasis in a desert, and the one haven in a sea of storms. And when they looked upon the diligence and regularity of that life, which was exhibited by the monastic orders, from which chiefly, or almost solely, the elements of civilization issued, the choice souls among them discovered in the Church of Christ the one place where they could settle themselves and find rest. There was a sense of need, and the Church was the satisfaction of it. The Church, and the Church only, filled up a manifest void. But here in India, while there is dissatisfaction in some quarters with the follies of idolatry, and some feeling that a religion is wanted, society closes up its serried ranks and says, "There is no room for any new associations here, and there is just as little need." Before, in those two past ages of revival, individualism was strong—in the first the individualism of decomposing civilization, in the second the individualism of strong undisciplined barbarity; but individualism felt its own solitariness and isolation, and as the first cried out for an asso-

ciation better than it had lost, the second was seeking an association which it had never found. Here there is no sense of personal responsibility, and the social cravings are so far more than satisfied, that society submerges and swallows up the individual in itself, and wraps the welcomed swathing bands of infancy around the limbs of men. And thus, while the need of the Church as a society is greater than anywhere or ever before, because never was society built upon a falsèr basis, there is a positive surfeit of the social appetite, and the heart of the Hindoo, gorged with that which cannot feed it, has no hunger for wholesome and satisfying food. Society, wanting in all elements of greatness, and dividing men from each other by barriers which are in every sense insuperable, stagnates, yet lives on ; stiles aspiration, and yet in some sense satisfies desire ; crushes conscience to death while it fills life with a religion ; subdues a man to meanness of servility, in which he ceases even to care for being free. Here, therefore, the range of mountains which faith in Christ is to remove are not mountains only, but mountains with roots piercing so deeply into the very heart of the earth, and the whole so perfectly compacted together, that little short of a convulsion shaking the earth itself can tear them up and plant them in the sea. It is numbers only which have to be moved. It is numbers in a state of iron-bound coherence and solidity, the iron of Caste having so entered into the soul of society, and so clamping it together, that nothing short of an

explosive force, strong enough to rend the rocks and break the mountains into pieces, can make an inlet large enough to admit the kingdom of Christ.

*[The Church therefore, if anything is to be done, must put forth all its Power.]*

And therefore, through your Grace, I presume to call upon the Church of England, whose place should be the foremost in this labour, deliberately to gird itself for an effort which shall tax all its members to the extremity of every power and gift with which God has graciously endowed them, yet not too great for their capacity; for never yet before had any portion of the Church so many, so various, and so great endowments latent within her, and nothing now is needed but the fervour, the courage, and the devotion, which shall put those magnificent endowments forth.

*[It must also be clearly seen that the Foundation of the Kingdom of Christ is the Object of Aim. It is more necessary to point this out because this is not seen clearly and unmistakably now.]*

It is, I believe, also, not less important that we should act on the clear conviction that our work, regarded as to its form and specific nature, is the foundation of the kingdom of Christ. And it is the more necessary to bring this to the notice of the Church in England, because our past efforts have

scarcely taken their shape from this idea, or had this object before them as their definite aim. It is with pain that I express this opinion, and indeed that I enter upon this part of my subject at all, because I feel that I cannot escape from some allusion to matters of controversy, and from a criticism of policies with whose objects in the main I sympathize, and of men, both of our own Church and external to us, whose earnestness and motives I admire. But, as truth is among the dearest of those goods towards which the heart of man reaches, so the utterance of what in our conscience we believe to be the truth, is the first duty which we owe to God, to society, and to ourselves. And, if only our language in such utterance be chastened by that singleness of purpose which removes from it all personal asperities, and avoids that spirit of party which too often in these days dips even a religious pen in fire or poison, nothing but good can follow from outspokenness; since, if that which is said be indeed true, the feeblest protest may have some influence in removing things which obstruct progress; or, if it be error and not truth, that which it wrongly opposes does but shine with even more than its former lustre, the darkness which vainly attempted to obscure it only bringing out its full light. I must, therefore, not shrink from recording my opinion, as an observer of Protestant Missions in India, and of our own particular share in these Missions, that the Catholic spirit of our Book of Common Prayer has not exerted its legitimate influence, and

that our work has been too much an appendage to an imposing but unreal Spiritualism. Protestant Missions, as a whole, have been an attempt to infuse into the mind of India a somewhat abstract, logical, and hard thing, most commonly described here as Christianity, and which modern Calvinism likes to call "the Gospel." And we of the Church have not definitely endeavoured to bring home to the heart of India that Person whom it would welcome as its King, and that Society of flesh and blood which even Caste would submit to, as His human yet Divine kingdom.

[*Missionaries of the Church co-operate with others on the ground that Belief as to the Catholic and visible Church is an open and indifferent Question.*]

There are Missionaries of our Church who come to India with an intelligent belief in "one Holy Catholick and Apostolick Church," and whose conduct in their calling is throughout consistent with the historic sense of that article in the faith of a Christian. But a large proportion of our own Missionary clergy seem to see in their distinctive appellation something which abolishes the separation between the Church and its opponents in England, and which makes all Missionaries brothers; their relationship being founded on the sentiment that they in common desire to see the conversion of India. In Great Britain and America, and other parts of the Protestant world, such men are the

recognized agents of certain distinct associations—of the Church, of the Independents, of Dissent in all its different divisions—and in all these countries which I have named, they act as men who avowedly differ in matters of importance, while at the same time many of them do not wish to carry their difference beyond the range which is imposed by the fact that they outwardly and organically are separate. Here they meet and actively co-operate as if there was no difference between them. The man who has been ordained by a successor of the Apostles, and who has received the apostolical commission, meets as a brother minister the man who ascribes his ministry to a call and nomination by the people, and consults with him on terms of perfect indifference how they are to co-operate in the work of breaking down the walls of Caste, and making India Christian. In so far as such fraternal counsels and acts are a symptom of that longing for union which no abundance of division can wholly stifle, every Christian heart must welcome them as an element which may help to keep our hope of a reunited Christendom from verging on despair. But into such considerations I cannot here enter. I state this fact only for the purpose of proving, if proof indeed is not superfluous, that the majority of our Missionary clergy have before them as their object, not the foundation of the Church of Christ, but the spread of something which all Protestants have in common, and which, as it certainly is not something concrete, social, and organic, is really an

abstraction—Christianity in a state of disembodied ghostliness—and a philosophy, popularly called “the Gospel.”

*[Such Non-recognition of the Church as an Article of Faith fatal in India, above all Countries.]*

Now, I believe that such a mode of action is, to use the mildest language, a fatal mistake anywhere, because, if it were granted that a portion of the Teutonic mind is gifted with a power of digestion equalled only by what is ascribed in fable to the ostrich, and is able to assimilate truth in its hardest form, so as to get from steel itself spiritual nourishment, when others would eat death, even this Teutonic heart is beginning to ask for a religious King ; and certainly in no other part of the world can men's souls live long on metaphysics, or anywhere except within the fellowship of a spiritual kingdom. And, most assuredly, if our notions of truth are to be gathered from Holy Scripture, rather than from the brief traditions of a school, the whole word of God teaches us that the Son of God came to be “the King of all the earth,” and that the Gospel which He and His Apostles preached is the “Gospel of the kingdom.” It is not in a chapter of the Old Testament here and there, that, after much digging and searching, we may at last find the kingdom, like a deeply buried jewel. The sheen of the expected monarch and His Empire glistens in a circlet of diamonds upon the forehead of the whole Book.

And the Cross of Christ, which is the central object of the New Testament, as to faith it is nothing else but the throne of His triumph over Powers and Princedoms, so it carries His kingship emblazoned above His thorn-crowned head, in words which His enemies vainly struggled to obliterate, and which His saints have ever cherished as the charter of their redemption and their most priceless and dearest glory.

*[The Indian Mind imaginative, and its Temperament, founded on Religion, eminently social.]*

But in India, above all quarters of the earth, the mistake is of that profound sort which can only be called disastrous. India is logical and metaphysical, and the Indian mind rejoices to spin the fine threads of a philosophy so exceedingly subtle, that the coarser understanding of the West can scarce perceive the distinctions which it draws, or make its countless intricacies terminable. But India too loves ideas, and if truth is to enter its mind, it must come to it realized in forms which can satisfy imagination; above all it must come to it clothed in the embodiment of a society. The Indian mind revels in incarnations and manifestations of Divinity, and the several castes are but the different members of their imagined God, carnalized once for all in forms of social life, which like the God himself are essentially unchangeable. The points at which such a religion most naturally connects itself with the



truth are obvious ; and the points at which the truth and Brahminism are wide as the poles asunder are conspicuously plain. Abstraction in religion is of all things the least intelligible to the Hindoo, the farthest from his mode of conceiving the Divinity, the most remote from his imagination and his affections. His eye is not accustomed to the northern snow nor his sensuous nature to that colder temperature of a critical intellect in which the man of Northern Europe rejoices. He is a child of the sun, with all his faculties mellowed and softened by a climate which both heats the passions and enervates strength. What then will such a mind care for a mere abstraction ? for the residuum which is left in what is called "common Christianity ?" for the spirit which remains in its nakedness, when the several organizations in which the spirit visibly appears are separated from it, and that which is offered for belief is the supposed essence of them all ? The Hindoo will say : "I do not want an essence. I do not care for something merely impalpable. I need a God who can come near my whole nature, to my body as well as to my soul. I need the essence and the idea, but not in the hard deductions of a syllogism, or in the cold skeleton of a scheme and a plan and a system of salvation. I require to see something fleshly, something social, something better, it may be, yet still like my caste, something in which my heart can live, and which shall feed that religious instinct and appetite which tells me that God can in a manner incarnate Himself

in combinations of men and realize Himself in forms which will make me one with my fellows, through an organization which at the same time makes me one with Him." I have already said that even for the Church to wedge its way into the closed-up ranks of Caste is a work of superhuman difficulty, and I do not now mean to affirm that the Hindoo will be brought to say what I have just put into his mouth easily, but I do say that to expect of an abstract thing—"common Christianity"—that it can effect this work of conversion and the overthrow of Caste, is the most hopeless delusion which ever beguiled humanity. Society can fight society, life in one organic form can struggle with organic life in another mode of combination, and society and life when it is Divine, must, if it be true to itself, in time break in and overcome a phalanx, however strong, which is merely human : but an abstraction cannot fight with a society ; an abstraction has not, as the Church of God has, the fervour, the life, the attracting force which can at once beat down opposition, and draw men to a King whom they can love, and a kingdom in which they can love each other. Conceive a man asking another to leave his caste, and throw himself into the loving arms of a philosophical abstraction ! of "Common Christianity !"

[*What a Missionary should Preach.*]

This, however, is what Protestant Missions in India, as a whole, are doing ; and, if many of our Missionaries are offering something better, this is

the public aspect of the system, and this is what the possible convert cannot but think, as he surveys what is behind and before him. A Missionary, as I conceive, should go forth as the messenger of the great King, who reigns from the Cross glorified in Heaven. That King, ever since His ascension day, has, as our own Andrewes paints Him, rained down the gifts and largesses of his coronation, making the streets of His city run with rivers of oil and wine, copious enough to satisfy the spiritual needs of total humanity. He is a human king, and He works, as such a king must work, by the human instruments and ordinances of His kingdom, conveying, through men of flesh and blood like His own, gifts without stint, and mercies without measure. A preacher, therefore, of "the Gospel of the kingdom" is one who should go out into the highways and hedges to invite man to a social feast, announcing everything as ready. He should not scruple to put himself forward as one sent from Heaven. He should say, "I come to you full of gifts, which may be had for asking, because He for whom I come is no Moses with a law written on hard stone tables, but a giver, 'full of grace and truth.' If you will believe on my Master, I, by His power, will give you, through water, union with His human nature, and thus for yourselves a new nature, involving fellowship with all saints, and, after that, as you become more perfect Christians, I will give you, Himself—His Flesh and Blood—as Divine food. At the same time I will give you

truth for the enlightenment of your intellect, having from my King all that truth, which He Himself is and gives to man." Such, as I conceive, is the message which an ambassador from Christ should convey to man, and such the actual grace which by his office is imparted. If, too, he cannot speak thus, and thus impart blessings, what is he but one of the Philosophers? What but a teacher in the schools of more or less truth, not a representative of Him who is the mediator between God and man, not sent by Christ as Christ by the Father?

[*What alone a Missionary can Preach if he is indifferent to Faith in the Church.*]

Yet what can a man say when he appears before the world as the representative of "Common Christianity?" He cannot invite men to the Church of Christ, because the Missionary cause depends on treating the Church as one of many sects, and any outward and organic form as a part of non-essential religion. He cannot speak as one commissioned by Christ and Christ's Church, because that would be inconsistent with fraternal recognition of the Missionary brethren. He cannot treat the Sacraments as means of life, because that exalts ordinances to an atmosphere in which a merely intellectual spiritualism evaporates. He can only teach truth, and truth not as it came into the world with Christ, its root and its revealer, the twin brother of grace,

linked to grace in indissoluble union, but in its nakedness, as a thing by itself, without the life which comes to it from embodiment in the forms and ordinances and blessings of a social and beautiful religion. He can but become in the eyes of the Hindoos a teacher, and a teacher, as it must seem to them, without a worship and a religion; a mere rival of the moulvies and the shastris, who are learned in the lore of Mahomet and the Brahmins; while the Bible must take its place only as one of the sacred books of history, a competitor with the Koran and the Vedas or the Puranas for the intellectual homage of the Eastern world.

[*Besides, the Church and its Unity, visibly seen, is the one great Persuasive to Faith in Christ, as God come in the Flesh.*]

And, besides, only in proportion as we appeal to the heathen on the ground of Catholicity can we expect that blessing of God which will make our message supernaturally persuasive to them. No one can deeply meditate upon that seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, which throws such light upon the subject of Missions, without seeing there, clearly revealed, these three linked propositions: (1) That the Father sent the Son into the world to be Man. (2) That the Church, sent by the Son, as His second self, and filled with His Divinity, is designed to be fully one within and without. (3) That the sight of this oneness is the one argument which shall

persuade the world to accept belief in Christ as the Son of God. That is (1) God in the Son became flesh. (2) God in a secondary sense became manifest in the Church, which is the mystical body of the Son. (3) This union seen by the world would have a voice which would convince the world, saying, "If men through Christ are united, who and what can Christ the uniting man be but God?" If this be so, it follows, first, that a true faith in God as come in the flesh has visible union as its necessary product: and, next, that except by this faith, and the union which is its consequence, the world's conversion cannot be achieved. Only by an united body can conversion be effected, because disunion is death, and out of death life cannot come. Only the Catholic Church, and therefore not a mere abstract and divided Christianity, can bring India to the faith of Him Whose Flesh is as real as His Divinity.

It is on grounds such as these that I ask the Church of England to put forth all its strength, and that strength, not so much in the form of its necessary protest against error, as in the form of far more essential Catholicity, so that taking its proper place at the head rather than, as now, in the rear of Protestant Missions, it may provide an element of union, elsewhere undiscoverable, and working openly and avowedly as a part of the Catholic Church, draw down that blessing from its Head which otherwise cannot but be withheld from it.

[*The Church recommended to work through the Instrumentality of a Brotherhood.*]

I have stated that the work is one of extraordinary difficulty, and I have avowed my conviction that the foundation of the Church, as distinguished from the mere teaching of abstract truth, must be our recognized object. But, looking at India, with that keen eye which desires to see something actually done and not only unpractically talked about, I perceive that we have yet to come to close quarters with the difficulty which is before us, and that the question must be asked, in what particular way and by what especial machinery are we to go to work as the Church of Christ? For myself, my Lord Archbishop, I shall be thankful if any man or woman, belonging to any school of opinion, will come to work here in any way, provided he or she be in heart an honest child of the Church, and desire, according to light given, to obey and carry out its rules and principles. But when I consider the climate—not by any means so dangerous to life as fear too commonly supposes, yet still tropical, and needing expensive supports to health, especially in the case of mothers and children—when I also consider all those changes and exceptional circumstances, which accompany life within the tropics in the case of ordinary Europeans, I cannot but regard it as a mistake to suppose that India can be treated as if it were

within the temperate zone, and as if the idea of an English parish priest could be realized here in its completeness. And, therefore, I cannot believe that the clergy, whose work lies among the people of the country, can do wisely in laying themselves out for family life. The home of one of our married Missionaries is certainly not more than furnished with those comforts which a woman and a mother requires, if life in this land is not to be a positive burden to her, and the funds of our Societies are administered with strictness and care; yet, if the total sum expended is divided among the men who at a given time are available for service, the actual cost of a Missionary must be computed, if I do not miscalculate, at from 500*l.* to 600*l.* a year. A cost such as this seems of itself to point to something mistaken in the system, and, to the mind of one who considers the sources of the Missionary revenues, is, at all events, an insuperable obstacle to any great extension of the work. The cost, however, is not the only objection. The work of Missions, in India pre-eminently, is a work of war, and a Missionary should be in the condition of a soldier, and be ready, like a certain great and famous general, when he came to take the chief command of our armies in India, to start at short notice, and go anywhere without impediments, and do what war requires. We need soldiers who have no ties but those which bind them to the work of the Church, and who are steeped in that spirit of ready obedience, which, when it hears "go,"



“goeth,” and when it hears “come,” “cometh.” But in the case of one who is married there are other ties and obligations. Whatever his devotion, a conflict of duties must often of necessity arise; and a conflict in which the work of God must give way to those nearer and more imperative calls, which family life by God’s ordinances imposes. Thus it will happen that a Missionary is compelled to retire while yet his own personal powers are unenfeebled; and a knowledge of foreign languages which only years and hard labour can give, combined with an experience which is positively invaluable, must bow to the exigencies of a husband’s or a father’s position, and to a conscience which, seeking no excuse for retirement, yet cannot be regardless of duties, from which once the man might have been free, but which, when assumed, become strong and binding on him. On the whole, therefore, from these and similar considerations, I am forced to the conclusion, that a new and more sacrificial element must be incorporated into our Missionary system, not necessarily as exclusive of that which exists, but as an addition to it. And I look to some form of Missionary brotherhood as the element which we need, and as the chief remedy for our acknowledged shortcomings.

*[Only in such a way can the Spirit of Sacrifice be fostered.]*

I am not indifferent to the formidable host of prejudices which will arise at the mention of a brother-

hood within the Church of England, even though the sphere for its energies is India, and its work abnormal. But mere prejudice at the best is weak, and, when a work is to be done, a liberal age will not be slow to call prejudice blind and mere conservatism stolid. Let those who object show in what other way such work as ours in India can be performed, and I, for one, will not be slow to help in doing it along with them. The truth, I suppose, really is, that the abuses of the monastic system so sickened the souls of men at the time of the Reformation, that not content with correcting abuses and purging out corruption, or even with abolishing the Orders, we went to the limits of the opposite extreme, and, so far at any rate as body and outward system is concerned, we got rid of sacrifice. I suppose, also, since, in this material world, spirit can only speak through sense and form and organization, that in getting rid of the body we went a long way towards smothering the soul, which if it could not, while spiritual life at all remained, be wholly suppressed, yet for want of a body has only been able to break out in fitful, irregular, and eccentric ways, such as Dissent in many forms furnishes, instead of manifesting itself in orderly course and disciplined measure. Yet far be it from me to say that monasticism, in many of its most prominent features, is not daily more and more becoming a thing of the past, or that, because it converted and civilized our once savage European ancestors, it is not unsuited to modern life, and the freer march of existing society. I do not ask for

monks, but for men who will forsake all for Christ's sake. I ask for a brotherhood of men who will turn their backs once and for ever upon the world, and who, seeking only Christ and His cause, will go wherever the Church sends them, and do whatever the Church bids them, as soldiers obey their king, counting not even life dear, if they may run a course, noble while it lasts, and leading them in the footsteps of that Lamb whom they will follow, whithersoever He goeth.

[*What we lose and suffer from the discouragement of Sacrifice.*]

And who shall say what losses we incur as a Church, or what we have in time past borne and do now positively suffer, because we have not made such a call upon the hearts of men, and given full scope to the spirit of sacrifice? The mania for division, nowhere so loud and uproarious as in England and its offshoots, is but a portion of our penalty. There are men and women, in all ranks and places—and they are the flower of the community—who in their souls yearn to devote themselves to Christ and His Church, and who have in them a craving thirst to do good, which only sacrifice can satisfy. To these, men and women, the baits which allure other men have no charm, and that which they seek creates in ordinary men fear and aversion. To their ears a voice speaks, inaudible to others, saying to them, "Friend, come up higher." Their temper is

of that finest and most pure kind which when cultivated forms a saint, lifting them far above all earthly aims into that serene air which spirits breathe, and which sustains angelic natures. Their "conversation is in Heaven." Their one aim is to mount up on wings like eagles. They run and are not weary. They walk towards God and do not faint. And though, imperfect as they must be till clothed upon with that brightness of immortality which certainly awaits them, their natures may sometimes lead them into flights of eccentricity, especially if the Church withholds its maternal guidance, and though sometimes this enthusiasm may take shapes which to cooler minds seem, and perhaps are, erratic, still that which they possess is intrinsically great, and the services which such as they can yield to the Church are simply priceless. But how throughout our past history have we treated such persons? How do we often treat such persons even now? We check enthusiasm. We drown zeal in floods of common sense. We are too prudent to cut regular channels in which fervent devotion can flow. We are so ashamed of mistakes, that we discourage wise ventures. We are so careful to be safe, that we become guilty of timidity. We are stiff and inelastic, and therefore inexpansive. And thus, when God is giving us visibly nothing less than the world as our horizon, we scarcely look beyond the borders of the four seas which hem our little island in. What, too, is the consequence? I speak not of the attracting forces in Dissent which draw off rude and less edu-

cated natures, or of Romanism, which allures more imaginative and cultivated souls. But how do we affect those who still remain faithful to us? We affect them thus, as well as in other ways. Souls which were made for the world confine within themselves energies for which earth is small enough, and instead of going forth like Mackenzie or Patteson, to hew and pioneer a way for Christ and civilization, through dense thickets of ignorance, superstition, vice, and horrible cruelties, still abounding, and thus to make for themselves a name, long to be loved on earth, but still more memorable in heaven, they stay at home, and often either sink to mediocre inactivity, or, perhaps, retaining vigour, stir up party strife to a heat which threatens to consume the Church itself in the furnace of its own vitality. When I look from this distant spot on the condition of the Church of England at the present time, I seem to see in it a high-pressure engine of steam working with every valve closed, and likely at any moment to burst, because it keeps all its heat in and does not let off enough of its now abounding fervour. Never before in any portion of the Church did the fire of God's Spirit burn in so many hearts and in so many varied forms of graces. But the Church is steaming, like one of those American ships of which we sometimes read, at full power and with every furnace heated to whiteness, and every point of escape heavily loaded. Would it not be well, I would ask your Grace, to let off a little of this mighty steam, and thus at once ease the Church at home and profit others? Some

times the vision changes. Fire becomes water. And then the life which is in the Church appears like three rivers, named from three parties, for which litigation has cut sharp and defined channels, squaring by human rules subjects and thoughts which only recognize the freer curves of a spiritual kind of measure. In the Colonies and in the United States these rivers, if they exist at all, exist but as schools, because in these places life is in a state of expansion, and the Church, freely dealing with its own concerns, blends its discords into a harmony. But in England three parties, coming down like three torrents from the mountains, and finding in the narrow valley where they meet barriers which they cannot pass, have nothing else to do but wildly and with loud tumultuous roar to dash against each other, raising up on high a foam which Heaven does not love, and making an angry and confused noise, heard far off, which is a proverb and a byword among the nations. And why? Chiefly for want of outlet. Give the waters room, my dear Lord Archbishop, and soon this deafening tumult will be hushed. Let but the Church throw down those banks of insularity, which have no place in a nation which now fills the earth, and in a Church which boasts its Catholicity. Here is a land, filled with 180 millions of dry if not thirsting souls, which these waters, now so turbid and destructive, were sent by God from heaven to irrigate. Let off this surplusage, that these millions may suck it all in, and give you in return harvests which will fill the Church's granaries with recovered souls, and

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pour into the Church's heart, as her special reward, peace—that peace which God, angry because of her neglect, now withholds from her. Policy no less than duty calls on you, my dear brethren of the Church, to turn those arms which are now sharpened for fratricidal conflict on enemies more worthy of them, and on lands to which the hand of God points you, as the noblest of all fields of spiritual conflict. If you will do this, there will be no need of unions for Church defence, or of societies for fraternal prosecution. For want of such legitimate warfare you are destroying yourselves rather than Satan's empire. The caged eagle is now beating its wings against the bars of a prison, fretting itself to death, clawing at the Creeds, and tearing its own vitals out, for want of proper prey. Let it but fly where its instincts carry it. Soon it will scent afar off the carcass of that abominable and obscene idolatry, whose ill savour goes up into the nostrils of creation. That rather than your own flesh is the carrion on which God wills that it should satiate its appetite; devouring indeed, but only that the old and corrupt may disappear, and that out of peeled bones life may arise, and a continent be born again by the recreative will of the Omnipotent Redeemer.

*[Such a Brotherhood should act in Subordination to Authority in the Church.]*

As I have pointed to a Missionary brotherhood as the expedient which, by giving consistency and an organism to sacrifice, is to all appearance the practical

remedy for that indifference and drought of men which now prevails, it might appear that I am bound to indicate at least the outlines of a plan, on which such an order of men can both be formed and operate. Yet such an order cannot be made out of a theory, and can be created only by some person gifted with the genius of construction, who, knowing well his own age and its requirements, as well as the needs of such great countries as India, can see ideally the pattern of such a brotherhood where Moses saw the tabernacle, and reduce that idea to the shape which it must take in our own age from sound sense and possibility. May God if he see fit raise up such an one, a true Englishman and yet a true Catholic. Such an one God will bring forth out of obscurity, if a Missionary brotherhood be according to His will. I may say, however, that the history of the Church has not been written for nothing, and that the records of Roman Missions warn us, that as an order may work in a spirit of opposition to Church authority and thus defeat its own objects, so subordination to such authority as is legitimate should be the guiding principle of a brotherhood. At the same time, if this be kept in view, the Church has no need unduly to limit its independence, much less to treat it with distrust as if doubting its allegiance and devotion. On the one hand let a brotherhood avoid the spirit of party, and give to itself all such breadth and comprehensiveness as is consistent with obedience, subordination, and definiteness of aim. On the other, while honestly desiring only to do the



Church's work and as a servant humbly to tie or untie the latchet of the shoes of her glorious feet, let it not become too much a part of the older order and regularity of the Church's system, but cherish carefully that fire of earnestness and that dashing enthusiasm, which are the life as much of a mission as of an army, and which may still obey the reins of a cool and unimpassioned judgment.

[*A Brotherhood may perhaps be engrafted on existing Societies.*]

Whether it would be possible to engraft the system of a fraternity upon the oldest of our Missionary Societies, which has ever acted as the willing handmaid of the Church, those alone can say, who in England itself can form a judgment based upon existing circumstances. It is obviously desirable, if it be possible, to adapt existing machinery to new demands rather than to add new kinds of agency, and it is at least conceivable that, under the influence of a Board of Missions representing the two Convocations, the Society might be so far changed and enlarged as to incorporate into itself the new yet not alien element of an Indian brotherhood. But, once let the Church clearly perceive that one of its chief offices is to foster, if not to form, a band of men who will go wherever sent, and do whatever they are commanded, the support of these men being quite a secondary however important a consideration, then other things will adjust themselves,

taking their proper places. Let but the personal difficulty be looked at in the face and in God's strength be overcome. Let but the Church of England recognize and adopt a scheme by which persons shall be found and fashioned, as ready to do her greatest work and to give themselves to the cause of Christ and His Church, as those eager and devoted multitudes, whom Rome so easily finds ready, in this and every land, to do her bidding. Once, in fact, let the Church heartily acknowledge sacrifice as the spirit which it is her first duty to create and embody; then all besides will follow. This rod of power will both swallow up other rods and bear leaves and blossoms. Life will create for itself the things which are to cherish it. Old agencies will renew their life, or new agencies will arise and absorb those less vital forces which will vanish before them.

[*The Nature and illimitable Extent of this part of India as a Missionary Field.*]

If I am to state how I would recommend that the Church should here enter on increased work, under whatever kind of agency—and such a statement may be expected from me—it seems to me that it should be our aim to occupy centres of influence with bodies of Missionaries, each body under a bishop; or, if for any reason it should appear that a bishop should come in later to crown a prospering work, under some kind of leader.

The work of each such body, thus located amid a large population, should be carried on, I believe, under a distinct perception of the fact that Europeans can work here only as leaven which is inserted in an immense lump, and that, as only Indians can go out over the land to convert the masses of India, Europeans can but expect to fashion a select few, into whom they can pour the light of God, that through them it may be diffused generally. The actual form and pattern of their work can hardly be cut out beforehand upon any theory, and each locality, having its own differences of circumstance, will also have its own peculiarities of work. I believe, however, that such bodies, settled here and there over the country, would gradually find everywhere an increasing number of persons ready to be infolded, and, when once brought to Christ, worthy to be moulded by loving hands for such work as they are capable ; while by literary labours, when the language is mastered, original and translational, they would sow broadcast seeds of true thought, which intelligence would mentally absorb, and which in due time would bear fruit manifold. A central power of this kind, so vastly superior in every way to all other influence, could not but take a lead in proportion as it became firmly established, even if grace and the Divine blessing were not with it. Blessed as it would be by the reviving Spirit, it can be nothing else than the power, sooner or later to reveal itself, of an endless life.

The number of such centres are practically without limit. To say little of our own proper territory—the Mahratti, the Guzeratti, the Canara, the Sindh regions, in three of which are several European stations, each the natural seat of a Mission such as I have proposed to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—Rajpootana consists of about twenty-five principalities or dukedoms, each under its own ruler, with powers regal and despotic, the chief of them having the power of death. Each of these is a natural field for a distinct mission, and in each, removed as they are almost wholly from direct English influence, idolatry in the form of prominently disgusting filthiness lifts its unblushing head. Kattiwar, a large territory lying on the west of Guzerat, as Rajpootana on the east, is a similar collection of native principalities, and among these, too, a choice is open to us. And in Guzerat itself, encased within our territories, there is the very considerable kingdom of the Gaekwar, with a revenue of nearly a million and a half sterling, which, ruled as it is by an utterly debased sovereign, is almost wholly beyond English influence, and is filled with evils, which, as things now are, only a mission, and that a strong mission, could touch effectively and remove. So that a choice really without limit is before us, and beginning where influence would be the strongest, our extension would proceed according as we found men.

[*Invitation given to Men and Women of Sacrifice.*]

And now I would crave your Grace's permission to put forth an invitation to such men and women as are fitted for the work of Missions in India, and who are free to undertake that work. I have shown that India must be won by the Church as India has been won by the nation,—through the labours, the devotion, and the lives of her children, freely given. Who are there ready and willing to say to God, "Here I am, send me"? And first let me address myself to those younger members of our Universities whose line in life is not yet taken, and let me tell them that here in India there is a course on which the greatest gifts of mind may run a race, at least as splendid as the world of Europe can offer, and among countless millions whose resurrection to a life at once intellectual and spiritual is an object at which ambition itself might nobly aim. But to these I will not presume to speak myself. I will rather take into my mouth the words of a Missionary from whom no one can withhold the tribute of a most profound admiration, and whose intense love of souls no less than his wisdom in most respects as an Evangelizer, entitle him, above all men, perhaps, since the days of the Apostles, to ask from men of station, of culture, and of intellect, the sacrifices which he himself made with such ungrudging abnegation. It was thus that Xavier addressed himself through

his order about 330 years ago to the members of his own University of Paris :\*—

[*Xavier's Appeal to the Members of his own University.*]

“There is now in these parts a large number of persons who have only one reason for not becoming Christian, and that is that there is no one to make them Christians. It often comes into my mind to go round to the Universities of Europe, crying out everywhere like a madman, and saying to all the learned men there, whose learning is so much greater than their charity, ‘*Ah, what a multitude of souls is through your fault shut out of heaven and falling into hell.*’ Would to God that these men who labour so much in gaining knowledge would give as much thought to the account which they must one day give to God of the use they have made of their learning and of the talents entrusted to them ! I am sure that many of them would be moved by such considerations, would so exercise themselves in fitting meditations on Divine truths, as to hear what God might say to them, and then, renouncing their ambitions and desires, and all the things of the world, they would form themselves wholly according to God’s desire and choice for these. They would exclaim from the bottom of their hearts, ‘*Lord, here am I, send me whithersoever it shall please Thee, even to India.*’ Good God, how much safer and happier

\* Coleridge’s “*Life of St. Francis Xavier,*” p. 155.

would they be. With what far greater confidence in God's mercy would they meet their last hour, the supreme trial of that terrible judgment which no man can escape! . . . They labour night and day in acquiring knowledge, and they are very diligent indeed in understanding the subjects which they study; but if they would spend as much time on that which is the fruit of all solid learning, and be as diligent in teaching to the ignorant the things necessary to salvation, they would be far better prepared to give an account of themselves to our Lord when He shall say to them, '*Give an account of thy stewardship.*' . . . . It has come to this pass as I see, that the men who are the most diligent in the higher branches of study, commonly make profession that they hope to gain some high post in the Church by their reputation for learning, therein to be able to serve our Lord and His Church. But all the time they deceive themselves miserably, for their studies are far more directed to their own advantage than to the common good. I declare to God that I had almost made up my mind, since I could not return to Europe myself, to write to the University of Paris, and to show them how many thousands of infidels might be made Christians without trouble, if we had only men here who would seek not their own advantage but the things of Jesus Christ. And, therefore, dearest brothers, '*pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He send labourers into His harvest.*' "

[*Men of high Gifts will find in India a very noble Sphere.*]

I invite persons of every grade and measure of talent, for in so wide a field there is room for every variety of labour; but I also ask for a fair share of men whom God has blessed with endowments of the highest kind. And I protest against the almost incredible opinion that the highest gifts are to be reserved as the exclusive heritage of the Church at home. Such, at any rate, was neither the precept nor the practice of St. Paul, who, the farther he was from head-quarters, the nearer he seemed to himself to be to that work which God had given him to do. I ask for some of the cream of English gifts, spiritual and intellectual. I invite the Church to devote to God that which costs it something. Earthly rewards to such as these India can scarcely promise.

[*What India has to offer to devoted Souls.*]

What India can give is more tempting to those who are the fittest for the work which it requires: service of God, the opportunity of doing that from which other men shrink, literal and sensible conformity to Christ's example, great and unquestionable sacrifice. Yet not these only, but, as their reward even upon earth, more of the love of Christ, closer communion with the Lord whom they singly



follow, keener and more vivid realization of His Sacramental Presence, the sight of souls rescued out of this naughty world that they may be saved through Christ for ever.

I call, then, on brotherhoods, sisterhoods, guilds, associations, and on men and women, of all ranks, classes, and circumstances, to come forward and offer themselves to the Church for service in India. Come out, my dearest brethren and sisters, from your little cliques and parties and narrow sympathies, and claim for yourselves a place within a sphere wide enough for the ambition of an Alexander, looking on India and the continent of Asia as a dominion which prayer and faith and love may win for Christ. Here is that opportunity which you are seeking for the practice of all those lessons of wisdom, which the Church in these days of its revival has recovered for you. Do you ask for room to prove your faith in Christ's atoning sacrifice? Here is the place where you may show it in an indisputable manner, by giving your own lives for countless millions of lost souls which that atonement purchased. Do you wish to deny yourselves? Here, leaving father and mother, houses and lands, and everything to which the heart clings the closest, you may bear a climate which will try your health and test your endurance; and you may also bear with patience an ignorance and a debasement, accumulating through thousands of years, which only love itself can tolerate, and yet which love will remove by that very toleration. Do you wish to serve the Church, as that Body of Christ

Himself, which you love with such a love as you can give to Him only? Nowhere does the Church need you more. Nowhere is the Church weaker. Nowhere has the dark shadow of a sincere yet spurious spiritualism fallen thicker; obscuring faith in Christ, as come in the flesh, till faith has become comparatively impotent; too inward to make its light shine, too feeble to fight with unbelief, too much divided within itself to overthrow Satan. Will you not come to show what life sacrifice can infuse? Will you not lift on high the standard of the Cross with all the zeal of a crusader, and, in the name of Christ and His Church, conquer or die for Him who "loved you and gave Himself for you"?

For myself, if of myself I must speak for a moment, I cannot but be conscious that, in thus appealing to others, I am asking what I have not done, and now, having given what Lord Bacon has called "pledges to fortune," am even called not to do. But in the history of a Church, when gifts have been lost wholly or in part, a time will arise through the internal working of the Spirit of God, when the sense of loss becomes strong, and when some of those who feel it are compelled to come forward and speak out, even when checked by the thought that they will indicate to others a height which themselves they cannot climb. That "heaven-kissing" peak, my dear Lord Archbishop, which I have shown to men of towering souls, is confessedly beyond my own attainment. It is my most humble part to point out to men of sacrifice a course of glorious adventure over

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which I do not aspire to lead them, to give precepts which I am unable to recommend by my own example, to show my face rather than my back to noble men whom I call upon to go and take a citadel, when another, advancing at their head, might say "Come." Yet, as I lay down that pen which too long has tried your Grace's patience, I must express my persuasion that the policy to which it has given so imperfect an utterance is really the counsel of a Divine Leader, who at this time demands of our Church that she should put forth her strength, and my hope that the writer, moved by the sight of the unutterable misery which throngs around him, may be the all-unworthy instrument through which that Leader condescends to make known His sovereign will.

Believe me,

My dear Lord Archbishop,

Your Grace's

Very faithful brother and servant in Christ,

H. A. BOMBAY.

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