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BY THE REV. A. PYNE, M.A.

CURATE OF TROWBRIDGE.

(Formerly Missionary to River St. Clair, and Rector of Perth, Canada, recently
Incumbent of Creswick, Australia.)

"At once instructive and interesting. Mr. Pyne has constructed a book admirably fitted to realise his design."—*Literary World*.

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"It will certainly well serve its purposes."—*Standard*.

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ELLIOT STOCK, PUBLISHER, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.

A Christmas gift
To his Beloved Brother
Thomas - from his
only living Brother
The Author -

Christmas
1878

The Vicarage
Leicester St George
Marlborough
England

REMINISCENCES OF COLONIAL LIFE

AND

Missionary Adventure in both Hemispheres.

BY THE
REV. ALEX. PYNE, A.M.,

CURATE OF CHRIST'S CHURCH, SOUTHGATE,

*Formerly Missionary to the River St. Clair, and Rector of Perth, Canada; late
Incumbent of St. John's Church, Creswick, Australia.*

“The path of true greatness is not that over which the Cæsars in proud daring rode, but that over which, with humble mien and world-wide love, the Howards pursued their self-denying course. Its mission is to minister, not to master, to give, not to govern.”

LONDON :
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1875.



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E. W. Bradwin

TO ALL

LOVERS OF CHRISTIAN AND EVANGELICAL

MISSIONS,

BUT MORE ESPECIALLY

TO ALL YOUNG MEN WHO DESIRE TO LABOUR

EITHER IN

THE MISSION FIELDS OF OUR COLONIES

OR

OF HEATHEN LANDS,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED BY

THEIR FRIEND AND FELLOW-SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Toronto Sept 26/21

Read this book of Reminiscences with
much pleasure. Esteem the Curate
— with his T.C.D. ad background, to have
been a very fair and liberal minded
missionary — many of his problems
of 1850 — apply even in West in 1920 —
E.W.B.



PREFACE.

THE various hindrances which in times past stood in the way to a free promulgation of the Gospel throughout the world, damped the missionary cause, and made its friends despair of "seeking the inheritance" for which Christ died; but, from the moment those impediments were removed, through commercial treaties, and other Providential occurrences, a greater desire arose to enter the doors so long closed against the ambassadors for Christ. *Still*, however, "the labourers are few," while the harvest is ready for gathering, and, therefore, the Churches are earnest in using the remedy prescribed by our Lord to increase the workmen, viz., intercessory prayer. Neither are the various Christian associations remiss in stating their wants, and in pleading for men and money. The missionaries also, both those abroad, as well as those who have returned from the mission field, concur in striking the same key-note. Under these circumstances, it has occurred to me, also, that I might occupy a few leisure hours profitably (in furtherance of a cause which has occupied very many years of my life) by writing a personal sketch of those portions of my ministry which were of a missionary character.

From such a conviction, I have commenced, and carried through to completion, the following *Reminiscences of Missionary Adventure*, selecting such narratives and topics for description, as may both interest and amuse the general reader, while the Christian, whose mind may be drawn to the subject of missions, from a desire to engage in such occupations, may possibly derive a few useful hints on matters which generally are not fully considered, before "the hand is put to the plough."

While speaking of the spiritual destitution of those lands which I describe in the following *Reminiscences*, I do not wish it to be supposed that I consider their claims for evangelisation or missionary enterprise to be more pressing than those of other countries; for it must, indeed, be admitted, that the calls from the East, as well as from the unnumbered millions of China and Jàpan, are, at the present moment, overwhelmingly great. The utmost, therefore, that I seek to attain is, to create an interest in missions, and to evoke such a spirit of evangelisation as the Churches need at present, especially in their youthful and educated members,—a spirit that will not hesitate to point with "the sword of the Spirit" to the darkest corner of this dark world of ours, and say, "There is the forlorn hope! let that, even that, be mine. Lord! here am I, send me."

There are a few subjects which lie within the compass of controversy *in these days*, that have occasionally engaged my attention in missionary life; and as religious progress in every land seems more or less affected by the subjects to which I allude, I have

occasionally referred to them ; but while I feel my convictions on such topics to be strictly in accordance with the standards of the Reformed Church of which I am a member and minister, still, I indulge the hope that, should any of my readers differ from me on such points (which, in these days, is almost certain), they will, notwithstanding, look favourably on this my attempt to interest them in a cause which engages the prayers and sympathies of every section of the Church of Christ, irrespective of minor or more serious differences. There are differences, however, which impede the work of evangelisation in the world—differences resulting more from organisation, than from fundamental truth—respecting which I have ventured some remarks suggestive of remedy. To some, doubtless, any effort to secure unity where the agencies are various, will not only appear impracticable, but undesirable. Not so, however, to those who have experienced the evils of a divided testimony for Christ in the mission field. To them, any movement tending to promote unity in organisation, while presenting the Gospel to the untutored heathen, will have their prayers and co-operation.

Here, then, my Preface should end, had I not a word to say about the style in which I present my thoughts to the reader ; for, I have had but little time while writing to study—what the more practised writer does—the winning pathos, or the well-finished trope ; but, notwithstanding, I am hopeful that in this particular, also, the reader's sympathy in my effort to benefit a good cause, may lead him to pardon the defects to which I allude,— which he

can the more readily do, if he should be satisfied to read about the plainest subjects in the plainest language; but as my book has assumed greater dimensions than I intended it should when I commenced it, and as I have thus presented more matter for the critic to investigate than is prudent, I feel it right to bespeak his clemency by assuring him that I shall be content if judged by the standard which the writer of the Book of Maccabees desired, when he said about his performance: "If I have done well, and as is fitting my subject, it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto."

A. P.

December 25th, 1874,

SOUTHGATE.

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ERRATA.

- Page 77, line 3 from bottom of page, *for* "animated matter" *read* "animated manner."
- " 201, " 8 from top of page, *for* "stopping of a bulky horse" *read* "stopping of a balking horse."
- " 333, " 4 from top of page, *for* "prevent the Gospel" *read* "pervert the Gospel."

CHAPTER I.

The author's account of himself—His appointment, and aim in writing these Reminiscences—The strange start—The world, how rated—A rough voyage—American sailors—Mauray, the South American navigator—Sunday services at sea—An anxious moment at sea—Immigration to British Colonies, how diverted from its course to the injury of our dependencies—New York—Niagara Falls—Toronto—The bishop—Destination confirmed—An extensive license.

ONE evening, some thirty years ago, a deputation from one of the parent Missionary Societies met at the City of Waterford, for the purpose of creating an interest in the cause of missions and eliciting subscriptions. Amongst the audience addressed by the deputation was a young man who had just completed his last year's attendance on the “Divinity Class” at the Dublin University ; he had decided on following the clerical profession, and was awaiting ordination.

Although the speakers at the meeting alluded to were dull and uninteresting, which generally is the case when men advocate the cause of missions, who have not spent one hour in the arduous undertaking

themselves ; for though such advocates may be more eloquent and talented than any who come to us from the foreign vineyard, yet as “the old soldier who could shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won,” carried more sympathisers with him in his rude untutored speech, so the experienced missionary makes a deeper impression upon his audience than the unseasoned advocate. Now, whether the lack of interest which the audience seemed to take at this meeting arose from the absence of any missionary amongst the speakers we cannot say ; but certain it was their advocacy failed to create any impression on the mind of the young man already alluded to, and yet he went home in a very thoughtful frame of mind. Something, notwithstanding, had touched a chord which vibrated through his soul ! What was it ? Whence did it come ? If not from the eloquence or advocacy of the speakers, to what then must be attributed his thoughtful turn of mind on the subject of missions ? It arose from the sweet and harmonious words of the telling hymn which was sung by an earnest number of people without the assistance of either organ or harmonium. Many of the choristers who sung that hymn have since passed on to the redeemed multitude to mingle their notes with the songs of heaven. No missions are

needed there, but the hymn they sang that evening made one convert and labourer for the mission field in the Church militant, and the verse that pleaded effectually and still lives in his memory was—

“ Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary !
Let the Gospel loud resound
From pole to pole.”

Now, reader! the writer of these reminiscences is that young man, who, having proved true to his convictions offered his services at once to “the Upper Canada Clergy Committee” (since merged into “the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts”), and being accepted by them as their missionary, went forward to the locality assigned to him, viz.:—the River St. Clair. Having laboured in the Upper Canada diocese (then undivided) for a period of sixteen years, he returned to England, where, while employed in the ministry, he received an appointment to Australia, from which country (having spent nine years therein in the service of the Church) he was recently necessitated from pressing family considerations to return home once more, thus having spent twenty-five years in the formation of Church movements in two important Colonial

dioceses, the author sits down to record the result of his chequered experience and missionary enterprises. While endeavouring to carry out this intention, he will select such events in his past history as may help to give the reader an insight into the social life of colonists generally, as well as the spiritual necessities of the isolated settlers in their wilderness homes. Nor shall he omit a full description of the aboriginal inhabitants, both inside and *outside* of the colonial boundaries, for, whether we consider such primeval denizens of the forests, in their untutored savage life, or when brought under the civilising influences of Christianity, we shall in either case, find subjects worthy of description and calculated to create both an interest and a sympathy in their behalf.

The writer having so far introduced himself and his subject to the reader, shall from henceforth drop the more formal pronoun "he" and adopt the more familiar "I."

I well remember the morning upon which I proceeded to the vessel which was to convey me from all I ever knew on earth, to the colonial mission fields. With some regrets, if not anguish, I left my native port; and perhaps it is a principle of our nature to attribute importance to trivial events when we feel

they are unusual, and not to be repeated. One of these, happening, as if by accident, riveted me for an instant to the spot, and caused a momentary shudder, which I scarcely thought myself capable of feeling, as my nature is not imaginative, or romantic, yet there I stood, for some time, on witnessing the fury of the waves, while a gale, by no means insignificant, strained the ships' moorings. It was thought unwise to start while the elements were thus contending, but our venturesome captain had no such thoughts, for he had determined to keep his time, and proceed to sea, even though the wind increased at the moment he gave the command to start ; but as the sailor to whom was assigned the task of casting off the last of the strong cables that detained the vessel to the shore, proceeded to fulfil his duty, the ship plunged violently in the waves, seeming to struggle madly for its freedom, and broke every mooring that remained to be undone. Thus liberated from all impediments, for "better or worse" we rushed forward on our way—if not on *our* way, at least on *some* way. Years have now passed, and I can realise much of the feelings which I experienced on hearing the captain's order, and on witnessing the riven cable. Such was the abrupt commencement of my missionary career ; for I was then launched into real and busy scenes, from the

quiet, monotonous study of college life. Young and inexperienced, I had then to give up theory, and learn from practical observation what men, and the outside world, really were ; but, though far from being a misanthropist, yet I took one thing for granted, which helped me exceedingly, and protected my inexperience of men and the world from numerous mistakes, and that was what the crowned monarch of Israel teaches, “Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie; to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity itself.” This, I felt convinced, was a true description of man’s heart in every age, and in none more so than the present. I accordingly took that character of the world for granted *then*, and my experience of a long colonial ministration, amongst many classes and in different countries, convinces me more and more that he who uttered that sentence understood what man naturally was, is, and will be to the end of time ; “naturally,” I say, for grace can change him, but grace alone.

That voyage proved to be a tedious and a tempestuous one, the sea for weeks running mountains high, while the ship appeared as if anchored in a valley. Sunshine and storm accompanied us, the former revealing iron-bound coasts, while the latter split our sails in atoms. I have often thought that voyage to be a true

picture of my ministerial life ; for there are difficulties and discouragements which we meet with when endeavouring to reform mankind, and to uphold principles which the unrestrained freedom of new countries wishes to forget, if not to annihilate ; he who stands up for morality and religion under such circumstances will have to encounter enmities and collisions, sometimes more, sometimes less, always sufficient to make him fear the danger of the moral atmosphere which his teaching disturbs. There was one fact which was borne witness to by all the passengers during this perilous voyage, viz., the indomitable courage and endurance of the American sailor. If "Britannia rule the waves," we felt convinced that "Brother Jonathan" was not a whit behind the best of her sons at the same work. What navigator is there who knows not the name of the great Mauray, the South American physical geographer ? This celebrated man has so investigated the science of the currents of the sea, winds, and other mysteries of the deep, as to deprive the ocean of much of its danger, and greatly to facilitate the commercial intercourse of nations. Considering such benefits as worldwide advantages, added to in no small degree by a distinguished son of the Great Republic, we may well stretch across the hand of friendship to our neigh-

bours at the other side of the rough Atlantic, and concede to them a fair share of praise in helping many voyagers to shorten the period of their transit from home to other countries.

There are some clergymen who prefer travelling *incog.* (and on this voyage there were a few so minded); the reason they assign for doing so is, that they find a sea voyage so distracting to their thoughts, and so wearying, as to deprive them of sufficient life or energy for the performance of any religious services on board. Such clergymen prefer, for the time being, to be considered as laymen, and to worship as such in any religious service that may be conducted by others. But with such I have no sympathy; indeed, I have always felt that to be silent for God, as a clergyman, when opportunity presented itself to say a word in His behalf, was a sin of omission of no small amount. "Never off duty!" should be our feeling; and at times I have known clergymen who were earnest enough in saying so. For instance, when passing through colonial toll-gates (which are free to all clergymen), on being challenged by the collector to "pay if not on duty," they readily answer, "We are never off;" the validity of which response not being questioned, they pass on. I have, therefore, ever conceived it to be my *duty*, when not ill, to hold religious

services on the Sundays spent on board ; either for the passengers, or sailors, who may wish to assemble for the purpose ; and generally the captain will offer no impediment, especially if his vessel hold a fair reputation, or is owned by a company that seeks the welfare of their passengers. In this latter case the captain is bound by his employers to read the prayers of the Church of England on the Sundays, and hence the missionary, or clergyman, that may be on board will find a willing ally in the captain, as *a general rule* ; though I have met with some sad exceptions, who liked neither Bible or clergyman, and who appeared to be familiar with only one incident in Scripture, which will often be referred to if the voyage prove protracted or dangerous, viz., “We have a Jonah on board !” Many a shallow mind learns this much of theology ; even the poor ignorant *devotee* from the mountains of Kerry, who prays to “the Vargin to stand between him and all harm,” in case of trouble, will nevertheless be seen on a stormy day pointing to the clergyman as he walks the troubled deck, saying, with the characteristic blunder of his class, “Oh, there goes Jonah, who swallowed the whale !” I remember well a scene of excitement which presented itself on this voyage. It was night, when a continued hurricane redoubled its fury, and

the angry billows seemed determined on engulfing our noble ship ; she was dismantled of all canvas, and with bare masts left to ride out the gale. The desired haven of New York was not far distant, but a lee shore, and a furious storm, accompanied with snow and hail, seemed to render our destruction inevitable. At this crisis all appeared thoughtful, but when the captain gave orders to "take the soundings," and on finding every moment the shallow water increase, then great excitement commenced. The passengers, forgetful of all differences which had prevailed amongst them, congregated in small companies, expressing their fears and alarms to each other ; then the power of conscience might be seen, and a proof of what I have more than once observed in my travels, that he "who is brave towards men will be, in time of trouble, a coward towards God ;" terror then wrung from the guilty soul confession of its sins, and hearts that had concealed their numberless transgressions sought to unburden themselves. Many a deed of iniquity might have been confessed to me that night for the purpose of obtaining absolution ; but feeling convinced that none can forgive sins but He against whom they are committed, I could only, as His ambassador, declare the terms upon which God would admit them to pardon and forgiveness ; this,

however, did not satisfy my applicants, for the soul, when led astray to believe in "the Confessional," will still cling to its delusive pretensions, even in death. But the morning dawned ; the wind abated ; the snow cleared off ; the pilot discovered our whereabouts, and his friendly bark soon bore up alongside ; he came on board ; then our hearts, liberated from long-dreaded perils, rendered hearty thanksgivings to Him whose "pathway is in the sea, and who rides upon the storm."

At the time I speak of, New York was receiving its yearly accessions of emigrants from all the nations of Europe, but especially from Great Britain. At that period the stream of emigration from England to the North American Colonies passed through New York city, thus adding much to the trade and commercial importance of that place ; and, unfortunately, it so happened, that many who left England for her colonies were tempted to settle in the United States, merely from the necessity of making that country their route to their purposed destination. From this alternative many capitalists were lost to the British North American Colonies, as the well-settled and prosperous Republic, with its advanced civilisation and settlements, offered greater inducements for the profitable and secure investment of money. This the

British capitalist felt on landing at New York, and his attention was called to it by a “wide-awake people;” nor did it require much argument to convince him, that a country where all the comforts and conveniences of civilised life might be had at once was better to settle in than an infant and unsettled colony. The cry for “annexation,” also, which prevailed throughout the American Continent for years before and after 1837, rendered Canada so unsettled, as not only to cause many of its wealthy inhabitants to remove to the United States, but also to deter the better class of immigrants from settling there; thus our misfortunes, as well as our inactivity, increased the riches of the American Republic. But a wholesome check has some time since been given to this alienation of our emigrants from their original design of settlement, by the formation of lines of packet ships, whose passengers are landed at once on British soil, thus avoiding the temptations which I have described, and which present themselves with amazing force to the new comer on his landing at the metropolis of the great Republic.

But no matter from what cause, or how, the city of New York increased, it struck me on first seeing it as a city of which the Yankees may well be proud. For, though it has taken time to grow,

and, consequently, its *extent* may not create surprise, yet, there are so many evidences of its enormous trade, wealth, and magnificence, as to strike the emigrant on first landing with profound astonishment. But, if what I saw on first beholding the Yankee capital, and on mixing with its "go-ahead" inhabitants surprised me, I was equally interested in what I heard ; for I heard of "the almighty dollar!" its power in commerce and in politics. I heard some, also, "guess" if "the Union were not the finest Confederation on the face of the globe!" And if the people were not the freest? "all others being in bondage under the tyranny of kings or aristocratic governments." On hearing such strong professions of attachment, not only to the country, but also to "the powers that be," I could not help thinking that Yankee patriotism was at least as strong as the dollar, and that as long as the latter would last, the true-born American will ask with the poet—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land?"

But it was not my intention to remain any time in this great transatlantic city, though every comfort at a moderate price was to be had at its world-

renowned hotels. Onward to a less matured land I was bound, and onward I passed; the great and far-famed Niagara Falls lay in my path before I could reach Canadian territory. The steam-car had not then accomplished so much for America as of late years, accordingly a long portion of my journey to "the Falls" was by a stage-coach. When within four or five miles of the spot, I listened to hear the roar of the cataract, which the geography I learned from in my school-boy days assured me "could be heard at a distance of fourteen miles!" But, though not deaf, or suffering in the least degree from any defect in the organ of hearing, I could not distinguish the least sound, till I came within a mile or so of the scene. On arriving at the Falls I was not at first struck with their magnitude or grandeur, and in this I was not unlike others who accompanied me; but, on descending the staircase which led from the summit to the strand beneath, and on looking up and around, then I partially realised the immensity of nature's work. I say "partially," for the mind is too little to grasp at once the stupendous scene that is presented to it. All the works of nature are like Him who designed them; the small leaflet has its wonders, though they may not strike us at once; but medi-

tation opens the door to see, and so His larger works require examination before we can discern the operator. The microscope discloses wonders in nature which the eye cannot see ; but Niagara needs no aid from art to make us say, "this is the finger of God." Yes ! whatever man makes he never made this ! Such a conviction we cannot but entertain while witnessing for the first time those foaming cataracts, and listening to their eternal din. It is a grand world after all, that presents such marvels, enabling us to feel something of the power of the Great Architect. But, oh ! what a picture of life is here ! while we mark each impetuous torrent embracing its opponent, and then hastening to its common goal, and while doing so making room for another, and another ! which leaps upon the scene as if from the womb of night ; but, scarcely are they born when they also disappear, and others are ready to take their places and to keep up the endless repetition. Death and life are thus produced by the same power. Yes ! Longfellow must have gathered many of his inimitable ideas in "The Psalm of Life," by witnessing this great wonder of his native land. Beneath "the Falls" and beneath "the Falls" *alone* he must have heard nature's voice whispering to his poetic genius these very words—

“ Life is earnest, life is active,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Yet, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave ! ”

But, nature hangs a lamp overhead, or a diadem to signalise one of her greatest works—for a brilliant and ever-varying rainbow spans the entire Falls when the sun shines ; this is caused by the spray which rises from the rebound of the waters after they receive the final blow. If the turmoil of life and its rapid flow to the valley of death is portrayed in the scene *below*; so *above*, the encircling rainbow reminds us of the “ covenant-keeping God,” who sets his bow in the heavens, thus spanning the world’s miseries with an assurance of safety.

A scene, however, so beautiful and so worthy of the poet’s theme, or the artist’s pencil, has, nevertheless full many a record of painful reminiscences connected with it. For, many a fatal occurrence affecting human life has happened here ; the cries of hopeless entreaty and terror have often been mingled with the din of those waters ! imperceptibly the lake has wafted quietly on its bosom the unsuspecting canoe, till the current carried it beyond the region of hope, rendering any return impossible. They sailed at first upon a tranquil lake ; all was

calm and trustful for a time, though, imperceptibly, the downward tendency was increasing. Now and then, a small breaker would call attention to the rapidity of their course. Still, onward! until something more startling indicated the proximity of the abyss. The canoe is *then* turned, but *too late!* So in life, we enter upon courses that seem tranquil and free from danger, we are deaf to the voice of warning or remonstrance, till, too late, we see our error, and try to retrace our steps.

“ Seize the present hour, for all beside,
Is as a feather on a torrent’s tide ! ”

But “we are in a constant change,” and even Niagara is not proof against this law of mortality; for man’s labour has altered the surroundings of this renowned locality, so much as to have rendered the place difficult of recognition (to me at least) when I visited it some years afterwards; for the villages at both sides of the Falls had become large towns, and the various attractions were so multiplied as to make it a fashionable place of resort for the wealthy classes. A suspension bridge (one of the wonders of the world) has since been added, and a well supplied museum, which presents a valuable opportunity to the visitor of seeing excellent specimens of most of the natural objects of interest in the new world.

(2)
Niagara
Camp
1921

But let not the reader misunderstand me; for, in speaking of a change in the "surroundings," I do not mean to include "the Falls." These were the same as when I first saw them, and if ages had intervened between my visits, still the same they should have continued; for the hand of man can no more alter these, than it can "the stars in their courses;" for here we have one of those works, which, like the Creator Himself, are unchangeable—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

I cannot leave this subject, without feeling an apology to be necessary, for attempting to describe what so many abler pens have done so well; but as a fool may light his taper by the sun, so have I (while imbibing some of that inspiration which surrounds thy precincts, Niagara!) felt emboldened to present an offering on thy shrine! Accept it, reader! not as worthy of my theme, but as the best that I can give, "though poor the offering be."

The next place of importance was my destination; for the present, viz., Toronto, which was then a fine city, though its origin at the period I speak of was well remembered under the title of "muddy little York." The mud, however, had disappeared when I visited it; for, long well-paved streets, lined by flourishing shops, and costly suburban residences,

surrounded with ornamental shrubberies, manifested a solid commercial growth, which would have done credit to any city. Such was Toronto then, and though it has since ceased to be the metropolis city, yielding the palm to Ottawa merely because the latter place happens to be more central for the assembling of Parliament ; yet, Toronto is *the city* (at least) of the Upper Province, keeping pace with the times, and exhibiting a maturity of growth, in all that is needful to sustain its reputation of being a first-class British transatlantic city.

In due time I made my acquaintance with the Bishop of the diocese, by whom (as directed in my letters of appointment from home) I was to have my destination confirmed. The Bishop received me very kindly, and on reading my testimonials and credentials, expressed himself highly pleased, that I had selected his diocese for the sphere of my missionary labours ; but through kindness, his Lordship wished to alter my intention of going to "the Far West," where I would find civilisation so backward as to impose hardship, and vicissitudes for which the Bishop thought I might not be equal ; to tempt me, therefore, to abandon "the wilderness," he offered me a more desirable charge in a well-settled locality ; but as I left home with a missionary desire

to minister in the solitary and desolate places, and to seek some wandering sheep therein (feeling equal to my task both mentally and physically), I could not be persuaded by his Lordship to change my settled purpose, without a trial. Moreover, I did not "wish to build on another man's foundation," but to bring the ministry to those who were spiritually destitute, and who would not possess it, unless through my instrumentality—besides which, having my destination assigned by the Committee, under whose auspices I came to the colony (which at that period was the custom), I conceived, it bordered on unfaithfulness to my guardians, if I consented to any change without their approval. On representing this to the Bishop, his Lordship (though reluctantly) confirmed my appointment, and gave me an extensive license "to minister not only to our colonists but to any of the aboriginal inhabitants who might desire my ministrations residing at or near to Sarnia and the River St. Clair." This sphere of duty (presenting both colonists and Indians) was especially pleasing to me, though the nature of the duties which, in consequence, devolved on me, by such an appointment, I knew little of then, but shall describe before I conclude these "Reminiscences."

CHAPTER II.

A trip to a bush clergyman—A perilous journey—Commence my mission to the “Far West”—The Americans as travellers—The steamboat—A saloon dance—The negro steward’s prayer—An “inferior race” answered—Arrival at my destination—Necessity for the previous training of missionaries—Religious division—Viewed also in reference to the evangelisation of the heathen—Suspicions about our ministry—Confidence shaken—Who to blame—the rulers or the ruled?

ALTHOUGH my destination to the Western mission field was decided on (as explained in the former chapter), yet, in consequence of the spring not being far enough advanced, I was obliged to wait for the thawing of the ice on the lakes, before I could proceed by steamboat to the locality assigned to me. During the delay, however, I was advised to take a short trip to one of “the bush clergymen,” so as to obtain some practical information about the mode of prosecuting missionary movements, before I proceeded to the work on my own behalf. Feeling, therefore, the importance of obtaining some preliminary instructions of this kind, I at once made arrangements for my trip; and, in company with

a missionary student, who understood something of the information which I sought after, we set out one fine morning, with the intention of reaching, before sundown, the missionary settlement, where I hoped to remain for a few weeks, learning (like the young recruit) something of my first discipline. Our proposed route lay through rather an unfrequented path, which, though easily travelled during summer, was far otherwise on the breaking up of the roads in spring, after the long winter frosts. We engaged a small vehicle for the journey, which apparently had four wheels, though one of them should not have been counted, had we known its demerits. We had, likewise, a nag, with whom the winter had gone badly, as we might have reckoned all his bones; and though, at starting, all his legs seemed right, yet, one of them eventually proved as defective as the rotten wheel. However, we did not see those blemishes at once; and so, believing we were sufficiently equipped for our journey, we set off. While travelling on the macadamised road, all went as merry as a bell; but when we left that, then our troubles commenced. At once our road became narrower, and our rate of travel (in consequence of the mud) so slow, that "the shades of evening closed around," while little more than half

our journey was accomplished. At length, a deep rut broke our bad wheel, and then, our misfortunes commenced. As night was coming on, we pulled our vehicle out of the mud, and left it in the woods, determining to leave it there, till some future opportunity might present itself to have it removed. We now proceeded slowly on foot, leading our horse, whose bad leg seemed to sympathise so much with the waggon, as to make it difficult for him even to walk.

The sun had set for some time, and darkness had commenced, when I heard a noise similar to the beating of the waves on a rocky shore. My companion, at first, avoided giving me an answer to my enquiries about this noise,—as to what it was, and from whence it came ; but after a while, I soon found out, without any information from my guide, that the noise I heard, was caused by the howlings of some animals, that appeared coming nearer and nearer. Then I asked in amazement, “Are not these dogs that I hear barking ?” “No,” said my companion, somewhat reluctantly, “these are wolves, and hungry ones, too, in consequence of the starvation of a long winter ; but,” added he, “don’t be afraid, we can keep them at bay, should they come too close to be agreeable.” Having said this, he

proceeded to make a flambeau, of some hickory bark, taken from a neighbouring tree, and having set it on fire, he kept swinging it around him, whenever he thought our foes came too close. Thus we proceeded for some miles, till, in our haste and alarm, we lost our boots, for the mud had drawn them from our feet without the application of any bootjack. Then, our stockings shared the same fate, till we arrived at the missionary's house in a sad plight. Such, then, was the first specimen of mission life presented to me, which certainly was quite enough to damp my ardour in the good cause, and make me hesitate before I should commit myself to the vicissitudes of the far western mission I had undertaken. However, we forget our trials when they are passed, and I believe it mercifully ordered that we should. So, accordingly, the next day, I felt no way daunted, but rather amused, at the recollection of many trivial matters which occurred during our peregrination. I remained in this locality for the purpose for which I came, about two weeks, living almost in the saddle, and learning how to dash through mud, slush, and ruts, without fearing wolves, or the loss of boots. I tried to learn more, also,—viz., how to arrange preliminaries for meetings, to conduct station services, and

oh! (2)
I don't like

to organise Church movements for scattered populations. Having got an insight into such matters (but only an insight), I bade farewell to the missionary, retraced my steps to the city, and having procured the necessary outfit, I set off as soon as possible for the stray sheep in the far-off wilderness. My route lay through the lakes, commencing at the city of Buffalo, United States. Having reached this city, I embarked there on board one of the large high-pressure steamboats, plying between Chicago and Buffalo. This former place was then only a small town, but, in consequence of the unceasing supply of immigrants from Europe passing on to it, during all that period of the year, when the navigation permits, it has since become a populous city, of great commercial importance.

The first object of interest which strikes a traveller, recently arrived from Europe, when he comes to engage his berth on board an American steamship, is the enormous bulk in length and breadth, as well as height, which a first-class vessel presents—it appears like a floating palace, with its three decks, crowded with passengers, each eager to speak on whatever commercial pursuit he has chosen to follow—at night, when the spacious saloons, and their compartments, are lighted up, they seem a contrast indeed to the

dark frowning-like appearance which European steam-boats exhibit while sailing. But it is easier to describe the peculiarities of the American steamships than the people themselves—the mere tourist, who passes through the country, is confessedly an unsafe authority to depend upon, for a fair estimate of the Americans, simply, because he does not remain sufficiently long in the country to judge of their habits of thought or action. The emigrants from older lands are particularly struck with the political institutions of the Americans when they first settle there ; and, strange to say, the greater the dissimilarity in such matters, which the incomers from Europe find, to what they have been accustomed to at home, the more they like their adopted land. The man, for instance, who complained of tyranny at home, rejoices in the freedom of speech and action, which he finds in America ; and he who only learned the A B C of radicalism in his native country, becomes a full-fledged democrat after a few weeks' residence in the land of “the stars and stripes”—though, after a while, he will learn, that freedom in America is more in name than reality, and that it is threatened at times, with even greater dangers than in the land from whence he has come. But, if in many things we may err in our judgment of the Americans, there

is, however, one point in which we cannot be mistaken, viz., their travelling proclivities. It was on board this steamship in which I now found myself travelling from Buffalo to Chicago, that I first became acquainted with our "American cousins"—their kindness of manners, and desire to pass the time pleasantly, accommodating themselves to their circumstances, and making themselves at home, at once struck me as a marked characteristic of the people I now found myself amongst—for, while the passengers from other countries seemed ill at ease, and kept themselves aloof from each other in consequence of their not having been formally introduced, I could perceive the Americans waived the ceremony of introduction, and became friendly, merely because a man wanted a friend—thus, the tediousness of long journeys is avoided, and even anxieties for the time are forgotten—this method, however, of becoming acquainted so unceremoniously, may be abused (and sometimes doubtless is), but, it is a question, if the opposite habit of exclusiveness, lead not to greater evils, by generating distrust and hatred.

During my trip on board this steamboat, which continued a few days, there were many incidents which occurred that have left a vivid recollection on my mind ; but, from the many, I shall select one,

which I have more frequently thought on since, than any other, and which, perhaps, is more suitable for description in these reminiscences.

One evening, after tea had been served, and our magnificent saloon had been lighted up, while the moon outside was throwing her silvery light over the tranquil waters of Lake Erie, the waiters (many of whom were negroes with snow-white jackets) walked into the spacious apartment, and quickly removing all the tables, lined the sides of the saloon with benches and chairs; in a few moments afterwards (at the sound of a gong) all the lady and gentlemen passengers of the saloon walked in, and took their seats. I happened, also, to move on with them, and took my seat in company with others. At first I wondered what was going to take place, or what assemblage it was I formed one of; whether I was about to witness a play, or to hear a lecture, or to take part in a religious service; but I was not kept very long in suspense, for a company of musicians entered the saloon, carrying various instruments, fiddle, flute, "dulcimer, and all kinds of musick." Having seated themselves, they began to tune their violins; next, the captain walked up the centre, evidently bent on inviting his passengers to commence a dance. When he came opposite to me, he

walked towards me, and squaring his elbow invited me to rise and lead the dance. This was intended as a kindness, and done as a matter of respect, but, not seeing the consistency of a clergyman joining in a public dance, or indeed in any dance, I respectfully declined his invitation, and, bowing politely, left the saloon, thanking the captain, however, for the favour which he intended to confer on me. To some, no doubt, this appeared rude, but to a large majority of those present I had afterwards reason to know that this singularity called forth their approval—that dance, however, was a merry one, and many a mile of the placid lake was passed over, while the passengers tripped it on “the light fantastic toe.”

An incident, however, occurred to me after I left the joyous company, which, at the time, afforded me no small encouragement, and as it discloses an American prepossession respecting races, I shall describe.

On leaving the saloon I joined in the promenade going on, which I found outside, but, after a while, I retired to a distant part of the deck, and while looking over the side of the vessel, quietly admiring the glassy surface of the moonlit lake, thinking of my lone condition, and wondering what might be my success in missionary life, one of the stewards

of the boat, a negro, came quickly behind me, and addressing me, asked, "if I was going far?"

"Why do you ask me, friend?" I said.

"Because, sir," he answered, "I see you are a minister, and you will not be sorry to hear that I am a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I love all His people." After such an introduction, I cordially shook hands with him, and wished him joy in having chosen so glorious a Master. The history of this fine young man was one of great peril and adventure; for he had fled from the South in order to escape slavery; but his trials had been so great as to lead him to the cross. On parting with him he lifted up his hands, saying, in the most solemn manner, "May the Lord give you souls for your hire!" This, to me (situated as I then was) fell on my heart with much encouragement, and for many a day afterwards, I thought on the negro's opportune prayer, feeling, as if consecrated for my work, even by the heathen.

But, my conversation with this poor fellow was observed by some of my American fellow-passengers, who, shortly after, on speaking with me, observed, "We don't fraternise with niggers, or admit them to the same social scale as ourselves. They are, sir, an inferior race, and the Creator has branded them with

such visible marks of inferiority as to render any mixture or social intercourse with them impossible." "You may, gentlemen," I observed, "think on this subject as you please, but 'the book' that guides my opinion on such matters tells me, that "God has made of *one blood* all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitations, that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him." This answer proved too much for my opponents, and I have since read a book, entitled, "*The Pre-Adamite Man*," which seems to be a very ingenious little work (but not a wise one in my opinion); for, while the author may tell us of Pre-Adamite Stone, we are not prepared to admit *one word* about his Pre-Adamite Man, for this admits of no proof whatever from Scripture, while the inspired assurance of the Apostle, to which I have already alluded, is still further strengthened by the positive assurance that Adam was "*the first man*" (I Cor. xv. 45).

At length we approached Lake St. Clair, thence onward to Detroit (the capital city of the State of Michigan) till we entered the River St. Clair, after sailing up which for a few hours, I was informed my destination was close at hand. Just at midnight

the steamer stopped, and put in at a long dark wharf, which projected into the river; here I got out with luggage, and such materials as were necessary to commence a wilderness home. The "floating palace" in which I had travelled having deposited its freight, pushed off from the landing-place, its ponderous wheels revolving with rapidity, and carrying off the very pleasant company with which I had spent a few happy days, free from care or anxiety; but, how suddenly reversed my circumstances! for in a moment I found myself deprived of every companion, standing on a lonely wharf at midnight, and that, too, on some rotten planks, through whose fissures I could perceive the dark water of a strong current beneath, added to which was the feeling of a stranger in a strange land! As soon as the puffing noise of the high pressure steamer in which I came had died on the midnight breeze, I then heard distinctly the distant howlings of the wolves, with which I was once made familiar (as already described). It was then I realised (in imagination at least) the dreadful fate of the missionary, who, after immense toil and unnumbered perils (encountered, while passing the arid sands of the African desert), was found—

"Eaten on the plains of Timbuctoo,
Blood! and bones! and hymn book too!"

But as “there is a time for every thing under the sun,” so it was time for me to think over the unpleasant position in which I found myself,—suddenly thrust out from a joyous and busy world, into the gloom of silent darkness, broken only by the howlings of wolves; but scarcely had I begun to move, and to proceed towards the land, when a danger threatened me of which I had no conception before, for every step I took revealed the insecurity of the planks upon which I stood. Some were worse for wear, and others seemed to have been removed by workmen recently engaged in mending the breaches; jump after jump, however, brought me clear of danger, and having, at length, reached the shore, I succeeded in discovering a house, where I aroused from sleep, a gentleman, whom I afterward found to be a valuable auxiliary in my work. From him I received a pressing invitation to occupy a room in his house, till my arrangements should be decided on, as to a permanent residence in the locality.

Being now on the mission ground, it was some time before I could realise the importance of my position, or feel alive to the responsibilities which devolved upon me. The field was almost boundless, “the harvest plenteous,” and the labourers of the Church of England—one! for I stood alone. The people

were scattered over an immense area, isolated from each other, and living without any regular means of grace ; occasional ministrations were, indeed, supplied to the settlements by a few ministers of the Christian denominations, but no missionary of the Church of England had, up to that period, ever visited this far western section of the province ; the distance between me and any clergymen of the Church was seventy-five miles in one direction, and thirty in another. I felt, therefore, I had no time to lose, and that, as “ Jacob was small,” I should endeavour, in God’s name and strength, to enlarge his bounds.

In looking, however, to myself, I felt convinced of my utter inability to meet the requirements of that vast territory ; for the inexperience of youth, as well as my deficiency in the *practical duties of my office*, deterred me much, and made me feel, at first, my incompetency in comparison, to those experienced hands and able preachers that occasionally crossed my path. True, I had been carefully and expensively prepared for the ministry. I was no novice in theological study ; from my earliest years I felt the ministry was to be my calling, and my sainted mother thought so too. But now, when I was on the ground, with my hand to the plough, and about to teach others, as well as to commence Church move-

ments in my own unaided judgment, I felt somewhat like the recruit, who is suddenly sent into the battle-field, without ever having tried his weapons, or learned how to use them. Perhaps, if my training had been different—if there had been less of theory and speculative study required of me, and more practical vine-yard work taught me, before I stood on the mission field—I should have felt myself better able to cope with the difficulties of planting and sowing to which I was immediately called ; and here is the very point wherein we lack organisation as a Church. And while we continue thus defective, while we train not the man for the peculiar emergencies which missionary life requires, Christ's inheritance among the heathen will be slowly gathered, if gathered at all. We may pray for success, but until the missionaries are prepared for their work by the proper agencies, and instrumentalities, our labour will be, comparatively, unremunerative, and we shall be found, like the disciples, casting the net wrongly, and “toiling all the night, and catching nothing,”—nothing, I mean, in comparison to the harvest to be gathered, or the labour expended.

Were I to describe the essential qualifications of a missionary from whom a society may confidently expect success when they send him forth, I would say, first of all, let him be well educated in religious and

secular knowledge. Whether the secular be imparted to him by the University or not, is of little importance, in my opinion ; but however he comes to possess it, such knowledge is not to be despised, for, when sanctified, it becomes a powerful weapon in the hands of the missionary. It is also of paramount importance, that he should have a thorough knowledge of Scriptural truth, and be fully competent to preach it from "the abundance of the heart." Written sermons may do for settled congregations, but, unquestionably, they should *never* be used by the missionary whose heart is in his calling, and who looks for success in that calling. So far, then, for his spiritual and mental qualifications ; but these qualifications should be attended with others equally as essential to success, viz., good health and strength of body, endurance of fatigue, and a practical knowledge of medicine, and how to treat ordinary diseases. Some knowledge also of surgery should, if possible, be acquired. I have frequently seen the latter qualification strengthen the hands of the missionary, so much as to have obtained an influence in his favour, where neither himself, or his office, would have been tolerated. We may well take a leaf out of the Jesuits' book in these matters, for their amazing success in North China, and other heathen lands, is mainly to be attributed to the attention which

they pay to the practical sciences, and their application of them to the circumstances and necessities of the people amongst whom they labour. Of late years, indeed, some missionary training schools have been established for the purpose of obtaining suitable men, and of exercising them for a few years in those qualifications which the mission field will require of them, the moment they enter on its duties ; but, I fear, such foresight, in the selection and preparation of the men, is rather an exception, than an *imperative rule*.

There is an evil which presents itself at once, in the furtherance of missions, whether in colonial or heathen lands, which demands of the missionary great prudence to deal with, and a temper which not many *naturally* possess. I say “naturally,” for here, God’s special grace must be sought after, to impart that charity which “beareth all things,” and “is not easily provoked.” I am led thus early to speak on the subject of religious differences, in the labourers of the mission field, as my first heart-burnings arose from these. Young and ardent minds may be zealous and energetic in promoting the Lord’s work, and yet wrongly disposed towards those who may conscientiously differ from them,—the spirit which magnifies “mole-hills into mountains,” is easily fallen into in religion, as our sinful

nature makes little allowances for the convictions of others, and, instead of condoning, will rather sharpen weapons for attack ; but grace will teach us to shun what may divide, and “to follow peace with all men,” especially, with those *who are on our side*, in lessening wickedness in the world, and in opposing the kingdom of darkness. Now, in populous neighbourhoods, whether at home or abroad, the evils arising from religious division, may not be felt, or, if felt, may not provoke the least hostility in word or action ; but in localities where people live far from each other, so far, indeed, that though we might collect all within an area of five or six miles, for public worship, we may, notwithstanding, find in the assembly only a few belonging to any one denomination of Christians,—it is, therefore, manifest that the religious differences prevailing amongst a congregation thus gathered, not only hinder unity, but prevent co-operation in securing an able and efficient ministry ; for the temporal support is so weakened by this division of interests, that no adequate maintenance will be guaranteed under such circumstances ; but a far more serious evil follows on the heels of this spiritual division,—love is lost ; alienation and estrangement follow,—till Ephraim envies Judah, and Judah, Ephraim ; thus, good is

*Verdict given
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also*

often hindered, by the introduction of the principle condemned by the Apostle, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Christ ;" but since these differences exist (and possibly there are circumstances under which it may be better that they should), the missionary will ever have to be on his guard against the spirit which they generate,—a spirit not only fostered, but too often justified, by those who yield to it. If, however, we would only remember, that those from whom we differ, and whose sentiments we condemn, are equally as conscientious in differing from us, then such a tolerance of each other might be learned, as not to interfere with brotherly love. May God, in His mercy, heal our divisions, and impart to all who name the name of Christ, more of the spirit of love and forbearance which shone in the life of our glorious Exemplar at all times, while under the greatest provocations,—a love which cordially helps us to say, with the Apostle, "Grace be with *all* those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, "whether theirs, or ours."

But, when we speak of religious division in reference to *heathen* lands, a more important subject can scarcely occupy our minds as Christians ; for if it be not an unmixed evil at home, or amongst Christians in colonial lands ; if some good appear

from it under a refined civilisation, where toleration, and equal rights, are understood, and secured to us,—it is far otherwise in heathen lands. There, religious division becomes an *unmitigated evil*, and every Christian philanthropist ought to try and protect heathen lands from its introduction. Is it impossible to do so? impossible to diminish religious strife and discord in presenting the Gospel to the untutored heathen? Could not the Church of England, as well as those churches which have arisen since the Reformation, and who take a foremost part in the cause of missionary enterprise in heathen lands, combine, in promoting some evangelical organisation, so as to save such spiritually destitute souls from the heart-burnings of religious division?

At home, or in seeking to plant the Church amongst our colonists, we may, perhaps, without injury to the cause of Christ, manifest a decided and exclusive preference for that particular Church polity to which we are attached; and thus we may "agree to differ," while ministering for Christ amongst a people who understand the nature of such differences. But, in heathen lands, this diversity of ministration amongst the missionaries assumes a more serious aspect. I have seen it puzzle and confound the heathen, on witnessing the estrangement

and alienation which it causes amongst the missionaries themselves,—and from them it reaches their converts also. More than once have I been asked by the untutored Indian (and frequently I have known other missionaries, of whom the same enquiry has been made), to account for the evil of which I speak, and to explain to them, why a religion of peace, and good-will to all, should sow dissensions, and perpetuate strifes? True, it is a feature in Christ's religion (as He Himself taught), to create differences, and to divide households; but such division arises from the contest of good with evil, of light with darkness. This is a necessary consequence of receiving the truth, and is easily understood by the heathen; but, the *external* diversity caused by denominational Shibboleths, is purely accidental, and ought to be guarded against as much as possible in opening *fresh ground* amongst the heathen. It would, therefore, be a movement of vital importance to the welfare of the unnumbered millions now about to be sought after by the British Churches, if a determination were arrived at, for all to combine in sending forth *evangelists*, pledged to one platform of fundamental truth and polity, calling themselves by one name; men who would seek to "preach nothing but Christ, and Him crucified,"

amongst the heathen, upon whose banner would be inscribed the truly catholic motto,—

“Let sects, and names, and parties fall,
And Jesus Christ be all in all.”

But, alas ! this might be too much to expect from our fallen humanity ; and, doubtless, the proposal will seem Utopian (if not worse), to those who never realised the difficulties incurred by seeking the heathen on their own soil, through different and adverse organisations ; but those who have experienced such difficulties—though they may yield to none in their attachment to the peculiarities of their own Church—yet, often feel convinced that, if all who labour in purely heathen lands, were pledged by an organisation to maintain only what is essential, and to agree in what is merely accidental to Christianity, the blessings which we would then bring to the heathen, would be freer from human infirmity, and would not excite any of those jealousies from which the Gospel of peace and good-will ought to protect them. Independent evidence of the evils resulting from religious division in such lands as those I speak of, is valuable, when afforded by those in a fair position of judging of its results. Such evidence I find in a small volume, recently put forth by the British Consul at Shanghai, Mr. Medhurst.

In speaking on many subjects of interest connected with China, and its inhabitants, he introduces a chapter "on missionaries," whose labours he duly appreciates, and after a residence of thirty years in that country, one would think he ought to be a competent judge of what is useful or otherwise, in the furtherance of missionary influences in that land. The passage which bears on the subject of religious division, is all that I have at present to mention, which is as follows:—"I think I am only doing the Protestant missionaries justice, when I state that their efforts have been attended with exceptional success. Their progress, however, might have been more marked in my opinion, could they *have been more content to leave denominational differences at home.*" I italicise the last sentence, as it accords precisely with my own experience in a different land, and under different circumstances. The negroes of the southern states of America, living in a land where religious division prevails, have, from the first, expressed their embarrassment in trying to understand, or reconcile the divided state of the Christian Church, with what they believe will be realised in heaven. The story of "the vision," though we may not credit it, is, notwithstanding, a faithful representation of the heathen mind in all lands, respecting

the Shibboleths of Christians. "I dreamed, massa," said a negro, "that I formed one of a multitude, while we were about to enter the bright portals of heaven. I saw an angel at the gate, asking each, as he entered, to what he belonged? One would answer, 'I belong to the Episcopal Church,' and at once he was sent to the enclosure designed for such ; so with the Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Baptists, till all were penned up in their own enclosures. Well, at last it came to my turn, and on being asked to what I belonged ? I said, 'I have no people to help me here, or claim me ; I believe in Jesus ; I am a Christian.' 'Oh !' said the angel ; 'you are the freest of all; you can enter, and go where you wish.'"

But I now return to my personal narrative of missionary progress. Having passed my novitiate, or first seasoning, I was by degrees enabled to enlarge my sphere of operations, till, at length, I saw some fruit of my labours ; and God was pleased to overrule such errors of judgment as generally accompany inexperience, to the furtherance of the great cause I had at heart ; for I was permitted to lay the foundations of many Church movements, which have been well sustained by zealous successors.

Although desirous of avoiding any mention of a

subject, in these pages, that might give umbrage to any reader, yet some reference must be made to it, while describing the religious feeling or sentiment entertained by those not belonging to the Church of England, when, as her missionaries, we tread the tangled wilderness of our colonies, for the purpose of holding Divine worship. With great sorrow I feel compelled to say, that frequently I was not welcomed by many, merely because I was a minister of the Church of England ! The Church is not regarded in "the desolate places" as she once was. Many, not belonging to her Communion, once regarded her, notwithstanding, with affection and esteem, as "the bulwark of Protestantism," and "the exponent of Scriptural truth ;" but, alas ! of late years, this glorious reputation has been sullied, and the tongue of the defamer, in colonial lands especially, is loud against the Church and her ministry. This feeling of suspicion and hostility has originated from the advocacy of those principles put forth some years since by the Oxford Tract writers, as well as from the secession of many of the clergy of the home Church, to Romanism. An evil of this nature does not confine itself to this country, it reaches every dependency of the British crown, provoking hostility on the one hand, and creating sympathisers on the other—yes, and that

too amongst missionaries. The clerical mind has a sort of animal magnetism about it, so that amongst a number of men, there will always be found some willing to leave the fountain of truth, for error, especially if recommended by influential writers. It is so here at home, and must be so abroad, for,

“Cœlum, non animum mutant
Qui trans mare currunt.”

The Protestantism of our colonies is, however, sincere and uncompromising, and, therefore, watches with a jealous eye any undervaluing of the principles of the Reformation, or any of those innovations which strive to accompany the teaching of this new theology. The preachers of the various denominations of Protestants, at the time I speak of, thought it necessary to give a Sabbatical warning against the Romanising tendencies of this new school, though I often thought their denunciations might have been less frequent, and that the time spent in exposing such errors from the pulpits, might have been made more profitable to their hearers, by simply preaching “the truth as it is in Jesus.” In consequence, however, of this sensitive opposition towards the Church of England, many of her own members were led to entertain a repugnance even to her legitimate teaching, as well as a suspicion towards her clergy. From many instances

of this which my memory supplies me with, I select the following, to show how colonists, who were brought up in the home Church, and who were trained by her ministry before this recent attempt to revive doctrines and practices which the Reformation repudiated, feel towards her now, and the want of confidence in our ministrations, which sometimes we experience in the performance of our duty. On one occasion I travelled many miles to reach a distant settlement in the vicinity of Lake Huron, where I had previously appointed to hold service, in accordance with the desire of a good number of settlers. On my arrival at the place of rendezvous, I found a very large number of people assembled, not only for worship, but also to have their children baptised. As it happened to be about one half-hour before sunset, and not wishing to disturb the congregation during service, I ordered the candles to be lighted before I commenced. This was accordingly done, and after service, as usual, the people dispersed to their several localities, homeward ; but, lo ! a murmur reached me, after a few days, to the effect that "I was sadly tainted with the notions of the new theology, about the symbolism of candles, and that I appeared to think Divine service required that aid to render it more efficacious!" Now, although I could smile at all this, yet it was believed

by many, and it proved to my mind the existence of a sad want of confidence in the ministry, and that the mistaken men at home, who had agitated such questions, had unsettled the minds of our people, even in the wilderness. *Before* such sentiments as those to which I allude were advocated, by ministers of the Church of England—*before* we heard of secession from her ranks to Romanism, and before we had any advocacy of that ceremonial which consecrates the altar more than the worshipper, thus reviving the most fatal error of the Jewish, as well as of the Christian Church, we were welcomed, and had no suspicion of our ministry to encounter amongst the scattered denizens of the forests. It was a sufficient confidence then, and secured co-operation at once, to go amongst them merely as a minister of the Church of England, but *now* it is otherwise. Now, we are coldly and cautiously received as ministers, even by our own people, until they prove, by our individual teaching, whether we come amongst them to sow poison or truth—to preach salvation by “the Church,” or by Christ. We know of One who “came to His own, but His own received Him not;” and this suspicion towards, or rejection of our Lord’s ministry, was by no means the least trial in the life of Jesus, and yet this unpleasantness is added to the other

trials which await the true-hearted missionary and servant of the Church in these days, and the origin of it is patent to every one; for it can only be attributed to the change of religious feeling, sentiment, and doctrine, which first was advocated, then tolerated, but now followed by so many ministers of the Church, as to render it doubtful who is free from sympathising with this spiritual development. True, the Church has not changed her formularies, but her discipline is so relaxed, or so difficult to put in force, as to cause evils to be tolerated with a cruel forbearance. It is often asked in colonial lands, of late years especially, “who is to blame for the sufferance of such strange fire presented in our National Churches?—the rulers, or the ruled ?” If any responsibility attach to the former, the question is easily answered.

CHAPTER III.

The episcopate—The Bishop of Toronto—A brief sketch of his character—His abstemiousness—A chaplain caught—The Northmen “too far north for me”—Political influences, and the Bishop’s struggles for commutation, and the University—A missionary’s lonely dwelling—The remedy for a bachelor missionary—An attempt to immortalise the ague—The ferry, and Mormonism—Sin in solitary places—The bigamist and my nocturnal visitor.

I COMMENCE this chapter by recalling some of my reminiscences of the Bishop of the diocese in which I laboured, as every missionary must of necessity have much to do with the episcopate under whose jurisdiction he is placed. At the time I speak of, the diocese of Toronto was one and undivided, extending over the entire of the Upper or Western Province ; since, however, it has been divided into three, viz., Toronto, Huron, and Kingston.

Bishop Strachan, or the first Bishop of Toronto, under whom I served while in the Canadian Church, was a remarkable man in many respects ; and as the Church of England in Upper Canada owes him a deep debt of gratitude, for his able and indefatigable

exertions in her behalf in very trying times, some reminiscences of his Lordship might prove interesting to the reader, though a very short sketch indeed must suffice.

To those who knew him well, the Bishop appeared a very warm and sympathising friend in difficulties, though, at times, he could not only be cold, but harsh, enough to show that “he did not bear the sword in vain.” However, if there were faults, there were virtues of a very high order, which more than made amends for the imperfections. In him there was an unflinching tenacity of purpose, yet a kind and fatherly heart when affliction or bereavement entered the households of his clergy. In settling, however, the difficulties or disputes arising in parishes, he was thought by many to manifest rather too much leniency towards the influential or aristocratic portion of a congregation, and when a clergyman had this against him, it was taken for granted he was wrong : the testimony of poorer brethren (though legion) was useless to set aside or modify the judgment. This, however, is an error which bishops, from their position, whether at home or abroad, are liable to fall into ; and few men possess that natural sagacity which might protect them from it. But the chief proof of the Bishop of Toronto’s consummate ability

lay in the vigour and finished style of his episcopal charges ; these were delivered triennially, and all the clergy were obliged to be present, unless illness might prevent. The description given of the Church of England in these charges was truthful and telling, every danger was explained, and the designs of political foes unmasked, while the progress of the Church was not forgotten, or the spiritual destitution which remained for her to relieve. Such, then, to speak briefly, in my judgment, was the Bishop of Toronto, beneath whose rule the Canadian Church grew and extended her stakes far and wide. He was small of stature, and of an iron constitution, capable of enduring great fatigue, and never intimidated by the severity of the climate. Scarcely were the roads ready to travel after the snows and ice of winter, when his carriage was in readiness, and his long list of confirmation appointments announced in the public newspapers. And full well he kept such appointments, for the moment the hour came for service, the aged verger was ready to precede his Lordship, carrying the pastoral staff, for this badge of office Bishop Strachan always used, both in town and country. Some seemed pleased with this adherence to old usage, but others regarded it (amongst whom, I fear, I must class myself) as better omitted

than observed, at least in the backwoods, where the unsophisticated rustics were always puzzled to know what connection there was, between the temporal staff of the earthly shepherd and the spiritual one of the heavenly.

The abstemiousness of the Bishop's living while making those protracted annual peregrinations, or pilgrimages, through his diocese I have often wondered at. He never took more than two very frugal meals per day. He allowed no time for luncheon, and all suppers he most scrupulously abstained from. Instead of tea he used milk-and-water, and seldom took more than one sort of meat at his meals. In manners he was most sociable and agreeable when remaining at any of the houses of his clergy, the children always coming in for a large share of his attention. He seldom travelled with a chaplain without expecting a conformity to the same rules of self-restraint as he followed himself; not that he enjoined such rules, but he would take care not to give time to break them, by refusing to stop his horses, or delay on the road. "If an old man can do without this," he would say, "so can a young one." On one occasion the Bishop invited one of the clergy to travel with him as chaplain. For some days the clergyman conformed to the regimen

followed by his chief, though he felt, at times, rather inclined to break it, and would have done so were he not afraid of being discovered, for in that case the Bishop knew how to “roast” the delinquent with a little satire. The chaplain, however, on the occasion to which I allude, thought he would use a little foresight, and steal a march on his Lordship. Accordingly, while the horses were baiting, for a short time, at a tavern which happened to be near to a missionary’s house, the chaplain got out of the carriage, remarking to the Bishop that “he wished to have a run, as his feet were cold, and he would join him again about a mile ahead.” “Oh, very well,” said the Bishop; “but mind, do not be off the road while I am passing.” Having received this caution, the chaplain ran quickly to the neighbouring missionary’s house; on entering which, after a hurried shake hands, he said, “I want something to eat—quick! The Bishop is proceeding on the road, and I intend to join the carriage when passing at the forge. His brother, in a moment, understood “the situation,” and the precise circumstances under which this application for food was made; consequently, refreshments were provided as quickly as possible; but alas! “there are many slips between the cup and the lip,” for, the Bishop shrewdly

suspecting that his chaplain thought more of the keenness of his appetite than the coldness of his feet, came after him, not quickly, but "judiciously slow;" so that when his lordship entered the house suddenly, he found his fellow traveller with a well-spread table of viands before him, and in the act of putting a glass of wine to his mouth. "Oh," said the Bishop to the confounded chaplain, "I thought so! Your feet seem very close to your mouth; what relieves one, possibly comforts the other. Why, maun," (the Bishop was a Scotchman) "if ye were born north of the Tweed ye would do better for this coontry. I wish all my clergy came from that part." This, though said jocosely, was remembered, somewhat to the prejudice of the Bishop, for a long time after. It might have been wiser, however, not to have said it; but "*nemo sapit omnibus horis.*"

There were many racy stories told, from time to time, of the good old Bishop, which would appear to have increased with his years, for he lived to a great age, and remained in harness "cruelly long." At present I am reminded of one of these from the circumstance above related. The Bishop's predilection for his own tongue, as well as for his "ain kin," was well known, and occasionally it induced "a rara

avis" to seek a charge in the diocese. On one occasion, while dismissing to their localities a few of "the pure breed," the Bishop is reported to have said, "Now, guid-bye to ye ; may ye prasper. But yeâel do weel to forget yeâer brogue as soon as ye can, for this coontry can do weel enow wi'out it." On some occasions, however, I certainly thought the Bishop himself needed this advice, and one of these was the first time I heard his Lordship officiate in public. It was just when I arrived in the colony, and was appointed to take part on the following Sunday in the cathedral service. It was then I first heard the Bishop read, and so very strange did his pronunciation seem to me, that I could not understand five words out of a dozen which he uttered. But when he repeated the Creed, and said, "Kem doon from heeven aboove," I then thought his Lordship came "too far north for me." But it was a thought only ; for his ability as a ruler, and his intimate knowledge of (from a long residence in the colony) the political influences which were maturing themselves to alienate all "State aid" from the support of religion, proved him to be the very man the emergencies of the Church required. True, indeed, "the Secularist" prevailed, for the cry of spoliation was so successfully raised, that religion was sent

"a-begging," and the Church of England in the colony lost her patrimony, viz., all share in "the clergy reserves." The lands, so-called, were set apart by the Crown of Great Britain for the maintenance of the Protestant religion in the colony, and were secured by Royal Charter for this purpose, but after a severe political contest, they were alienated from the support of religion. Voluntaryism seems to be the rule of colonial legislation, especially where "responsible government" (so-called) has been obtained. "State aid" is considered, by such legislatures, as a "needless crutch, injurious to spiritual life both in the clergy and laity," especially cramping the offerings of the latter. Bishop Strachan, however, did not yield the just claim which he considered the Church of England had to the clergy reserves without a struggle, and a successful one, too, for he obtained a liberal commutation, which, being freed from the possibility of any parliamentary interference, proved a satisfactory settlement of the question. One other act, also, redounds to the credit of Bishop Strachan's memory, viz., the erection of a university which honours God by a religious test at matriculation ; an essential so important, one would think ought to have been readily granted, but the people being enamoured with what was then called

“a godless university,” the Bishop left them to their devices, and advocated the erection of buildings where God would be honoured, and His name remembered ; nor was his Lordship’s advocacy unavailing, for in due time the new university was built and opened, having its staff of learned professors, whose labours were soon available in completing the studies of a numerous alumni.

But I must now confine my observations more to personal narrative, and this will be more pleasant, if not to the reader, at least to myself, for, while speaking of others and their actions long past, memory may prove treacherous unintentionally, but in describing transactions in which I was personally concerned, the impression is more durable, and the possibility of an erroneous statement greatly diminished.

When I felt satisfied that my advent to the locality which I had chosen to evangelise, was beginning to tell on the thinly-settled district, and a few Church movements were in progress, then I began to think of my own comfort, and that it was time for me “to settle down,” to speak colonially. I had often read of Robinson Crusoe being “monarch of all he surveyed,” while alone in the solitary region, which filled him with “alarms,” but I never fully realised the force

of his soliloquy, till I found myself similarly circumstanced, for I had chosen a lonely cot, situated in a retired part of the banks of the River St. Clair, for my residence. On one side of me the surveyor had laid out a village, "to be," as only one inhabitant resided there ; in my rear was an impenetrable forest, which not even the woodsman had yet traversed ; before me was the State of Michigan, from which I was separated by the far-famed river already mentioned. Here, then, I lived, repairing to my cot after missionary toil. Solitary beings visited me by day, and if they found me from home, my man-servant (whom the settlers called "Friday") entertained them ; but this state of things could not long last, or give any permanent satisfaction, accordingly I might be seen to take the usual measures to induce another to share this loneliness with me, to accomplish which I was induced to take sundry trips by steamboat to a neighbouring clergyman, "neighbouring," if some seventy miles can be called so. The result of such visits was that, in due course of time, one fine autumn morning, while the leaves were beginning to fall, and the wintry blasts were threatening to bring in the snow flakes, I then also made a move, which was this, to set on foot an unusual commotion in the old village of Sandwich (if any place in the new world can be called "old"), by

causing the church bells to notify to the inhabitants that "a marriage had taken place," after which, I led my bride to the humble cot on the banks of the fast and fair flowing river St. Clair, where, if magnificence kept aloof, and a primitive simplicity reigned around, yet peace and contentment took possession of the inmates, witnessed, indeed, only by a few now and then, but not the less enjoyable on that account. Such, then, was my remedy for a bachelor missionary, at least for such a bachelor as had come to the conclusion—"it is not good for man to be alone."

The first winter spent by a settler in such a climate as North America is oftentimes very trying, if passed near swamps, or in the vicinity of rivers. The locality in which I lived had some of these drawbacks, which escaped my notice when I first pitched my tent; but I was quite soon enough reminded of my mistake, for when the first instalment of the winter's snow fell, an unwelcome visitant (to speak metaphorically), knocked at my door, and, without being invited to enter, took up his abode with me. I was warned of his approach some days previously, but was in hopes he would pass me by, when, unexpectedly, and while in the midst of missionary operations, he laid his icy hand on me, causing me to shake and shiver, though roasting myself before a well-replenished, blazing wood fire.

The unbidden guests which entered Hiawatha's wigwam, were not more gloomy, or unwelcome, than the one which intruded himself on my notice at this time, for we are told—

“ Into Hiawatha’s wigwam
Came two ghosts, and they were gloomy,
Did not parley at the doorway ;
Sat there without word, or welcome,
In the seat of Laughing Water :
Looked with haggard eyes, and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.”

Such was the first visit of that fell disease ague to my cot, on the commencement of my first Canadian winter. This disease prostrates both body and mind, unfits for mental labour, and would have rendered it a difficult matter to have colonised the early American settlements, were it not for the discovery of that invaluable medicine “quinine.” It was a pity Longfellow did not portray some of his heroes, in his Indian poem, in the ague, for then he would have immortalised that gloomy disease. As a laurel, therefore, may be gathered by a less ambitious muse, in celebrating this troubler of flesh and blood, I shall venture, in Hiawathian style, to sing of

THE AGUE.

Oh ! the dreadful, shivering ague !
How it came into my dwelling !

How it shrivelled up my vitals !
And consigned me to oblivion
All the time I lay in sickness !
Lay in sickness, ever grieving !
While the people, ever wondered
If the patient would recover
Or, pass onward—to “the Island,”
“ Happy Island of the Blessed !”

None were free from this intruder,
For, it entered every household :—
Silent foe to merry-making !
Is this burning tertian ague !
Thus, it was with Sandy Grundy ;
When he left his “ ain dear country,”
And became a lonely woodsman ;
All seemed bright, at first, around him,
But, while at his fireside sitting,
Idly sitting after dinner,
Thinking of “ old folks at home,”
Then he felt the ague shiver,
And his frame (though strong and sturdy),
Quivered like an aspen leaf ;
When the autumn winds assail it.
Soon, he lay with limbs distended,
Lay along his cabin floor,
And while writhing—shaking—shivering,
All the building shared his torment ;
Every board on which he lay,
Creaked and jostled in its fixings ;
Till the ceiling and the rafters
Felt the motion of the strong man,
Shaking always, when he shook ;
Till the Scotchman and his building,
Seemed but one in thought and feeling.
Oh the dreadful, tertian ague !!

But the burning fiery fever,
Which on ague's heels doth follow,
Is as action, and reaction
In the laws of mind and matter ;
For the chills of gloomy ague,
Soon give place to adverse feelings ;
Warm at first, but now increasing,
Till the fever gathers fierceness,
And the brain partakes of frenzy.
Thus it was with " Piko-wee-wee "
(If the tale be right related)
When the fever reached his vitals,
And the pain assailed his temples ;
In hot haste he fled his wigwam,
Rushing on a full day's journey,
Till he came to cooling water,
Into which he ran as quickly,
As a patient flies to physic,
When disorder pains assail him ;
And, at first the water cooled him,
Drew the fever from his vitals,
Then it heated—till it simmered !
Simmered—till it boiled around him !
Then his scalding flesh fell from him,
Like the snow flakes in the winter,
Till his frame became unsightly,
And his bones so sadly naked,
That he shamed to see his fellows ;
And being loth to shock their feelings,
He remains beneath that water,
Free from ague chills and fever ;
Free from thirst, or hunger's craving.
There he lies, both warm and cosy,
Sending forth a steam above him,
Like a hot spring in the desert ;

Though, in every ague season,
That small lake emits a groaning,
When the neighbours go to hear it ;
Who, in honour of the victim,
Call that little lake of water
By the name of " Piko-wee-wee."

But, 'tis said, by those who hear it,
That at times a voice keeps singing
(Ever since this dire misfortune
Happened to this squalid Indian),
Gently singing, like a wild bird,
Every note in " Piko-wee-wee."
How this happened I will tell you
(For the theme is not unpleasant).
It is said, the mournful echo,
Which upon the breeze was wafted
While the Indian's widow chaunted,
" Piko-wee-wee, Piko-wee-wee ! "
Caused a passing bird to loiter
On his journey, and to wonder
What it was the winds were saying !
When he quickly caught the first note,
Then the second, and the third note,
Till he learned all the ditty !
Then he joined the widow's hymnal ;
She took base, and he took alto,
While they chaunted both together,
" Piko-wee-wee, Piko-wee-wee ! "

But the widow's dirge is over,
And her wailing stirs no echo ;
For old time has long consigned her
To the region of the blessed,
Happy land, where Indian's sorrow
Ne'er can raise a murmuring echo !

But the small bird (not unmindful
Of this change in all things mortal),
Taught his nestlings, ere they fled forth,
Taught them well the widow's hymnal ;
So that now, their evening chorus
(Though the base notes may be silent)
Fills the air with gladsome echo
All around the lonely waters ;
Never tiring, always singing,
“ Piko-wee-wee ! Piko-wee-wee !! ”
But I must clip my muse's wings,
And speak in other strains—of other things.

In the locality assigned to my charge were two villages, Port Sarnia and Sutherland, the former was a small place, situated at the entrance of the navigation into Lake Huron, and thus it may be said to have occupied an important position. At this time, however, there was so little to cause me to settle at Port Sarnia, or to induce me to make it the place of my residence, or chief congregation, that I selected in preference the village of Sutherland, twelve miles lower down the river, as the centre of my missionary operations. At Port Sarnia, however, I held many services, being much encouraged to do so by a retired navy captain residing there, whose kindness and hospitality I was obliged to draw largely on. The soil around Port Sarnia was for miles very sterile and sandy, which retarded the settlement in its vicinity.

But of late years a railroad from London (in the interior) has so added to the prospects of the port, as to make Sarnia an important place. A ferry also, which was in constant requisition in conveying passengers or goods to the American town opposite, seemed to add much to the traffic of the locality at the period I speak of.

While speaking, however, of this ferry, I am reminded of an event, which, as it bears upon the state of religion in colonial life, may appropriately be mentioned in these "Reminiscences." I found waiting for transport at this place, on one occasion, a large number of waggons, drawn by horses in good condition for travelling ; each vehicle had an awning of large dimensions attached, sufficiently so as to afford shelter for a family beneath it. On coming closer, I found whole households were thus leaving the country, and engaged in bargaining with the ferryman for a speedy transit to the American side. I was, indeed, surprised to see evidently well-to-do farmers packing up and leaving a country which proved so productive as to remunerate their toil ; for it could be seen, at a glance, they were "well-to-do people." On making the acquaintance of some of the teamsters, who were also the fathers of the families occupying the waggons, I found, to my astonishment

and regret, they had a strange religious pilgrimage before them. As they were chiefly Scotch people, I therefore expected to find amongst them a fair amount of that sagacity and prudence in their movements for which their nation is justly commended, but imagine my surprise on finding they had all sold their possessions, their houses, and lands, and were leaving British territory for American soil. This was bad enough ; but, worse still, they had renounced their religion, the faith of their forefathers, and had become converts to Mormonism ! and were on their way to Nauvoo, although between them and it lay very many hundreds of miles of a desolate wilderness, and arid, sterile lands. Such was their religious fanaticism, that, though the perils of the way were notoriously great, yet women and young children formed a considerable portion of the company ; they were induced to take this serious step, and to adopt this gross delusion (so gross that the United States Government considers it a blot on the morality of their country), by the eloquence of some Mormon preachers, who also were supposed to possess the power of imparting a miraculous influence at baptism. But here it must be stated that many, if not all these converts to Mormonism, imagined they had Scriptural authority for the step they were taking. The preachers to

whom they listened were fully conversant with all the prophecies, and justified their opinions by the most plausible interpretations. On reasoning with these converts, however, and on pointing out to them the evils of polygamy, not only scripturally, but as a social institution, they would answer me by saying, "Oh, we are only converts, and have much to learn yet! The preachers know all!" "Alas!" thought I, "here is Popery without a Pope." Where is the difference, whether we pin our faith on what an infallible Pope says, or on what a preacher thinks? But I must speak a little of the leader of this strange organisation.

At the period I speak of, the guiding star was Joe Smith, whose prophetical powers were magnified by the preachers. Joe was reported by them to have found buried in his farm, a few feet beneath the ground, at a spot to which he was guided by a vision, a Bible, or book, written in a strange language, which no one but himself could at first interpret; though, after a while, he imparted the secret to the preachers. The letters in this book were hieroglyphic, and some of the chapters were exhibited as specimens. Much curiosity was excited amongst the learned at that time about the language in which this book was written; and a clergyman, whose ability in deciphering

ancient hieroglyphic languages was in high repute, travelled to Nauvoo purposely, to examine the book and to judge for himself. It was shown to him as a great favour by the reputed prophet, Joe Smith ; but he could make nothing of it, though he conceived it to be quite possible that any scribbling might present the same appearance, and with such an interpreter as Joe, might be made to announce any precept or doctrine which he wished to propagate. One fact, however, is most surprising, viz., that a simple, uneducated rustic, having no prestige from family, wealth, or influence, was, notwithstanding, able to deceive thousands wiser than himself, and to induce them to travel vast distances over land and sea, to break up households, and adopt sentiments utterly at variance with the principles in which they were educated from their earliest years. So that Joe Smith's success in snatching his converts from the influence of Christian teaching, and, through them, establishing a flourishing fraternity, far away from the bounds of civilisation, strikes us as not only wonderful, but as one of the greatest marvels of our marvellous age. The day of reckoning, however, for such daring profanation of sacred things cannot be far distant, but while that day tarries we must wonder at two things : first, the power of that delusion which

Satan is permitted to exercise over human souls ; and secondly, the forbearance of God in postponing the day of reckoning while such provocation calls down His judgment. But if the prophet of Nauvoo had but little to convince the learned, or intelligent, of the truthfulness of his system, he had certainly a good deal to attract the admiration of the superficial and ignorant. With such followers his book, or "Bible," went a great way, for it was supposed by them to be genuine ; then, again, there were reputed miracles, which the preachers persuaded the converts to believe in, and these miracles were spoken of as necessary accompaniments of Mormon baptism. But at Nauvoo Joe was the centre of all attraction. He received at the Temple (a most imposing structure) all the converts which joined the community. The religious services were rendered exceedingly attractive by musical performances, and so many novelties were offered to the congregation in this way, as to elicit unbounded applause ; but the great attraction at "the City of the Saints" was Joe, when working miracles. From many of his efforts in this way which I remember having heard of, I shall select one, which was currently reported, far and wide, during the lifetime of Joe. When the community numbered very many thousands, and the preachers

were daily adding to the congregation the fruits of their labours, then a desire was expressed by many of the converts to see the prophet perform one of those miracles which rendered him so powerful, and the reports of which brought so many to Nauvoo. This desire was announced in public by the elders to their chief, who, after some hesitation, complied with their wish to perform a miracle for the confirmation of their faith. On an enquiry being made as to the nature of the miracle, which his followers would wish to witness, the elders were authorised by the people to say, on their behalf, that "if the prophet would walk across the lake in the presence of the assembled community, the most sceptical amongst them would never, after that, question the heaven-sent nature of his mission." Joe, having complied with the wish, appointed a day for the performance of the wonder. That day came, and the appointed hour also, and the myriads of spectators flocked to the margin of the lake to witness the proof of the prophet's veracity, which they demanded. When he appeared on the scene every eye was turned towards him as he walked boldly to the water, with naked feet, and trousers tucked up, so as to perform the miracle as expeditiously and tidily as possible; but when just about to begin his perilous walk, and to plant his

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"STRONG DELUSION."

footsteps where mortals sink, he prudently paused a moment, and, calling aloud to the elders, he asked them "to enquire if the people doubted his ability to walk across the lake?" After some consultation, the answer was returned through a herald, saying, "We cannot doubt of your powers, O prophet! though our curiosity prompts us to ask you to comply with our wish." "Oh, then!" (answered the prophet,) "since you do not doubt; the miracle is useless, and I would commit sin in performing it, for God never wrought a miracle unnecessarily. Thus," (said he,) "when Israel took possession of Canaan the manna ceased, as the old corn of the land could be had." So saying, he turned round and walked, amidst the cheers of the elders to the Temple. Strange to say, this event rather increased his popularity, and was by no means regarded as a failure. We are told of some to whom "God would send strong delusion to believe a lie," and this assurance removes the astonishment which we should otherwise feel in witnessing not only the absurdities of Mormonism, but other spiritual delusions or tendencies not so far off as "the City of the Saints." But how melancholy the reflection! that while standing in the mission field, ready to communicate the Word of Eternal Life to perishing

*Told this room
and Tower
1920*

souls, either to the spiritually destitute colonists, or the aboriginal inhabitants in my neighbourhood, that, nevertheless, a large company of shrewd, intelligent men, brought up amidst all the civilising influences of Christianity, should suddenly and unexpectedly have crossed my path, who were willing to renounce the very truths for which I had crossed seas and lands to communicate to others ! fleeing, too, from the sacred enclosure of the Church of Christ, and seeking refuge for their souls in a lying system.

If all this seemed puzzling to me as a missionary, how inexplicable must it have seemed to the irreligious, or the worldling ? and still more so to the benighted aboriginal inhabitant of that land ? Neither were the Indians slow in asking, “If this religion which you bring us is so valuable, why do those who have tried it so long, so willingly give it up ?” We may answer this question satisfactorily to *ourselves*, but could the unsophisticated heathen ? Might he not well say, “Physician, heal thine own before you recommend your medicine to us ?”

It is often imagined that, if we retire from the contagion and intermixture of the world, our temptations will be less, and our lives more easily fashioned according to what God requires of us. If this were true, it often struck me that the isolated denizens of

the forest ought to exhibit more virtue and religion than we find they do, and the evils of our nature ought to present less opposition to truth and godliness where there are less provocations to sin from the outside world ; but, alas, no ! for our fallen nature, corrupt at the source, seems as perverse in thought, word, and deed, when it has no temptation from without, as it is in the crowded city. Yes ; there are many events which daily occur in colonial life to prove that human nature in the solitary wilderness oftentimes presents as dark a picture as it can elsewhere. It matters not how lovely the scenery, how bountiful the gifts of Providence, or how attractive the rural retreat of the colonist, yet too true the sainted Heber's words—

“ Though every prospect pleases,
Only man is vile.”

But while speaking on this subject, I am strongly reminded of an instance that proves the truth of these reflections, an instance which time can never efface from my memory, and as it is one, too, which shows the Providence of God in bringing to light a deed of darkness in a manner little less than miraculous, I must fully describe it.

Far in the woods of a retired locality, lived a farmer who cultivated a good piece of land ; like most of his

class, he commenced with small beginnings, and won his way to independence by the axe. At the time I speak of, he was well-to-do in life, living comfortably with his family, a wife and three children, the youngest of whom was not more than two years old ; there were isolated, scattered farms upon which settlers resided, neighbouring to the individual I speak of, with whom he kept up the ordinary routine of intercourse and acquaintanceship.

One night the house of this farmer whom I have mentioned, and whose family I have described, took fire ; the neighbouring settlers saw the glare at a distance, and accordingly assembled in great numbers to extinguish it. The alarm was much intensified by the rumour that three of the family were missing ; for only the owner of the house, and his youngest child, could be found. The former appeared frantic at his loss, and implored the neighbours to try and rescue his wife from the flames at all hazards ; but it was useless to attempt it, for the fire had gained such an ascendency, and the means to extinguish it were so inadequate, as to prove utterly useless. In the morning a search was made amongst the *debris* for the bodies of the wife and children. After a while they were found, so charred and disfigured as to render it difficult to identify them. Their remains were col-

lected, and after the coroner's inquest, as usual, were all interred in one grave, amidst the sorrow and sympathy of friends and neighbours. But all was not right, though no soul of man ever suspected anything wrong ; not a breath, or whisper, or surmise was ever for a moment entertained by either friend or foe, of the farmer who came to this loss, and whom I shall call "H—." But Providence overruled that the matter should be divulged, and that a tongue should utter words that would lead to conviction, and that, too, in such an unlikely and marvellous way as to make many a sceptic say, "Verily there is a God who judgeth in the earth ;" but how this happened I must explain.

There is a custom which, though peculiarly American in its origin, yet, as it suits any new country where infant settlements are prosecuted, as well as America, has been introduced into Canada also. This custom is, when a house or barn has to be built, or other improvements which require neighbourly co-operation to be advanced, then the farmer who needs such aid sends an invitation to his neighbours to assemble and give him their assistance ; thus undertakings which cannot be accomplished single-handed, are performed by mutual help. A gathering of this nature is called a "Bee,"—I suppose because all are so busy when they assemble. Now, the lady who

volunteered to take charge of Farmer H—'s small child, when he was deprived of his wife and two children by the fire I have described, had a "Bee" to meet at her farm; the neighbours had already arrived, and were performing the work to accomplish which the "Bee" was summoned. Upon such occasions there is a liberal supply of all sorts of fare, and the table groans with unaccustomed viands. So, on this occasion, as the cook was busily preparing the usual meal, he began to decapitate the necessary quantity of fowls, doing it in "bush fashion," that is, with an axe, first placing the neck of the fowl on a log of wood and then descending with the axe. This operation the small child of H—'s seemed to watch very intently, till at last he was heard to say, in his half-formed language, "Oh, dat the way daddy hit mammy and bidders." This sentence he frequently repeated, which at first attracted no notice, in consequence of the very inaccurate pronunciation of the little fellow. But the lady who had for some time the care of him, and who understood better than strangers the articulation of the child, while passing him paused and listened to his prattle. Being struck with his animated matter, she asked the little fellow what he was saying. Then, on his constantly repeating the same sentence,

a thought took possession of her mind which completely overpowered her. On consulting with some others, and on explaining to them what she felt convinced the child meant, it seemed to the lady's friends quite necessary to put the matter in the hands of justice for further investigation. This was accordingly done, when suspicion justified an order to exhume the remains of the bodies interred. This being done, it was found, on examining them, that the heads of all had been nearly severed from their bodies, and it was then seen that, in order to obliterate all possibility of discovery, the unnatural husband and father had burned the house over the bodies. All this was proved at his trial, which resulted in such overwhelming evidence of his guilt as to send him to the gallows.

Such instances of the wickedness of man, occurring even in the solitary places, not only prove the inward corruption and depravity of our nature, even though the outside world add no provocative, but also that there is an eye which never slumbers, or sleeps, and which takes as much cognisance of what passes under “the fig tree” as what happens in the open church, when His presence is invoked ; and since *we* might forget this, He will, at times, shew that He is not forgetful of His moral government, and will prove it,

when needful, even "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings." Some years after I had left the River St. Clair, and was in charge of a different locality, I had myself to do with a black sheep once, who, though he did not exhibit such an amount of depravity as the person I have just described, yet he was evidently of "the jail-bird class," and possibly had had long experience in such cages, before his adventure occurred with me. As the circumstance has some novelty connected with it, and perhaps a little amusement, I must narrate it.

It was near midnight one evening, when the snow was deep, and the frost intense, having just returned from a cold drive, and next day being Sunday, I sat down, having replenished my stove, to compose a sermon, and "to mend my nets." At that lonely time all bipeds and quadrupeds were hushed in slumber, and I had just taken my text, and arranged the heads of discourse, when a gentle tap was heard at my study window ; at first I could not think it proceeded from a human hand, but that some icicle, pendent from my dwelling, had fallen from the roof, and, in its descent, had struck the window frame ; but, no ! for soon a succession of gentle knocks was heard, and a whisper followed, "Are you at home, sir ?" I started, as if a voice from the dead struck my ear ; for, all visitors

intending no evil would, I thought, certainly have gone to the hall-door, but this window announcement, and at such an hour, took me indeed by surprise. On going out to see who my nocturnal disturber was, I found a short, thick-set man, whom I at once remembered as having called on a few times, in a very wild and rocky region, where he seemed to live with his family, "the world forgetting, and by the world forgot." He was middle-aged, had long grey hair obtruding from a small hat, that seemed only sufficient to cover the top of his head ; he had only one eye, the other, I remembered to have been told, he had lost in some broil between Ribbonmen and Orangemen, though the amount of vengeance which he must have dealt out on the rough Orangeman, for the destruction of his optic, I never heard. I should "guess," however, with the Yankee, it must have been "considerable!" The face of my intruder was rather dark, and when he took off his ill-fitting hat, a large handkerchief fell out of it ; he wore a rough pilot-coat, tied round the waist by a red sash ; his hat, I perceived, in parts had lost its brim, probably torn in this way in some late encounter. Having recognised who he was, I at once gave him to understand I did, and asked him sharply what he intended by calling me in that unusual way ? "Because," said he, "I have a

a great favour to ask, and I must not let any one know that I saw you *before* the trial."

"What trial?" I asked.

"Oh, then," said he, "you don't know anything about it. I must go in and explain all."

On coming in, he seemed to hesitate for a few moments, and then, in a perplexed sort of manner, asked—

"Did you not know, sir, that my son was married?"

"Well," I said, "what is wonderful about that?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," said he; "but they say he was married before."

"And was he?" I enquired.

"Oh, yes, sir; but it was only in Amerikay. But I s'pose that marriage is no good with us?"

"Indeed, you suppose very wrong, my friend," I said.

"Well, sir," said he, "if they prove their marriage, you needn't prove yours; for the clergyman before you came married my son, and the entry of it is in your registry."

"Oh, then," I said, "you want me to put aside my registry, and this stolen interview is for that purpose?"

"Just so, sir," said he; "and the only legal

evidence they can have against him is your registry. Be so good, sir, as to put it out of the way in case they call for it."

"Oh," I said, "you must not ask me to do such a dreadful thing as that!"

There was a pause for some time, after which he asked very mildly to see the entry, as he had forgotten the dates. I positively refused to produce the registry at such a late hour of the night, promising, however, to do so if he would call on Monday morning. The tone of voice in which I said this stopped any further colloquy, and, rising abruptly, he said—

"Very well, sir; I shall call about this on Monday morning."

After such an unexpected interview, from such a man, at such an hour, and on such a subject, I made but little progress in my study that night, and all next day my mind would revert to this subject, trying to devise the best plan to pursue about the proposed meeting. When Monday morning came I was not long left in suspense what to do, for I received by the early post a letter from the Crown prosecutor, asking me for a copy of my register, which I took care to despatch before my one-eyed visitor called. When he came I told him what I

had done, which, I could see, threw him into a reverie, from which he roused himself, saying—

“Ah! then, we must let the law take its course.”

And so it did, for I was summoned, in a few weeks after, to attend the trial, and bring my registry with me. I did so, and on its evidence alone the young man was convicted of bigamy, and sent to a reformatory for three years; but that punishment proved the turning-point of his life, for he went into prison an idle, worthless fellow, but when commencing his sentence (being permitted to choose what trade he would prefer to learn), he selected a most useful one, and on the expiration of his time he left the prison with a thorough knowledge of a trade, which soon made him independent, and a far happier man than he was before his incarceration. Some one is reported to have said, “If he was not once ruined, he never would have been made.” An illustration of this may be seen in this bigamist.

CHAPTER IV.

The climate—My second residence—The Indian reserve and the method of evangelising the Indians—The Indian revival—Characteristics of the Indians—The eccentricities of missionaries—“The sublime and ridiculous”—A tribute to the Rev. Mr. Stuart, the Canadian pioneer missionary—The progress of my mission—The Indian chieftain’s speech—A cruise with the Indians, and the scholastic test required on Lake Huron—The storm—Perilous escape—The contradictory things of nature puzzling to the heathen—My first service among the Indians—The turtle and the interpreter—No celebrity in canoe navigation.

THE first subject which necessarily engages the attention of a settler in our American colonies, be he layman or clergyman, is the climate. The intense cold in winter, as well as the extreme heat of a few months in summer, are unlike to what an inhabitant from this country has had any experience of. The four seasons have their pleasures and disagreeables: the thaws of spring, the protracted heats of summer, the steady downpour of autumn, succeeded by the cold and icy winter, which blocks up both land and water, as effectually, from nature’s influence, as if death had consigned all life to an endless tomb; such

are the seasons of our North American colonies. But, though these are drawbacks, yet each season has its own peculiar pleasure. The winter, cheerless and dreary as it is with its winding-sheet of snow, has, nevertheless, the attractions of sleigh travelling, and its festive gatherings, all postponed till this season. The spring, too, after the long sleep of winter, hastens to make amends for previous inactivity by putting forth a gush of resurrection life in trees, shrubs, and grass, while the feathered tribe pour in from milder climates, whither they had fled for protection from the rigour of winter. And now draws on the summer, slowly but surely, in which are a few months of most enjoyable weather and days so full of loveliness as to make us doubt if they can be equalled or surpassed by any other climate. Thus, in this land, nature presents a twofold aspect, as perhaps she does in every land under heaven. The seasons are balanced by bitter and sweet, an emblem of life, and our earthly pilgrimage. But may God give us grace (wherever we may live) to extract the sweet out of the bitter, and thus to rise superior to the evils of our condition!

My first residence (it will be remembered from the description I have given of it) was in a lonely and unhealthy place. Moreover, not being in the centre

of my work, I removed from it, and settled higher up the river. In describing my new residence and locality, I would say of the first,—it was a square cottage, mushroom-like in appearance, as well as in rapidity of erection; next to it was a windmill, the ponderous arms of which, on a sudden gale, were likely to interfere with all the buildings contiguous to it, and this casualty would have demolished a little church which I had caused to be built close at hand,—so close, indeed, as to cause the wide spreading sails of this gigantic mill to appear, at a distance, as if both church and it formed but one building. To the practical Yankee, sailing to and fro on the river, both church and mill seemed properly placed, as commerce and heaven are very closely allied in his thoughts,—though, perhaps, to the more spiritually-minded, the mill would speak to them of the “staff of life,” while the church would symbolise “the manna in the wilderness.”

There was, however, one interesting feature (to me at least) in this locality, and on that account, especially, I have introduced it to the reader, viz., that a large settlement of converted Indians were my neighbours. I had frequently before made enquiries about the aboriginal inhabitants, but the ignorance of their language prevented my entering

into conversation with them on any subject. In consequence of their possessing no records of their race, or writings of any kind, we cannot obtain any satisfactory information about the origin of this interesting people. Uncivilised man has no history, and this sad loss cuts off all his connection with the past.

The Indian tribes that have never been dismembered, in consequence of their living far remote from European influences in their rocky fastnesses, still retain their original and distinct characteristics, both in customs and opinions, which the isolated, wandering remnants of the tribes broken by our advent, have lost. In speaking of those far distant tribes, and their religious belief, we would say, that, though they have many superstitions, yet, they have no idols whatever. Their belief is a sort of rationalism, and not unlike the stoic philosophers' of Greece, or Rome. Although there are very marked differences existing in language and customs amongst the tribes, yet there is an amazing uniformity in their belief. They imagine that, after death, the good Indian goes to a region of perpetual summer. No longer shall he have to endure the withering blasts of winter, or to witness the perishing leaves, and dying trees. In that happy land the rivers will be

abundantly supplied with fish, the woods full of buffaloes, no wars, tears, sickness, disease, or death, shall ever mar the happiness of any inhabitant of that place. The great and good spirit, who is now hidden, shall then manifest himself, and shall take pleasure in the welfare of his people ;—while the bad Indian will go where eternal winter reigns. He shall for ever shiver with cold, and every desire he now has shall exist, but there will be no means of gratifying it. And thus he becomes his own tormentor ; he shall see food, and yet be starving ; see water, clear as crystal, and though dying of thirst, he will not be permitted even to taste it. He shall see fire at a distance, and yet be cold as death. This misery, however, they do not believe to be eternal ; but after a lapse of years, the bad being purified by their suffering, shall be permitted to join the good. It is obvious, that heathens holding such convictions as these, are, in a measure, prepared to receive the greater light of Christianity, and to rejoice in any revelation of “the good spirit.” The method that has been set on foot by the Canadian Government to evangelise those portions of the dismembered tribes that itinerate through the colonial territory, is, to appropriate a portion of country for their residence,—say four or six miles square, as a

reserve for any of the Indians who desire to join the settlement. All who do so, are allowed certain privileges by the Canadian Government. Small houses are built for each family. Seed for sowing, and implements of husbandry are supplied to them. By adopting this wise regulation, many points are gained ;—first, they are thus taught to cultivate the soil, and to depend on it for a living, instead of following the wretched and uncertain occupation of hunting ; and a second benefit, even greater than this, which accrues from thus keeping them together, is, they can be visited and collected, when needful, for instruction, either secular, or religious. Thus they can be regular in their attendance on public worship ; their children, too, can receive daily instruction at school. In a word, their civilisation and evangelisation can go hand in hand.

A settlement like that I have now described, containing very many Indian families, most of whom were converts to Christianity, lived neighbouring to my house, and thus I had daily opportunities of witnessing their conduct. My testimony on their behalf is, indeed, favourable ; for I often thought the same number of white people would have more stray sheep amongst them, and would manifest a greater amount

of irreligion than I ever saw amongst the Indians of that settlement.

As these Indians were Wesleyans, a periodical system of revivals was sustained amongst them by very earnest preachers. I have witnessed some of those revivals, and although I could not approve of all that was said and done, yet there appeared to me to be two good results to follow revivals amongst the Indians, which made them valuable auxiliaries in promoting the spiritual machinery of the denomination who advocated them—First, through such an agency the lapsed disciple is brought back from his spiritual wandering, and the warm gush of his first love is thereby enkindled; and, secondly, the heathen Indians, who often are led from curiosity “to come and see,” are thus often aroused to a sense of their spiritual condition, and are induced to make such enquiries as lead to a change of life.

One evening I was invited to attend an Indian revival, or “camp meeting,” and, being desirous of seeing and judging for myself as to the propriety or otherwise of seeking the welfare of the Indians through such meetings, I accordingly accepted the invitation, and, in company with some friends, proceeded to the place selected for the gathering. When about a mile from the encampment, the sounds of many voices

engaged in prayer, preaching, and singing reached our ears ; this prepared us for the full volume of sound which greeted us on reaching the place where the revivalists stood. Here were many tents, contiguous to each other, each having a separate congregation of its own, presided over by its appointed class-leader, but there were so many accompaniments, calculated to make a lasting impression on the mind, as to merit a description. To begin then, over head was the cloudless silvery moon, lighting up the scene in all her pale effulgence ; here were the tall trees, whose summer foliage deepened the shadows that fell on the tented encampment, while now and then the numerous fireflies were emitting that mysterious phosphoric gleam from their wings, which often puzzles the unsophisticated woodsman ; but why does this offensive smoke, emitted from smouldering materials, encircle the entrance of every tent ? It is intended to protect the inmates from the intrusion of the great pest of the American woods, viz., the mosquitoes. Few can understand, who have not experienced it, the misery inflicted by those tormentors when we disturb their head-quarters, viz., the solitary woods. Such were the things we saw, but we heard also a multitude of voices in prayer and praise, singing and exhorting each other to " go onward," stretching forth their hands as

if to things visible—yes, here were mortals battling with sin, each telling out the success of his conflict for the benefit of others. On approaching one of the tents, I looked in. There were about seventy women present, all seated on low benches. In the middle of the assembly stood a few class-leaders, earnestly exhorting all to repentance; now and then his address would suddenly cease, and a solemn silence reign for a few moments, when, simultaneously, an entreaty would be joined in by the whole audience, similar to some passages of our Litany. After this a silence, that might be felt, continued for five minutes, at least; but this pause seemed only as the lull before the storm, for, one subdued voice would utter its complaint, then another would begin, till, at length, as if by magic, an extreme violence would accompany the words, while the bodies of many would writhe to and fro in the agony of grief (not, I am persuaded, assumed). Such were the scenes in all the tents, as the same feelings seemed to permeate from tent to tent. But when the midnight hour approached, then the missionary's platform, erected in the centre of the encampment became the general resort for all. The service here commenced with singing, then prayer, and when, through such preparatory exercises, the audience was made alive to the importance of spiritual

influences, the preacher mounted his platform pulpit, and announced his text, as an ambassador for Christ. That solemn occasion and scene are enough to make a preacher, even though he never preached before, for he has everything in his favour ; the hearts of penitents are before him, who have been led, by previous exercises, to ask the most important of all questions, “What shall we do to be saved ?” Then, while the dew of heaven falls on the midnight audience, and the silver tones of mercy sound from the preacher’s lips, nature seems to combine with grace, in bringing home some words of instruction to the hearts of the hearers. If, however, on such occasions, some strange fire is presented on the altar, and our fallen nature mingles human infirmity with its worship, still *good is done*—aye ! and owned by Him who “pardons the iniquity of our holy things.”

Living for some years so close to this settlement of converted Indians, I had many opportunities of witnessing their conduct and religious profession, and both, I always considered, as highly creditable to themselves as well as their teachers. Their earnestness in religion seemed to me to surpass that of our own people. Their morning and evening public prayers were well sustained, while their behaviour as neighbours was most exemplary. That

there were a few lapsed ones who troubled the community I mean not to deny,—a few black sheep who, now and then, would give a bad name to the whole, but the conduct of such was always as much censured by the good amongst them as it would be amongst ourselves.

In speaking of the characteristics of the Indian, we must admit there are some features praiseworthy, and others the reverse ; similar, in this respect, to all nations. The mental endowments of the Indian are naturally good, and he may be said to possess many noble qualities ; but “the reverse” is known to be treacherous, cunning, and hard to trust ; indolent in disposition, and taciturn to a proverb. In my intercourse with them I was often surprised at their undemonstrative bearing on all occasions ; their feelings seem so dormant, that they are able to suppress all appearance of surprise. A gentleman at whose house I happened to be staying, once called my attention to this striking feature in the Indian character, and on seeing one of them strolling by his house at the time, proposed to me to test the truth of his conviction of the nonchalance of the Indians on that man. This gentleman happening to possess a remarkably large oval magnifying glass, which had the power of multiplying the object

placed before it sevenfold, proposed to draw a screen or veil over it as it hung against his parlour wall, and that I should engage the Indian in conversation while he would suddenly unveil the glass, and if the aboriginal could bear this severe test unmoved, or without showing any symptoms of surprise, then we should subscribe to the character for obtuseness, or non-impressiveness, which is attributed to the Indian, for this glass surprised all who saw it at first, and drew forth, in some instances, extreme admiration.

Having, accordingly, prepared our trap, I went out and invited the Indian to come in, who, having readily accepted my invitation, entered the parlour. I took him directly opposite the glass, in order that its full display might be seen in a moment. I then engaged him in conversation, when, at a given signal, the gentleman withdrew the covering from the glass, thus disclosing at once the wonders of its magnifying powers ; but he stood, notwithstanding, as an iceberg, perfectly free from the least embarrassment, looking at the glass only for a moment, and then, turning his dull, sluggish black eyes round in their sockets, engaged in a conversation quite foreign from the glass and its singular attraction. With us it is regarded as a proof of magnanimity not to allow

external objects to affect us ; this we call philosophy of the highest kind, for it requires no small mental discipline to attain it. Yet the Indian, though untutored as he is, seems to have the start of us in this faculty. Notwithstanding, I do not envy him his insensibility, or his non-impressiveness by external things, for though, thereby he escapes much painful emotion, yet he loses those pleasurable sensibilities which are felt by more susceptible dispositions. But the leading feature in the Indian character, and one which he manifested especially in his dealings with the first European settlers, was cunning ; and that, too, so deep as to amount to treachery ; neither is this feature altogether obliterated in the converted Indian, though then it becomes as "the wisdom of the serpent," combined with "the harmlessness of the dove." But the Indian, whether converted or not, has been known to exercise the serpent's wisdom so often, without any restraint from a higher principle, that we call him "the wily Indian."

Some instances of this trait of character often came under my notice, from those amongst them of whom I expected better. I shall select one, from the many, as an illustration, which may also be amusing to consider. In order to destroy the wolves, and to keep them under, during the early periods of the settle-

ments, the Canadian legislature enacted a law that a certain sum of money should be paid for the skin of every wolf's head that might be brought to a magistrate by any of the settlers. The Indians especially made the most by this law ; for, living far remote in their isolated wigwams, they had more frequent opportunities of entrapping those prowling depredators than the white settlers. After a sanguinary warfare, therefore, with the wolves, and the traps not being so easily supplied as they used to be, "a wily Indian" set his wits to work on one occasion to provide wolf scalps for the market. Let us see how he succeeded, as well as failed in one instance.

There were two Indians who lived neighbouring to each other, one of whom had a dog, so like a wolf as to induce the other to try and catch it. He baited his trap, placed it where he knew the dog would pass—the plan succeeded, the dog was trapped, and his head was secured, and skinned, "according to law." It so happened that the killer of the dog had also a few wolves' heads at the time, amongst which he put the skin of the dog's head, intending to sell all alike ; with such stock for market, he proceeded to the magistrate, to obtain the legal award for each. The magistrate, not being sufficiently skilled in the trade, paid the amount demanded for each, keeping

as usual all the skins, as a receipt for the money paid.

But the owner of the dog, missing his faithful animal, sought for it in all directions ; at length he found only the body, but as the head was off he suspected some foul play. After further investigation, he found sufficient evidence to convince him that his neighbour had killed his dog, and sold his head. Accordingly he went to the magistrate, and laid his accusation in the usual way. As the magistrate still possessed all the heads sold to him, an investigation of the case was ordered. The suspected Indian was summoned to appear before the bench of magistrates at their next sitting, on the charge of selling a dog's head for a wolf's. I happened to be in the neighbourhood when the trial was proceeding, and having heard of all the circumstances, I went to see the result of the enquiry. Both Indians were present, the one submitting evidence against the other of such an overwhelming nature as to astonish all. The trial commenced by the magistrate producing the skins of the heads sold to him, and then calling on the accuser to prove which of them belonged to his dog. At once he did so ; and, strange to say, the skin he selected from the lot seemed to be the roughest and wildest

in aspect of all the heads presented! The accused Indian stood by apparently as unconcerned as if he were one of the most indifferent of the spectators, though he nodded assent to the observation of the magistrates, that "the head selected by his accuser as the dog's head, was more like a wolf's than any of the others." Matters continued doubtful for some time, till, just as the bench were about to dismiss the case as "unproven," the accuser silently came forward, and, opening a small bundle which he kept in his hand all the time the discussion was going on, brought forth to light the evidence upon which he grounded his accusation; this was the skin of his poor dog, minus the head. Now, it so happened that the head had been cut from the dog in a very jagged manner, so that the Indian proved to a demonstration that the skin of the head sold to the magistrate, and which he claimed as being that which belonged to his dog, fitted precisely the unevenness of the parts. On examination, it was felt by all present that if every accusation were proved as satisfactorily as this, the law would be simplified, while the guilty would have little chance of escape.

The progress of a colonial Church, or of a diocese, does not much engage the attention of a missionary labouring in such a far distant sphere of duty from

head-quarters as that in which I was at this time located ; but every year makes a difference, for slowly, though surely, fellow-labourers in the vineyard come on the scene. And thus it happened with me, for when I first arrived at my destination in “the Far West” (as already described), the clergy were so few and far between, that during the first years of my ministry I seldom met with one ; but after a while this state of things changed, for the missionaries became sufficiently numerous to form clerical district associations, not only for the purpose of creating brotherly union, but also to confer with each other on difficulties connected with their extensive missions. Many inconveniences, however, were encountered by our regularity of attendance at those meetings, as the distance we had to travel on ill-constructed roads, or no roads, not only imposed immense extra labour on man and beast, but also loss of time in compelling us to be absent from the people of our respective charges. Notwithstanding, those meetings were well sustained, and after awhile proved of great importance in the formation of Church movements to reach the scattered population of each mission ; travelling missionaries were thus originated, through whose indefatigable exertions the solitary places were brought within the bounds of evangelisa-

tion. The men employed in this work were zealous, but many of them so peculiar in their habits and opinions, as to cause occasional merriment in the clerical homesteads. One preferred to perform immense journeys, so as to inure himself to hardship, eating as little as possible all the time ; another, on the contrary, would take care of "the nether man," in order that he might work the more ; a third preferred to walk, and to dispense with all assistance from horseflesh, till experience would teach him that four legs were better than two in passing swamps, and in keeping appointments. Some of these men would eschew all study in the preparation of sermons, believing that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth should speak :" but as such preachers were only birds of passage, never able to remain in a locality long enough to water or care for the seed sown, perhaps their idea of preaching might do ; but when we come to take charge of localities requiring regular ministrations, "the study of the Word," and every auxiliary aid to understand it, must not be dispensed with.

The occasional and periodical meetings of men of such original minds often presented topics for convivial entertainment. I have seen rough stones worn smooth by their contact with other stones,

while rolling to and fro, through the action of the water on the beach ; and thus was it in the meetings of men of such different minds and habits at the clerical backwood gatherings, for many a strange fellow became like other men through these associations. The hobbies which some were riding to death were checked in their career, or abandoned, through a little satire or “roasting.” Sidney Smith would have had a fair field for usefulness amongst these clericals, provided he mingled mercy with judgment, and took care not to kill while he sought to cure.

But while speaking of such missionary fraternities and their good effects in correcting the idiosyncrasies both of habit and thought, which the solitary and isolated missionary is likely to fall into, I must content myself with the recital of only one incident that occurred at one of those meetings, and which seems to have left a more lasting impression on my mind than any other. It appeared to me strange then, and does so still. I wonder how it will appear to the reader.

On one occasion, according to notice, we assembled at a missionary establishment, where the most primitive simplicity reigned around. The master, who was “monarch of all he surveyed,” had but recently

arrived from the home Church, and was now busily engaged in strengthening his stakes, and in pitching his tabernacle. At such a period everything is in an unfinished state. The parsonage is built on piles: the space between the floor and the ground, being left open, affords a safe and comfortable retreat for all the animals of the barn-yard, whether cows, pigs, horses, or dogs. In summer the retreat is not resorted to by the quadrupeds, but in the winter nights it is a sort of reserve against the casual inclemency of the weather. At an establishment, then, of this description the clericals of the backwoods found themselves gathered together, on a winter's night, for mutual consultation about the cares and anxieties of their respective charges. At length, the usual amount of business having been transacted, ere the brethren retired to rest, a chapter was read from the prophet Isaiah; the one selected was the thirty-fifth, which describes the peaceful reign of Christ's kingdom, and the privileges of the Gospel. In the nineteenth verse we are assured that "no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall be found therein." Strange to say, that just as these words were read the animals beneath the floor where we were sitting—consisting of the various quadrupeds I have described—commenced a furious onslaught on

some intruder. This noise might not have discomposed us had it happened at any other time, but occurring just when the verse assured us “there would be no ravenous beasts there”—forgetting all metaphor at the moment,—we felt our equilibrium destroyed, and were so unfitted for the performance of the duty in which we were engaged, as to feel it necessary to discontinue it. We are told “the sublime and ridiculous sometimes meet,” and I should have thought this the most striking illustration of it, were it not far eclipsed by those Romish pilgrimages that are now in vogue.

But in those solitary and distant settlements, of which the incident just related may give the reader some idea, I frequently heard, at that period, one name mentioned with much reverence and approval, viz., “the Rev. Mr. Stuart,” who seems to have been the earliest pioneer missionary of the Church of England in many a Canadian wilderness. This exemplary man, though wealthy, and of high parentage, was conspicuous for his self-denial, endurance, and humility while sowing the seed of the kingdom in the solitary places. Often have I reached remote settlements where no minister of the Church had preceded me, save and except one, and that one was the energetic and honoured clergyman of whom

I speak. He travelled far and wide, for no diocese or settled charge was then formed in the colony. The episcopate, I believe, was frequently pressed upon this good man's acceptance, but he persistently refused it, and chose rather "to serve than to rule." He acted on the motto of my book, and was a standing illustration of its truth : "The path of true greatness is not that over which the Cæsars, in proud daring, rode, but that over which, with humble mien, and world-wide love, the Howards pursued their self-denying course. Its mission is to minister, not to master ; to give, not to govern." May God, in His mercy, raise up in every Church many heroes of this description, for the harvest of human souls never will be gathered till an army breathing this spirit goes forth, in the meekness and power of the Master, "conquering, and to conquer!"

Although time is ever on the wing, whether at home or abroad, yet the rapidity of its flight in colonial life puzzles most. I felt it so in common with others, for my years passed there as a shadow or phantom, possibly on account of the unceasing and varied employments in which I was engaged. When, however, in mission life we see the fruits of past labour, and how each year presents new spheres of usefulness, and opportunities for marking a man's

name on “the sands of time,” we can then realise something of the poet’s experience when he exclaims :—

“ How happy he whose yesterdays look back
Upon him with a smile !
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly.”

I had now originated Church movements, and enlarged my sphere of duty on the river St. Clair and the neighbouring settlements, when I was waited on unexpectedly by a strange deputation, making a still stranger request. How this happened I must explain. I was sitting alone in my study one morning, not thinking of the outside world, when, on looking round, I found behind my chair a tall Indian, who made signs to me that he wished “to have a palaver.” Recovering from the surprise caused by his stealthy mocassin entrance and intrusion, I invited him “to make his speech.” He then went outside and called an interpreter, with a few other aboriginal inhabitants. As soon as the company was seated I was informed, through the interpreter, that my intruder was no less than the chief of an Indian settlement some fifty miles distant, near the shore of Lake Huron ; that “he had come to beg of me to extend my labours to his benighted people.” Such was the nature of his petition ; but on my inviting

him to speak for himself, he at once pleaded in the following words :—

“I come to tell you of our wants, and to describe our circumstances. My people live by hunting. We have always followed the ways of our forefathers. In the morning we bind on our mocassins, and, with our guns, proceed in quest of game, ready to follow the swift stag or to steal on any unsuspecting beast or bird that chance may cast in our path. If successful, we bring home the result of our labour. We throw it on the floor to our squaws (wives) ; they cook it—we eat it—then go to sleep till morning, when we rise again and repeat what we did the day before. Thus life passes with us, in which there is no instruction about the Great Spirit, no more than in the days of our forefathers, when no white man came amongst us ; whose knowledge, we know, teaches him how to light up our black clouds with the silver lining of hope. See, see !” pointing to an aged man who attended him, “*our* hairs are grey, but wisdom is young amongst us. We feel its thirst, but we have no fountain ; we see its dawn, but the clouds hide the sun. It shines on *you* and *your* people. Why grudge us its cheering light ?” A pause, after which great action. “Missionary of the Great Spirit, come and help us ! We do not promise to become apt

scholars, though we may be willing ones. But come and teach our children ; bend the saplings while they are young ; teach our babes knowledge, and then, when they come to our age, they will be able to discern right from wrong—their left hand from their right."

That man's words fell on my soul as a spell. These were the very words I often wished to hear from the Indians, though I never had the honour before of hearing a chieftain's burning speech. So remarkable were these words that I caused them to be written down, and have often repeated them to myself in my missionary rides at that period. I therefore am able to present the speech to the reader from my memory as faithfully as if I had my journal before me.

The chief said no more, but he was keen enough to see that he said enough, for I could not possibly resist his invitation without feeling unhappy ; so, at once, I pledged myself to be ready to go to his settlement as soon as he could send a canoe for me ; this he gladly acceded to, for, a few days afterwards, a converted Indian interpreter, sent by the chief, came to me, stating "that all was ready to convey me to the Sabel settlement, as the canoe, well manned, had arrived." I accordingly made the necessary

arrangements to accompany them, and soon found myself propelled by eight paddles up the current of the St. Clair, and entering the magnificent expanse of Lake Huron. Here it was I offered myself as pilot, for, though a canoe, I perceived it was guided by a rudder and tiller, as a ship's boat, and, as I had always a fair reputation, in my juvenile days, for being a good steersman, so I considered myself competent for the post I sought. After some consultation, the Indians permitted me to occupy the situation I aspired after, for they duly installed me in my office. Having previously received directions what part of the distant shore I was to steer for, we proceeded very pleasantly for many hours ; at least, as far as I was concerned, for I had little to do but look around me.

There are scenes in America truly grand, and where I now found myself was one of these. The clear deep blue water of the tranquil lake shining beneath a brilliant sun, the stillness of the moment broken only by the measured dip of the paddles of the crew, added to which was the feeling of being a companion with men of another clime and kindred, and that, too, for the purpose of evangelising them—all these circumstances combined just then in making me feel thankful for the position I occupied.

There are times when Providence smiles upon us, and when God makes our way so acceptable to ourselves as to cause us involuntarily to express praise and thanksgiving, and one of these moments I felt I was now passing. After a lengthened pause, however, an amusing conversation commenced, which my interpreter seemed desirous of prolonging. Each Indian had his question now and then, which I duly answered, sometimes carrying with me universal approbation. Such familiar conversation, I was glad to see, caused that reserve to disappear which I observed at starting. At length the interpreter was instructed to ask me "if I knew any other language besides English?" On my answering in the affirmative, they asked me "if I could speak Latin?" and, if so, they wished much to hear how it sounded!" Here, then, thought I, is a scholastic test required of me by the aboriginal on the waters of Lake Huron. Well, let no one say, after this, that Latin is not needed in the clerical profession, for, although having spent years in learning it, I never found it needful in my calling before or since; but I found it useful now, and I accordingly complied with the invitation to exhibit my knowledge of the tongue. On considering, therefore, what I should say in this "dead language," a very familiar passage came to my aid.

Oh, Alvary ! I never thought you would prove so useful to me, for when the *Horace* was placed before me by the grave professor in “old Trinity” I never found thy quantities, O Alvary, so agree with mine as to help me in my examinations ! But *now* I was determined to make up for the loss which I incurred by him *then*, and, by a memoriter delivery, to profit by him. Accordingly, I impressed each Indian with a profound respect for my amazing knowledge of the language while rapidly repeating the first rule from the prosody mentioned :

“Vocalem breviant alia, subeunte Latini
Produc ni sequitur, R fio,” &c.

When the whole of this long rule was used up, and I had just commenced the second, “Diphongus longa est,” &c., I saw my performance had been fully appreciated, for loud applause was given, and my reputation as a linguist was from henceforth established.

But we were soon aroused to consider a different subject, for, “Whither are you steering ?” was the prompt and excited enquiry of the interpreter.

“Straight to yonder point,” was my answer.

“Wrong,” said he, “you must not venture so far from shore. Keep round by the edge of the lake, closer to land.”

"That will make our journey three times as long; better to steer straight for yonder point," was my answer. I accordingly held on to my purpose, though I could perceive disapprobation on every face.

At length the interpreter assured me "it was dangerous for a canoe to venture where we were, even on a summer's day, for sudden storms arose without much notice, which no boat like ours could outride. Indeed," added he, "we feel that one is brewing."

Not long after this assurance I was warned of approaching danger, for a dark line became visible on the distant horizon, which, the Indians assured me, was an approaching storm, and that in ten minutes it would reach us, while we were at least some twenty minutes' pull from land! Quick as lightning we turned the bow to shore as straight as an arrow, while, nearer and nearer behind us, the dark line on the horizon became more visible. The light paddles were now plied with full vigour, while I relinquished my post to a more experienced hand. I measured roughly the proximity of the dark line behind us with the great distance that lay between us and the land, till I felt assured we were indeed in a perilous condition. At length the first gust of the wind reached us—then more—till at length

the full storm burst on us in all its fury ; and then every moment we expected to be swamped. Each man, however, kept well to his post, and with amazing precision in their strokes of the paddles, they kept the canoe as straight as an arrow, so as to prevent the wind getting an advantage over the side. One false stroke of any one of the eight paddles would have given the wave or wind power to make us swerve a point from the straight line, and that little we could never recover, so violent was the gale. Each man knew this, and strove his utmost to prevent it.

It was, indeed, a solemn moment, especially for me, as I had led the party into this danger. As we approached the shore, almost with the rapidity of a bird, we saw the surf lashing the beach so violently, as to make us fear the possibility of rushing through it ; but on we came, apparently, destruction behind and before. The Indians, however, gathered strength for the trying moment, for, with redoubled energy, they put such additional speed on the canoe, as to urge her through the surf, till we were driven high and dry on the beach, so great was the rapidity with which we rushed to shore. It was fortunate, however, for the frail bark, that it found its bed on the sand instead of the

rock, as otherwise it would have been broken to pieces ; and the morning which found us so joyously and placidly sailing on the mirrored surface of the lake, would have been rapidly succeeded by a sad reverse.

These contradictory things in nature puzzle the heathen mind exceedingly. They see God, in His working, under a twofold aspect. At one time He manifests His love, smiling in all the calm effulgence of a summer day, while the solitary places all round, whether lake or woodland, partake of the same undisturbed repose ; but, in the very same hour, the scene will change, and frowning clouds will bring in angry tempests, which will sweep the agitated waters, as well as upturn the sturdiest trees of the forest. Thus, while their hearts are agitated with contrary feelings, they ask, “Is He a God of love or vengeance ? or, are there two Gods ? one to be worshipped with affection, drawing us by the bands of love ; and the other to be approached with fear, whose voice is heard in the thunder, or the desolating storm ?” Nature gives no answer to these questions. Christianity alone (as revealed in the Word of God) solves the mystery. It tells of reconciliation and of peace “in Christ,” but “out of Christ” a God of vengeance. It is of Him that

Nature, in her roughest aspect, speaks ; but, the same God changes His character towards man through the Son of His love. Here he becomes a loving Father, providing a smiling paradise for the souls of men. Clouds and darkness, storm and tempest, are round about Him in nature ; but calm and sunshine in the revelation of His grace.

But here we were in a situation far from pleasant. Night was coming on, and the rain fell in torrents. We had no house or shelter save what the upturned canoe afforded. As for provisions, we had some pork, bags of flour, and tea ; so that in this respect, we were fortunate enough. Moreover, having a frying-pan amongst our possessions, we soon made good use of it. Each had his part in providing what was needful. One made the fire, another cooked, a third baked damper, a fourth boiled the tea, and the others stood by as attendants, ready to execute any orders they might receive. We all drank from one cup (accidentally rescued from the débris of some crockery which the Indians had on board). Our repast being ended, we prepared "to shake down" for the night ; but, it being summer, and the rain having ceased, we dare not approach the woods, as the mosquitoes were so numerous, that the stormy beach was the only place where

we could pass the night ; but, to escape the torment of those troublesome flies was indeed an impossibility, for, though my companions did all they could to make me comfortable, by turning the canoe upside down, and making my bed beneath it, yet every hour I had to change my position, and run along the shore to escape the accumulation of the stinging musquitoes. On the morrow, though the storm was much abated, yet we dare not proceed, as the lake was as rough as ever. So we had to take up our abode in this out-of-the-way place for some days. Our fare admitted but of little variety, "tea, pork, and damper," which we might vary at times by dispensing with one of these luxuries ; but, when the lake calmed a little, one evening I observed some preparations going on, which I was told were intended to capture some fish, and thus to change our food, though, in the absence of all nets, or lines, or rods, I wondered how the fish were to be caught. But the Indians had their own method, for they procured a large oval sort of basket, made of iron hoops, about two inches apart from each other, and having fastened it to the bow of the canoe, they put into it some hickory bark, which they lighted, and then pushing out into the lake, the fishers taking their position in the canoe, with

spears in hand, and eyes intently watching the fish beneath, would now and then single out the largest and best kind, and then, making a sudden thrust with the spear, would bring up a splendid quivering fish impaled on its head. Thus, we obtained such a large supply of good fish each night from our inexhaustible market, as was sufficient to satisfy the whole company. It was then I first became acquainted with the celebrated white fish of Lake Huron, and I verily thought it fully sustained the reputation which it holds, as being the best fish in the New World ; and I may perhaps add, in the Old World either.

But the angry lake still continued too agitated for us to proceed in the canoe, and being unable to wait any longer, I was obliged to order a journey by land to the settlement. Accordingly, it was decided on to divide our cargo amongst the crew, and that each man should carry his share. It was then I was surprised at the great strength of the Indian, which he never puts forth unless compelled by some urgent necessity. On this occasion, each man put on his back a bag of flour, of two hundred pounds weight, with sundry other articles, and marched on for eight miles, up hill and down hill, seldom stopping to rest himself.

On our arrival at the settlement, I found the chief ready to receive me, for my quarters were appointed to be at his house. On entering, he showed me to my room, which was evidently prepared for my reception. The chairs and table were Indian fashion, and the ground was well covered with ornamental mats. The bed had a comfortable appearance, and was vastly superior to my hard couch on the sand under the canoe. I felt strange, however, when the meal-time came, for I sat at the table as one of the family. Fowl, of various kinds, seemed to me the only flesh provided, the soup from which was rendered savoury enough by ingredients, which it would be better not to enquire about, and respecting which “ignorance was bliss.” I enjoyed my fare amazingly, and in the morning I felt refreshed, after a good night’s sleep, and being Sunday, I was ready for my appointed work. That Sunday was, indeed, a bright one; for all traces of the storm had disappeared, and nature, as if to make amends for the past commotion of the elements, smiled more lovingly than ever, and now the long-wished-for opportunity of preaching Christ to the Indian presented itself, and in anticipation of which, I first conceived the idea of leaving home.

It is one thing though to seek the heathen as the

late revered Bishop Patteson, who approached his murderers without fear, though warned of the evils to be apprehended, and quite another thing to go as I did ; for I was sought after, and personally invited—yea, even joyfully conveyed to the mission ground by the heathen themselves, who gladly assembled in such numbers as to make it necessary for me to hold my service in the open air, or, as the orator lately said (on a different subject), “under the open canopy of Heaven !” That assembly was convened by the sound of a trumpet, which re-echoed far and near throughout the settlement ; at length, in single file, men and women might be seen, dressed in Indian costume, slowly wending their way to my platform, which was erected under some shady trees, around which were benches for the accommodation of the congregation ; but when they assembled I could perceive that many of them were more civilised than others in appearance, and these, on enquiry, I found had been under the instruction of Wesleyan missionaries, but from some cause or other had not been visited by them for some time. I felt, therefore, that if I could now and then visit the settlement, and thus comply with the wishes of the chief, I might eventually establish some permanent instruction for their children, by placing a schoolmaster amongst them, who might also hold

services for the Indians, and catechise those desirous of preparing for baptism. The service which I held on this occasion consisted of some selections from the Prayer-Book, which were translated very readily by a converted Indian who was present ; after which a hymn was very sweetly sung, taken out of the Wesleyan collection, then in use among the Indian missions ; after which I preached on the text, " As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so shall the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." My interpreter seemed to do full justice to the sentences I uttered ; for wherever he felt at all doubtful of my meaning, he scrupled not to enquire : thus, I preaching and he interpreting, we occupied a long time, during which the Indians listened with unflagging attention, and, when dismissed with the benediction, they withdrew with silent and reverential decorum. In the evening we had a similar service, after which a profitable religious conversation took place. Many took a deep interest in these services, though I could observe some whose painted faces, and other symptoms of uncivilised life, told, too truly, that they were still " afar off, and without God in the world." I remained in the settlement some ten or twelve days, so as to include two Sundays in the visit,

and also to become acquainted with some of the families. As there were the two classes of Indians living in this settlement, Pagan and Christian, I was particularly struck with the social difference existing between them. The Christian Indian had his well-built house, his cultivation systematically carried on, his wife and children neatly clad, and the household duties attended to; while the heathen Indian lived separately, his hut in the midst of the trees, not one of which was cut down, the women idle, the children roving wherever they wished, the men absent hunting or fishing, returning perhaps empty-handed at night, and then all would go to bed hungry and sorrowful. Alas! for heathenism, its present evils are legion, while its future has no hope.

Having at length accomplished the object of my visit, I now decided on returning, and having to walk some miles before I should reach the canoe, the interpreter whose services I used on this occasion accompanied me as guide through the woods. As we proceeded, my attention was drawn to a huge gap, which I perceived, as if cut by the axe, through the dense woods. Trees on trees seemed to have been cast on each other, and broken in a thousand fragments. From the freshness of the leaves of the prostrate trees, I could perceive that the destruction

must have been recently accomplished. On asking the interpreter how it occurred, I received the following account, which I recite in order to show the influence of Christianity on the heathen mind. It appeared that before the storm overtook us on the lake, while on our way to the settlement (as already described), he had left his house and proceeded through the woods, intending to meet me when I should reach the settlement. He had not gone far when he saw the clouds gathering for a storm, and on the first clap of thunder he fled to take shelter from the rain.

"I was just on this spot," observed my guide, "when all these trees were instantly mown down by one flash of the electric fluid. When seeking refuge, I observed a mud turtle pass me. I gave chase, and having overtaken it, I secured it, and tied it on my back, intending to bring it home; I then sat down here till the storm should abate; but scarcely had I done so, when the tree next me was struck by lightning, and came crashing around me. Remembering just then the old Indian legend, which I once fully believed, I was, for a moment, tempted to relinquish my hold of the turtle; for it is the belief of the Indians that the turtle is mysteriously connected with the lightning, and is, in some way,

under its protection. I was tempted, therefore, for a moment, to give up my possession of the turtle, and thus propitiate the fury of the elements, and escape any vengeance that might overtake me for my violence towards the lightning's favourite. So terrified was I that I found my hand undoing the cord which bound the turtle to my back ; but I paused, thinking that a great principle was at stake. I thus argued with myself : If I liberate the turtle fearing its influence, or any punishment it can bring on me, how, then, can I trust in the true God ?”

This reflection saved his consistency, and, acting under it, he stood fast to his profession. This incident may seem of little importance to some, but as it disproves the world's insinuations about the sincerity of heathen conversion, I therefore narrate it.

But while making this short journey on foot to the lake in company with my guide and turtle-tempted convert, I am reminded of one of those perils which in missionary life we often meet with : there lay in our path a small river, deep but narrow, which we had to pass in a small canoe that was drawn slightly out of the water up the bank. We launched it in order to cross to the other side, but, as I stepped into it, just as I would into a ship's boat, it immediately capsized—the bank was shelving, and a good

plunge out of sight was the consequence ; had I not been able to swim, the accident might have proved fatal. I have recently read of the "*Rob Roy*" and her venturesome captain, who in his frail bark accomplished a voyage of 1,000 miles over rivers and rapids, and yet the voyager lives "to do and dare again !" But my canoe experience has no such success connected with it, as I am persuaded, if I am ever to gain celebrity in navigation, it must be in some other craft besides a canoe.

CHAPTER V.

Colonial horses, and difficulties in purchasing—An Indian horse, and attempts to civilise one—“The dream” of my establishment—A mistake in the early settlement of colonies, and its result—Wesleyan missionaries in the mission field—Gideon’s method of assailing a forlorn hope—Preaching and Dissent—The Walpole Island Indians and mission—The exhibition of aborigines to be condemned—The price of blood—Who is to blame?

IN missionary life, the silent, willing slave that carries us through all roads, rough or smooth, in all weathers, deserves some mention in these reminiscences, for the horse shares many a trial with his master, and should he be a good one, then a long journey loses much of its importance ; but if “a bad one to go,” then the usefulness of the missionary in his calling is sadly interfered with. In purchasing a horse, I always found that every man who wished to sell me one, “possessed the best in the country.” The one he wished to sell me was “the best,” while those he could “not conscientiously recommend to me,” were the worst ; but on trial (to my cost), I found the reverse true, for he sold me the worst, but kept the best. I believe there is nothing in which a man

uses so much deceit as in selling a horse ; and that "a friend" is not even then to be trusted. Such I found to be the case in colonial life. I wonder does my experience agree with the horse dealers of this country ?

I well remember the faults and blemishes of the quadrupeds I purchased from "sincere friends" at the time I entered on long missionary trips to the backwood settlements. All of them (no matter from whom purchased) sustained so badly the characters given of them by their owners (with the exception of one whom I shall by-and-by mention) that, at length I decided on going to a different market, and purchasing from an Indian. This idea occurred to me from observing a large troop of unbroken horses, depasturing on some cleared land] belonging to an Indian. I accordingly called on him and asked him if he were willing to sell me one of his horses ? "Yes," he said, "and you can have your pick of all I have." So saying, he sent out a stock driver to collect them. In a few hours the sound of whips was heard, which gave notice of their approach. The Indian from whom I was about to purchase, took his stand at a certain place, and with lasso in hand, called on me to make my selection of the horse I preferred, while the whole troop was driven

past me. I waited for some time, till, one very fine-looking cream-coloured horse appeared, having good action, and a fine shoulder. I then signified to the Indian that I should wish to see that horse closer, upon which, in a few moments, a well-directed cast of the lasso took him prisoner, and pulled him out of the troop, as the fisherman drags the trout from his companions with a hook.

"The cream" puffed and pawed the ground furiously as he came near us, and when he found himself deprived of his liberty, his eyes started as if about to break in their sockets, his nostrils were distended, and he trembled violently ; in fact, if he had met with a man for the first time in his life, he could not have been more frightened.

"I am afraid, friend," I said to the Indian, "it will take a long time to break this horse for my use."

"Oh, no," was the reply, "I shall have him soon taken in hand, and send him to you well broken in a few weeks."

After some time we came to an agreement. I purchased the horse, and, after the expiration of the time agreed upon for Cream's civilised education, he was brought to my house, and given in charge to my man, who, having received him, led him to the stable to feed and groom ; but Cream refused to enter the

building ; nothing would induce him to do so, simply because he was never inside a house in all his life. This was difficulty number one. Next, my man tied him to a tree, and began to curry him, but this being an operation that was never performed on him before, he broke the halter and nearly killed the groom with a kick. If *Cream* had been shod, then, and there, my man's life was forfeited. This was difficulty number two. On my return home (for all this took place in my absence), seeing how matters were, I purchased a good strong chain, and made him fast to a post, but he snapped the chain like a cobweb, and put us all at defiance. Here was difficulty number three.

Such an unruly pupil as this gave us great trouble, for although I felt I was possessed of a horse at last that was "sound in wind and limb," yet of what avail were these if the brute was unwilling to use them in my service ? For instance, when I came to mount him, instead of going forward, he would stand still ; or go round and round till my head became dizzy ! This reluctance to go on arose from the fact, that the Indian horses always walk in single file, a leader going before ; so that, since *Cream* had not been a "leader," he was only acting up to the custom of his breed, in refusing to lead, when he had always been a follower. Whips, however, had to be used for

so many days, that my man learned the art of horse-breaking so completely by taming this unruly brute, that he seemed likely to change his profession. "The Cream," at last, was declared free from many of his bad habits, and "a good one to go."

The first ride, however, I took on him, nearly proved a fatal one to a poor woman I happened to meet with on the road, for "Cream's mouth was not yet made," and the bit had not much power in controlling him, so that wherever he took a fancy to go, go he would ; if the bit were pulled violently, he would throw back his head, but his body would still go as he wished, nor was it any better if a martingale were used, for then he made rapid revolutions. Hence it happened that whenever a vehicle or traveller was met with, a collision was with great difficulty avoided, and sometimes more than an apology was necessary to make good the damages inflicted on others. I bore a good deal of these annoyances, and got others "to bear with me," hoping all the time that when Cream had "sowed all his wild oats," I would then have an invaluable horse. Moreover, I felt fortified in the proverb, that "A bad beginning makes a good ending." So I was content to wait for the fulfilment of the adage ; but, alas ! "I hoped against hope," for, in order to protect from all injury, both

my own bones, and those of my parishioners, I was obliged to part with “the Cream” of my establishment.

In speaking of the difficulties incident upon seeking the spiritual welfare of the scattered denizens of the backwoods, I would represent the isolated position of the inhabitants as the chief impediment. This evil might have been guarded against in the early settlement of the country, if the lands had been surveyed in continuation, so as to have each lot settled on in rotation, as much as possible ; thus the immigrants would have been kept more together, and would have been saved from numberless evils incurred simply on account of the distances at which they live from each other. The advantages of civilisation are thus retarded, and the difficulties of evangelisation vastly increased.

As missionaries we are compelled to pass by such places in colonial lands from year to year, feeling the difficulties insurmountable in seeking to organise any movements for the amelioration of their spiritual condition. I have known the Wesleyans, however, so to adapt their system to the spiritual exigencies of people so circumstanced, as to elicit much life, and to sustain spiritual convictions where they were about to perish. The strange peculiarities and excitement of

revivals I mean not to recommend, and yet I have known frequently, in every land where I have ministered, and especially in such places as I have just described, the vilest transgressors permanently arrested in their sinful courses, and made useful members of society, through the earnest appeals of revival meetings, but I have also seen some carried, by the excitement, beyond their better judgment, and led to make a very earnest profession, which, in a little time, they forgot, realising the Saviour's description—"the sow washed turns to its wallowing again." But, notwithstanding, I feel convinced (though I did not always think so) that it is far better to make some effort to save such, than to make none—better to stir the stagnant waters, and to try and purify them, than to suffer them to continue unconscious of their pollution.

Xmas The sayings and doings of Gideon—one of the most noted preachers, at the time I speak of, in the isolated Canadian settlements—were attended with extraordinary success. Before I speak of him, however, it must be remembered that it requires extraordinary men for extraordinary places. Spurgeon at "the Seven Dials" is in his proper element, and the Tabernacle stands forth as a monument of his usefulness and popularity in that locality, but we cannot

think he would be suited to a fashionable congregation at “the West End.” The place makes the preacher, as well as the preacher makes the place ; bearing this in mind, I would speak of Gideon. He was “a burning and a shining light,” a second John the Baptist, whose singularity was adapted to the circumstances of the people ; his ingenuity in suiting his ministration to the peculiar circumstances of his audiences was equally as conspicuous as that of the renowned Rowland Hill. I am reminded of an event in the history of Gideon, which, as it occurred in a neighbourhood where I once officiated, I must describe as it was related to me. Gideon had discovered that ordinary methods would not do to bring in a congregation to him, in a locality where a good number of people resided, but where, from their isolated position, they could not be brought together or organised for any Church movement, in the same “circuit.” Many failed, and, to do the Wesleyan missionaries justice, “the forlorn hope” seldom discourages them ; indeed, I have never known them fail, and I have met them in many a parched wilderness, in both hemispheres. Zealous men they are, though all of them are not Gideons ; but Gideon is appointed to “a forlorn hope.” No way deterred, he begins, now in one part of his extensive circuit,

now in another ; but Sunday after Sunday his labours proved ineffectual, a few only met, where there might have been hundreds. Though he had been some time in his new sphere of duty, and ever at work, still he was a stranger to the people, so few took an interest in public services either on the Sundays or week-days. At last the ingenuity of Gideon came to his aid in devising the following plan—a plan, be it remembered, which no ordinary man would think of, or be able successfully to carry out ; but, understanding his avocations well, and being “a master of assemblies,” Gideon, though in the backwoods, turned his talents to good account. To meet the emergency described, he went to a part of his “circuit” where he was never heard of, and one Sunday morning, in riding through the woods, he heard the sound of the axes of two men at work ; going up to them, sufficiently near for the object he had in view, he rode up to a tree, where he tied his horse ; then, taking his stand on a fallen tree close by, which raised him to the usual pulpit eminence, and pulling his hymn book out of his pocket, he gave out the number of the hymn as loudly as possible, so as to arrest the attention of the two men at work ; he then sung the hymn in his own sweet, powerful voice, for which he was as much noted as he was for his preaching. After the hymn,

he cried out, "Let us pray," and, as if he had 1,000 people present, he offered up a prayer, which melted the souls of his two auditors, who had in wonder been drawn to the spot by the hymn; then, after the prayer, he opened the Bible, and gave out his text, from which he preached a touching sermon, full of that earnestness which characterised that remarkable man. After the service was concluded, he gave notice that "Divine worship would be performed by him, in the same place, on the next Sunday, at 11 o'clock, morning." All this time he appeared as if addressing a numerous congregation; then, going to his horse, without speaking to his two auditors, he mounted and rode off as fast as horse-flesh could carry him. The two men who heard, and witnessed all this, were struck with profound astonishment; every word of the preacher sunk deep into their souls, like "arrows fastened in a sure place." From their lips wonders were told of Gideon; rumours spread that "a strange man preached to the trees as never man did, that, while he preached as Demosthenes, he sung as an angel, and that two such gifts never could be possessed in such perfection by one man; that he gave out notice of his intention of holding Divine worship next Sunday morning in the same place, at 11 o'clock!" During the week nothing was spoken of

but the wonders of the preacher, “who held service for the trees, preached to them, sang to them, and converted his whole audience.” This latter part seemed true; for while there were only two present, they were so affected by what they heard as to be under the very best religious convictions.

It may well be imagined that, when the Sunday morning came, a large concourse of people, at an early hour, might be seen wending their way from all directions to the meeting-place appointed by the preacher; so that when the hour came, a vast assemblage were ready to hear the Word. Gideon arrived precisely as he promised. He rides to the same tree, ties his horse, looks at no one in particular, and commences the service as he did before. If only two arrows took effect before, now a whole quiverful was used successfully, till Gideon moved that entire assembly as one man,—the deeds of the past were called up from oblivion in the breasts of some, while good resolutions for the future stirred in the souls of many. Such must have been the result of his sermon, because, then and there, preliminaries were entered into for meetings and Church organisations, and the “forlorn hope” was successfully assailed and carried.

Such unusual instances of earnestness in the

ministry, and of seeking to make an impression by the preaching of the Word, may be regarded by many as too eccentric, and beneath the dignity of the office; but yet, circumstances alter cases, and the fishermen may use nets adapted to the waters wherever they may fish. The safety of the world is a preached Gospel, and as formerly, so now, "how shall they hear without a preacher?" But, in these days, there are many, who attribute little to this ordinance, and who, while they boast of making much of "first principles," yet ignore the apostolic ordinance of preaching. But preaching was, notwithstanding, *the first ordinance* which the Holy Ghost made use of to increase the multitude of disciples; and this ordinance has a more direct promise of salvation attributed to it, than any other, for "it pleases God, by the foolishness of preaching, *to save those that believe.*" We may think differently on this point, and depend on other agencies to arouse slumbering souls, or to feed spiritual life; but if we look a moment at Dissent ("licet ab hoste doceri"), we shall see our mistake. Who is there that knows not, that Dissenters, by going forth with an "open Bible and a preached Gospel," having no prestige whatever from antiquity or authority to recommend them, and nothing but voluntaryism to support them,

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have obtained this immense and increasing influence, both at home and *abroad*, which we now witness? The Great Head of the Church has surely blessed His Word delivered by them; and He will fulfil His promise to all who preach His unadulterated Word amongst men. "My Word shall not go forth void, but will accomplish that whereunto I send it." There are many evils peculiar to our day, both in the Church, and the world, for which we need only one remedy, and that is, the free and unfettered promulgation of the Gospel, through the life-stirring energy of preaching. We need to revive this office, and to regard it, as it was in apostolic times; and then, we shall be able to leaven the masses of the nation, for which the Church alone is responsible. Then, Dissent will see no cause for "Dissent," and its influence, instead of being aggressive to the Church, will rather wish her "God-speed" in promoting the welfare of the nation. "Preach the Word; be instant in season, and out of season" (2 Tim. iv. 2). That was the remedy once for the world's safety, and the Church's need,—*it is so still*,—and will be so, till Christ comes a second time.

In missionary life, the importance of what we do frequently shows itself quicker than in the home Church. The maturity of growth may, indeed, be

slower, but the germinating of the seed may, notwithstanding, be more rapid in the mission field than in lands where the vineyard has been long planted. As an instance of this, I am led to the reminiscence of the following interesting event. My visit to the Indians in the vicinity of Lake Huron (as described in the former chapter), was so far beneficial to them, as to enable me to send (through the Bishop's assistance) a schoolmaster, who, also as interpreter (for he was a well-taught Christian Indian) might assist me in holding services in the settlement, whenever I could reach it. On the arrival of this schoolmaster, I had a school-house built for him, and in a short time he had thirty-five children of the Indians under daily instruction. This progress was noised abroad among the other Indians at a distance, till at length there grew out of this small seed, another movement of infinitely greater importance, for, I was waited on by the chief of the Walpole Island Indians, who was induced to do so from hearing of me from his brethren, whom I visited in the Lake Huron district. This Island of Walpole was, however, in a different direction, distant from my residence about fifteen miles, in the centre of the river St. Clair, which it divides into two channels, one washing the Canadian side ; the other, the American.

The chief, who was a fine, intelligent young man, waited on me, and informed me, through his interpreter, that, "two missionaries of my Church had been labouring for a short period amongst his Indians ; but, in consequence of being unable to cope with the difficulties which beset them, they retired from his island, without accomplishing any good." One of these missionaries failed, in consequence of being unable to satisfy the doctors of his people about certain subjects of the Christian faith,—one of which subjects was (the chief said) the Trinity ; for, when called on to explain how there could be three persons in one, the missionary answered by an illustration, which, unfortunately (not convincing them), proved the ruin of his mission, and they would no longer hear him. It was, indeed, ill-judged that the missionary should, at such an early stage of his ministry, have introduced such an incomprehensible mystery ; but having done so, he had to bear the consequences. The illustration which he used, and which proved so unfortunate, was, to compare "the Trinity to the three lakes, Ontario, Erie, and Huron, the waters of which were all one, as they flowed into each other." *Our* minds might gather an idea of the unity in the Trinity from this illustration ; but the practical minds of the Indian

✓ doctors at once repudiated the simile, by crying out : “ Ah ! this man’s God is all water.” This was so sudden a defeat, that the missionary was obliged to leave the island.

At the time the chief called on me his Indians had been left without any missionary for some time. The Government, however, had just completed a large church in the place, and as some missionaries of other denominations had applied to the chief for liberty to hold Divine worship in it, on the Sundays, for Indians, he came to me to give me the first offer on behalf of the Church of England, as he had heard of my labours amongst his brethren at the Lake Huron settlement. He not only invited me to hold this first service, but promised me that “ if I made a favourable impression on the Indians, and satisfied the doctors, that he, as chief, would invite the Church of England to establish the mission.” I accepted the invitation most cordially, though I felt it a very serious matter indeed, when I was given to understand that a failure on my side to satisfy the objections of the doctors would make it necessary to invite the ministers of other denominations to hold services, until a decision should be arrived at as to who should plant the mission. Finding, however, that I could not alter the conditions under which I was invited, I

proceeded to the island, as soon as possible, to hold my first opening service. I found the church a well-built, commodious structure, adapted to seat about 400 people. It was well filled with the Indians, both men and women, when I entered. Having arranged preliminaries for the service, and being accompanied by two interpreters, I proceeded to the reading-desk, and commenced the service by offering up some suitable petitions selected from the Prayer Book, which the interpreter solemnly repeated after me in the Indian tongue. I took, as my text, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" from this I spoke of God's love, the gift, and the salvation mentioned. It was on this occasion I was amazed, for the first time, at the wonderful power of memory possessed by the Indians; for my interpreter permitted me to speak fifteen minutes at a time, and then would rapidly put into his own tongue all that I had said; neither was he singular in the possession of such a faculty, for afterwards I found many of them who could do the same.

That was a long and tedious service, but the audience were most attentive, though a stranger would not think so, for many of them filled their

pipes while I was speaking, and quietly lighted them, puffing at them vigorously, till the building exhibited an atmosphere tainted by the fumes of the noxious weed ; this, however, must not be considered as any proof of disrespect towards the building or the subject of the preacher, but merely conforming to the ordinary custom pursued at their councils. Doubtless Christian Indians, properly instructed, would dispense with such a custom in church, but these were heathens, and had all to learn yet.

When the service was ended, they cleared the building of all strangers, and signified to me that if I would withdraw, they would deliberate among themselves for awhile, and then let me know their decision. On retiring to the vestry, in order to await the result of their deliberation, I felt all the time as anxious as if I were on my trial, and waiting the verdict of a jury.

After some time I was summoned before the doctors, in order, as I was informed, that they "might confer with me on the subjects I spoke on in my sermon." On appearing before them, each had his objection ready, and, on stating it, called on me for an answer. They spoke one after the other, each manifesting great interest, and much point in their questions. They enquired about sin,

its punishment, and the Son of God who wrought salvation. Such subjects, though plain to us, were yet difficult to explain where there is no faith. After I had answered all, they asked me, "Who told me these things?" This question leading me to the subject of inspiration, caused no small wonder to a few of the doctors. As soon as the interview was over, which lasted hours, the chief consulted, for a short time, with a few of the oldest of the doctors, and then, advancing towards me with a pleasing smile, held out his hand, and assured me that "they had decided on learning more of my religion, and that, through me, they would invite the Church of England to send them a missionary."

I then received a present from one of the doctors, which consisted of the skin of a very rare squirrel, inside of which I found, on afterwards opening it, several small bags filled with pounded roots, and crushed so fine as to be like snuff: this composition was their medicine, from whence their supposed powers over diseases proceeded, and through which they obtain their immense influence over their fellow-men, an influence which they use for superstitious purposes. But, as this "medicine bag" was given to me in the church, after our discussion, I looked upon it as a sort of trophy; for it was intended by

the donor, not only to express his conviction and reception of the truth, but also his renunciation of his former practices. Not to be tedious, however, in describing other matters which happened on this occasion, I need only state, the result of this interview with the Indians on this important island was, that on my reporting it to the Bishop, and urging the necessity of immediately filling the post by a missionary of some ability, a gentleman was immediately sent to the island whose judicious and persevering ministrations secured the confidence both of the chief and his people. The missionary then sent was the Rev. A. Jamieson, who, from a recent report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, I find is still at this post. That his success would be as prosperous as I find it is, I augured at the time from his evident adaptedness to meet the difficulties he would have to encounter at starting, and which were considerably augmented by the failures of his two predecessors already alluded to.

But, while speaking of the Walpole Island Indians, I am reminded of a sad event in reference to them, and one which has caused me frequently to think of the fine young man who acted as interpreter for me on this occasion. The tale is soon told. From a desire which naturally exists in this country of

regarding with interest any of the aboriginal inhabitants of our colonies, many adventurers from time to time have induced these poor savages to come to this country and exhibit themselves for gain. Companies of them are thus formed, and practised for the performance of the parts they will have to act; some, as mutes, exhibiting a fantastic dress got up for the occasion; and others with war clubs, tomahawks, knives, spears, arrows, &c. A company of Indians were organised shortly after the time I speak of for this purpose, many of whom were selected from Walpole Island, amongst whom, unfortunately, was the interpreter whose services I made use of on the occasion of my first visit to Walpole. The superior intelligence and training of this Indian I had often found useful in my intercourse with his people, but I lost him for ever when he engaged himself as interpreter to this company. A poor Indian was also dressed up to counterfeit a chief, and a temporary charge was given him over the men and women associated for this purpose. They stood the ordeal of exhibition in London, I believe, very creditably, sustaining the interest of the public for a long period. Many spoke in flattering terms of the supposed chieftain, who, in borrowed plumes, acted on the occasion. At last a young lady of some fortune was seen to

take a greater interest in him than others ; an interest, too, which increased, for, after a time, she offered him her heart and hand. They were accordingly married in one of the London churches, and his deception of chieftainship was kept up till they came in sight of Walpole Island. When the pedigree and poverty of her husband were disclosed to the young wife, to her credit be it spoken, she remained true to her contract, having “taken him for better or worse.”

But is it right to traffic in such living freight? Is it right to sanction, by our presence and money, such exhibitions as these? Why such questions should force themselves on the Christian mind a very slight consideration will show ; for, during the stay of such unsophisticated children of nature in London, where every temptation assails our vision and appetite, they speedily fall into the practice of the worst vices of our fallen nature, and thus, while their bodies are a source of gain to the speculators who traffic in them, the souls of the poor creatures whom they exhibit, instead of being benefited by our civilisation, are imperilled and shipwrecked. It is truly lamentable to think that a very few of the company whom I have described as having been taken from Walpole Island for the purpose of exhibiting them in this

country ever returned home, and amongst those that perished was the well-trained and admirable interpreter of whom I have spoken.

If the speculators who cater for the public in getting up such exhibitions make by their enterprises, we cannot consider their gains to be any better than the price of blood. But who is to blame most? the public who keep up the market? or the dealers who exhibit the wares?

CHAPTER VI.

My first confirmation, and progress—The other side of the river—The Americans and the Fourth of July demonstration—Politics and the navy chaplain—The commandant's question and admission—The American Episcopal Church and Synods—Expiration of engagement with the Upper Canada Clergy Committee—My horse Grey, and how he damaged my reputation—The world's opinion of clerical consistency—Farewell visit to Sabel—A lonely ride—The tavern—The trapper and little stranger—Lost in the woods—Arrival—Service, and strange method of dog expulsion—Return—The tavern, and trapper's history—Reflections about the ministerial appointment.

THE administration of the rite of confirmation is an important event in any parish at home or abroad ; but in the colonial Churches it is especially so, as it not only marks more visibly the growth of the Church in small neighbourhoods, but also engages the attention of many who do not belong to the Church of England. To very many such I have known this ordinance commend itself, from the consideration of its connexion with baptism, and from its very natural and visible manner of professing membership.

The period for holding my first confirmation in my

infant mission was fast approaching, and—in consequence of the state of the roads, as well as the scattered position of my congregation—I had many months of severe travelling to reach 'the classes of the confirmees. As the day approached, I felt thankful at having proofs of progress for the Bishop to inspect. I had now two churches on the banks of the river ; one next my house, and the other—which was my chief church—six miles down the river ; situated at the village of Sutherland, which was erected by the chief settler in that locality, assisted by a liberal grant from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, whose kind aid on all occasions in the infant missions (like mine) was freely given ; around the church, also, was a good piece of land, fenced in for a burial ground, and which, along with the church, was ready for consecration. In addition to this, I had a goodly congregation in regular attendance every Sunday, a fair number of communicants, and a large band of confirmees ready to receive "the laying on of hands" when the Bishop arrived. This was progress for which I duly received the commendation of his Lordship, which always imparts new energy to the missionary, who, in consequence of his isolated position, has to do many things on his own judgment ;

to be approved of, therefore, on the visit of his chief, affords no small gratification. I had, on this occasion, also, some deputations from the Indians to present to the Bishop, amongst whom were two chieftains, who came to thank his Lordship for his assistance in extending spiritual instruction to their settlements, both at Walpole and Lake Huron. Some excellent speeches were delivered on this occasion by these chiefs, which the Bishop eulogised in his answer to them, stating that he considered "their lofty and animated language not only as proofs of mental endowments, but of great zeal and earnestness in the glorious cause they had at heart."

But it is time for me to look at the other side of the river, and to occupy the reader's attention for a short time with the peculiarities of the people who lived there, for here were our "American cousins." Often have I crossed the St. Clair in my skiff, and spent an afternoon with "the Yankees." The national feelings of hostility towards Britain which the Americans have cultivated since they obtained their independence seem stronger wherever our country adjoins theirs, and as the river St. Clair, which was not, in parts, more than a mile wide, separated American from British territory, hence the national antipathies of both people on either side of the river were kept

up by mutual recriminations. The vauntedings, therefore, which I heard at New York, on my arrival, as to "the glories of the republic," were intensified along the American side of the river, and every time I visited there I was reminded of that "grand confederation" that had shown an example to the European kingdoms of the prosperity that follows republicanism—a "confederation kept together without any assistance from the tyranny of kings or their despotic governments!" But all such boastings I can bear with equanimity, regarding them as something like the natural ebullitions of a beardless youth respecting his untried powers, all of which he loses when he becomes older and finds that others lived long before he was born, and who adorned the temple of fame, while he only stands upon the threshold. But, if custom reconciled me to this, I must describe an event which taxed my endurance to a far greater extent. It occurred on one occasion when present at a Fourth of July demonstration which came off in a good-sized American town. When the people assembled an imposing procession was formed, consisting of militia gaily dressed in blue uniform, societies of all kinds with their regalia, and "the heads of departments," accompanied by an immense display of bunting, exhibiting no end of "stars and stripes."

A well-practised band headed the procession, which halted at an elevated platform that had recently been erected in the centre of the market-place. Here demagogues and stump orators attended in abundance, as a democracy always offers a fair field and fame for such gentlemen to sharpen their weapons at all the contested elections, whether municipal or presidential. When all assembled round the stand, and the militia, as commanded, stood "hands at ease," a gentleman came forward and ascended the platform. Then, holding a paper in his hand, he read, in an audible and distinct voice, "The Declaration of Independence." The expressions of this document are anything but complimentary to Great Britain, while it breathes out the most unrelenting hatred to England. But the speeches of some of the leaders in the procession which followed were even more aggravating to my feelings as a true-born Briton than the words of the Declaration. On listening to this needless display of patriotism, I could not help thinking that, while such demonstrations as the Fourth of July take place annually in every city, town, and village throughout the United States, the Americans are training their children of each generation to entertain the most bitter feelings of hostility to this country. Now, even if we admit that in a time of excitement

Very true
Now as
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and misunderstanding the Americans were ill-treated by England, yet reparation has been fully made and independence long since granted, while the most friendly and amicable relations exist between the countries. Why then perpetuate such feelings as the Fourth of July demonstration is calculated to foster between the countries? On every ground, therefore, this annual custom of the Americans, and all its concomitants, ought to be discontinued. First, it is useless, because England does not now dispute the independence of the American people; secondly, it is unwise, on political grounds, to harbour or keep up feelings of animosity with a power at peace with them; and, thirdly, it is unchristian to rake up old injuries that long since should be forgotten and forgiven. Every philanthropist and Christian in both countries should, therefore, endeavour to render needless any such expression of national feeling as occurs throughout "the Union" on the fourth day of every July.

An individual once said, "I never knew how much I loved my mother till I heard her abused," and thus was it with me on hearing the anti-British speeches during my visit on this Fourth of July amongst the Yankees; but, on seeing one of the gentlemen who accompanied me to this demonstration, and who was

a British naval officer, regarding the ceremony with the most perfect indifference, I said to him—

"I am afraid your loyalty is undermined in this region," when he said, laughing—

"At first I felt it as you do, but now I don't. Do you know, I find a good deal of bad feeling is better let off in words than permitting it to smoulder in the breast. I regard the Fourth of July as a sort of safety-valve, which is most useful in letting off a superfluity of steam in a high-pressure steamboat."

A few days after this event, I met at dinner a commandant of one of the American forts across the river, when a conversation took place about the feelings of Americans towards Great Britain. This officer, who was a very gentlemanly man, and much respected by those who knew him at "our side," informed me that he was present last Sunday morning at my service, and felt rather awkward when he heard me pray for Queen Victoria, and that "God would give her the victory over all her enemies." "Now," said he, "on the evening of the same day I attended Divine worship in my own church at my side, and our clergyman prayed that God would be pleased to grant the President of the United States victory over all his enemies likewise ; now, what puzzles me is, to know how God can grant both these requests."

This question, I need not say, “brought down the house with him,” and there was a prolonged jovial laugh. Some half-hour after, however, the commandant abruptly called out—

“Mr. Pyne! you have not answered my question; for though we have laughed at it, yet something of truth underlies it.”

“Your question, sir,” I observed, “takes for granted that we are enemies, which most certainly we are not, therefore there was no inconsistency in your morning and evening petitions. But,” I added, “your Fourth of July demonstration seems hostile, and flings down ‘the apple of discord’ between the countries, though you must know it is unwise to indulge in such public expressions of animosity against a power at peace with you.”

“I admit,” said he, “your remark has some truth in it, for our Fourth of July *is defiant*. ”

There is one institution, however, which has taken root, and, like a goodly tree, flourishes in America—an institution which engages the love and affection of many a British heart—I mean the Episcopal Church of that country; for, although schism abounds in that religiously libertine land, yet, as an anchor for old truths, and a zealous guardian of “the faith once delivered to the saints,” that Church holds a pro-

minent position in the nation, attracting to her standard very many of the wise and highly-gifted minds of the great republic. The American Episcopal Church was originally planted by the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Of late years, especially, the most friendly relations have been established between the home Church, which is the parent, and the American Church, which is the daughter.

It has often been asserted, and is taken for granted, by many colonists of a certain stamp, that "Episcopacy naturally promotes loyalty, and if it flourish in a country, republican principles must either be cramped or die out;" but such an insinuation is proved to be utterly groundless, when we consider the steady growth, and flourishing condition, of the Episcopal Church in America; so flourishing, indeed, that now it may be considered as one of the chief ornaments, and conservative sources of national strength, which the great republic can boast of.

But one great element of union and life in the American Church arises from her diocesan Synods; all matters affecting the discipline of the Church at large, the welfare of the congregations, or difficulties of a parochial character, are, if needs be, brought before these assemblies. The Bishop, *ex officio*, is

chairman of the Synod, and many questions, which, if there were no Synods, would be settled by his individual judgment, are referred to this assembly. Moreover, the free and open discussion of matters affecting the welfare of a parish, or the Church generally, is useful, and when questions, admitting of a twofold opinion, are thus settled, many heart-burnings are avoided, and the people are protected from the caprices or idiosyncrasies of any clergyman who may disturb his congregation by innovations or changes. The Canadian Church, fully impressed with the wisdom of synodical action in the administration of Church matters, long wished for this boon before she was permitted to exercise it; for many impediments lay in the way of her obtaining it, in consequence of her connection with the home Church. Years of agitation and delay had to be passed before the subject would be even entertained, and during this period an unkindly spirit seemed to prevail towards the home Church on the subject. Many an angry debate have I listened to, at the full assemblies of the clergy, during the period the agitation was going on for liberty to obtain synodical action; and on one occasion, so defiant was the clerical tone of the meeting, towards the home authorities, that a leading clergyman, when rising, warned the meeting

to beware of the spirit into which they were drifting, and at once enkindled better feelings, simply by repeating the words of an appropriate proverb, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall!" These were talismanic words, and never shall I forget their effect. But eventually a favourable issue was arrived at, through the prudent and persevering management of the Bishop of Toronto; for full liberty to commence a diocesan Synod was conceded by the rulers of the home Church. And whoever considers the growth and efficiency of the Canadian Church, its amazing powers of expansiveness to meet the spiritual necessities of an ever-increasing immigration, must attribute much of this life and energy to its synodical action.

In the election of bishops, however (which power has also been conceded to the diocesan Synods in the Canadian Church), it would (in my judgment) have been much wiser to leave the appointment or nomination of the chief rulers, in the hands of the authorities of the home Church; for, not only would men of greater abilities, and higher administrative powers be more likely to receive the appointment, but also, the unseemly local canvassing that goes on amongst the clergy, long before a nomination is decided on, would be avoided. The undervaluing of

one man to exalt another, and the parties or divisions that arise in consequence, prove most injurious (for the time being at least) to the peace and harmony of the Church at large. These, and other matters connected with a local candidature for nomination to the episcopate, seem to render it more desirable for the bishops to be selected from the home Church. Acting under this conviction, doubtless, the diocese of Victoria, recently, through its Synod, referred the appointment of a bishop, to the newly created see of Ballarat to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a few delegates who are to confer with his Grace on the matter.

But time, which waits for no man, brought me at length to the expiration of my engagement for five years, which I had entered into with the "Upper Canada Clergy Committee," to remain as their missionary at St. Clair; and here I pause to say, that, whatever fruits now remain to be gathered from my labours, either among the white settlers on the river St. Clair, to whom I ministered (as described in these Reminiscences), or amongst the aboriginal inhabitants neighbouring, must partly be laid to the account of the noblemen and gentlemen who formed that committee, and under whose patronage and liberal support, I held the post assigned to me for five years.

Some of these great and good men have since gone to their rest, though a few of them still remain, occupying prominent positions of usefulness in society, and are still seeking to benefit their fellow-men, by the promotion of every secular and religious movement, which the welfare of this great country demands.

When my period of service, therefore, was drawing to a close, and having decided on leaving the locality, I regarded my labour with some degree of satisfaction ; for I had prepared the ground for a few successors ; but before leaving, I decided on paying a final visit to the far distant Indian settlement on Lake Huron, and, for the last time, to inspect the labours of my catechist and schoolmaster. As catechist, he had for some time been preparing a good number of Indians for baptism, amongst whom was "the lineal chief" of the settlement ; and being desirous of admitting them into the fold before parting with them for ever, I appointed a period for holding services amongst them, and for the administration of baptism. When the time came for me to go to the settlement (as I had in all my former trips succeeded so badly in canoe travelling), I determined to go on horseback ; and in order to have "a good one to go" on such journeys, I had some

time previously purchased a horse, that had acquired some reputation as a racer, which qualification, however, I was not aware of till I became his master. I have already described the freaks of Cream, and his indomitable reluctance to give up his Indian prepossessions ; but now I have (for the amusement of the reader) to write about Grey (for such was the name of his successor), who also received his name from his colour. If Cream, by his obstinacy and violence, at times injured the bodily powers of locomotion in others, Grey committed more serious wrong to myself, by damaging my reputation ; and how he managed to do this, I must explain.

When on a journey, whenever I fell in with any traveller not so well mounted as I was, and who, nevertheless, would endeavour to keep up with me, or ride past me, Grey would not run atilt against him, as Cream used to do, and try to upset him, but, on the contrary, he would prick up his ears, and challenge my fellow-traveller to a combat for speed. In some instances, Grey was sure of victory, for many horses he urged on to run with him, were sorry competitors, and soon were glad to fall to the rear ; but, when he met with an opponent practised in his own craft, he positively seemed to know it, as no bridle (in my use at least) would restrain him. On such occasions, he

made the outside world imagine (and especially the rider of the vanquished horse) that I was a jockey, and "up to a wrinkle or two" in such exercises. In a word, in consequence of Grey's frisky or obtrusive habit of showing his prowess on the highways, I got the credit of not being as sober-minded a parson as I ought to be, or as I would wish to be thought ; though I was not aware of the nature of the injury which this opinion was likely to do me in the performance of my office as clergyman, till I accidentally heard a few speaking on the subject. I have always found there are no better judges of the propriety of a clergyman's actions or demeanour, respecting those things which he might consider harmless or indifferent, than the outside world ; or, the people who make no profession whatever of religion. And so it happened about Grey's peculiarity, which I discovered by accident, in the following way. I had occasion to travel by stage-coach, and to stop for dinner at a small tavern by the wayside. My fellow-travellers were almost strangers to me (though they recognised me). While I was in one room, and they in another, I overheard the following conversation, in which I need not say I took a very deep interest.

"I say, James," said one of the party to his companion, "I have not seen you at church this long

time. Are you going to spend your Sundays as we used to do before either the minister or the church came amongst us?"

"I have not been lately, nor do I think you will see me there again in a hurry," was the reply.

"Why not?" was the astonished rejoinder of his friend.

"Because," replied James, "I have a very good reason. Sporting parsons, God knows, have injured the Church of England sufficiently in the old country, and we should set our faces against them in this. There was a time," added he, "when this was endured, but lately people see this inconsistency in a different light. I, for my part, though I make no great profession of religion, like to see men who do, act something better than myself."

"Nonsense!" said his companion; "there can be no fear of hunting or horse-racing amongst us. We neither have the men, the time, the land to run on, nor the horses for any such purposes."

"Well, then," said James, "why does the parson provoke horse-racing on the highways?"

I heard so far with great sorrow, and at once offered an explanation, which was received with much satisfaction; and, as a reparation to others, who, I was then assured, felt just as James did on the matter,

I would at once have parted with Grey ; but knowing his worth, and having long rides before me at the time, I felt Grey's powers were not to be dispensed with ; for, in case of necessity, he could travel immense distances, and that, too, through the very worst roads. So that if Grey injured me in one way, he made up for it in another ; and time proved that my life depended upon his sterling qualities, which I shall presently describe to the reader. However, I at once procured a much heavier bit for him, which enabled me, in a measure, to cure him of his racing propensities, and to remind him, that he was in clerical company, and "should not let his good be evil spoken of."

It was a fine summer morning when, mounted on Grey, I left home to wend my way through the woods bordering on Lake Huron, and seek the solitary track that led to the Indian settlement where I had stationed the schoolmaster, and made such a fair beginning, as described in a previous chapter. The locality where these Indians lived was called "Sabel," from a small river that ran through it (or, rather, stream), and hence, by way of distinction, the Indians living there were called "Sabel Indians ;" though, in consequence of their vicinity to the lake, they were known by others, as I have heretofore

called them, “Lake Huron Indians.” I hoped, by hard riding through the tracks made by foot passengers in the woods, to reach the Sabel on the evening of the second day, and had sent notice a few weeks before to the Indians of the day on which I intended to be amongst them. My first day’s ride was very laborious, at times doubling my distance by losing the track: but Grey stuck well to his work, and brought me over difficulties which would have proved insurmountable to an inferior horse. By sun-down, the first day, I came to a lonely tavern, where I was glad to put up for the night. Grey, however, seemed more fatigued than I ever saw him before, and though wearied as I was myself, I felt if he failed me my case was hopeless indeed; so accordingly I had to beg as earnestly for proper food for him as ever starving man pleaded for a meal. I carefully groomed him and fed him before I thought of any rest for myself, but when this duty was performed, I entered the small tavern, and was shown into a room with a candle lighting on the table, and a small bell by it. After ringing the bell, in a few moments the door opened, and the host stood before me. On looking at me he asked very civilly, “What do you want, sir?” But I could not answer without first scanning him very intently, for “neither

before or since" have I seen a person like him. He was a small, thick-set man, middle-aged ; his beard must have been, like his hair, for a long time uncombed ; his face seemed to have been cut severely, as the wounds, though healed, seemed like mouths, and when he spoke the puzzle was to know from which the voice came ; his ears, too, stood out as if he had been once kept so long in terror, that he forgot to let them fall back to their ordinary position when his fright was over ; his legs were crooked, and one being shorter than the other, he limped when walking ; his arms were very long, and his fingers seemed deficient, as if he had passed through the vicissitudes of hard frosty winters. Such was the outward appearance of the man who had made this lonely place his residence, and who was content "to rule in this horrible place." On recovering from the first surprise on seeing him, I answered his query as to what I wanted by asking him, "What have you got in the house for a hungry man to eat?"

"We have, sir," (I suppose he spoke after the manner of kings when he said "we") "bacon and eggs—and eggs and bacon."

"Very good," I said ; "but there is not much variety in this ; however, bring me all those dishes, for I have eaten nothing since the morning."

My host made a bow, and went at once to see the order executed. In a few moments, however, a horseman rode up to the door, and called loudly for the landlord. On coming along the passage, my host cried out—

“Well, well ; is that you, sir ? I am glad to see you once more. It’s a long time since you came this way.”

My curiosity, however, was excited by this fresh arrival, for this new comer seemed enveloped in a large coat, with a cape ; his face I could not see, though I observed he carried a silver-headed riding whip. When he dismounted, I saw him speaking to mine host in a low, confidential whisper, asking questions, and receiving answers. After the stranger had seen to everything essential to his horse’s comfort (which every good traveller should first do), he came to the tavern, and entering the small room where I was, rung the bell; next he took off his outside coat and other travelling appendages, which seemed extensive enough to enable him to camp out, if needful, and then, sitting down, he turned to me, and said, “Good evening, sir.” Having returned a suitable reply to this salutation, the frugal meal I ordered was, shortly after, placed before me, which, when ended, feeling tired, I went to bed, bidding my companion good-

night, who seemed, I thought, disappointed at this abrupt termination of our interview. Having ordered the landlord to call me as early in the morning as possible, and to feed my horse before doing so, then to get breakfast (as I had a long day's journey before me), I bid him good-night, asking, at the same time, about the road to the Sabel, and other information. I then went to bed, and might have slept, probably, two hours, when I was awakened by what I, at first, thought to be an angry disputation between two parties ; for as the partitions in such a house as that I slept in were only useful to screen the people in one room from another, so the sound was in no way hindered, and accordingly I heard all that was spoken (when I awoke from sleep) as plainly as if I were in the room with the persons speaking. On listening more attentively, I found, to my surprise, that the voice proceeded from one person, and that, too, in the engagement of prayer ! I felt thankful indeed to hear communion with God, in a place where I had begun to be suspicious of my company. The petitioner I then thought to be the stranger, who, at times, struck me as having the air of a Methodist preacher, and now, on hearing the prayer, I felt convinced I was right in my surmise. At length the praying man touched upon his sins, which he said

were committed in the days of his “former ignorance and sin.” His confession was truly pathetic, and, to my surprise, was so full, as to contain an acknowledgment of some of the blackest sins which our fallen nature can commit. “This surely,” thought I, “is some criminal who has escaped the hand of justice, and has fled to the wilderness to hide himself. If his confession be an honest and truthful one, I do not care to make his acquaintance.”

God can, indeed, through the riches of His grace, change the vilest, or make “the black comely,” so that, though this confession may bring this man into companionship with angels, yet I had rather not have heard it, under my peculiar circumstances. I did not, indeed, question the acceptableness of that prayer, if genuine, to that loving Father, who, while pardoning the guilty, can forget as well as forgive; but the confession was too black for man to hear, for *he* cannot forget, and to this I plead guilty; for I could never so forget the black catalogue of sin, recounted by that man in his prayer, as to desire to have his company in the long ride before me the next day, and, therefore, I made up my mind to give this little stranger, with the silver-headed riding whip (for I imagined the prayer to proceed from him), as wide a berth as possible, by an early start, while he might be

asleep. With this intention I kept awake till the early dawn appeared, when I got up, dressed myself, roused up the landlord to get me breakfast, saw to my horse myself, and soon found myself in the saddle, then bidding the landlord farewell, I promised, on my return, to make his house my stopping place. My horse, Grey, seemed refreshed and sprightly, and, as I did not use "the penance bit," he got over the ground in racing order ; at first, I kept the track, but, hoping to escape the possibility of being overtaken by my companion of the last evening, I left it, and struck into the woods, which I had no hesitation in doing, as I had the shore of Lake Huron on my left hand, and as long as I kept that in view, I could not be lost ; but in consequence of the deep ravines I had to pass, and the fallen trees I had to go out of my way to escape, I had not proceeded a dozen miles, when I completely lost myself ; and as it was a cloudy day, I could not tell on which side of me the lake lay, though that vast sheet of water covered an expanse of 500 miles. It was then, for the first time in my life, I was obliged to consult the Indian's compass, which, fortunately, they had taught me how to use.

Civilised man, who spends no time in company with the rocks, the streams, or woods, hears no voice amongst them, and holds no converse with such

inanimate things ; but not so with the untutored savage, he finds instruction where our investigation discovers nothing ; for there is a secret in the lowliest things of nature, if man have sufficient observation to decipher. In nature's medicine chest, there are roots, and bitter plants, and antidotes for every disease which afflicts suffering humanity, and these are known to the unsophisticated children of nature, whose senses and observation are not blunted by the luxuries of civilisation. We call them "ignorant," because they do not know what we know, but in their dominions we should feel as babes, who had all to learn yet. They can foretell a storm, the approach of which we can know nothing of, till we *see* indications of its vicinity. If *we* lose our way in the woods, we are helpless, without the scientific compass to guide, and even if we have one, it may be out of order, or affected by influences unknown to us ; but observation teaches the Indian that nature protects the trees of the forest against the inclemency of the northern blasts by a covering of moss, and that covering, on particular trees, is only found on the north side—never on the south. This lesson I now remembered, having been taught it by one of my interpreters, so that I had no fears as to the direction I should take ; but a different danger soon menaced me, for the brushwood became

so dense and impenetrable that I could scarcely push through it, notwithstanding the willingness of Grey to surmount every obstacle. Soon I found I should go in whatever direction I could proceed, or wherever Grey could make his way. I encouraged him when I had hope, but when I kept silent he seemed inclined to give in, when suddenly he stopped, and seemed to listen attentively for a moment, then, turning round, plunged violently through the scrub, in a direction opposite to which I was going. I now saw some smoke at a distance, rising from the brushwood ; presently I found myself on an Indian track, then the barking of dogs, and in a few moments I stood before the door of an Indian wigwam. Immediately two Indians came out, who, from their painted faces, and tomahawks which they carried, I could at once see were Pagans. I made my circumstances known to them as well as I could, calling myself "a missionary of the Great Spirit, on my way to the Sabel Indian settlement." They seemed, at first, not disposed to help me, but, after conferring together for some time, one of them volunteered to be my guide. After a few hours' travel, he brought me, just before sundown, to my interpreter's house, who I found very anxious about my absence, as I was many hours behind my appointment.

After I had related my adventures in coming, I received a full and satisfactory account of the progress of his work since my last visit to them. Having attended to the wants of horse and man (I put horse first, in gratitude to poor Grey), and having thanked God for protection and guidance during the perils of the way, I went to bed, forgetting all anxieties, and slept soundly till nine o'clock the following day. At eleven in the morning, I was at my post, and found a large congregation of Indians assembled for Divine worship. Before service, the interpreter brought forward eleven applicants for baptism, some of whom were the oldest men in the settlement. I was delighted to find such progress, and especially so, as on catechising them, I found their answers sufficiently clear on all the fundamental points of doctrine. When Philip baptised the eunuch, he only asked, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" and having received a satisfactory answer, he at once baptised him. But these applicants for the ordinance were more fully instructed, and I had, therefore, great pleasure in admitting them to partake of its privileges. Amongst the number whom I baptised, was a very aged man, whose name was Quaz-scind. His history, told by himself, was most interesting, as he had much to do with the American war, at which

period he was a marked man amongst his tribe. He was then on the British side, and remained faithful in his allegiance, up to the day of his baptism. One great reason (he said) which induced him to greet me, and to listen to my instructions, was, that he might become a member of the Church to which the Queen of England belonged ; "but (added he) while I feel this to be an honour, I know that I pledged myself, in baptism, to become a servant of God." "I am very glad, then, Quaz-scind (I observed) that you understand, that while we are servants of Her Majesty the Queen, in all things temporal, that, in spirit, we yield another allegiance to the Sovereign Lord of all, the King of kings, and Lord of lords." "I know, I know," he said. "God first, the Queen next."

As I held this service in my new school-house, an incident occurred, which disclosed to me an Indian method of dog expulsion from a public meeting, that I must describe for the information of the reader. Two large dogs followed their respective owners into this building ; but while we were engaged in prayer, they took advantage of the silence, and commenced running after each other around the room. They were often reproved by their owners, which the dogs seemed to feel for a short time, as they hid them-

selves from observation ; but they forgot each reprimand very quickly, and used to appear at large as persistent as ever. At length, one of the Indians determined on expelling one of the dogs. Watching his opportunity, as soon as he found one of them standing in the centre of the passage, within about four feet of the door (which was open behind him), he quietly approached, unobserved by the dog, and grasping his tail as a handle, swung him backward, over his shoulder, in such a manner as to eject him through the open door behind. Strange to say, the dog managed to fall on his feet, some five yards outside the school-house. He seemed stunned, however, by such an unceremonious expulsion, for he looked round and round, to every point of the compass before he ran ; but, when he did run, it was "something quick, I guess." I saw all this, unfortunately, at a glance ; I say "unfortunately," for I found it very difficult, indeed, to maintain becoming gravity during the rest of the service. I never afterwards saw a dog so treated, even by an Indian, and would rather bear with their wildest pranks, than witness another expulsion of this kind. There were four things I wondered at about this dog ; but I had no wonder on one subject. First, I wondered if the spinal cord were not injured by such violence.

Secondly, if the tail would not be longer for ever after. Thirdly, if it would wag as freely as before ; and fourthly, if “the Society for the Protection of Animals” would approve of such treatment ? But I had no wonder whatever on one subject, viz., that I never saw that dog again inside that school-house.

Having now paid my final visit to these Indians, I bade them farewell, and then prepared for my return home. I took care, however, to enquire of my interpreter, who the landlord of the solitary bush tavern was, and what character he bore, and also, who the stranger might be, that put up at the inn when I reached it ; all I could learn was, that the Indians did not like “the queer chap” of the inn (for such was the name by which the landlord was known). With such scanty information I was obliged to be content, though I had to pass another night at the same tavern. On leaving the Sabel, I determined not to turn out of the track on any account, so as to provide against the possibility of an adventure like what befel me when coming. While riding onwards I could not divest my thoughts of the stranger, and his confession, and wondering if I could receive any satisfactory explanation about him. My horse being in good condition, and fully recovered from his fatigue, I posted

onwards with a quick step ; but, I had not gone more than six miles, when I came to a place where four tracks crossed each other. I at once drew up, not knowing which to pursue—a finger-post would have been the very thing for me now, but the luxury of civilisation was unknown in that land—so I had to select of my own judgment the track that seemed most likely, which, unfortunately, after many miles of hard riding brought me to a wretched wigwam, and there ended my journey ! I had now to post back in hot haste to the junction of the tracks, but this time I preferred to trust to Grey's choice, and this seemed to please him, for he bounded off most willingly, without the application of whip or spur ; he was right, for before sundown the tavern was reached, and once more I found myself under the roof which some days previously I was glad to flee from. "The queer chap," or landlord, knew me at once, and recognised me as an old acquaintance ; this familiarity emboldened me to ask for some information about the traveller who stopped at his house, when I was staying with him : he seemed to like my question as it supplied him with a topic for conversation. I have often observed, that when men live for a long time in lonely and solitary places, who had previously mixed much with the world, they are very desirous of conversing

freely and confidentially when opportunity offers. Man seems to be intended by the Creator to live in communities, and if, from circumstances, he may not be able to exercise the faculties which have been given to him for social intercourse, he feels a restraint which he will throw off when opportunity offers. Depending upon this law of our nature, I was determined to be "all things" as much as possible to my host, and therefore I recognised his familiar greeting most cordially, and, having obtained good food and fodder for my horse, I proceeded to the little room with the bell, and having rung it, waited the result, and the result was, that a supper was laid before me, similar to what I had on the former occasion, which, having despatched, I got the table cleared, and sitting down I waited for the landlord to make his appearance. In due time he entered the room, made a bow, shut the door, and, drawing his chair closer to mine, seemed desirous of entering into conversation. Now, thought I, is the time to obtain the information I require about the suspicions which filled my mind when I last slept in this place ; in fact, I wished also to hear the history of the strange landlord himself, for his person bore marks of conflicts either with the elements or with men—I wished to know with which—for nature could never bring a man into the world

so cruelly mangled as he was. I began, therefore, with this opening entreaty, "Pray let me know who the small man was who put up with you, when I last passed this way." "Oh, sir," (answered my companion) "he seemed just as anxious to know who you were, and was very much disappointed at finding you gone, when he came to breakfast in the morning; he is a Wesleyan preacher, sir! especially selected for the laborious work of the Indian missions." "A very important work, indeed!" I said. "Do you know his name?"

"His name, sir," answered the landlord, "is of little importance, but one thing I know of him for certain is, he has been of great use to me." "To you?" I said; "pray how?" "Ah, sir," was the answer, "this requires a long recital, for, to answer that question, you should know something about me. If you would wish to hear a history of my life I shall gladly give it to you, and if you are interested about the aboriginal inhabitants who live in the vast regions outside of the bounds of the colony, then, perhaps, my narrative may give you some insight into the condition of the Indians residing there, which you have not at present, for, depend on this, sir, a man must live there to know what is going on there." On assuring him that I often felt desirous of meeting with some one who could give me some idea of the

state of the inhabitants residing throughout that part of the continent, and especially did I wish to have some account of his own personal history ; having thus invited him to speak fully, and freely, assuring him that he would have a willing auditor in myself, he at once commenced his narrative, which I shall call

THE TRAPPER'S HISTORY.

" You are aware, sir," he commenced, " that the Hudson Bay Company extends its jurisdiction over a vast portion of the British North American wilderness. The Rocky Mountain Indians are included in this jurisdiction. Now, it is to the interest of the company to keep this entire region under their influence, and to exclude therefrom any settlement of colonists, through fear of interfering with the hunting grounds, of the Indians. The business of this company consists in trading with the Indians for the furs or skins of the animals they kill in hunting. During the last 200 years or more, the wild men of this immense territory continued to supply furs for the civilised populations of Europe. In return for these skins, the Indians (from the dépôts or trading forts established in various parts of the hunting grounds) receive payment for the skins supplied in powder, shot, balls, blankets, flour, and other necessaries which they may require in their rocky fastnesses. But the

Hudson Bay Company, as they hold a charter entitling them to exclusive possession of the country, do not fear to engage white labour as well as Indian in this occupation. Hence, individuals from Europe who are fond of adventure, and who are good marksmen, are engaged by the company as hunters, and these men are so numerous that, if needful, they may be powerful enough to protect the depôts from any insurrection which the Indians may set on foot ; for oftentimes the company rated the skins at such a low price, as to excite the indignation of the Indians, and in consequence, many a life has been forfeited in the attack and defence of these forts or depôts which the civilised nations of Europe never heard of, and never will. No land on earth, perhaps, has ever witnessed so many deeds of unrequited bloodshed as the wilderness homes of these Indians, and all owing to the grasping, rapacious cupidity of their white brethren. These white hunters are called ‘trappers,’ and in consequence of being engaged in the same occupation as the Indians, many a quarrel takes place between them ; for each tribe has its own hunting ground, which they guard from intrusion by a death penalty. But as the trappers hunt promiscuously over the country, not regarding the territorial jurisdiction of the tribes, hence they are considered as depredators

that must be expelled at any cost. Thus there is combination on both sides: the Indians to defend their rights, the white trappers to deprive them of them. The supremacy of the law is not brought to this unhappy land. It is ruled by the savage one, ‘Might is right!’ The white man’s hand is often red with the blood of his Indian brother, and if revenge is sweet to the untutored savage, the white man in that land teaches him to follow the same principle, even with greater violence than was practised before his advent; for the dog is sooner spared by the trapper than the Indian hunter, if he cross the white man’s path. My hand, sir,” emphasised the trapper, “and with daily sorrow I confess it to God, has done its bad deeds there; so much so, as to have made my name a dreaded one far and near. I received, it is true, many a wound, as my face will show, and perhaps such injuries inflicted on me may be considered as some reparation to them for the blood I have shed; though it will never make amends for the privations I have caused to many families.”

He paused when he came to this part of his narrative, looked at me enquiringly, and then gave way to tears.

“ You seem,” I observed, “ very sorry for your sins, friend ?”

"Yes," said he ; "but sorrow will not undo what I have done,—it will not bring back the slain. It will make no amends for wrongs committed."

"No, indeed," I said, "it will not. Repentance is good, my friend, but it makes no reparation to the majesty of God's law; and yet, without repentance, there is no forgiveness."

"I know this, sir," he said, "but at times I am tempted to doubt it."

"But you cannot doubt," I said, "of the efficacy of the blood of Jesus, for it cleanseth from all sin, though it be as scarlet or red as crimson."

"Ah, sir," said he, "if I did not know this, I should cover my sin, and never mention it to mortal man ; but I know where to find the Refuge for such sins as mine. I have fled to it ; and was taught how to do so by one who has put into my heart and mouth the confession and prayer of a hymn he has taught me, in which are these words, which suit my case—

"Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Cleanse me, Saviour, else I die.'"

The trapper having finished his narrative, I congratulated him warmly on his change of life and heart ; but I asked him to account for the change. Through what agency had he been led to leave that distant land ? for I found him inside the colonial

limits, several hundreds of miles from the scenes which he had described. He then proceeded—

"I found, sir, it was not safe for me to continue any longer in the company's employment, for I was a marked man, and seemed to have a charmed life. Many a bullet whistled past me, and close to me, while unconscious of the presence of an enemy. I accordingly left suddenly, and travelled for very many days, submitting to unknown hardships ; for I had to cross the hunting grounds of many tribes that knew me too well. At last I reached the bounds of this colony, not far from this place. I then fell in with a portion of the Chippewa tribe, who were settled on one of the Indian Government reserves ; they were Christians, and as I knew their language so well, I felt at home amongst them ; they seemed to me a happy, contented people, and showed me great kindness. Just then I was pressingly invited by some of them to attend a camp meeting, on going to which I first saw that little stranger whom you have enquired after. He is a Wesleyan or Methodist preacher, and his earnest words first aroused my attention to spiritual things. It was he who assured me that—

" ' As long as the lamp of life doth burn,
The vilest sinner may return.'

I felt the force of this assurance, and cried for mercy. Ever since, my heart (so hard before) seems soft, and my happiest moments are those which I spend in prayerful confession to God."

Such was his interesting narrative, which, when finished, I at once told him how I had formed a very different opinion of himself, as well as of the stranger, whom I now found to be the preacher, who was the means, under God, of communicating to him "the knowledge of salvation, through the remission of sins." I now also discovered that the midnight confession of every sin or crime, which I attributed to the stranger, and to avoid whose company, I fled from the tavern in such hot haste, was uttered by the landlord himself! But now, how altered in my estimation was that "little preacher," or stranger. Instead of rushing from him now (were I to meet him), I would have greeted him as an honoured instrument in causing "the wilderness and solitary places to rejoice." To men of such evangelical zeal, and singleness of purpose, it seems to be of very little importance whether they can trace their commission to their sacred calling through a "successional ministry." Press them on this point, and they remind you of what cannot be denied, viz., of the grievous errors in doctrine and practice, which

reigned for ages in the Church of God, under the only successional ministry that boasts of “no broken link from apostolic times;” but from the moment the bondage of this chain was broken, and the Bible was liberated from its grasp, then, spiritual life breathed freely, and “a light was kindled, which shall never be extinguished.” Then preachers were multiplied, whose souls burned to make known to men that salvation which the “successional ministry” entombed by its vain traditions. To forbid the ministry, or labours of such preachers (so abundantly blessed are they), seems to require the same rebuke as what the disciples received, when they said, “Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbad him, because he followeth not us.” But Jesus said, “Forbid him not, for there is no man that shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me.” This event, though trivial at the time, yet, in these days, is of vast importance, at least, to minds like my own, whose theological training, and antecedents from earliest years, have been strictly in accordance with the belief of an exclusive channel for the working of God’s grace; but, a more accurate investigation of *the consequences of such views* (which these days emphatically demand of us all), combined with the

instruction of the simple narrative from the Gospel, which I have just referred to, convince me that, as “the wind bloweth where it listeth,” so God’s grace and spirit work, *wherever the hallowed name of Jesus is honoured by preacher or worshipper.*

But what must have been the happiness of this “little preacher,” in contemplating such “seals to his ministry” as we find in the conversion of this trapper? If the recovery of a patient, whose case was supposed to be hopeless, give a physician greater joy on that account, so the spiritual change wrought in the heart and life of this hardened sinner must have filled the preacher with unspeakable satisfaction; and though *we* may not justify his “irregular appointment” to his office, yet he need not be discouraged, for he has the assurance from God Himself, that “they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, for ever and ever” (Dan. xii. 3), and of an inspired Apostle, “that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins” (James v. 20). Go forward, little preacher, and may God add a thousandfold to your number, as long as the harvest is so extensive and “the labourers so few.”

Such were my reflections on leaving the trapper’s

good

solitude, and journeying homewards ; moreover, I could not help contrasting the spiritual life, and conviction of sin, so strongly manifested in the trapper's conversion, with the dormant and apathetic state of feeling which I observed in those converts that professed Christ under my ministrations ; for I never was permitted to see such real proofs of having passed from death to life, in any of those to whom I ministered, as I saw in this rough and half-civilised trapper of this solitary inn. Perhaps his intense feelings of godly sorrow, his earnestness in confession beyond others, his love (stronger than most), may all be attributed to the principle of loving in proportion to the amount of sin forgiven, as the two debtors mentioned by our Lord, the one owing 500 pence, the other 50 : when freely forgiven, each would be influenced by a love in proportion to the debt cancelled, and this natural consequence the Pharisee was obliged to confess when Christ asked him, "Which will love the creditor most ?" "I suppose," he justly observed, "he to whom he forgave most." This, I think, accounts for the great earnestness of conviction of sin, and love manifested in some converts to Christ, beyond others. *Both are safe,* but, from circumstances, differently affected.

CHAPTER VII.

Perth—The removal of the old church—The circumstance improved—A colonial benefice—The Ottawa and the lumbercrs—Their labours and perils—Two reflections from their casualties—A missionary trip to the Ottawa villages—The result—A sevcre climate—Bereavements—Calls of Providence—Return to England—Progress of America—Embark—The Christy Minstrels—Their choicest song in the most suitable place—Alarms at sea—Arrival—Testimony in favour of the roast beef of old England—Begin life again—The Lancashire cotton famine—Receive an appointment to Victoria, Australia.

I now come to speak of a different part of the colony, for, on retiring from the far West (wherein I found what I never afterwards saw elsewhere in the province, viz., a rapid, wide, shining river, extensive lakes or inland seas, and the aboriginal inhabitants), I removed successively to a few other places, till, finally, I received an appointment to one of the oldest rectories in the Upper Province, viz., Perth. This town is prettily situated, and has a small stream (known by the name of the Tay) running through it. In this locality I soon found the climate; especially in winter, to be far more severe than anything I experienced in the “far West.” My predecessor

in this charge was the Rev. Mr. H—, whose early labours were remembered with gratitude, and were instrumental in planting the Church of England in that locality by the erection of three churches —two of which were in the adjoining woodlands and were included in the territorial limits of my charge.

The town of Perth had, at an early period, more influential families resident there than at the time when I received my appointment to the benefice. Shortly after the formation of the village a very tolerable wooden church was erected, which, after some years, was thought to be rather behind the progress of the day, and accordingly some attempts had been made to replace it by a better, but they were not successful. Thus I found the old church still supplying the wants of the congregation when I commenced my ministry there, but, when a few years had elapsed; I revived the old subject of church accommodation, and commenced an active canvass for a new building. As soon, therefore, as we raised sufficient to begin, we decided on taking down the old church, and placing on the same site, such an enlarged structure as would do credit to the town. This was a new work for me, for in all my other charges, I had been building—but, now, I had

to pull down. There are feelings of attachment, which we scarcely know we possess, but which appear strong enough, when a people come to pull down an old church—a church, which, as an infant, commenced with the settlement, and beneath whose roof, the boy became a youth, and the youth a man. Now, in order to portray the existence of such feelings, I have introduced this subject to the reader, for, on this occasion, I found many who were reluctant to part with the old building, though it had served its day, manifesting towards it the same sort of attachment that the bystander did, when he witnessed the woodman's axe uplifted to cut down the favourite oak—

“ Woodman, spare that tree !
Cut not a single bough ;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.”

Very similar to this did many regard the demolition of the old church ; but as the circumstances were unusual, calling forth the best and most sacred feelings of our nature, I endeavoured to improve the occasion by a few pertinent remarks ; for “a word spoken in season—how good is it!” I well remember the riveted attention which was manifested by the following passage in my last sermon in that old church—a passage, however, not original in concep-

tion, for the train of thought pervading it was suggested by a posthumous sermon of the late revered Dr. Chalmers :—

“In considering, my brethren, that the last words of Divine worship are about to be uttered within these walls, there are feelings peculiar to the moment, and the religious teacher should not let such an opportunity pass without evoking sentiments suitable to the occasion. Within these walls have been performed, for many years, all the ordinary solemnities of our religion—the prayers of our beloved Church, the preaching of the Word, the administration of the sacraments, the apostolic rite of confirmation, and the catechising and instruction of your children in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord. How far, brethren, these holy ordinances have been blessed to you and to your children, you yourselves must judge. If you have been quickened from spiritual sloth and indifference through such instrumentality, then happy are ye. If that Being who now looks upon us can say, ‘This one, and that, were born here,’ then happy are ye. If both they who preached, and you who heard, were edified, instructed, and built up in your most holy faith, now manifesting in your lives the fruits of regeneration, then you have indeed to thank God for the privileges conferred upon you in

this house. But if, brethren,—if all these things have still to be learned by you, then the privileges afforded to you in this place will only add to your condemnation hereafter. These, then, are solemn thoughts for spiritual enquiry which the present moment may well suggest. In speaking, then, of our past services in this building, there are some circumstances which we may call to mind with profit. Some, for instance, may remember their confirmation vows and the solemn promises entered into by them on that occasion. Their hearts were then young in the ways of the world, and their affections were on God's side, but, alas ! they have come no nearer to God. This building, which witnessed their spiritual beginning, is now about to pass into oblivion, and though it has stood a generation, yet it has not witnessed any decision on their part for God—any ‘turning from idols to serve the living God.’ Others, too, may have listened with attention to the preaching of the Word for years in this building, and may at times have felt the sting of conviction while listening, and have silently pledged themselves to be more obedient to the faith, but, alas ! when the preacher finished the spell was broken, and the promised good became as ‘the early dew, which passeth away.’ And now their hearts have become hardened as the nether

millstone through repeated postponement and procrastination. These, my brethren, are sad reflections, not made from any spirit of fault-finding, but for *your* profit—you, I say, who would regard with sorrow the pulling down of the building wherein you have been at times brought so near to heaven, but which the enemy of your souls has rendered useless.

“And, finally, here is a reflection fraught with momentous consequences to the great majority of this congregation. Very many of you, my brethren, from year to year in this building have committed the grievous sin of turning your backs on the table of our common Lord. The feast was provided alike for you *all*, but the guests were few. That invitation which these few received, was rejected by most from Sunday to Sunday, till now the last Sunday has come. “Were there not ten cleansed” in this building? Where are the nine? We have waited for them till now—they have not come. It is now too late—too late to give glory to God in this building! Oh, may they do it in the next!

“But now, my brethren, this building is about to be numbered with the past. These seats, so long filled by us, shall know us no more. There is, I believe, a regret which mingles with our thoughts when we

come to do anything for the last time—anything, I mean, which for years we have taken a pleasure in doing, and especially if that pleasure had an elevating tendency on our better nature. This sort of regret is, I know, stirring in the minds of many of you now present, and oh, brethren, ere we part, I would wish to teach you how to profit by this sorrow; for, as it is with *this building*, so, I trust, it may be with ourselves. This structure is to be taken down to make way for a better; so may the taking down of your earthly tabernacles, when God may see fit to order it, be followed by the erection of better ones; for remember the promise, ‘If our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’”

The old church was soon removed, and the foundations of a large one put in, so large indeed as to cause some misgivings if the resources of the people would prove equal to the undertaking; but when such doubts exist, it is wiser (I then so imagined, but was overruled by others) to build only a portion for the present, and leave the completion of the full design to a future period; but the whole was attempted at once, with what result, doubtless, my successor must know long ere this, as I did not

remain in charge of the parish sufficiently long to witness the completion of the movement.

But in the locality in which I now found myself, although I had a parish whose limits were territorially defined, yet, in colonial life, there are always scattered settlements or villages outside the settled bounds of a benefice, which the clergyman may, if so disposed, occasionally visit for missionary purposes, and thus he may originate movements that may lead on to the establishment of missions. While resident in this last charge which I held in the Canadian Church, I received from time to time many invitations from some distant villages, neighbouring to the River Ottawa, to go and hold services for them, and to baptise their children. As the Ottawa lumberers lived not far from some of these villages, I felt desirous also to visit them, and, with this intention, I made the necessary arrangements for my journey. As there are many circumstances of an interesting character connected with those pioneers of the North American forests, I shall describe my trip to that region, and also the perils of the employment connected with the lumbermen of the Ottawa. This river rises in the far north-west territory of the Continent of America, amongst the Rocky Mountains; in its course it receives many small tributary

streams. Sometimes it rushes down vast declivities after which (as the waters come to a level), large lakes are formed, through which, however, the river keeps its course, flowing onward, presenting impetuous rapids or lakes, as the country varies, till it reaches the St. Lawrence, and thence onward to Quebec. Such, to speak briefly, if not geographically, is the River Ottawa; the name is Indian, and, like all our aboriginal names, is harmonious and significant. My object in portraying this river's course, its rapids, and its smooths, is, in order that I may be understood, while describing the labours of those denizens of the forests, who live neighbouring to its banks, and are, therefore, called, in colonial phraseology, "Ottawa lumberers." These men are employed in cutting timber sufficiently near to this river, in order that they may be able to convey to its waters the squared logs of wood which they cut in the almost boundless pine-wood forests, through which the river runs. This region supplies the markets of the civilised world with deal timber, and during very many years past it has monopolised this trade, for though the woods of North America are very extensive, and abound in a great variety of useful and excellent timber, yet the pine-trees are so scarce there, as to make the Canadian settler guard

with a jealous eye any tree of this description he might find growing on his woodland.

On the margin of the great lakes, however, such as Huron, and the four others of this class, there are extensive ridges of pine-tree forests, but the conveyance of the timber, when prepared for transhipment, would be so impracticable, through these immense and treacherous sheets of water, as to deter any from even attempting it. The Ottawa country, therefore, with its inexhaustible supply of this timber, and its fast-flowing river, presents all that is needful for the speculating timber merchants at Quebec ; for here he has both his article of merchandise and his mode of transhipment. The woodsmen who cut this timber seem to be a peculiar class of men, who live for many years in this isolated region, and, as the woods recede before their axes, so each year finds them retiring farther and farther from civilisation. Notwithstanding the many unforeseen circumstances which at times happen to depress this trade, yet, numbers of merchants have amassed princely fortunes by its speculation, though, as speculation is a sword with two edges, many have been ruined also by it. What renders the traffic particularly hazardous to the merchant is, the immense distance from market he has to purchase his article of merchandise, for a raft of this

timber often takes three or even four years on its passage down the Ottawa to Quebec, so that on its arrival at market, if the price per foot should have fallen even one farthing from what it cost the merchant when he purchased it, his ruin is complete, so great is the quantity he has to contract for, and so vast the distance it has to be conveyed. Now, the men who prepare this timber for the European markets, are a sort of professional men, who continue at this work in their wilderness homes from year to year. They live in large encampments of about 200 each, and the entire number of the men so domiciled throughout these pine forests, are computed at from 100,000 to 150,000 men! representatives from almost every nation in Europe will be found amongst the lumbermen. The chief qualifications to engage in such laborious work are, strength, and a capacity for enduring cold and other vicissitudes. Some of these men, after spending many years at this occupation, settle down on the lands that have been cleared by themselves while working for their employers; thus, here and there, settlements have been originated, and villages formed, throughout this distant region, by those who commenced as "Ottawa lumberers." If it is interesting to consider whole communities thus isolated from their fellow-men, and living under

tents from generation to generation, for the purposes I have described ; so also do we find other circumstances, peculiar to their occupation, worthy of notice, for there are casualties which await them both on land and water : on land, the falling of trees often maims or kills the incautious lumberman ; while, on the water, he will also have his perils. How this happens may be interesting to describe.

As soon as sufficient wood is squared and made ready for market, each piece forms a long beam of 100 to 150 feet in length, and varying from one foot to two in thickness. Many thousands of pieces of these dimensions are drawn to the banks of the river, and there formed into a raft. Men are then told off sufficient to convey it to Quebec. All goes on well while sailing on this raft in smooth water, but when it comes to a rapid, then the labours as well as the dangers of the lumberers are intensified, for the whole floating mass of timber has then to be taken asunder, and, stick by stick, has to be passed over the impetuous torrent, till every piece has reached the smooth water below the falls. Then they have to be collected and formed into another raft, and so on till another sudden descent of the river, falling over precipitous steeps, causes the same operation to be performed. But frequently it happens

that while these ponderous and single beams of timber are rushing down the rapids, they block each other, and then one stick jams another, till all are immovably fastened as a bridge across the foaming torrent, and when this takes place there is an end to all progress, for the press of water keeps every stick in its place. Such a casualty (like the stopping of a ~~bulky~~ horse on a journey) is much ~~backing~~ dreaded, as it brings an anxious time to the lumberers; for some one of the number has then to walk on this treacherous, extemporised bridge, and with axe in hand to cut the centre stick, which prevents the whole mass from moving, and which, like the key-stone of an arch, regulates the pressure. As this task is particularly dangerous, lots are drawn by the raftsmen to see upon whom this unpleasant duty may fall. When the unfortunate man is selected by lot, he at once prepares for his work, and then springs forward to execute it. When he reaches the centre piece of wood (or key), he commences, and as each stroke of the axe deepens the incision in this, so he has to listen and to watch for any symptoms of giving in which this stick may manifest, for should he by any accident be taken unawares, and the stick he cuts give way sooner than what he thought, then in a moment all the timber

rushes violently down the rapid, carrying along with it the unfortunateraftsman to sudden destruction. I once heard the last, loud wail of a fine young fellow, consigned to a watery grave in the performance of this task, and for weeks after his unearthly cry seemed to leave behind it an echo in my feelings.

I firmly believe the human voice, uttered amidst the destruction which on such occasions surrounds the helpless victim, assumes an indescribable terror which fills a spectator with feelings that he never experiences under circumstances less dreadful. Now, ere I pass from this subject, I would say, there are two reflections which this description may render appropriate. First, we all enjoy (both rich and poor) the comforts that are brought to us by the hardships and dangers of others. The very timber of which our houses are constructed has been obtained for us by the peril of life or limb of some of our fellow-creatures. The poor man, perhaps, may not think his needs so great as to have imposed dangers upon others to supply them, and though we grant he is not so much involved as his rich brother, yet is he not free in the matter; but as the luxuries of the rich impose still greater and more perilous hardships upon others in catering for their boundless wants, hence their responsibilities as well

as obligations increase in the same ratio towards their fellow-men. The world, however, cannot recognise any such obligation as this I speak of, for its selfishness destroys the perception of it, but the religious mind (which "looks upon the things of others more than on its own") is alive to it. We see an instance of it strongly developed in the case of David, when on one occasion, being in great distress, he said, "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water from the well of Bethlehem, that was beside the gate, and took it and brought it to David. Nevertheless, he would not drink of it, but poured it out unto the Lord. And he said, Be it far from me, oh Lord, that I should do this; is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?" Therefore he would not drink it. We find in this incident the *principle* I allude to; had David drank the water which these three men had procured under circumstances of such danger, he would have indulged the feeling of selfishness, which would allow of gratification, though purchased by the needless exposure of human life. The abolition of slavery was, indeed, a movement in the right direction, and though it is a thing of the

past, yet there is much in our *refined civilisation of the present day* to make the moral of the poet still applicable—

“ Think ye, masters, jolly-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards !
Think how many backs have smarted,
For the sweets our cane affords !”

And another reflection that presents itself to the Christian on considering the lot which falls to the unfortunate lumberman, when by it he is doomed to leave his companions on the bank, and tread on his perilous way, standing over the crush of waters which roars around him, is, to realise in all this a greater, and more self-denying Workman, viz., He who went forward *willingly* to the work of redemption for us, who stemmed the torrent, and shrank not from His self-imposed task, but gave Himself, “one for all;” though the valley of death lay before Him, and its darkest waters rushed over His soul, yet He stood where we could not stand, and while freeing us from the necessity of doing so, He bridges the abyss for mortal feet to pass, and, not content with this, He provides even for our fears, by giving us the promise—“When thou passest through the waters I shall be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.”

After due preparation, I set out one fine frosty morning, in the depth of winter, when the roads were in good order for sleighing, to visit the scattered villages in the neighbourhood of these lumbermen, intending to organise some missionary services for the various settlements, and also to look in at the encampments (if possible). After travelling about forty miles the first day, I came to one of the villages mentioned, which might be regarded as the commencement of the Ottawa traffic. The constant stream of provisions which the farmers, from distant and well-settled localities, convey on the winter roads to the encampments, passed unceasingly through this village while I was there. If the lumbermen have keen appetites in their borean regions, most surely they are well supplied with certain articles, the chief of which are fat pork, tea, and flour; the latter article is prepared for food in the usual way, but about the two former there is something peculiarly "Ottawa like," for the lumbermen eschew all lean in the pork, and revel in plunging their teeth into seven inches of solid fat. The very thought of such food (while in that neighbourhood) considerably damped the ardour of my appetite, though, if it were summer, the effect would have been still more serious. Neither is the method of infusing the tea less strange; for it

is brewed, and used *ad libitum*, and is more like a black draught than many that are supplied by the apothecary's art. But finding myself in the first village, which seemed a sort of rendezvous for the teamsters conveying their produce to the encampments, I gave notice to the people of my intention to hold services on my return, appointing the day, place, and hour, explaining also the nature of the organisation I had in view. I then passed on to another village, and gave similar notice, and so on, till I reached as many as seemed practicable to enrol in a missionary movement.

At length the preliminaries were successfully arranged, and means subscribed for, from eight villages—widely scattered over an immense area,—to support a travelling missionary amongst them. Having spent many days at this work, I had no time left to proceed to the lumberers' encampments, which I have mentioned, but was obliged to return home without visiting their dwelling-places. I was informed, however, that they were not neglected, but had a good number of resident evangelists amongst them, whose ministrations extended to the most distant encampments. I have described my missionary trip to this region, and the method of working, in order to portray the spiritual condition

of the colonists when we seek to bring the ordinances of salvation amongst them. Such information may be interesting, not only to those who contribute to such enterprises, but also to any who may decide, in God's strength, to offer themselves for such work ; for "the harvest is still plenteous, but the labourers are few."

But tide and time, which wait for no man, were hurrying me onward quicker than I thought to a termination of my labours in this rising colony, which, though it has its drawbacks, contains within it all the elements of a great and prosperous country. One of the "drawbacks," however, to which I allude is the extreme severity of the climate in winter—especially in the Lower Province, in the neighbourhood of which my last charge was situated. The "Far West," where I first settled, had a climate comparatively mild ; so that, in this locality where I now lived, the protracted frosts and severity of winter seemed a matter of serious consideration in the health of my family. Two of my eldest children, after a few weeks' illness of scarlet fever, succumbed to the disease, their frames being so enfeebled, previously, by the climate, as to deprive them of sufficient strength to fight against this malady. After a while, also, I was myself suddenly taken ill of pleurisy, and

so serious was the attack, as to render it hazardous to pass another winter in the country. Other matters also occurring to recommend a change, I yielded to what seemed to me the voice of Providence, and decided on returning to England. Having, therefore, arranged all necessary matters, leaving my wife and family to follow, I preceded them by a few months, hoping to provide for their reception when they might arrive. I accordingly set out for New York, in order to embark on board the first steamship I could find bound for Liverpool. On this journey I was much struck at the change for the better which had taken place in those localities through which I passed only sixteen years previously. Judging from the progress which I saw, I could not help frequently surmising the future of America ; for villages had become towns, and towns cities, while the woods had given place to busy populations. In New York also the same progress was visible, and especially in the hotels, for when, on my first arrival, I put up at the famous "Astor House Hotel," there was no competitor to it, but now I found many other establishments enjoying equal reputation. There is, perhaps, no country in the world so famous for its hotels as America, and what especially adds to its celebrity in this respect is, that many wealthy families, in order

to avoid the troubles and anxieties of housekeeping, select suitable apartments in these domiciles, and here they live as exclusive as in private life.

While this custom adds much to the prosperity of such public establishments in America, yet, in addition to this, the travelling community in such a commercial country are so numerous as to render extensive and well-kept hotels almost national institutions.

But having reached the metropolis, I soon found myself engaging a passage on board one of the first-class American steamships that sail between New York and Liverpool. As the hour approached for our departure, a large and excited crowd assembled on the quay while all the passengers came on board ; but as the vessel was being hauled off, a large company of respectably-clad individuals, standing on an elevated part of the deck, seemed to wave their hats and handkerchiefs most enthusiastically, as a salute to a crowd on shore ; the latter answered the greeting by a shower of oranges, which were cast as projectiles. All on board scrambled for a share of this golden crop as it fell in abundance from the rigging. This mode of bidding farewell pleased me, for it had one advantage, viz., it sent away each party much amused, instead of being filled with those gloomy

tears of doubt at parting, which we see on such occasions.

But this public sort of demonstration had a show of feeling about it which made me ask a bystander, "What is this intended for?"

"This is a company of songsters," added my informant, "who call themselves 'The Christy Minstrels.' They are leaving their native land to try their fortunes in London."

On the voyage I came to know many individuals amongst them, and the nature of their speculation was fully explained to me. They were nearly all young men, brought together as vocalists from the talents each possessed in his peculiar part; they were indeed a well-selected company, organised by a person of the name of "Christy." They seemed to me to be very uncertain as to the success of the venture they were making, even though their utmost expectations were not great; for their desire was, through this movement, to try and obtain sufficient to buy small farms on their return to America, which they proposed to do the following year. But their success was marvellous, as the Londoners were charmed with the harmony and originality of their sweet songs. I need not say that such a company as this beguiled the tedious-

ness of my voyage, and deprived the wild waves of the stormy Atlantic of much of their unpleasantness. Years have now passed, and though that original company of sweet songsters can never be gathered again, yet I well remember their charming songs, and especially that most beautiful one of all, sung on a dark night on deck, while "the evening star" seemed like a diminutive moon, casting its pale effulgence over the sea. Ah! that was the time to feel the influence of music in attracting the faculties of the mind, while nature's spacious temple re-echoed every monosyllable in the thrilling cadence of those songsters, while they sung their sweetest song—

"Beautiful star in heaven so bright!"

Although no musician myself, nor even "the son of a musician," yet I oftentimes encouraged some of those fine young men with an assurance of undoubted success. Neither was I mistaken, for a prolonged succession of entertainments given by them in London established their reputation as first-class songsters; but, alas! all earthly things fade and perish! It is well said, "The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth." And so with those charming "minstrels;" they are no more. They have been dismembered, and counterfeits have been sub-

stituted in their place ; for, so great was the success and so brilliant the prestige of that company, that when their places became vacant (the purpose for which they organised being attained), others, less talented, assumed their name, and the public unconsciously endorsed the trick. It has been asked, "What's in a name ?" If there is not a great deal in it, pretenders would not be found in every profession, assuming a name to cover their defects, and to disarm criticism.

Those who never encounter the perils of the sea, and who are only taken up with considering the improvements in the powers of locomotion on land, when they travel, will scarcely be able to realise what a change a few years have made in our ocean navigation ; for instance, the voyage which I took fifty days to accomplish sixteen years before, I now was able to perform in eleven days, from land to land (from Liverpool to New York), thus saving the dreadful loss of time, and especially the tediousness and ennui of a long voyage. Both time and space seem thus obliterated by this new element which man has lately pressed into his service at sea, though, perhaps, many are not aware, that while rejoicing in this advantage, we may, nevertheless, suffer an inconvenience thereby in another direction, and as this

is a domestic inconvenience, it will therefore be the more serious, for the supply of coal (though diminished by our consumption in the various branches of manufacture) is still further lessened by our increasing steam locomotion. I am induced to allude to this because it may surprise some of my readers, as it did myself, to know that the vessel which I sailed in on this voyage consumed, in the eleven days at sea, 1,500 tons of coal ! When it is considered how many thousands of such vessels yearly derive their large supplies from the resources of our small island, it must be obvious that a vast consumption of one of the necessaries of life is caused by our ocean steam navigation alone.

As on every voyage (even of a short duration), some event, either of an amusing or startling nature, generally occurs, and which memory does not easily forget ; so was it on this voyage, as well as others I have since undertaken. On this occasion, as we reached the banks of Newfoundland, a dense fog overtook us, which, at the season of the year in which we were sailing, was not unusual. Our speed was slightly lessened, through fear of any collision with the numerous fishing boats, or other craft that might cross our path ; bells were constantly rung, the steam whistle frequently blown, and even rockets

used ;—it was hard to sleep amidst these disturbances ;—though under such circumstances we felt “the more haste might produce the worst speed.” On the second night, while the fog was still dense, and while we were all asleep, a sudden check to our speed took place, and the vibration, caused by a slight collision with something, awoke us all ; the silence that ensued was most alarming, as no one dared to break it, but when the ponderous wheels of our boat once more revolved, we felt the danger, whatever it was, was over, and sleep once more prevailed. In the morning, however, we were informed that some unfortunate schooner had come into collision with us, and disappeared in a few moments, so sudden was the exit from the surface. Here, then, is one great peril of the sea ! A fog few can realise the dangers of, neither can the practised seaman conceal from the passengers the anxiety of his countenance during a fog. Storms have their warnings, and the ship may be trimmed to meet the gale ; quicksands have the charts and beacons to forewarn the mariner ; rocks can be seen, and the shallows may be avoided ; but fogs no care or science can guard against ; and where science hangs no lamp, the wise and unwise are on the same level.

Alarms at sea are very dreadful during the time

of suspense ; but false alarms, after they are past, cause much amusement, though it is amusement dearly purchased. One of these happened during the voyage I am now speaking of. In order to explain how it occurred, it must, in the first place, be stated, that the steamboat in which I was sailing, had what is called "a hurricane deck," a requisite with which the American steamships, especially, are provided ; but this deck is only resorted to by the officer in charge of the ship, for, being elevated, it commands a full view of the vessel, as well as of all objects of interest within the ken of a very extensive horizon. No passenger is permitted, on any account, to tread this deck during the voyage. One evening, when "the officer in charge" went below to attend to some duty, suddenly the steam whistle sounded from "the hurricane deck," and, as it is never used but in case of imminent and pressing danger, the greatest confusion prevailed. In a moment, every officer and sailor in the vessel appeared on the scene. Even those off duty, as well as those who were on, one and all, looked to the hurricane deck for an explanation, and for orders. Some of these men were in a sorry plight,—one forgot his "nether garments," another his "upper ones,"—all came just as they were, with their eyes starting from their

sockets, and asking, “What is it? what’s the matter?” No one could tell. The engineer stopped the ship, and this added to the consternation. By the order of the captain, the officer of the watch was summoned to account for the alarm. He could not tell,—no one could; and yet that whistle could not sound without the help of a human hand! On searching for the offender, a lad was discovered, crouching on the hurricane deck in the greatest terror. He declared he only went up there to look around him, and finding a long polished brass handle protruding from a steam-pipe, he pressed it, when out rushed the steam, hissing, screeching, and nearly frightening him to death. Thus ended the matter, though the officers felt rather abashed at being exhibited so unceremoniously before the gaze of the assembled passengers.

On landing at Liverpool (in company with one of the passengers, who was a former parishioner of mine, and who had been nearly as long in Canada as I had myself), I put up at “the Lime-street hotel,” and it being dinner hour when we entered, we sat down to table. The waiter, on seeing us, approached, and asked us what we would have. I left it to my friend to order whatever he thought might be a treat after such a long absence in colonial life,

when he at once ordered a beef-steak, which, when placed before us, and he had tasted, he looked at me, when I found myself at once doing the same to him. As our eyes met, he said to me, "I wonder if we are both thinking the same thing? for I am thinking I never eat beef like this all the time I have been in Canada." "Strange" (I answered), "I was thinking the very same thing, and quite agree in your remark." But stranger than all was the fact that *we* never agreed on any subject before; to what then am I to attribute this uniformity of sentiment on this subject? Why, of course, from the fact that there can be only one opinion about "the roast beef of Old England."

Being now "a returned missionary" (and in consequence of such a long absence in the colonial Church), I had to begin life again. So, accordingly, on presenting my letter of service, and testimonials of character to the Bishop of London, I received the formal license "to exercise my office as clergyman, either in England or Ireland." Thus, armed with this liberty, I assailed one of the offices for "the registry of curates," and made my case known to the secretary. After posting himself up in the particulars of my history, in due time I received a temporary charge, as *locum tenens*, in the town of

Rochdale, Lancashire; and thus, I was enabled to receive my family on their arrival.

On the return of the incumbent to his parish, I took charge of a remote district under him, in which I soon commenced a church movement, which eventually resulted in the building of a fine church, and the formation of a parish; but having removed from this district (pending the time that preliminaries were being entered into for making it an independent charge), I received an appointment to a more populous neighbourhood, where I also commenced a church-building movement, and had made a fair start with my subscription list, when, alas! a cloud appeared in the horizon, and my people were evidently on the verge of a calamity of no small magnitude. The busy din of manufacture ceased, and the material needful to carry it on was threatened. "Short time" now began in the factories, and in some of them "no time,"—the consequence was, that thousands were thrown out of employment, and tens of thousands had no certainty of bread from one day to another. Then hunger and want, as an armed band, took up their abode in households, that had never contended with such difficulties before. This was "the cotton famine," an evil brought about by the American Confederate war. What seemed to destroy all hope

of any change for the better, from month to month, was the vigilance of the blockade, which was declared by the North against the cotton-growing states. All supplies of raw material were thus cut off from the cotton mills, and all hope seemed to perish of any adjustment of the quarrel between the contending parties. Though crushing the misfortune, however, few (if any, even of those suffering) would have wished the rupture to end, without annihilating the curse of slavery, and washing out its stain on the national flag of the great republic. In speaking, however, of the sufferings of the Lancashire cotton-spinning community, during the crisis, there is, I consider, much to speak of with commendation. When people are born in poverty, and learn to beg as a trade, they are so demoralised, as to be strangers to any of the revulsion of the finer feelings in supplicating aid ; but, when an industrious hard-working people are suddenly thrown into poverty,—not from any fault on their part ;—when squalid hunger knocks at the door, and children cry for bread—who never learned such sad notes,—then, misfortune has an edge so keen, as to need the greatest fortitude and endurance to bear, and I have seen those virtues shine brightly in the rough Lancashire cotton-spinner during this famine. Yes ! there is a nobility in

human nature, which the great and lofty ones of earth never witness, but which, in the calamity I speak of, the ministers and others, who mingled with the sufferers, and who disdained not to hear "the short and simple annals of the poor," can bear witness to.

The moral bearing of a people thus suddenly plunged into misfortune and suffering, was sadly tested, and many compared the conduct of the operatives at that period, with what it had been in former years under much less provocation. The comparison showed a decided improvement in the diminution of crime, and in the fortitude of the sufferers. But to what might this improvement be owing? There can be no doubt whatever, the educational progress of the people had much to do with it, and *the religious influence which accompanied that education* must also be considered in accounting for the amelioration of the people at the juncture I speak of. The various periodicals also, both religious and secular, had, long previous to the calamity, been widely disseminated amongst the people, while the newspapers of the day clearly explained the causes of the evil, and the impediments which stood in the way to a speedy settlement of the questions involved. Amongst the

various publications which were especially useful in strengthening the moral tone of the multitudes, I must mention one in particular, viz., the *British Workman*. If other periodicals did well at that period, and supplied useful thought and reading suitable to the emergency, surely the paper I speak of was not the least successful in this noble work. If other districts that were involved in this distress received as liberal grants as mine, from the editor and publisher of the *British Workman*, then their expenditure must have been very serious—for I received from them gratis, upwards of 200 copies of their paper weekly, in order that I might supply one to each of the poor people when leaving the dinner-table at a public kitchen, that I had originated for their benefit. The fare which I was enabled to give (through the liberality of the Committee of a London congregation) was frugal indeed, but the gift of the *British Workman* to each guest made up for the deficiency. The press is often spoken of as a power for “good or evil,” but at no time could its power for good be seen more clearly exemplified than during the Lancashire cotton famine.

But I must speak of the people a few moments in reference to their spiritual and religious life. All

who exercise the office of the ministry with vigilance, must know that a time of affliction is the harvest for the soul, and that such seasons, "though grievous," afford opportunities for usefulness, which at no other time present themselves to the ministry. Moreover, sanctified affliction affords one of those unmistakable evidences of true religion which none can understand but those who are or have been exercised thereby, and hence it was that during the protracted sufferings of the people in this distress, we saw many visible proofs of that patience and resignation which accompany sanctified affliction ; true, indeed, there were thousands who passed through the ordeal, as "the nether millstone"—thousands who could neither be drawn by love, or softened by affliction, and who, like Israel of old, became more rebellious in proportion as they were stricken ; but, notwithstanding, we saw much to encourage us, for then we had numerous and attentive congregations, over whom the pulpit wielded an influence, which on ordinary occasions we do not realise. "The preaching of the Word" was then an ordinance of power, wherever it was used in its apostolic simplicity. Those who denude the worship of God of the life-giving power of His Word, and who imagine that a compliance with an outward ritual is the

all-important essential for the worshipper, would find that such streams of comfort are too shallow, when the hearts of a people are smitten with privation. No! the soul requires other support then — it requires that food which God has provided for it in His own unadulterated Word, and any public worship that holds not this forth, as the food and support of the soul, whether in joy or sorrow, will lead men to trust in “broken cisterns that can hold no water.” Never will I forget the Sunday morning, when we had reached the height of this distress, I preached upon a text suitable to the emergency: no sooner was that text read than I perceived visible proofs of its power, even before I uttered one word of my own. It was a hard matter for me to proceed, but though it was a sorrowful time, we felt it was sunshine in the affliction: the hallowed words were, “Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation” (Hab. iii. 17, 18).

My memory is still fresh with the recollections of many instances which showed a heroism in

endurance that would have won laurels on a battle field, if manifested there. Does not an independence of spirit and a *reluctance to succumb* shine forth in the following incident? On one occasion, when visiting a family where I knew great privation existed, but an unwillingness to let any one know it, I remained purposely for the dinner hour, being curious to know "the extent of the larder." The cloth was laid, and the usual appendages, knives, forks, and plates; in the centre was a dish, on which was placed a loaf and a bread-knife. I then asked, "Where is the meat?"

"Bless you, sir," was the reply, "we have nothing more; and how long we shall have even *that*, God alone knows."

This exposure of resources, then for *the first time* communicated, was followed by an exuberance of grief.

"Yes," thought I, "this case and others I have seen to-day prove to me that the time has arrived when "a straw will break the camel's back." But that straw was not placed there; no! for if there were a silent endurance in the sufferer, there was surely liberality in the giver; for as soon as the crisis came, when a nation's sympathy should be evoked, the funds flowed in, and the dreadful emer-

gency was fully met. England may have her faults, and, like other nations, her plague spots; but where can such a genuine and philanthropic benevolence be found as in her sons? But I do not attribute the exercise or existence of this great virtue to any *natural* characteristic, for selfishness rules her sons as rigidly as any other nation. No! The national benevolence and sympathy with the distressed which I speak of, are simply the fruits of that pure religion which leavens the national mind, which is "from heaven, and not from men," and which lies deeper in the nation's feeling than we are aware of, requiring only the rough hand of national affliction to open the hidden mine. I wonder if he who said, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still," loved his country for the virtue I speak of; if not—if he had left this out in his reckoning when he made the estimate—then he would have loved her more had he known her real strength and moral grandeur under any affliction that may affect the whole, or even a part of her people.

But here I must remember the title of my book, which is "*Reminiscences of Missionary Adventure and Colonial Life,*" and therefore this sketch of the Lancashire cotton famine is foreign to my subject, and not "keeping to my text." As, however, by

introducing it I am not only able to connect the narrative of my ministrations, but also *likely to interest some of my readers*, I therefore hope the interruption may be pardoned, which I have caused by its recital. I now proceed. While I was in the midst of organising and sustaining movements set on foot for the purpose of tiding over their distress the people of my charge, I received a letter from the Bishop of Melbourne, who was then in England for the purpose of engaging some experienced clergymen for his diocese. This letter opened a correspondence with his Lordship, which led to an engagement to proceed as soon as convenient to "the Antipodes." When, therefore, preliminaries were arranged for my departure, I bade farewell to an affectionate and attached people, whose esteem showed itself by many valuable gifts, to present which must have caused self-denial to many, for their liberality abounded even in the depths of their poverty.

After due consideration, it was thought wiser that I should precede my wife and family by one year, and thus go forward with the hope of having a parsonage to receive them in by the end of that time. I confess there were many fears and anxieties which took possession of me while making such an

important move as this. Neither did friends help me to overcome such fears; for they reminded me of the serious consequences that might ensue to myself and family while carrying out my proposed plans, calling my attention to the perils of the voyage, and the double risk incurred by not all going out at once. These and other matters of a similar nature were pressed upon my notice; but I felt, notwithstanding, that I might well leave all such contingencies, over which I had no control, in His hands who had guided me in times past, and "under the shadow of whose wings I had so often found shelter." With such a decision, therefore, I held firm to my purpose, once more feeling desirous—having tasted so much of colonial life before—to write my name on different sands, and seek some other sheep in one of the most distant colonies of the empire—Victoria, Australia.

CHAPTER VIII.

Bound for Melbourne—My valet—A bad captain—The celestial heavens of both hemispheres—Objects of interest on the voyage—“Crossing the line” and its disagreeables—Difference between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans—Calms and their horrors. How a knowledge of physical geography helps to shorten voyages—Arrival at Melbourne, and first impressions—The missionary meeting—Sir Charles Darling as chairman, and his colonial administration—A missionary trip to Jericho, its adventures and results—The clergyman’s son, and visit to him—The sailor’s estimate of the climate—Colenso and the Bible.

LEAVING wife and family behind (as described in the previous chapter), parting from them for a season, in hopes of meeting them at the Antipodes the following year, I embarked one fine July morning in 1863 on board a good vessel, bound for Melbourne, the metropolis of the colony of Victoria. I had now before me “a home on the rolling deep” for more than a quarter of a year, and would be indebted to the company with whom I sailed for that social intercourse which is so essential to man’s comfort in this world. However, not being a novice in such enterprises, I knew something of what was before me.

When arranging preliminaries for my proposed undertaking, I engaged a young man, who volunteered his services as valet, binding himself to remain with me till my family should join me, asking, as a compensation for his services, a free passage, with board and lodging for twelve months. This poor fellow was one of the many young men who were deprived of work during the cotton famine ; and as I had engaged him for menial services in my public kitchen, I had many opportunities of observing his thrift and management in things secular, and, therefore, at once accepted his offer to accompany me.

Although our ship did not belong to either of the celebrated lines of passenger ships engaged in the Australian trade, yet it was a vessel which no owner or company need be ashamed of, though I cannot say the same of the captain, for he was, indeed, an exception to the generality of captains, who, in these days, are entrusted with respectable passengers for such a long period as a voyage to Australia must of necessity occupy ; for this man was little, both in body and mind, and since I can say nothing to his credit, I, therefore, purposely omit the name of his very fine ship ; but while on this subject, I would say it is most important for all who are about to

undertake such a protracted voyage as that upon which I was now entering, to see that the captain of the vessel with whom they intend to sail bears, at least, the reputation of a kind and gentlemanly man ; for of all despotism, I believe that to be the worst, and most hopeless of remedy, which is carried on from day to day by an unmannerly and ill-tempered captain, both towards his passengers and crew, when he finds himself undisputed master of "the situation" for so long a period as that which is occupied in an Antipodal voyage.

There are many topics of interest which, from day to day, present themselves to the voyager as he plods onward, increasing the distance every hour between him and his home, while at the same time diminishing it between him and the land to which he is bound. When making a voyage which, of necessity, "crosses the line," the first thing that strikes the observation on a starry night, is the gradual decrease of all those constellations which we have been accustomed to in the northern hemisphere. One after another sinks below the horizon, till at last "the Pole Star" (that friend to mariners) disappears ; but "the Southern Cross" then merges (as if from the sea), rising higher, and higher, as we proceed, till at last it occupies the same place in the southern

hemisphere as the Pole Star does in the northern. The sea also presents its strange objects of attraction, from the little nautilus, with its miniature sails, to the voracious shark, and its accompanying pilot fish, while the greater monsters of the deep now and then come to the surface, and as suddenly disappear. The atmosphere around us, also, is not untenanted, for the sea-birds are on the wing. Each latitude seems to have its inhabitants: the flying-fish knows its place, and the large albatross (whose wings, from tip to tip, will measure fifteen or sixteen feet) requires that unlimited sweep of ocean, which it loves to sport in; while, if we could see the depths of ocean, and the wonders therein displayed, doubtless we could then enter more into the feeling of the Psalmist, when, in contemplating such works of the Creator, he cries out, "Oh, Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

But although I had crossed the Atlantic more than once, yet I had to learn, on this voyage, what "crossing the line" meant; and, as we approached that imaginary belt which divides the hemispheres, I heard the passengers speak of it from day to day with some concern, especially those amongst them who had never "crossed the line" before, as King

Neptune would demand from such compliance with an unpleasant ordeal, which he exacted, from time immemorial, of all new-comers, as a sort of retribution for disturbing his waters. Now, there were certain things connected with this custom that made it so unpleasant to be obliged to submit to, that some of the passengers (amongst whom I was one) felt some concern on the subject. The sailors, we knew, were a rough class, and to be subject to their exactions for a few hours, while submitting to the penalty which Neptune would exact, seemed so distasteful that some of us had decided on resistance sooner than give up our liberty. What considerably added to our anxiety was the little confidence we had in the captain's sympathy on our behalf, for, to *some*, he appeared to be the last man to whom they would look for protection under any indignity that might be offered to them. Yet, as the hour arrived for the performance of the ceremonies, I felt it right to enquire from him what liberty he intended to give the crew in enforcing compliance with the custom.

But, to my surprise, I found our anxieties were groundless, for, though the custom was conformed to, it was not compulsory. The time was when it was otherwise. One of the chief reasons which thus caused it to be changed from an obligatory ceremony

to a voluntary one, was said to arise from the following event:—A young officer, who happened to be a passenger on board a ship trading from Australia to England, when seized by the crew in order to prepare him for the preliminary adjustment of his person, previous to the plunge bath, first resisted, then, drawing forth a pistol (which he had prepared for the occasion), shot the first man who laid hands on him. This was a serious matter, and caused so much commotion as to lead to a world-wide condemnation of Neptune's tyrannical exactions while crossing his palatial dominions. Thus, then, our fears were allayed, and those of us that did not wish to submit to the ordeal, decided on giving the fee of exemption—viz., a bottle of brandy to the chief agents in getting up the ceremonies. The “total abstinent” man, however, need have no quarrel even here, for the *price* of the article mentioned will do as well as “the bottle.” But, notwithstanding all objectors, and all who purchased exemption from the ceremonies, still there were numbers who, in order to pass away a few tedious hours, had decided upon submitting to the strange exactions of “the Ocean King.” Having, therefore, witnessed the performance administered as “in days of old,” it may interest the reader to describe it.

Long ere the imaginary “line” is reached, individuals are selected to practise privately, and prepare their parts and dresses. King Neptune and his wife have to be chosen, and who can tell how much time is lost in preparing the speech for the former and the headgear for the latter! Then the numerous courtiers with their submarine clothing, begrimed with moss and seaweeds, are got in readiness; while their fantastic shapes as bipeds or quadrupeds are marvellously designed by some “cunning one,” who “knows a wrinkle or two” more than the others. As soon as the ship’s reckoning proves her to be *on* “the line,” then the company appears as if by magic, from the sea, when, with a loud voice, the Ocean King jumps on deck and greets the captain; then follows the introduction of his consort and her retinue. And now commence some strange antics amongst the attendants, after which they collect their offerings from the passengers—selecting, at the same time, all those whom they intend to prepare for the ordeal of initiation. The apparatus that is needed to carry this out consists of a number of sails all sewn together so as to form an immense deep bag, which, when filled with water by a hose from the sea, is like a tank or reservoir of no small dimensions. Next the individuals about to be submerged in this

enormous bath are prepared for the plunge. And this preparation appeared to me to be the most objectionable part of the proceedings ; for a large brush, well saturated with a composition of tar and some other offensive ingredient, is used to besmear the face with, previous to the operation of shaving ; then a razor, resembling an old rusty sword, is used to scrape off the offensive mixture that had previously been so liberally spread over both chin and face of the individual about to be operated on ; next the bath is brought into requisition, into which he is plunged so violently that he rushes to the bottom of the extemporised water tank, and when he crawls up at the other side he is plunged again and again, till at length he is permitted to go free, and for ever after he is privileged to "cross the line" without any molestation.

We can well imagine, in bygone days when this ceremony was enforced upon all who "crossed the line," *nolens volens*, and when the sailors were permitted to exact as a right such unwarrantable liberties towards those who sailed with them for the first time in those waters, that many acts of injustice and cruelty would be committed, especially if any resistance to the custom were shown, or if any one of the crew took a dislike to a passenger

(a thing which frequently happens); then the operation might be made so severe to that person as to provoke quarrels and contentions. From evil, however, we are reminded frequently that good proceeds; for, though we cannot approve of the act of the officer in shooting his man, as described, yet if it be true that exemption from the obligation of submitting to the ordeal was obtained by his act, then we must rejoice in the liberty he has thereby secured to Her Majesty's subjects while "crossing the line."

Whoever has crossed the Atlantic ocean, or made a voyage from Great Britain to America, will doubtless have the recollection of tempestuous winds, and angry billows, and sometimes even of more serious reminiscences; but, in sailing on the vast ocean that has appropriately received the name of "the Pacific," in consequence of its waters being less disturbed, will find an agreeable difference, and that the voyage, though five times as long, will have less to alarm even the most timid. The chief trouble, however, in such protracted voyages, is the difficulty of employing the mind from day to day. Every incident that happens outside of the ordinary course of things is made the most of, and "trifles light as air" are magnified into matters of importance. But there is a misery peculiar to the Pacific, notwithstanding,

which frequently has resulted in the most disastrous consequences. Extremes are bad on land or sea, and if the hurricane on the Atlantic is one, so the calm of the Pacific is another. There are certain degrees of latitude when the most distressing calms are experienced in the Pacific ; but in "crossing the line," there seems to be a certainty of encountering one. How wretched to wish to get on, and not to be able to stir ! as stationary for days as if a thousand anchors held you fast. The sails hang idly to the masts ; the cloudless sun may continue, week after week, unsullied even by a vapour, much more a cloud. The tranquil waters mirror the vessel's hull, as well as the idle canvas. Human hearts wish for, and hope, and even devoutly pray for a little cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand;" but no ! nature seems to have gone to rest, and that it may be prolonged, she suffers no disturbance. Instances have frequently occurred, when from the heat, generated by a long calm, fevers set in, and deaths became so frequent, as to terrify the survivors. Then floating carcases cover the surface of the sea around the ship. Sharks and birds are thus drawn to the spot, and what they cannot consume, is left to pollute the stagnant waters around. From the numerous instances on record of such casualties happening in

this ocean, I select one, as it has been described by one of the survivors, who witnessed the horrors he narrates:—

"We left the coast of Africa with 400 slaves (manacled as usual), and purporting to convey them to Barbadoes. Nothing happened till we reached the equator, or about two degrees east longitude. At first we had variable light winds, then, all at once, it fell a dead calm, and our sails hung loose on our masts. We felt no uneasiness at first, as such things are usual, in these latitudes especially, and we only regretted a few deaths that occurred amongst our slaves. Thus three weeks passed, and then alarm began to appear, and a short allowance enforced, till wind should spring up. Our crew were idly loitering about our decks, and adding to the horrors of our situation, by relating dismal stories of calms at sea. Thus week followed week, and no relief came. Our despondency deepened. More than one-half of our slaves, 200, were already dead, and by the fourteenth week, our water was nearly spent, when it was debated by the crew whether we should not throw the remainder of the slaves overboard. We were reduced to perfect skeletons by anxiety and hunger. On the sixteenth week the Europeans began to die as fast as the

slaves, who were now reduced to 104, and the crew to 36. Our sufferings were terrible; our thirst shrivelled up our throats. So careless were we, that the slaves were allowed to be at large, and many of them jumped overboard, yelling fearfully as they jumped into the water. We scarcely ever slept when we lay down; our torments were so great, that we would start up in a state of stupefaction, and wander over the decks like ghosts, until we sank down again exhausted. The eyes of all were dim, some glaring bloodshot, red as raw beef. At last, several of the crew jumped overboard, in a state of the wildest derangement; others would be talking and conversing in their usual way, when they would suddenly drop down, and expire without a groan. Thus did we linger eighteen weeks, when the captain died.

"On the nineteenth week all that remained alive out of such a number were, of the Europeans, only myself (the narrator), two boys, and two young slaves! But by this time we made no difference between black and white, for 'death levels all distinctions.' We lay side by side, looking over the bulwarks of the vessel upon the glassy expanse of water, then to our sails, still clinging as cloths to the masts. The heat was intolerable. We had

only one barrel of putrid water on board ; but no wind as yet ! I found myself thus in possession of the vessel without the means of working her, should even a breeze spring up. At length, when about to perish, a small ripple was seen at a distance, and the precious breeze stole up to us. We wept as children. We stretched out our arms to it, our tears smarting our burning cheeks as they rolled down ; our frames were nerved. The sails, idle for twenty weeks, began to fill—the vessel moved !—left the scene of death,—and I reached Barbadoes destitute of crew or living cargo !”

Such, then, are the perils of a protracted calm on this vast ocean, and though they are not so much spoken of as storms, and seldom or ever present such horrors as that which we find depicted in the above extract, yet are they to be dreaded. I encountered three weeks of a roasting calm in the very latitude where the scenes just related took place, and I feel convinced that a few weeks more would have brought us to the verge of the miseries just described. But science, of late years, has taught us how to lessen our evils not only by land, but by sea also ; for now the currents of wind that blow over this vast ocean, as well as the currents of water, are thoroughly understood ; so that one wind is so

managed by the skilful navigator as to carry him to another. This is, indeed, a triumph of human investigation and research, that secures for Mauray, the American navigator, whom I have already mentioned, a deathless reputation ; for through his investigation many a calm is avoided, while many a current is made instrumental in furthering the voyager on his way. Such are “the railroads of the Pacific,” which science helps us to press into our service.

At length, after an imprisonment—which a voyage passed with such a captain as I sailed with might be well called—of 125 days, we entered Hobson Bay, our destined port, and although we had decided on drawing up a statement of complaints against the usage of the captain, yet we were so pleased to be quit of him and his ship, that the thermometer of our anger fell in twenty-four hours so much below zero, that we forgave his insolence, and went on our way rejoicing.

And now; once more standing on *terra firma* and looking round me, what shall I say of the city in which I found myself—Melbourne, the metropolis of the colony of Victoria ? Here, thought I, at the antipodes of England, so many thousands of miles distant from the home land, we have a second

edition of all that I came from. The same race and language ; the same busy streets ; the same modes of conveyances ; carriages, cabs, cars, and carts incessantly blocking the streets ; all as busily employed at their several vocations, and hurrying past each other in crowds, intent on the business, or commerce. Here the wealthy shops, banks, and almost palatial residences manifested a progress and stability that puzzled me, in considering the recent origin of the colony.

On reporting myself, as soon as convenient, to the Dean of Melbourne, who, as Vicar-General of the diocese, was acting for the Bishop during his Lordship's absence in England, I found that my destination could not be decided on at once, but in the meantime it was proposed that I should take a missionary trip, and visit some localities, which were named to me, in order to enquire after the prospects of the Church of England in each place, and hold services there.

Before, however, I could proceed on this proposed tour, I was obliged to wait a few weeks in the city of Melbourne, for the roads would not permit me to travel, as the heavy spring rains were still frequent. The reversed state of the seasons puzzles the immigrant on his first arrival at the Antipodes ;

summer there is winter time in England, and winter here is summer there. When I arrived it was near November, that gloomy month when Englishmen are particularly remarked for making a sudden exit "from the ills they have, to those they know not of." This month, I say, so cold and dismal here, is, as a general rule, the brightest in Australia, as it is the first month of summer, though sometimes spring weather, consisting of violent showers and sunshine, go far into the antipodal November. And such was the case in the year in which I arrived. While waiting, therefore, for more settled weather before I proceeded on the tour assigned to me, a missionary meeting was convened at Melbourne, in order to hear addresses from a few clergymen, who, like myself, had recently arrived in the colony—two of whom had come direct from heathen lands—and, as I had previously laboured in North America, and had some experience in Indian missions, I was announced on the placards as if I were fresh from the mission field of the American Continent.

When the evening and the hour arrived, a very numerous, respectably-attired audience assembled, filling the large hall generally used for such meetings. A goodly number, also, of the clergy of the city lined the benches on the platform, and the Governor-

General of the colony (at that time Sir Charles Darling) took the chair. Sir Charles then was in the zenith of his popularity, and he struck me as being a very fine-looking man. His Excellency made an admirable opening speech as chairman, and, evidently, at such a meeting he knew well what to say, and how to say it. The trials which overtook him in his after administration of colonial affairs were severe indeed. Possibly his errors of judgment might have been more easily condoned if we understood better the full amount of prejudicial influences that were brought to bear on him in the council. The circumstances under which he was recalled, and the necessity which demanded this severe measure, were so lucidly explained by the despatches from the home Government that it was a relief to many loyal hearts to see him leave the colony, and deprived of his position as Her Majesty's representative. Sir Charles's admirers, however, were, and are, very numerous (for politics always have two sides); and so faithful to his memory have his friends proved themselves, that, after his death, they agitated for, and obtained, a handsome annuity for his widow out of the public chest. Such, then, was our chairman at this meeting, which was successively addressed by the three speakers announced. The missionary from Patagonia was first

introduced to the meeting. As I had, on the voyage, heard of, and read, mournful accounts of ships, while sailing to Australia, being driven by adverse winds towards the Patagonian coast, and shipwrecked there, when the natives, who are huge men and cannibals, would take advantage of the helpless condition of the mariners, and feast upon their murdered bodies, I regarded, therefore, such people as presenting a hopeless field for missionary labour, but I was glad to find this clergyman affirm that (after living some years amongst them) he saw much to encourage him, and anticipated good results from the missionaries who were there. He proved, however, it was a barren soil to break up, and required indomitable patience and endurance to wait for the fruits. The next speaker was an eloquent and able man, who described the characteristics of the people of Borneo, where he had resided for some years as missionary. He paid full tribute of esteem to Rajah Brooks in that region, through whose instrumentality, under God, the whole success of missionary enterprise in Borneo, for a long time, was indebted. Such were the subjects of the two speakers that preceded me, but so full of missionary narrative were they, that when it came to my turn to speak, I had an audience to address whose attention had been sustained for

three hours by the previous speakers, and, fearing I might exhaust it, on rising I told them that, since they had travelled over Patagonia, and from thence had visited Borneo, I would not, at that advanced hour of the evening, ask them to travel to North America ; and accordingly, after a few desultory observations, sat down. Such, then, is my reminiscence of the first and last missionary meeting I ever had an opportunity of attending in Australia.

I felt, however, at the time, that it would have been more appropriate, and certainly more interesting to myself, to have had some missionaries from the aboriginal inhabitants of the great land in which we were, at that meeting, although up to that time I knew and heard nothing of them—whether they were many or few, inside or outside the bounds of the colony—whether they were still living, or had perished on our advent ! These things, however, I had to learn afterwards, and hope to speak fully of them before I conclude these “Reminiscences.”

Having now sufficiently rested after my long voyage, and the roads permitting me to travel, I prepared for the missionary tour I have mentioned. On looking at the list of places I had to visit, I found my destination was a gold digging some 150 miles distant, rejoicing in the name of “Jericho,” but the

villages on the route were to be visited for the purpose of Church organisation. It seemed strange to me to be sent to "Jericho" on my arrival, and when asking the way to it, some were amused at my enquiring "the way to Jericho."

I commenced my journey by taking an inside seat in a public vehicle bound for the village of —. Notwithstanding all my previous experience in bush travelling, I never was so shaken, or encountered so much danger as in that journey from Melbourne to —. There were a few inside passengers with me at first, but after a few miles they got out, having reached their destination. While in the vicinity of the city, we had good macadamised roads ; but these were soon passed, and then my troubles commenced, for the ruts were so deep and abrupt as to cause me to rebound from my seat with such violence as to crush my hat against the roof ; while, in crossing the streams, now swollen by the spring rains, the horses frequently lost their feet and swam, while the water rose inside of the vehicle fully as high as the seat. How the driver held on to his task, and kept up his courage, seemed strange to me, and it appeared that he entertained the same wonder respecting myself, for he put his head round the side of the carriage, after

we had passed a regular “Slough of Despond,” and cried out—

“Are you there, sir?”

“Yes,” I said, “but I would sincerely wish I were not.”

Again we came to something worse, which I thought would be the crisis, but when we righted, and the water permitted my voice to be heard, I put my head, in turn, out of the window, and said—

“Driver! what do you think of this?”

“Oh,” said he, “I’m accustomed to be drowned.”

“Yes,” I said, “but remember I am not.”

Such are the reminiscences of my first drive in Australia.

At length I found myself at the village tavern, and, on entering the small parlour, I ordered some refreshments, which when provided, and after I had partaken of, I was disturbed by a knock at the door. On bidding the person to come in, a gentlemanly man entered, who introduced himself by saying he wished to ask me a few questions, which (he said) were “important to have answered at once.” Having, therefore, granted him liberty to ask what he desired, the following conversation ensued :—

Stranger.—“May I ask, sir, are you a clergyman of the Church of England ?”

"Yes," I said, "I am; and I have come to hold a public meeting, so as to organise some movement on behalf of that Church."

Stranger.—"You have arrived here, sir, just one day too late!"

"Indeed!" I observed, "please tell me how so!"

Stranger.—"We held a meeting yesterday of all the people of this settlement who are desirous of securing the services of a minister for this place, when two questions were proposed to us: first, the amount of stipend we were willing to offer by guarantee to a clergyman to come amongst us; and, secondly, which of the two Churches, of England or of Scotland, we should invite to send us a minister. The first question was settled by drawing up a subscription list, which, when fully responded to, we found ourselves in a position to give a promise of the usual annual amount; and the second question was decided, by a majority of the meeting, in favour of the Church of Scotland. I thought it right, sir," added my informant, "to apprise you at once of this matter, because to open the question again might divide the neighbourhood and destroy the movement."

Having thanked him most cordially for this timely

information, I observed, "It was hardly a right way to settle a question of such importance, for as all people have their prepossessions strongly in favour of the Church to which they profess to belong, so, the members of the Church of England must feel grieved about this matter. However," I added, "I promise you, friend, not to stir up any strife on a question that has been settled so amicably, though I shall enquire more at length about the matter before I leave your neighbourhood."

A few hours after this I was visited by the leading gentleman of the locality, who had acted as chairman at the meeting alluded to. He invited me kindly to put up at his house for a few days, and, having done so, I heard from him the truthfulness of the statement made by my informant at the inn ; though, in addition to the information supplied by him, I learned also that an understanding was arrived at (and to which the subscribers to the support of the minister pledged themselves) that, "should the minister sent to them by the Presbytery, from any cause not succeed in giving satisfaction in his ministration, that then the Church of England should have the next appointment."

Having remained a Sunday in this locality, I held service at a small church, that had recently been

built, not by any particular denomination, but was erected for the accommodation of any religious service that might be supplied by any itinerant minister that might pass that way. Having visited many, and given notice of my intention to hold Divine service at a small church on the approaching Sunday, I had a good gathering when the hour arrived. Amongst the number, my attention was occasionally drawn to a fine-looking, gentlemanly young man. What particularly caused me to notice him was the very audible way in which he repeated the responses. After the service, while all were dispersing and about to proceed homewards, this young man came to me, and introduced himself. He represented himself as the son of a respectable parent with whose name I had been long familiar. Such unexpected introductions, which I more than once met with, made me feel at times that the world is not so large, after all, for here, amidst the isolation of the Australian wilderness, a household name was brought to mind by this introduction. This was such a strange coincidence that I felt desirous of making his acquaintance, and, as he gave me a pressing invitation to pay him a visit, I accepted it; but, not being able to prolong my stay in the neighbourhood just then (for I was going to Jericho), I promised to

make his house my abode for a few days on my return.

At length I left this locality, where I found little to encourage me, as far as the prospects of the Church of England were concerned, and went on my way to Jericho ; intending, however, to stop at the few villages and settlements on my route. I was mounted on a borrowed charger, of whose qualifications for the rough and tedious journey which was before me, I entertained some misgivings at starting ; but, as he seemed "a good one to go," I persuaded myself he was as good as he looked, and, trusting to my former experience of quadrupeds, I hoped I might bring "the ship" to port, even though that port was Jericho. So onward we jogged, meeting no one and seeing nothing but woods and sky. After I had proceeded some ten miles, from what cause I know not my horse became restive, and suddenly bolted through some thick scrub full of thorny shrubs, and the consequence was the utter ruin of my nether garments. This I felt to be a great misfortune amongst strangers, in a strange land ; and, above all, derogatory to the clerical profession ; for, although the canon prescribes "sad clothing" for the clergy, yet the *sadness* of mine was of a different description.

In my tattered state, I found I dare not put up at any house while the daylight lasted, so I continued my ride, under a burning sun, till the shades of evening set in, then I was determined to make up to the first light I should see in any settler's house ; but mile after mile passed, and no house appeared. At length I left the highway, and turned in on a well-beaten path, which took me into high ridges of mountains, till I lost my way, and night coming on, I could not see any track. What rendered my situation far from enviable, was that, in this very locality and at that time, a notorious bushranger was the terror of the whole neighbourhood ; and the public excitement just then ran high in consequence of the report of his daring and atrocious deeds. Of all the most infamous class of scoundrels that ever appeared in any land, none can be compared to the Australian bushranger ; for frequently one solitary robber of this description will face a whole company of men, and, with revolver in hand, "stick them all up" till he obtains whatever he demands ; then he will order the fleetest horse in the stables to be saddled for him, and coolly mount and ride off, rushing through the trackless woodlands to some remote or inaccessible region, where "the cock never crows, or where the wind never blows!" When, therefore, I found myself

lost amidst the haunts of such daring outlaws, I imagined every moment I should be overhauled by "the hero of the hour," and hear his challenge, to "stand and deliver." I continued roving up and down for some time, frequently passing the very same place that I did an hour before, till I stopped at a stream, which I remembered crossing before I lost my way. Here I paused to consider what way the water ran, for if I could discover this, I would know the direction in which to proceed so as to find the highway. As the bank of the stream was deep, and I could not see the current beneath, I stooped over, with my hand extended, so as to feel how the water ran, but while doing so the bank gave way, being saturated by the spring rains, and I was precipitated into the stream ; my horse, which I held by the bridle with the other hand, took fright, and, on seeing my sudden exit, broke the bridle, and ran off. Here, then, was an accident that might have ended my missionary rambles then and there, without it being needful to encounter the bushranger's revolver ; but I firmly believe that an implicit trust in Divine Providence, while in the path of duty, will remove many of our evils, and that while so engaged, He will fulfil the promise "to keep us in all our ways, so that we shall not dash our foot against a stone." In this instance

I not only escaped the peril of being drowned (falling into a deep stream in the position I have described), but I caught my horse, though dark as it was. I had, however, gained some useful information by the ducking I had received ; for the little current told me how to proceed, and by following its guidance through the most circuitous route, I at last reached the public road again, from which I had wandered many hours before. To my joy, I now saw a light at a distance, and on making for it, I found a handsome residence, evidently owned by one of the squatters. It was now late at night, so I tied my horse to the fence, and silently stole up to the window from whence the light proceeded. On approaching closer, I heard two men speaking, and on looking through the window, I saw some decanters and glasses on the table, though I fancied both gentlemen had prolonged their potations to a greater extent than was prudent. Now, this was the very sort of company which, under different circumstances, I would wish to avoid, but having no alternative, I went forward boldly to the hall door to knock ; while about to do so, however, the light from the window fell upon my tattered garments, now muddy and filthy in the extreme. I then hesitated about knocking, feeling doubtful of admittance into any respect

able house in such a plight ; for it will be remembered that early in the day my clothes were rent in pieces by the capers of the brute I was riding, and the floundering in the stream which had recently happened so changed the colour of my entire dress, that with trembling hand I lifted the knocker, afraid to encounter the gaze of any one that should open it ; but it was opened by a man-servant, who, on looking at me, asked me a good many questions before he thought it needful to trouble his master. On showing me into the parlour, the two gentlemen looked at me in mute astonishment, as they well might ; fortunately they listened before they acted, and permitted me to give a full history of my tour and its object, as well as my present difficulties. I was kindly invited to remain for the night, and regaled with such fare as could be prepared at that late hour. Accordingly, having taken a good supper, bidding the gentlemen good-night, and having give all needful directions to the servant respecting my clothes and the hour at which I wished to be called, I washed, and was about to close my door before going to bed, when the voices of my previous companions struck my ear, and finding I was their topic of conversation, I felt exceedingly desirous of knowing what they really thought of me, whether they

judged me fairly or wrongly. The following dialogue, therefore, fully revealed all I wished to know.

"I say, Joe," said my host to his companion, "what do you think of this vagrant parson?"

After a pause (during which Joe was evidently plying his pipe vigorously, and thinking deeply), he answered—

"I think, Mr. Sam, he's all right."

"By Jove," said Sam, "I think he's all wrong; for if he were to go into a pulpit, as he is now, his congregation would quickly show him their heels."

"Well," said Joe, "misfortune will happen to the best of us; for here am I, a parson's son myself, and I would like to know who would respect me just now for the sake of my cloth?"

"Well," said his companion, as if he had made a good hit, "and who could respect the cloth in this here parson?"

A silence again ensued, when Joe at length observed—

"I confess there is something about this parson that puzzles me. Do you think, Mr. Sam, that he's a Methodist preacher?"

"If he should be so," was the answer, "he's nothing the worse for that—but no! Let me see," continued Sam, "he said he was a minister of

the Church of England. Who would have thought, Joe, that I should have my parson under my roof at last!—for you know I'm a Churchman.”

“Hush,” said Joe, “not so loud; he may hear you through those slim partitions, and then he will think worse of us than we do of him.”

“But do you know, Mr. Sam, I could observe he did not much like our decanters, and so forth, for when you pressed him to join us, and take some brandy, he said very quickly, ‘No, thank you; but I would be glad of some tea.’”

“I certainly thought it strange,” observed his companion, “that while he was so cold and wet, he would take tea instead of brandy.”

Thus the two friends conversed, but how long I cannot say, for I soon went to bed, and forgot my troubles, by falling into a deep sleep.

I rose early in the morning, and, for the first time, my eyes fell upon some of the wonders of Australian wool-growing; here were extensive pastures, crowded with numerous flocks of sheep, ten thousand here and ten thousand there, shearing-pens, wool-sheds, and artificial ponds for washing the sheep. So that I now saw before me the rough and original staple (as well as the apparatus for preparing it for market) from whence our broadcloths are manufactured.

After breakfast I prepared to renew my journey, and "go to Jericho." Accordingly, the damages to my clothing being repaired, and my unruly steed being ready for further peregrinations, I bid mine host farewell, and thanked him cordially for his kindness and hospitality.

During my journey, I could not help wondering if this young squatter's mode of living did not militate against his success ; for I saw enough to convince me that pleasure, more than business, was the rule of his life: If, thought I, this young gentleman realise a fortune by his profession, keeping clear of debt, and having good credit, then, at the Antipodes, we find an exception to the rule, that "steadiness and attention to business are essential to secure success in life."

After riding some forty miles, I came, about sun-down, to another squatter's residence, just as the shearers had ceased from their day's work. On making myself known to the owner of "the shed," he seemed very glad to have a visit even from an itinerant minister, and at once invited me to hold service for his men, who had not yet left the shearing premises : though tired and hungry as I was, from such a long ride in a broiling sun, yet I was glad, in such a solitary place, to have a congregation so easily

gathered. At the master's order, therefore, the spacious wool-shed was prepared for holding service, and never had I such an elevated pulpit as on this occasion, for the men piled up the bales of wool so high, as to make me feel, when I ascended this extemporised pulpit, something like "the sparrow perched on the house-top." I was so glad to see this hearty interest and co-operation taken by all the men, irrespective of creed or party, that I felt amongst brethren at once, and never did I enter my pulpit with more satisfaction than I did that. Moreover, it was a post of honour, too, "to sit on the wool-sack." All listened very attentively, till the sun had gone down some time, when I dismissed them with the usual benediction. Before parting, however, for the night, they returned me cordial thanks, while the master led the way to his house, where he gave orders to prepare for my reception.

Having remained here for a day, I was made acquainted with many local affairs, nor did I omit making enquiries about the young squatter at whose house I stayed on my way; then I was informed that "ruin was hanging over his head, in consequence of his idle and dissolute habits; that he had made so many trips to Melbourne, as to become known and sought after by a certain class who, in colonial lands,

live by ruining others, and so speedily were his prospects blighted, that only four years sufficed to squander a princely fortune. In Australian life such instances are, unfortunately, too numerous. Some respectable parents in this country, whose sons have fallen into bad habits, imagine, oftentimes, that if they send them from home, to some distant colony (thus separating them from vicious companions), they will have less temptations, and be more likely to reform than if they remained at home; but in sending them abroad, in hopes of reformation, a very hazardous experiment is made, which seldom, or ever, realises what was hoped for; and this arises from the fact that, in changing the home land for a new country, where the restraints from society are less in checking vicious indulgences, the inexperience of youth is tempted to abuse the liberty thus obtained; and while falling into the mire of sin, will have no warning voice from friendship to plead with him about his evil courses. Thus it often happens that failure overtakes many a promising young man in colonial life, which is attributed to other causes than the prodigality which squanders, or the vice that impoverishes.

How different were these two squatters! The one who prospered had infinitely less advantages to begin

with than the one who failed ; the one was on the verge of ruin, the other able to buy the land and flocks of his young neighbour. I need not stop to point the moral here, but pass on to my narrative. Next day I pursued my journey, and as evening approached, I found myself in a gold region, but still in a squatting country. The next place on my list was a small village called —, where I stopped to make arrangements for securing a clergyman for the neighbourhood. Here I put up at another squatter's house, and found him very desirous to promote the object I had in view in visiting him. I remained in this locality for a few Sundays, so as to visit the families neighbouring. My success at this place was most satisfactory, for ere I left, I organised a Church movement, and formed a committee, who pledged themselves to communicate with head-quarters as to their progress. There was now only one place more, called —, between me and the "*ultima thule*" of my journey, Jericho. So to — I bent my course, but finding the road exceedingly bad, I was doubtful, at times, whether to proceed or turn back. This state of things was owing to the overflowing of a few small rivers that ran, with a circuitous course, through this locality. The ferries that were

constructed for the purpose of conveying passengers across these rivers were novel to me, and as some persons had been drowned a week previously in attempting to cross the one that lay in my path, I hesitated for some time before committing myself and quadruped to the frail bark that conveyed us across. The mode of transit consisted of a large boat, with rope attached, which was fastened to a wheel, or crank, at the opposite side of the bank ; if the rope, when strained and pulled, should prove too weak for the strength of the current, then (on its breaking) all were whirled downwards, till the boat upset; but, if the rope proved equal to the pressure, all reached the opposite side in safety. It is said "we should speak well of the bridge that carries us over," and on that account I shall forbear criticising this mode of conveyance, or hinting that it is "behind the day."

Having, at length, arrived at —, which was a small gold-field digging village, I found a few men of influence desirous of furthering the interests of the Church in the locality. After some consultation, we came to the conclusion that one clergyman might be engaged to minister at the two villages I had visited, on alternate Sundays, and on the week-days, he might visit the squatting stations, and

hold services at the wool-sheds, especially during the shearing seasons. This latter duty is pleasant enough where both the master and the men desire it, but if otherwise (like all compulsory things in religion), it gives little satisfaction to any.

The village of —, however, at first, surprised me, for here it was in the woods, having no cultivation whatever around it, the trees reaching up to the small gardens at the rear of the houses. The American or Canadian villages, before they can be formed, or even thought of, are for a long time preceded by a busy farming population, who cultivate the lands neighbouring for miles around, and then, as the necessary result of agriculture, rises the village ; but here was a village brought into existence without requiring the fruit of the soil around it, or the labour of the axe to clear the ground ; the inhabitants were, therefore, of necessity compelled to import from a great distance all the necessaries of life, and that, too, over most wretched roads, while the prices of all articles of daily consumption were almost at famine prices. I had already been long enough in the country to observe many antipodal contradictions, and here was another. However, my wonder ceased on learning that the sterile uncultivated land all round was

auriferous, and that the good yields of the diggers made up for the want of cultivation: a day's labour on the banks of the —, at that time, not only supplied the necessary wants of the digger, but left a good margin for a future independence. I was shown here very many rich specimens of quartz, and might have ventured a few pounds in a company then starting, which realised in a few months an immense fortune; but I went there to impart a more precious gold than this village could give, and, while doing so, I trafficked in no inferior commodity. Having now accomplished, satisfactorily, the object which I had in view in visiting this place, I prepared for my final day's journey; "final," I say, as Jericho was within thirty miles of me. As I was about to mount my restless charger, a gentleman asked me whither I was going. I answered, "To Jericho!" Instead of smiling, however, at this hackneyed answer, he looked seriously at me, asking, had I a family?

"I hope so," I observed; "but why ask me such a question?"

"Why," said he, "the track through the hills (which is the only way you can go) will only admit of one man on horseback at a time, and portions of this track wind so closely round the precipices,

that at any time it is a dangerous path, but especially at this season, as the ground is saturated from the constant showers, and may give way on the verge of the declivities where your horse will have to tread. But, again," he said, "is your horse a very steady one?"

"Far from it," I observed, "for he has a habit of requiring some two feet at each side of him free of all impediments, and as for anything in front of him, he thinks it his duty either to stand still, or to treat it as Don Quixote did the windmill."

"Stop, then," he said, "till I tell you what happened on this track leading to Jericho, a few months since. A horseman was proceeding on it quietly along, when, in the narrow part, just where the declivity is the steepest, a cow suddenly met him coming the opposite way to which he was proceeding; both stopped at once, and as the track was too narrow for one to pass the other, or for either to turn round, it was evident that either the one or the other must be content to fall over the precipice—the horse, cow, and rider perfectly understood the dreadful alternative before them. The rider had no part to act but to sit still, and see how the animals would decide; it was for him a most anxious half-hour, while the animals stared at each other. At length

the cow yielded a little, and tried to turn back, but in so doing one of the hind feet went too close to the edge of the precipice, the ground gave way a little, when the poor brute fell crashing downwards, and was dashed to pieces far below. Now, sir," asked my informant, on witnessing the effect which his account of the tragedy had on my countenance, "what will you do ? "

"So," said I "this is going to Jericho ! Well, I don't wish to go there yet, friend ; there is other and more agreeable work for me to do."

And so it happened that, though once bound for Jericho, I stopped at the last stage. The wilderness is not yet passed, still the tracks are dangerous, and the last stage is yet unaccomplished ; it must be passed though if I ever enter Canaan—yes, Jericho must surrender !

" So with the Jews, when Moses stood
And viewed the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's banks, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright him from the shore."

Thus, then, I abandoned my intention of going to Jericho, on account of its inaccessible approach, though long since a better road has been opened through that golden region, and the din of machinery resounds in that once solitary place. A large

population has since reached it, and the ministry of the Church, with other zealous labourers in the cause of Christ, supply the spiritual necessities of that locality. I now set my face toward Melbourne, in order to return by the same road through which I came. On my way I stopped at all the stations, and held services in many of the wool-sheds. People of different religious persuasions gladly availed themselves of the opportunity thus presented of attending these services; even the Romanists did not object to join their fellow-workmen, but of their own accord frequently assembled with the rest, for in such scattered settlements of our colonies, I have frequently found, where "the priest" is scarce in his visits, or where he cannot reach, prejudice, in a great measure, slumbers, and the thirsty soul of the Romanist may be led, even by heretic lips, to drink a little of that "fountain which is open for sin and uncleanness;" but when "the priest" appears on the scene, that fountain is polluted with muddy water, and the thirsty sinner is forbidden to receive a drop of any other than what is sanctioned by the imaginary power of Sacerdotalism.

During all this tour the peculiarities of the Australian climate struck me very forcibly, and often the sunshine and shower made me feel that spring

weather was not dispensed with at the Antipodes. Yet there was a marked difference in both sun and shower from anything I before experienced: for the sun, when it had a chance to shine, was intensely hot, and the shower seemed to be heavy enough as a prelude to the deluge. While musing on this subject, and hurrying onward to obtain shelter from a shower fast approaching, I came up with a sailor who was hastening his steps with the same intention as myself. On asking him why he was so far from port, he informed me of his having come a few days before to see a friend, and to remain some time with him.

"But I don't care to stay longer in a climate like this than I can help, and am now returning."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "I was never in such a country in all my life. One hour I am roasted alive, and the next I am drowned!"

"Ah! Jack," I said, "it is a picture of life wherever you go—joys and sorrows, tears and sunshine. These contrarieties will only make the eternal port far more desirable; for there, all will be sunshine, and no tears, for 'God shall wipe them away.'"

I believe in the roughest nature there is something to work on, if we seize the opportune moment, and

above all, if we seek to reach the mind by what it understands of nature. Oh, the inimitable wisdom in Christ's parables! I often feel convinced we do not, as preachers, sufficiently follow them as models in our addresses.

Having now reached the locality where, it will be remembered, I was anticipated in the object of my mission, and where I was so kindly entertained by the gentleman who lent me the horse that damaged my garments, and whose qualifications I thought insufficient to cope with any cow I might meet with on the Jericho track, I found myself in the neighbourhood also of the *young gentleman* whom I have mentioned, and who remained after the service I held in this locality, and invited me on my return to stop with him: I therefore determined to call on him, especially as I had heard something of his Australian life, in which I felt a great interest. On my way to his station, when within half-a-mile of his house, I met him going home, and, on recognising each other, we became familiar in a short time. He soon made me acquainted with his history, his statements corroborating much of what I heard of him. He had been wild at home, and had fallen into evil courses, despising all the advice of the parental roof, till at last a trip to

Australia was proposed as a mode of recovery. As usual, the strong hope was entertained that, in the absence of vicious companions, the good seed which was sown in early life might mature itself. But it was a vain hope, for his history proved the truth of what I before observed, viz., that, though temptations may vary, yet they will be sufficiently strong, wherever we go, to seduce us from the path of obedience, if the heart be unrenewed; *that wrong*, and no external change of circumstances can make us better. Accordingly, on his arrival at Melbourne, he soon fell in with companions as far advanced in wrong-doing as himself, and then he followed the open path of infamy and vice without any restraint. At length he left the city, and was enabled, by assistance from home, to settle on a small sheep-walk and employ his time in the usual occupations of wool-growing; and he might have redeemed himself here, if only steady. But, though lonely in his wilderness home, his heart lusted after the enjoyment of those sins from which he had for a time broken off. The inducements to sin are in every place, and he soon found them out. He made, however, every effort that poor human nature can make, to recover himself, and he seemed so successful for a time as to create an interest for his welfare in the

minds of some whose company would have raised him. It was during one of those temporary efforts to recover himself that, with the advice of those who wished him well, he married and "settled down" in life. It was some time after this event that I was thrown in his way, as already described, and now being in his company, and knowing so much about him, I felt an interest in his spiritual condition. On entering his pretty cottage he introduced me to his young and blooming wife. I remained with him a day or so, to see if the promised improvement might be depended on; if there were any worm at the root, or any symptoms of the old plague spots appearing on the surface, which, as a spiritual physician, I might keep back.

On speaking with him, I could not help feeling there was much to respect, much to commend in him; for he was a true gentleman, having all the polish of genteel society about him—the high thought, the well-turned expression, and even the full knowledge of, and consent to, all fundamental truth. But all this was endangered by the love of one evil habit; and the observant eye of the young wife saw symptoms of decline which made her "rejoice with trembling." This information she confided to me, in order that I might make it useful. "Oh, that

he would be more decided!" was her prayer; "that he would not frequent the precincts of the neighbouring tavern! that he would abstain altogether from what he cannot touch without danger!" Thus, I could perceive it was the old story,—and I felt it would be realised in his case—"the house swept and garnished" for a time, but the old tenants clamouring for a return. What especially added to the interest of this sad case was the many proofs which were shown me of the great interest and affection which the home parents still took in their straying one; doubtless, his fine manly form and handsome countenance were indelibly impressed on the memores of his fond parents. We know that time and distance rather add to than diminish such memories. Accordingly, here were the fond letters by the last post! the annual presents! the Christmas gifts! the photographs! The fervent expressions of the letters were read to me, assuring the son of "a constant intercession at the Throne of Grace on his behalf," approving of his marriage, even though, had he not fallen, it might have been equal to, or superior to his own social standing; yet, though sadly deficient in this respect, still the parents approved of it, in the hope of its leading him to a reformation. Alas! how vain are all human hopes where the demon of

intemperance reigns! I made my short visit as useful as I could, and endeavoured to strengthen the good resolutions which were evidently on the wane. I left him, however, with the conviction that our social habits must be blamed for much of the evils of after life, and that the daily use of stimulants when young provokes an appetite as we grow, which frequently ends in excess. If parents overlook this, they must expect to be stung by the consequences. When we think seriously of such instances as I have just described, we must wish well to those juvenile associations which have recently been organised to promote the cause of temperance; here is the period in life to begin to learn the principle, "taste not—touch not—handle not."

As I approached Melbourne I felt a dread of again encountering the difficulties of the road, which I have described as being crossed by rivulets and indented by ruts that resembled chasms. Though not accustomed to be "drowned" or well shaken, as the driver was, yet I passed the ordeal alive, and found myself approaching civilisation on a good road, and the city of Melbourne before me. It was here I was joined by a gentleman who gave me some insight into a subject that was then agitating the religious mind of the people—at least, of that portion of the people

whose minds were thoughtful on such matters. In the course of conversation, this gentleman observed, "There is one topic just now which is engrossing a good deal of the attention of our people, and I think it right for the clergy to refer to it in the pulpit. Last Sunday," he continued, "I heard the subject very ably handled in a sermon, and, from what I saw and heard, I think with good effect."

"May I ask," I said, "what subject you allude to?"

"Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch," he observed; "this has taken many by surprise, and is likely to do much injury to a large class in this colony, who pride themselves on their emancipation from old creeds, believing that they stand in the way of the intellectual progress of our time. Such men think it a proof of high mental ability to differ from all that went before them, and to hurl straws at the impregnable barriers of truth."

"I don't fear them," I said, "for their opinions will rot, and Colenso will perish; but the Word of God will live and last for ever! The genuineness and authenticity of the Old Testament are in better hands than Colenso's, for Christ and His Apostles endorsed every fact and narrative of importance which we find therein."

"That is so," said the gentleman ; "but is it not a sad thing to find a chief pastor destroying the foundations ?"

"I have just come," I observed, "from the Manchester diocese, where this subject was in debate ; but the Bishop (Prince Lee), in his last letter to the *Guardian*, concludes with this observation : 'Colenso has deprived us of the Bible ; what has he given instead ?' The Bishop has since gone to his account, but Colenso has not yet answered the question—AND NEVER WILL !"

CHAPTER IX.

Description of Melbourne, its origin, and causes of so rapid an increase—Arrival at Camperdown—The squatting territory—Difference between commencing Church movements there and in America—The “missing link”—King George and his corrobory—My first residence—Accident—Valet’s character, sickness, death, and burial—The squatters and their original contests with the blacks—Some characteristics of the Australian aboriginal inhabitants—Their marriage rite—The corrobory—The great chief Eaglchawk and his final corrobory before surrendering his lands—Possibility of civilisation proved by the Warnambool deputation—How the blood of the aborigines is regarded by a Queensland jury.

HAVING now received a sort of seasoning for future labours at the Antipodes, and seen something of the country, from this missionary trip to Jericho, I reached Melbourne, where having remained a few weeks, taking occasional duty, until my final appointment should be settled, I took a closer inspection of this great city than I did on my first arrival, and my impression of it, as well as the information I received concerning its origin and progress, I shall briefly narrate to the reader.

Long before Victoria (the name given to the colony

of which Melbourne is the metropolis) was separated from New South Wales, the squatters became sufficiently numerous to open a trade in wool with Great Britain, and to erect extensive warehouses for the transhipment of their wool, thus originating a small village at Port Phillip or Hobson Bay. The two foremost individuals of the squatting community at that period were John Faukner, and a person of the name of Bateman, both of whom built houses in the infant settlement or village—the one opened a public-house, and the other commenced a general store. Such were the founders of the magnificent city, or metropolis, of the colony of Victoria. Not that it is to be wondered at in finding a great city arise from small beginnings, for all great undertakings may be traced to insignificant sources, but what makes the progress of Melbourne astonishing, is the rapidity of its growth ; for, when we consider the recent date at which the two originators of the place commenced their commercial existence, viz., 1834, and look at the city which stands on what they considered their possessions, we are amazed at such a sudden growth, for the settlement in 1836 (according to the Census Reports) gave 177 persons as a total of the inhabitants, viz., 142 males, and 35 females. So populous did the place become, and so

important as a place of entry and export of wool, that, in 1851, a new colony was formed, under the name of Victoria, thus separating it from the parent colony of New South Wales, making Melbourne (then grown to a good-sized town) the capital. The colony measures, from the northern boundary to the sea, 350 miles, and about 560 in length, from east to west. Its area is only about 200 square miles less than that of Great Britain. From such a recent origin as that I have mentioned, the population of Melbourne and suburbs may be now rated at 150,000 inhabitants, which is not far from one-fourth of the entire population of the colony. It is said, somewhere, in reference to over populous capitals, that, as in the human frame, when the head is too large, or out of due proportion to the body, it is unnatural, and enervates the whole system, so when a metropolis monopolises too many of the inhabitants of a country, it is injurious to the healthy action of the whole. Paris is given as an illustration of this, and Melbourne may also be regarded in the same light; for its too rapid growth and size seem antagonistic to the necessary development of the country outside, for the lands outside are in an infant state of settlement, both as to roads and irrigation. Here we see an immaturity of growth, caused, doubt-

less, by the niggard circulation of the wealth, people, and resources of the too populous capital.

But the most unusual circumstances led to this unnatural state of things ; for, as very extensive lands were occupied by the squatters, and their flocks multiplied a thousand-fold, they soon became wealthy and independent, and as their profits from the sale of wool gave them an interest in the commerce at the port, thus a "town house" in Melbourne became as necessary for the squatter as to our aristocracy in London.

But the chief event which led to the rapid extension of Melbourne, was the gold discovery. Its growth might have been as gradual and natural as that of other colonial cities, were it not that the fortunate gold-diggers rushed to Melbourne as the place of rendezvous ; then it was that trade became so remunerative as to draw to the city a vast concourse of speculators, while the immigrants, on their arrival, were so charmed with the prospects of the golden city, as to prefer living in a place where labour was so well paid, and employment so easily had. Moreover, the immigrants who might otherwise have gone to the lands outside, preferred to settle in the city, especially as the country was chiefly occupied at that time by the squatters ; and

at any time, farming, in such an extremely hot climate, does not seem to have much attraction for newly-arrived immigrants. From such contingencies, Melbourne seems to have grown to such a state of magnificence and importance, in a short time, as to far outstrip any other city in our colonies, or, indeed, in the world ; for though American cities have rapidly risen from small beginnings (some of them remarkable in this particular), yet, which of them can say, "We have achieved as much in forty years as we see at Melbourne ?" None !

My sphere of labour having been, at length, defined, I prepared to start to the locality assigned to me, which rejoiced in the historical name of "Camperdown," situated 150 miles from Melbourne, in the squatting territory. I started by train from Melbourne to Geelong, and from this place I went by coach to Camperdown, putting up at one of the squatter's houses, who took a lively interest in the object of my visit to the locality. Next day, in company with this gentleman, I rode over to the village, or township, and, to my sorrow, found it to be a small hamlet, consisting of some twenty or thirty scattered houses, chiefly inhabited by the labouring classes ; there were also a few stores, two public-houses, a telegraph and post-office, not for-

getting an imposing village school-house (a building prettily situated, and of large dimensions); but, to add to my perplexity, I found the nominal members of the Church of England to be very few in number, and none of them (except the gentleman at whose house I put up) able to do much towards the erection of Church buildings, or the support of the ministry. After considering the difficulties that presented themselves to the formation of any movement that might lead to the creation of a parish, I had decided on leaving the locality, and passing on to some other place, where the prospects might seem more encouraging; but, through the persuasion of the squatter at whose hospitable mansion I was staying, I consented to give the settlement a trial, especially as a very liberal offer towards a commencement had been volunteered by mine host, and his kind-hearted brother. I accordingly began by holding services, on the Sunday, in a large temperance hall, situated in the centre of the village.

The congregations were small, and many, at this period of my ministry in Camperdown, expressed their opinion to me privately that as “two other denominations had already established themselves in the place, and had from the first afforded religious worship to the village, that a third minister, deriving

his support, even in part, from the sparsely-settled township, would so interfere with the resources upon which the other ministers depended, as to weaken all." I felt, indeed, the truthfulness of these observations, but as I did not consider myself at liberty to abandon an undertaking without giving it a fair trial, I continued my ministrations as long as even a few seemed desirous for me to do so. At the end of three months, however, I found sufficient cause to justify me in remaining, and to organise a Church movement for the formation of a parochial district.

In originating such movements in Australia, I felt keenly the pressure of one great difficulty with which I had to contend, but which was unknown in Canada while starting similar undertakings. In the latter country, or America, we have, even in the back-woods, an agricultural country, occupied on all sides by sturdy yeomen, winning their way to independence by the axe and plough; consequently thriving settlements, studded with villages, within short distances from each other, arise, and as the neighbouring farmers are interested in the welfare of these villages, they co-operate with them in obtaining for the settlement public institutions, whether of a secular or religious character; hence, when a clergyman visits such settlements, he finds many, not only

willing to co-operate in a Church organisation, but also able, by liberal donations, to start the movement. But in Australia we find a far different state of things ; for as the lands are occupied for miles upon miles, around the small settlements, by a few individuals for pastoral purposes, a farming population is excluded, and thus an independent yeomanry, "the country's pride," cannot exist where the squatter sways his sceptre over unnumbered miles of territory. When, therefore, the clergyman or missionary seeks to plant the Church, or to secure ministerial support, under such circumstances, he will find no auxiliary villages or thriving farming settlements to help him in his object.

A village, or township, in the squatting territory consists, generally, of one isolated square mile, rescued, perhaps, after much litigation, by the Government from the lands of some great monopolist. The people, therefore, who live in the small allotments in these townships, with the exception of a few storekeepers or publicans, can never become independent, or be raised in circumstances much above their daily support, consequently the middle class,—the bone and sinew of every land,—are excluded by this state of things, and the "missing link" between the great lord of the soil and the poor

dependent villagers, or labouring class, is indeed missed in the Australian squatting territory, not only by society, but especially by the clergyman or missionary, in endeavouring to promote the religious welfare of a settlement.

When I consider the difficulty which I met with, from the absence of such an element in the social condition of the people at the isolated township of Camperdown, when seeking the necessary co-operation in forming a parochial district in that locality, I have indeed every reason to be thankful to God for the measure of success granted to me, for I have been instrumental in planting even there, though under the circumstances described, a vine in God's vineyard, which has taken root, and is now prospering.

But now, having described my advent and commencement in Church matters in this locality of Camperdown, I stop a moment to speak a little of my own affairs, and to present the reader with a brief sketch of my domestic arrangements, for I was living as a bachelor, my family not yet having joined me. After partaking for some time of the hospitality of the gentleman at whose house I was staying, I at length engaged a small cottage neighbouring to the village; and being joined by my man-servant, whom I have mentioned previously, and whom I

left at a friend's house in Melbourne till I might be prepared to receive him, we settled down to keep house until my parsonage should be completed, which, as it was progressing rapidly, we hoped would not be long.

Now, although this cottage was situated in a lonely and retired place, yet we had sufficient adventure to keep us from feeling alone in a strange land. We had some alarms at night, which always turned out to be from some animal, either wild cats or opossums. One alarm, however, was of a more serious nature, and as it manifests a providential deliverance, my reminiscence of it is still so fresh that I must venture to describe it. There was attached to the cottage in which we lived a garden planted with fruit-trees and vines ; but, in consequence of the isolated position of the place, a number of parrots and other birds who prey upon fruit made this garden their head-quarters. So, fearing that, like bad parishioners, they would not even leave the tithe of the fruit, I was determined to dispute their possession. I accordingly borrowed a gun, and succeeded certainly in frightening the marauders, if not in killing them. But at length, in discharging this weapon on one occasion, while in company with William, the man-servant already mentioned, it burst, the barrel flying over my head,

while the stock remained, shivered to atoms, in my hand. I was stunned for the moment, and the concussion was so severe that I became as pale as death. This frightened my man, but after a while, seeing (to use a colonial phrase) I was "all right," he cried out—"Oh, what should I have done if you had been killed!" At the time I thought this a very selfish expression, imagining he was thinking more of the loss of employment which he would sustain were I killed; but on second thoughts it struck me that he meant that if I were killed he would find it difficult to clear himself from suspicion, as we were living alone. "Poor William" had many failings, but a few sterling virtues, notwithstanding, I found in him. He has passed from his short earthly career, and deserves a passing notice in these "*Reminiscences*." He was faithful generally to my interests, but weak-minded if tempted to betray them by the crafty or designing. He helped me much, however, in sustaining a small Sunday-school, as he had some experience in teaching. His secular instruction was very limited, but, being carefully trained in one of the Lancashire Sunday-schools, and being a teacher in one of my own when I left for Australia, I found him sufficiently qualified to take a class in hand at the juvenile school which I commenced at Camper-

down. He had a very weak constitution ; indeed, so much so as to cause me to fear he would die on the voyage, the doctor having given up all hopes of his recovery from exhaustion. He landed, however, in fair health, though he seemed unable to bear the extreme heat, which sometimes in Australia enervates the strongest. His last illness, which had some connection with my Sunday-school, has an interesting circumstance connected with it, which I must describe.

After some time, as my school increased, we decided on giving the children a treat, something after the home fashion. We appointed a day, and selected a pretty spot near a lake, some eight miles distant from the village, to assemble at. Having obtained sufficient vehicles to convey all to the chosen locality, William, with other teachers, rode on horseback to the ground ; but when he came to the place, being overheated by the ride in a hot sun, he fell on the ground in sunstroke, and remained in an unconscious state the whole day. On recovering in the evening, he felt a weakness that continued to trouble him some six or eight months after, till it became apparent he would never recover. When dying I attended him, and as the occasion reminds me of an interesting event, I have introduced this lengthened narrative

respecting him in order to describe it. Before leaving home, the teachers of my Sunday-school—amongst whom was William—presented me, with other offerings, a very beautiful pocket Communion service, which I never had occasion to use till called on to do so now ; but on producing the case, and while handing the small cup to him, previous to his tasting the contents, the poor fellow cast his dying eyes on the little vessel, and then on me. Oh, in that look there was a volume ! How wonderful are those silent thoughts which events call up from oblivion, and where what is left unsaid is a thousand times more impressive than what we do say ! It is then we feel a desire to bring back the past, and realise what the poet justly said—

“ There is not a joy the world can give
Like what it takes away ! ”

I buried William in a lonely, solitary cemetery, and the day of his funeral was about the most dreary, the most stormy, and the wettest I ever had a surplice on in the open air ; but though frowned upon by the angry elements, I consigned him to his final resting-place, notwithstanding, in “ the hope of the resurrection to eternal life.”

But it is time for me to speak of the aboriginal inhabitants of this land, for although they are not

such an interesting people as the same class of heathens in the northern hemisphere, yet there are peculiarities respecting them which merit a description.

Shortly after my arrival, and while making the missionary tour to Jericho, I met with a few of those poor wandering black men, but could not enter into any conversation with them in consequence of my ignorance of their language. Many of the squatters assured me, from time to time, that it was a hopeless task to attempt their reformation, either socially or religiously. Some time after my arrival at Camperdown I learned more about them, both from travellers and books ; from such sources, and especially from a well-written lecture, as well as from my own observations, I furnish the following information. They are divided into tribes, as the aboriginal inhabitants of North America ; each tribe keeps rigidly to its own limits, and any one of them caught outside of his own bounds without being able to give such a reason as may satisfy his accuser, is at once killed. The tribes who occupied the lands that have been taken possession of by the white population are now dismembered, and the survivors live like gipsies, wandering in various directions ; they seem to be steadily decreasing, and are be-

coming less and less each year; but the tribes in those parts outside of the bounds of our colonies, and which have not been interfered with by our advent, live peaceably enough, still holding their hunting-grounds, and adhering to all their ancient tribal arrangements. When they have no war, the men pass their time in fishing and hunting, while the women gather whatever roots or fruits are in season, all assembling in the evening to feast and gossip, and then concluding oftentimes with their favourite sport, which they call "a corrobery," which strange performance I shall by-and-by describe. But should vengeance stir in their narrow souls, excited by an enemy either real or imaginary, or should food be scarce—the hunters returning without success, and the women, in consequence, have nothing to cook for their hungry lords—under any such circumstances—and too frequently one or the other of these occurs in savage life—the misery that follows is indescribable, and the subterfuges they resort to in order to avoid starvation taxes their ingenuity. On such occasions, however, the women and children are the especial sufferers, as they have to live, in case of a scarcity of food, on what the men refuse. The jurisdiction which controls each tribe consists of a council, at which the aged and the strong, only

are admissible, and the laws passed by those councils are the most tyrannical that can be imagined. The councils, on the contrary, of the North American Indians are equitably governed, justice and reason having eloquent pleaders amongst them. But the Australian savage knows of no principle in settling differences otherwise than what we mean by "might is right." And it must be confessed, that the first pioneers from amongst ourselves, when taking possession of the hunting-grounds of the aborigines, had no other right whatever than what might would give them ; hence the trials of strength that took place between the white invader and his black brother, stirred up an unrelenting hostility, which the councils added to by deeds of the most revolting atrocity. Cannibalism is practised throughout all the tribes, and is sanctioned as a sort of public institution. If, for instance, a woman lose her husband, and is left with children, it is usual for the chief men of the council to entice them to leave their mother, and, this accomplished, they make a feast, at which the bodies of the children are eaten. When the mother finds this out, she threatens vengeance, but the council quiet her by assuring her, if "she does not keep quiet they will eat her too!"

As to the religion of the Australian black, I could

never discover he had any. There are many theologians who assert that "no nation or people has been discovered, amongst whom there was not a belief in the existence of a God;" but I feel quite convinced that the Australian savage has no belief in a Supreme Being. Those that I have met in their rude, unsophisticated heathen state, had no conception of a future life, or any religious or superstitious practices from which we might even infer their opinions. Here it is the red men of America have the advantage, for they believe in the existence of a Great Spirit, and from this traditional conviction their superiority is to be traced over the black men of Australia. The belief in the existence of a God is the guiding star even of uncivilised man, and raises him to a higher state of mental superiority than those heathen nations who have not attained to it; for when once the human soul blots out of its convictions the belief of the existence of an All-wise Creator, whether that man live in civilised or heathen lands, he sinks in the scale of intelligence, and has no anchor upon which he can fasten moral responsibility. There are, however, instincts which nature confers upon man, and which are essential to enable him to cope with the difficulties of his situation, that seem to signalise the Australian black

beyond that of any other aboriginal race with which we are acquainted. The two remarkable faculties or instincts of this description which he seems to possess are, ingenuity in invention and observation. Testimony of the manifestation of such faculties has been abundantly afforded by many of those venturesome travellers and explorers who have passed through the country, where the tribes live in possession of their hereditary hunting-grounds. As instances from the many that might be cited to illustrate this inventive faculty, I give the following.

The river Darling, which runs far into the interior of the country, abounds in fish ; but how to catch them in any quantity remained for the blacks to solve. To accomplish this, on the rocky part of the river they built a weir, which extends 100 feet in width by 100 feet in depth. It forms an immense labyrinth of stone walls, about three or four feet high, wall within wall, in the form of a circle. The flood of the Darling, in spring, overtops these walls, and when the flood ceases the fish remain behind, entrapped in the mazes of the walls ! But perhaps the proof of the faculty I speak of may be more distinctly seen when an emergency suddenly occurs to draw it out. As an instance of this, Mr. Lang, who has travelled very extensively amongst

them, tells us, "that while exploring, on one occasion, with a small party, we came to a water-hole which was nearly dried up, yet out of which it was necessary that both ourselves and horses should be supplied with water, both that evening and the following morning. The horses were as thirsty as the party, but if allowed to drink they would stir up the mud, and thus render the water unfit for our use. While thus puzzled what to do, our two black boys soon solved the difficulty. They first sank a hole in the mud near the water, then passed a reed from this fresh hole to the other, sinking the reed a little below the surface of the water ; thus they drew an ample supply of clean water for the party, and then let the horses drink."

Another instinct in which they far excel all civilised men, is in that of observation. I have alluded to this subject when speaking of the North American Indian, but the Australian savage seems to me superior to the redskin, here ; for the person he once sees, he will know for ever after, and, strange to say, they do not derive this knowledge, as we might, from the face or person, but merely from the print of his foot upon the ground. This amazing discernment in the Australian aborigines, all travellers attest, though they account for it from

the fact that their very existence depends on the constant exercise of this faculty of observation, for their search for food would be utterly useless were it not for their sharpness in this power of discernment. But, that I may not extend these observations to a further limit than is desirable, I must confine myself, ere I pass from the subject, to a brief description of two interesting institutions amongst them, one of which is so peculiarly aboriginal as to merit for itself the name of "the Australian black's demonstration." The first of these institutions is the marriage rite, or ceremony, in which the whole tribe seems interested. Every marriage must have its wooing, and its final contract, according to certain rules, which are far more elaborate and rigid than what our custom prescribes. When all is in accordance with established usage, and the two lovers are of the same tribe (for no intermixture of one tribe is, in any case, allowed), then the contract is begun, and carried out as follows (the description is given in the words of an aged black, who narrated it to one of an exploring party that asked him about it):— "When young man," said he, "visit family at fire-side, he look round the family and see his choice; after a while he says, 'Young man, sit down, very fond young man! See one wonder. Very, very fine

young woman!' She look at him, same time, and say, 'Very fine young man! Very, very!' He look at her back, and say, 'Very fine young woman!' She talk to him ; then plenty talk ! One day plenty, another day plenty; then he say, 'I take you my wife,' and she say, 'I take you my husband.' Then he say, 'You go when me ready?' she say, 'I go when you ready.' Time passes, and then she say, 'When you ready.' Then she take one woman friend, and they walk into the country. They walk plenty one way. Then fine young man take the hand of fine young woman, and they both run away plenty fast into the country. By-and-by, fine young woman's father brings them back, and the whole tribe give their consent, and are satisfied. So black fellow get him wife."

An English poet thus moralises over such a marriage and its simplicity :—

" No mystic Hymen knot is tied,
No orange bloom in hair;
No ring of faith, no bridal robe,
Bedecks the maiden fair.

" Her 'possum rug her only wealth,
Her wishes little more,
Her nuptial couch the gunyah shade;
Her thoughts no higher soar.

“ Yet e'en that leafy bower is blest
If love make there her stay,
And not unknown to darky's tribe
Is a happy wedding day.”

But I now come to describe the chief social festivity, which the aborigines of Australia call a corrobery, and in the performance of which they manifest great artistic genius. It is said, “It is a sad heart that never rejoices ;” and we may regard this pastime of the corrobery amongst the Australian blacks as their season of rejoicing, though their times of sadness are far more frequent. When they have made up their mind as to the time of holding their peculiar festivity, they select a piece of ground, and prepare it in the same way as a stage manager arranges the scenes to suit his performance. They obtain trees, and plant them where required, and throw up banks of earth and other obstructions on the ground. They depend upon the moon for the shadows which are thrown where required, and whenever they wish the light to be dimmed or obscured, they make use of some suitable material. As soon as the ground is arranged, the performers dress in a strange manner, some with large leaves and evergreen branches, others with opossum rugs; some, again, are enveloped in branches, and with them they can increase their height to any extent

they please. When all these matters are arranged, they practise their parts for some nights previously, so as to have the performers perfect, and when the night comes to exhibit before spectators, they go around and invite their neighbours to attend and see black man's sport. I am here only speaking of the corrobory got up by the isolated portions of the tribes that wander about in the colonial bounds. When I arrived first at Camperdown, I found the blacks assembling from other places, for the purpose of keeping their annual pastime. Before the evening arrived for them to exhibit, in common with others, I received a pressing invitation to attend. The chief of the small portion of the tribe in that locality (and which had so far survived the advent of the whites) came to give me the invitation. He was a poor, meanly-clad individual, living in the vicinity of a public-house, and thus his natural condition was rendered more hopeless from the facility with which he obtained (the curse of all lands) ardent spirits. Fines are, indeed, nominally imposed upon those of the white population who are detected in selling intoxicating beverages to the aboriginal inhabitants of our colonies; but there are "go-betweens," or "mediums," through whose complicity the law is avoided; and the publican, con-

veniently, is blind of one eye when his craft might suffer if he were to have it open. The chief, whom I have mentioned as having invited me to attend his corrobery, was clad in some cast-off clothing given him in charity by one of the white people ; he had a polished brass label, as large as a good-sized plate, fastened to his breast, on which was his title, deeply engraved, “King George !” He was, indeed, a titular man, the last in succession of chieftainship over the remnant of a tribe about to pass away, yet he was nominally the guardian, or trustee, of all the land around ; but, poor soul, all the rights and privileges granted him now by his all-powerful civilised brethren, were, to permit him to style himself “King George,” and to beg for a little “sugar,” which meant “brandy.” Thus, it appeared, he really shone under false colours, not only in name, but petition ; for, as he dare not ask for the stimulant in its proper name, he escaped the penalty of the law by calling it “sugar.” Where he learnt this subterfuge it is hard to say, if it be not from some of those lapsed ones of the Total Abstinent Society, whom I have known to ask for “ginger wine” when they mean and take a different beverage.

But on receiving the invitation to go to “the corrobery” from no less a personage than King

George himself, I felt honoured at such attention, and accordingly I promised to attend, giving his Majesty, at the same time, a little more than his customary fee for “sugar,” by which kind donation, I feared I only helped him to obtain more copious potations of his favourite drink. However, when the evening and the hour arrived, I was on the ground, as well as many others, to witness the entertainment.

I am no judge of theatrical performances, and have often wondered how people can be so much interested in fictitious representations, where there is not a grain of reality. Yet time and money they will gladly sacrifice to witness such scenes. Possibly many view them, at first, with indifference, who, after a while, take a more lively interest, and thus it was with me, at least, on this occasion, for the admiration of many of the white people present I soon found myself sharing in. We all wondered at the amazing ingenuity manifested in sustaining the parts, and the precision with which whole ranks of men moved forward, retreated and defiled, changing in a moment from dwarfs to giants (which was done by judiciously using the light of the moon), at times apparently carrying the woods upon their shoulders; added to which, their strange music was adapted to

each scene; but this music (if it can be called so), was to me surely “antipodal,” for there were no instruments used, nor yet voices, but sticks were knocked together with such amazing rapidity, and yet with such exact time, as to make one feel quite disposed to take it for what it was intended—music, and that, too, of no ordinary description. In the northern hemisphere, thought I, we require either voice, or pipe, or instruments, in making music; but here, sticks and stones will do.

But in sustaining the interest of the parts, not only did the moon help, but the smoke from smouldering embers, placed just where needed, and brightened up occasionally by a sly kick of the performer, completed the delusion of the spectators. We seemed to stand on enchanted ground, and frequent rounds of applause manifested our appreciation of what we saw and heard.

But “the corrobery” of former times, when their tribal strength was unbroken, and before our advent thinned their numbers, and destroyed their characteristics as a people, was, by all accounts, on a grand scale; for they often exhibited scenes manifesting political feelings, either towards hostile tribes, or enemies. The last exhibition of this kind was presented by the great chief, Eaglehawk, on his re-

treating from the long struggle which the aborigines made for their territory, when they were deprived of it by the too powerful colonists. They did not submit to the annihilation of their tribes, and the spoliation of their hunting-grounds (where we have planted our colonies), without a struggle, and many a well-fought battle. Before, however, I come to describe this final corrobery of Eaglehawk's, we must understand something of the state of his people, and the causes of that alienation of feeling which the blacks, wherever they are powerful, entertain towards colonists.

In the first place, it must be remembered that there is no nation, be it ever so demoralised by heathen practices, that will yield the soil of their forefathers willingly to any invader, without a conflict. We see this in the history of North American Indians, when their country was first taken from them by Great Britain; and though conditions were offered, and accepted by them, yet their reluctance to yield the soil frequently showed itself; and to this day we see the undying animosity of the tribes that are interfered with by the American Government. We see it also in the case of the New Zealanders, many of whom, to this hour, hold themselves in readiness to avenge their wrongs, and to

expel the white invader, should a favourable opportunity present itself. And so has it been with the Australian aborigines. When the squatters moved on with their flocks, and took possession of lands which were held for ages by these tribes—each chief transferring his delegated authority to his successor—then a struggle for supremacy took place, and blood flowed freely on both sides. The rude weapons, of spears and boomerangs, proved no match whatever for the rifle and cannon of the white intruder.

But the emergency brought forth many indomitable chieftains, who, in various parts, led their tribes against the assailants: from these I select one who combined the craft and cunning of the savage with the skill and courage of an able warrior. The blacks called him “Old Billy,” but the whites knew him by a more dignified name, as “Little Eaglehawk.” This name for a long time struck terror into the isolated houses of the solitary squatters. But, having used the term “squatter” frequently in my narratives, I must pause a moment to explain why the early settlers were so called, for even still the name is familiar. When Australia was first sought after for the purpose of wool-growing, the land was taken possession of in such an unceremonious manner as to cause the settlers to be called “squatters.” They first

came from Tasmania (an island some 200 miles distant), for, having commenced their occupation there, they were able to bring with them sufficient sheep, so as to entitle them to enter on the possession of the broad acres of the great island continent. At that period they had only to pay to the Crown of Great Britain a mere nominal rental of 6d. per acre. The original landowners (the blacks) were never consulted by the squatters when they moved on to dispossess them of their hunting-grounds, upon which they depended for subsistence. The whites, accordingly, found themselves in no enviable position towards the aboriginal inhabitants, and frequently they found it difficult to hold their own, in many a well-fought skirmish with their black brethren. At first, indeed, the blacks yielded with a good grace to this intrusion of the new-comers ; but as the squatters' sheep multiplied, the blacks found it easier to obtain tame meat than wild, and began by degrees to make a free use of the squatters' sheep ; thus a cause for quarrel arose ; a feeling of retaliation was provoked, which eventually brought both parties into collision ; the blacks strengthened themselves after each defeat by combination, and watched narrowly for any opportunity that might present itself to glut their vengeance.

They also bound themselves by solemn league, far and near, to cut off all parties who went forward to explore their interior, and it is from this circumstance, that even to this hour, many portions of Australia remain unexplored ; not because enterprising men failed to attempt it, but the hostility of the tribes still continues. Many a man with as daring a spirit as the great Livingstone, has ventured to face the perils of exploration in Australia ; some have perished, others continued missing for years, and a few who escaped the perils from native opposition, have reached the Gulf of Carpentaria, but in trying to return have fallen victims to some evil or other.

But, after many a hard-fought battle, the squatters succeeded at last in driving the aboriginal tribes from the colonial lands to the regions outside ; but this was not done without the forfeiture of many a life on both sides. Yes ! the grasping white man has been taught on Australian soil, that the love of country beats as strong in the bosom of the squalid possessor of an aboriginal hut, as it does in the proud owner of the magnificent palace.

But when Eaglehawk's power declined ; when he saw he must succumb to the more effective weapons of the squatters ; that the numerical strength of his tribe was sadly diminished, while that of his enemy

increased from day to day, he then gave up the cause as hopeless, and determined on retiring for ever from the contest ; before, however, he did so, he wished to exhibit to his enemies his amazing powers of conception, as well as what he would do if he could. To help him to attain these ends, he had recourse to the favourite pastime of his country—"the corrobery." As this "corrobery" of the great chieftain, Eaglehawk, was the largest ever witnessed by the white people of the colony, and as it had a political bearing on the position of both whites and blacks, an accurate description has been given of it by more than one spectator. I copy the following from the account of one of them :—"There were over 500 natives in the assembly, the stage consisted of an open glade, surrounded by a belt of rather thick timber, about 200 yards in breadth, and the same in length ; across this sat the orchestra, consisting of 100 women led by Eaglehawk himself. The leader announced a description of the scenes as they passed, being joined by the women, who continuously repeated the same words, while they beat time with sticks, by striking some substance rolled upon a piece of cloth or opossum rug. The moon shone brightly, lighting up the stage and the tops of the trees, but casting a deep shadow below ; this shadow was again

relieved by several large fires on each side of the stage, leaving a clear view of Eaglehawk and the orchestra, behind whom stood the numerous spectators.

"The first act was the representation of a drove of cattle grazing quietly, and camping on the plain, the black performers being painted, where required. The imitation was most striking, the action and attitude of every member of the entire herd of cattle being ludicrously exact. Some lay down and chewed the cud; others stood erect, scratching themselves with hind feet or horns, licking themselves or their calves, several rubbing their heads against each other with bucolic friendliness. This scene lasted for some time.

"And now the second scene. A party of blacks were seen creeping towards the cattle, taking all the usual precautions, such as keeping to windward, in order to prevent the herd from being alarmed. At last they got up close to the cattle, and speared two beasts, to the great delight of the black spectators, who applauded exceedingly. The hunters next went through the various operations of skinning, cutting, and carrying away the pieces, the whole process being carried out with the most minute exactness.

"Scene the third, commences with the sound of

horses galloping through the timber, followed by the appearance of a party of whites on horseback (the blacks having disguised themselves remarkably well, so as to personate the whites); their faces were painted white, and they wore both hats and clothing, as the white squatters of the district. The bodies were painted in blue stripes, some in red, so as to represent the shirts. Below the waist was a resemblance of the trousers and leggings, formed of reeds. These manufactured whites at once wheeled to the right, fired, and drove the blacks before them. The latter, however, soon rallied, and a desperate encounter ensued, the blacks, extending their flanks, and driving back the whites. The fictitious white men bit their cartridges, put on their caps, and wheeled their horses with an exactness that proved the perfect accuracy of their observation. The aborigines groaned whenever a 'black fellow' fell, but cheered loudly whenever a white man bit the dust. At length, after the ground had been fought over and over again, the whites were ignominiously driven from the field, amidst the frantic delight of the natives, while Eaglehawk worked himself up into such a dreadful state of excitement, that, at one time, the play seemed likely to terminate in a real and deadly fight."

But these days have passed. Eaglehawk, and the tribes he led so often to victory, are no more. The white man occupies their place, and has formed colonies out of soil thus contested, and taken possession of. Yet we must repudiate the idea that "might is right." Civilised nations don't believe in the principle. Do they practise it? What says the cannon? What says the rifle in our aboriginal possessions? I am satisfied with the answer, even though not radically disposed.

There is a question of great interest that has been asked in reference to the aboriginal inhabitants of our colonial lands, viz., Why do they decrease or die out on our advent? for, that a gradual extinction of such races takes place when they live in contiguity with the whites, cannot be doubted; and any person who has an opportunity of judging for himself in this matter, cannot but notice it. Some account for it, by saying, it is a natural law for an "inferior race to make way for a superior;" but, as I have always considered that this took too much for granted, I have not permitted myself to entertain the opinion for a moment, especially as I can, to my own mind, at least, satisfactorily account for it; and I do so in this way.

There are certain evils which accompany our civi-

lisation, and these are at once shared in by the aboriginal inhabitants who come in contact with us. Man naturally drinks in vice sooner than virtue, and hence the vices which accompany our civilised population, are easily practised and imitated by the unguarded heathen. The chief of our vices is drunkenness, and this at once entraps the licentious mind of the poor savage. Then, again, our clothing is adopted by them *before* they know how to use it; for by leaving it off at one time, and wearing it at another, they make themselves liable to catch colds, which were unknown to them in an uncivilised state; and if, added to this, we consider the change of diet, and their reluctance or neglect to seek medical aid when they ought, I think we shall see sufficient causes to account for the extinction of the remnants of the tribes that continue either residing in, or neighbouring to our colonies. But the outside tribes are as strong and as numerous as ever, and manifest no symptom of decline, or extinction, even though we have become the owners of their soil. How absurd, then, this show of wisdom (or science so-called) of an "inferior race giving place to a superior!" In speaking of the evangelisation of these people by the colonial Churches, we cannot, indeed, report favourably; for, although some efforts have been

made to gather them for this object, yet the success is by no means encouraging. The poor straying black men, that wander about the backwoods of the colonies, are now few, while the difficulty of conversing with them in their language prevents any possibility of teaching them religious truth. The Church of England, and a few other denominations, have originated missions for them in isolated places, but the number of converts reported, invariably manifests little success or progress, though perhaps enough to prove that they are capable of amelioration, both temporally and spiritually.

I have known some of the squatters take an interest in the spiritual welfare of the black men whom they employed on their stations, but with such little encouragement, as to assure me it was labour lost to attempt it. Notwithstanding, I have often wished to enter into conversation with them, but was never able to communicate any one truth to them. "The curse of Babel" hinders the promulgation of the Gospel in this world, more than any one can credit who has never tried to teach the heathen on their own soil. I was, however, truly surprised on one occasion at meeting a deputation of these poor blacks, travelling from their mission-station, on their way to Geelong, going to

a missionary meeting, which was convened by their denomination. I found the deputation encamped one evening near a squatter's house, whither I was proceeding, in order to put up for the night. The leader of the band (for there were six in number) joined me, and, raising his hat, introduced himself by stating that he was one of a company of Wesleyan converts journeying from their mission at Warnambool, to attend a meeting convened at Geelong, for the purpose of giving an account of the work done, through their missionary, amongst his people. This young man spoke exceedingly well, and had a pleasing address; he was attired in a clerical costume, and, from a short conversation I had with him, I found him well able to give a reason for the hope that helped him to break loose from the darkness of his forefathers. Here, then, thought I, is a contradiction to what I have been frequently told since I came to the country, viz., that "it is a hopeless matter to seek the good of this people; that, being 'the lowest type of the human family,' they are not capable of much improvement." I was truly happy to find a contradiction to this; for here was a proof that, if they are sought after rightly, by teaching their children, which in this case was done, and thus causing a

civilising influence to accompany the spiritual instruction imparted, their degradation, both in body and mind, will yield to better influences, and, though slow the fruit, and most cheerless and discouraging to wait for it, yet it "will be found after many days."

As Christians, I have often thought, we have to be much on our guard against the opinions of worldly-wise men about missions to the heathen. The world tempts us to look at this subject in its own glass, but we forget the world walks by sight, not by faith ; the world judges of success in God's kingdom by the same principles on which it reckons its own. A good percentage the world requires before it embarks with energy in its enterprises, and if at all unsuccessful in its speculation, the market falls. But in sowing to the Spirit, we must be guided by other principles ; for "to cast the bread upon the waters," and especially the troubled waters of heathen lands, is not the principle of the world in any of its transactions, but it is of God's kingdom. In sowing in this kingdom the fruit may be unremunerative, it may continue long in an embryo state, small as the grain of mustard-seed, but if we sow in faith (this is one of the conditions upon which we sow), we have to wait in patience for the precious fruit. Shall *we*, then, listen to the world, or its

principles, in seeking to win an inheritance for the Son of God amongst benighted heathens, even though as demoralised as the Australian aborigines? For some of these I met, in their own land, that were made partakers of those glorious truths and promises which emancipate human souls from the slavery and degradation of sin, rescuing the "lowest type of man," even "the inferior race," from a stolid ignorance to a manly intelligence, from "an horrible pit and the miry clay, putting a new song in his mouth, even a thanksgiving to our God."

While describing the treatment which the Australian aborigines have received at the hands of the squatters, on their first advent in the country, and for a long period afterwards, we are reminded of a similar treatment which the trappers in the north-west territory of America showed to the Indians; but let us hope those evils are at an end in both hemispheres. In the northern, we trust they are so, from events which are now transpiring in that region, and which I may allude to again before I conclude; so, in the southern hemisphere, our colonial legislatures know of no distinctions between whites and blacks, both are equal in the eye of the law; but in Queensland especially is the protection of the aborigines secured, by the most stringent

enactments, though, alas ! *even there*, we fear, that still poor darky's life is not as much valued as it should be. We fear that local prejudices often warp *the minds of juries*, and that while there is a show of justice, the scales are not evenly balanced. I entertain this conviction from the reports of trials which I have read that took place in Queensland. I shall transcribe one of them, and let it speak for itself. It is taken from the *Brisbane Courier*, of February's issue, the 21st, 1873. It informs us that :—

"At the Loowomba Circuit Court of February 3rd, Robert Dunmore was charged that he did, at Booligar inn, on Thursday, 13th day of August, 1872, feloniously kill and slay one Thuringha Jack, an aboriginal native. Mr. Pring, Q.C., for the prisoner.

"George Cavenagh, being sworn, deposed—I am a mail contractor, residing at St. George. I remember being at Booligar inn on the 13th day of August last. I saw the prisoner there on that day. I saw him strike a black fellow outside the inn with a stick ; the black fellow's name was Thuringha Jack. I have often heard him called by that name. It was a heavy stick, and prisoner held it up with both hands when he struck the blow. I don't think I would know the stick again if I saw it.

"(Senior Constable Burns here produced a large

club, measuring three feet long, two inches wide at the handle, and ten inches wide at the butt, which witness thought was the weapon used by the prisoner when striking the black fellow.)

“Examination continued—Another black fellow, named Barney, was present when Thuringha Jack received the blow. Jack was facing the other black fellow, who wanted to fight. Jack was stepping back when the blow was struck. The blow fell on the side of his head. After Thuringha Jack was struck he fell to the ground; the stick also fell out of prisoner’s hands. After he had delivered the blow, several blacks came and poured water over Thuringha Jack, but he never recovered. I saw a black fellow dead on the 20th August. I cannot say that the body was that of Thuringha Jack. After the blow was delivered by prisoner I said to him, ‘You have killed the black fellow!’ and he said, ‘Serve him right.’

“Examined by Mr. Pring—When I first saw prisoner I saw the black fellows quarrelling outside the inn, about a minute before I saw prisoner strike the blow. I noticed that Barney was cut and gashed about the neck; the wounds were bleeding. When Thuringha Jack fell, prisoner said, ‘That will learn you to take a knife! ’

"Re-examined by Mr. Paul—I did not see a knife in Jack's hand. I did not see any wounds inflicted with a knife on Barney. The black fellows were about two yards apart when I came out of the inn.

"Thomas Crothers deposed—I am a hotel-keeper on Narrow River. I saw prisoner and Thuringha Jack at my house on the evening of the 13th August last; another black fellow of the name of Barney was there. I heard some words between Thuringha Jack and Barney on the grass plot in front of my house. Saw no weapon in the hands of the black fellow. Prisoner was present at the time they were quarrelling. After I returned to the bar of the house I heard a dull sound like a blow, and on going outside I saw Thuringha Jack lying on the ground in an insensible state. Water was thrown on him, but it did not recover him, or restore him to consciousness. On returning to the house, Cavenagh said to prisoner 'I believe you have killed the black fellow.' Prisoner said, 'It served him right, as he was cutting the other black fellow with a knife.' When Thuringha Jack was lying on the ground I did not see a knife, or any other thing in his hand. He was removed to my stables, but he never returned to consciousness.

"J. P. Gideon deposed—I recollect the 13th August

last : I was at the Booligar inn on that day. I saw prisoner and two black fellows there on that day. I saw the black fellows quarrelling about 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. One of them I knew by the name of Barney, and the other, I afterwards heard, was known by the name of Thuringha Jack. Prisoner was not present at the time. I saw Thuringha Jack take a knife from Barney. I went out to where they were standing, and made Thuringha Jack put down the knife. Barney was not cut then. Nothing occurred further till evening that I saw. Between half-past 5 and 6 my attention was attracted to a noise outside. I went to the door. I saw Cavenagh and prisoner outside. Thuringha Jack was lying on the ground. I said to prisoner, 'You killed that man !' His reply was, 'he had not got half enough,' or, 'I have not given him enough.' I cannot swear which. I saw Thuringha Jack on the evening of the 14th ; he was then dead.

"Luke Burns deposed—I am senior constable, stationed at Caninillingha. I remember going to the Booligar inn on the evening of the 14th August. In the outhouse of the hotel I saw the dead body of an aboriginal. Crothers was present. I examined the head of the aboriginal. I cut the hair off the left side of the head, where there appeared to be a

wound. After the hair had been removed I had the head washed ; there was an indentation in the skull, which commenced on the top of the head, a little forward of the left ear, extending downwards in a slanting direction to the back of the ear. The wound was four inches long, and two and a half inches wide ; in the centre of the wound or indentation was a jagged cut, beneath this cut I felt the skull yield to the pressure of my finger. The wound described might have been inflicted by the piece of wood produced. I identified the body as that of Thuringha Jack. I cannot swear the skull was broken, but I believe it was. I apprehended the prisoner on the charge of murder.

“After being cautioned, prisoner said—I picked up a stick and struck the aboriginal, Jack, on the head ; after I struck him I saw I had gone too far, but it was no use crying over spilt milk.

“The learned counsel having addressed the jury, his Honour summed up, and the jury returned, at fifteen minutes to three o’clock, with a verdict of *Not Guilty !*

“The prisoner was then discharged.”

What a pity, reader, that we were not present to hear the learned counsel’s address to the jury ! but not having heard it, we must feel the verdict,

in the face of such evidence as above, to be a strange one, and that the blood of the aboriginal went *unavenged!* It is, however, a point gained to find that his blood was thought worthy of any inquisition. Time was when it was not.

CHAPTER X.

The foundation stone—Names for churches—An Ebenezer—Trust in God relieves anxieties—Bishop Perry—His lectures on Darwin's Theory and “Eece Homo!”—The Chureh following the colonist in his wilderness home—The spiritual condition of the immigrant on commeneing his settlement—The results of small gifts when leaving the home land—Important to emigrants, and an encouragement to home elergymen—The Sunday-school, its fruits and hallowed recollections after many years—Secular education in the eommon schools—Colonial soeial evils—Temperance Society and its fruits—Colonial thought influenced by the parent land—A wish or prayer.

ALTHOUGH I shall not occupy the reader's attention with an account of the sermons preached, the miles travelled on horseback under a scorching sun, as well as an impetuous shower, yet I may state the result of my work was satisfactory. The first “red letter” day I was privileged to have, was that on which the people of the small village, and of the few scattered settlements, assembled for the purpose of witnessing the laying of the foundation stone of my new church. With due honours and accustomed ceremonies this important event took

place. In the evening a public demonstration came off, at which the gathering was said to be the largest and most influential of any meeting that had been before held in the place for Church purposes. Thus, then, the discouragements in commencing were overcome, and in less than a year the Church had obtained a habitation and a name. But what *name* shall we give the church? This was a question unanswered for some time, one proposing one name, and another, another. Now, although the names are legion from which we might select a suitable one, when we build a church in an isolated locality, yet I have often found the difficulty of choosing arose from the abundance of the choice. On this account I have allowed circumstances (accidental perhaps) to suggest names.

The first church which was built in the early part of my mission life on the banks of the River St. Clair, caused some difficulty in the selection of a name, when a circumstance occurred to suggest one. On the Trinity Sunday on which it was opened for service (still being undecided about the name), I read, as usual, the Athanasian Creed, and preached also on the doctrine of the Trinity. A few days afterwards, some individuals on passing my window commenced talking about the service

on the Sunday, when one said to the other, "I never heard of such a creed as that which was read on Sunday, nor do I know any thing about the Trinity." "Well," thought I, "it is time for you and this neighbourhood to hear more about the Trinity, and so we shall place a standing memorial of that glorious doctrine among you. From that day to this, and, doubtless, as long as that church stands, it will be known by the name, "Trinity Church, Sutherland."

But now, in the southern hemisphere, in a different clime and country, I found a similar difficulty, and sat down with others to think about an appropriate name for the church we had built. After some time, it occurred to me that my life was a missionary one, and that the great Apostle of the Gentiles had formed my mind for this calling, and that in some measure I might consider him as my exemplar, following him as he followed Christ, so I gave his honoured name to this church, calling it "St. Paul's Church, Camperdown."

But the year had now expired, and consequently the time when I might expect my family to arrive, and if so, then all that I had hoped for when parting would be accomplished; and so it happened, for in the midst of my work, and while posting in hot haste

to keep an appointment for service many miles distant from my residence, I received a telegram announcing "the arrival of my wife and family at Melbourne, all in good health, after a long voyage!" Many contingencies might have befallen us from the time of parting to the time of meeting! For though only twelve months had elapsed, yet these were eventful months, and if I had no faith in God's providence, anxiety would not only have prevented my starting on such an enterprise, but have interfered with my work, when I found myself without family or friends in the lonely retreat I have already described; how many distrustful cautions and anticipations did I hear from my Lancashire friends when leaving, and truly the *regrets* of parting with such friends were not easily encountered, and had well nigh turned me from my purpose, when my "hand was on the plough." But God proved better than all my fears, and granted fully all that I trusted Him for: viz., that both my wife and my three children should meet me in a year at "the Antipodes," and that I should have a home and people ready to receive them. *And so it happened.* Here then I erect my Ebenezer; and while thankfully doing so, I feel compelled to say to all who engage in enterprises that are pregnant with unforeseen casualties, or, like what

I was reminded of, "full of dangerous contingencies," to rise superior to human fears and anxieties, and to endeavour to imitate something of Luther's indomitable spirit (while feeling convinced of the integrity of his motives and the importance of his case), and say, "Come, let us sing, and let hell do its worst." Such I felt should be my fortitude in most of the important events of my missionary career, and such I conceive should be the confidence of all who have the welfare of souls and the glory of God at heart, "casting all their care upon Him, for He careth for them."

And now, too, the Bishop's holiday leave from his diocese had expired, and his arrival at head-quarters was gazetted; unfortunately I resided too far distant from Melbourne to be able personally to congratulate his Lordship on his prosperous voyage and safe arrival amongst the clergy; but as my first confirmation in my newly-formed parochial district would soon, of necessity, take place, I hoped then to have the pleasure of seeing him. Bishop Perry's name is well known to the Church in this country, and especially at Cambridge, where he attained the highest position as a scholar. His reputation as a faithful and evangelical ruler in the Church has been nobly earned and sustained by a protracted episcopate

of twenty-seven years at the Antipodes. *Such a man* needs no praise from any individual clergyman, as his praise is in the Church ; and yet, while speaking of his Lordship, if I should unintentionally fall into the language of panegyric, I may be pardoned, as, in common with all the good and great of a populous colony, I have admired his fervent zeal, faithfulness, and ability as a ruler in the Church ; and that, too, in a diocese peculiarly trying and difficult of administration.

I was not long under the jurisdiction of Bishop Perry when I discovered he had no sympathy with the views advocated by the Oxford divines ; he had drunk too deeply of the hidden mine of Holy Scripture, to be led astray by tradition, for his reference of controverted points was always “to the law, and to the testimony.” In licensing to any benefice (of late years especially), his Lordship was careful in requiring a distinct opinion of the views entertained by the nominee about the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper : for here it is, in the Bishop’s opinion, the first step Romeward begins. And in this conviction I have ever strongly shared ; for if “a real presence” be believed in, then such a sacrifice must take place beneath the talismanic power of the officiating minister as will magnify his office, and make him

a “priest” instead of a presbyter. As soon as he goes so far, the distance that remains is soon travelled, and the assertion that “the Reformation was all a mistake” is readily adopted. There are many, however, who would object to give a written statement of their views of the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper to a bishop as a condition to their appointment to a living, on the ground “their subscription to the Church’s teaching was already given, and therefore it was inquisitorial for a bishop to demand more;” but these are days in which it has been abundantly proved, that a subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion does not protect the Church against the admission of clergymen who hold views diametrically opposed to this standard, and hence this requisition of Bishop Perry’s, while it will be willingly complied with by the man who feels convinced that he holds the teaching of the Articles and of our Reformers, on the other hand, will be opposed and condemned by the man who knows that his views have been formed by other writings than the Holy Scriptures or “the Articles of Religion.”

In colonial life the fundamentals of truth seem to have more assailants than in older lands; freedom of action seems to favour a libertinism in thought, and new theories are often adopted merely because

they are original. On this account it was that Colenso's assertions about the Bible infused doubts into the minds of many at the Antipodes who never doubted before. There are, therefore, many questions affecting morality and religion freely discussed even in the secular periodicals of our colonies, which require a master-mind thoroughly to investigate and to endeavour to turn the scale of controversy to the right side. Now, under such circumstances, it is refreshing to look at a faithful bishop fulfilling his high responsibilities in the fear of God, and never unmindful of what his fellow-men might justly expect at his hands. And such was Bishop Perry. His vigilant and well-stored mind was at all times ready to grapple with any infidelity that threatened to undermine the faith or morals of the community; and when he spoke—by a well-timed letter in the leading journal, or by a lecture on some topic of interest that needed elucidation—all men felt (no matter of what shades of opinion) that truth was about to be defended by the master-mind of a colony. There are some instances that press upon my memory in illustration of this opinion of Bishop Perry. His masterly lecture on Darwin's Theory was well-timed when delivered, and it was a boon to many thinking

minds. The depth of thought, and sound logical deductions, as well as the extensive reading manifested throughout that masterly production, would have imposed on any ordinary mind a very great task indeed; but not so with the Bishop, for, having the pen of a ready writer, and the ability of a well-read man, he was prepared when the emergency required, to point out to superficial thinkers the dangers of their speculations, and to warn them against “rushing in like fools where angels fear to tread.” On the publication of that mischievous little work called *Ecce Homo*, a book which I think owed its short run of popularity more to its title than to any theological acumen in the writer, and which also at the Antipodes (as well as in this country) received much commendation when it should have met with unqualified censure; the favourable notice taken of this book, both in the secular press and elsewhere, appearing to the Bishop likely to mislead many, his lordship availed himself of the opportunity to point out its errors, and in order to give greater publicity to his remarks, a lecture was announced for a certain evening, to be given in one of the city churches, on which occasion, before a crowded audience (the Chief Justice being in the chair) the Bishop ably reviewed

this work, giving it as thorough a dissection as he did the subtleties of Darwin's speculations. The calm and dignified tone of the Bishop's review of *Ecce Homo* was admirable. Whatever was praiseworthy he fully conceded, and wherever the author presented truth as exhibited in the character and teaching of Christ he fairly pointed out as commendable, but when he came to the *errors* of the work his censure was unmistakable, and every word told. As some of his Lordship's remarks on this occasion are not only instructive, but characteristic of the lecturer, I must present them to the reader, as I am able to transcribe a few of them.

"In this volume," observed the Bishop, "while loyalty and attachment to Christ's person were put forward as a great motive to Christian morality, there was nothing for that loyalty and attachment to rest on. So long as Christ's love in reconciling men to God by His death was kept out of sight, the example of His perfect character would be wholly inadequate to produce such love as the author supposed. This volume contains doctrine, and my objection is, that the doctrine which it contains is contrary to Scripture. For example, that it was the Baptist that first taught Christ His work, and that Christ matured His plan of founding the

Church, and determined on the mode of executing that plan in the wilderness, were wholly inconsistent with His words to His mother when He was twelve years old, ‘Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?’ Again, his interpretation of various words and phrases upon the right understanding of which the fundamental doctrines of Scripture depended, were perversions of the plain language of Scripture. Could they find anywhere a more blasphemous perversion of Christ’s doctrine concerning the Holy Spirit than the fond conceit, for he would call it nothing else, that ‘it was the enthusiasm of human nature!’ It had been said, that in ‘those days, when so much worse books had been written, and were exercising such a pernicious influence, this one might be useful in counteracting the evil done by them.’ Perhaps, as Deism is better than Atheism, Socinianism better than Arianism, that might be, in a certain sense, true, but if it did some little good in preventing men from falling into the lowest depths of infidelity, it was likely to do much more harm in causing men to be satisfied with a spurious Christianity. One great danger of the present day, when religion occupied the minds of men so much, arose from the disposition to offer man a substitute for the religion of Jesus Christ;

something else that was of human invention. The book, he believed, did so, and in doing so promoted the object of their great spiritual enemy, which was to prevent the Gospel, and destroy the souls which Christ came to save."

In this way, on many similar occasions, has the Bishop of Melbourne done good service to the cause of truth ; for, by handling a subject thus out of season, as it were, and deviating from the more formal method of pulpit delivery, the secular press helped to disseminate his Lordship's sentiments, and thus the public, as well as the Church, would have the value of the chief shepherd's warning voice.

The first visit of the Bishop to my new parish at the Antipodes was, in many respects, similar to that which I received from the Bishop of Toronto in my first charge on the River St. Clair. Then, as now, I had a new church, people, and comfirmees for the Bishop's inspection. On both occasions also I was struck with the manifestation of similar feelings in the people, though in different hemispheres, viz., that when long deprived of the means of grace, and especially of the public worship of the Church, it is a matter of great pride and joy to them on finding the Church and ministry following them, and seeking them out in their solitary places ; and

especially do pious parents rejoice in having the opportunity of enrolling their children as visible members of the Church, through the apostolic rite of confirmation. The colonist leaves much behind him in coming to a foreign land, and to his adopted country; he leaves his home, his friends, his native soil, and all the recollections and associations of the home fireside; but the Church makes up for much, when he finds her following him in his wilderness home. If all else is changed, the Church has not; he finds her the same. The same hallowed words, familiar to his thoughts, and oft repeated in the home land; the same services, the same ministry, and the same chief pastor to bless, and admit their children to the full membership of the Church. These old familiar things, IF PRESENTED TO HIM AS THEY ONCE WERE, make him feel at home again, and that he is drawn, by an indescribable tie, closer to his kindred as well as to his God. And no less joyful a thing is it for the minister, or missionary, to see such fruit of his labours, and to know that his advent to the locality has been the means of obtaining for its inhabitants the ministry of the Word, and the full administration of all the ordinances of our holy religion.

The spiritual condition of emigrants on leaving

the home country and on settling down in colonial life, are subjects of great importance for those to understand who take an interest in the vast tide of emigration that annually leaves our shores for the wilderness of colonial lands. There appears to me no command of Christ's religion which immigrants are so much tempted to forget on their entering upon the new duties which colonisation requires at their hands, as what our Saviour enjoins when he says, "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness." If people in all countries, and at all times, are inclined to forget this, they are especially tempted to do so when they enter a new country for the purpose of bettering themselves in life. Under such circumstances the hands are indeed full. If the mind have time to spare from present occupation, it is sadly tempted to speculate for the future, till an increasing attention to bodily wants and earthly cares exclude any desire for religion or God's worship; and what makes this state of things all the more hopeless is, that immigrants will have, as a general rule (unless the more wealthy class) to take up their abode for a long period, perhaps, where neither Church or ministry can reach them. I have often known the poorer class of immigrants under such circumstances, attach great importance to the final parting gift of the

Bible or Prayer Book given by the clergyman or his wife when they were leaving the home parish. These I have known to be treasured up with care, and for the sake of the donor (if from no higher feeling), to be carefully perused, till truths, neglected at home, are thus valued, and books (lightly esteemed where religious privileges abounded), are made useful. Thus good is done in the vineyard in a way, perhaps, that will not be known till the last day. Whenever I met with such instances in the solitary places of both hemispheres, I could not help thinking how strangely connected with the future are the spiritual things of God's husbandry! Little does the home friend, whether clergyman, his wife, or layman, who makes such parting gifts as those I have mentioned, imagine, that sometimes the spiritual and eternal welfare of the poor recipients depend upon those little pledges of affection and esteem, given at a seasonable time, when the heart is soft, and its sympathies are touched to its inmost core,—“little,” I say, was it supposed then, by the donor, that a *pillow* gift was given, which the emigrant would not forget, but would stealthily look at, when misfortune reminded him that “this is not his home;”—or, little did the minister in the home church imagine, when speaking in his pulpit, that the words he

uttered, and which might have appeared to him at the time to have fallen on a barren soil, would (after years of neglect and unproductiveness) bear fruit in a foreign land ; and so unmistakable was the hand of the sower, that I have heard the names of the clergymen frequently mentioned as the spiritual fathers !

Such things have I witnessed in colonial lands, where, though I went to sow, I often found I had rather "to gather fruit" sown by some home clergyman. Be strong, then, ye servants of God, especially in populous parishes ! Your arrows may be cast at a venture amongst a careless multitude, and none, as far as you can see, may be stricken, and you may feel terribly doubtful about the efficacy of the means ; but be not impatient, for there is, all the time, an unerring hand guiding your pointed words as shafts to the souls of some of your hearers. The wounds you make, may, at the time, be only skin-deep, but the afflictions of life will keep them fresh, till, beneath their stings, the Great Physician is applied to for the infallible remedy. I have also seen, in the solitary places of scattered colonial settlements, much good result from the home Sunday schools ; the instruction thus given proves of vast importance in forming character. Many of the poor

who emigrate are indebted exclusively to the instruction of the Sunday-school for all they know in religion ; and if a purely secular education be all the State now provides for them, then the Sunday-school becomes a more important parochial institution than ever. "Were it not for the Sunday-school instruction which I received when a girl," said a poor woman to me one day, "I should have left home without the fear or knowledge of God, and I should have had no desire to read my Bible in this spiritually destitute place."

"Who taught you the Catechism?" I asked a poor bushman, whom I was once preparing for confirmation.

"I learned it, sir," was the reply, "at the Sunday-school, and I seem to remember it as well as if I was taught it only yesterday. Old truths," said he, "seem very fresh when we come to live *alone* here."

On one occasion I was desirous of commencing Sunday-school instruction for a poor hamlet in the backwoods, and having no house wherein to organise a school, I asked one of the people if I might have a room for that purpose in his house.

"Take two of my rooms," was the prompt answer, "for I learned all I know of religion at a Sunday-school."

These trivial incidents I mention, because it must be encouraging for those to know, who devote their time and energies in promoting Sunday-schools, that the wilderness affords gleanings of the seed they sow. Time may pass, and seas may separate the teachers from the taught, but the seed of the Kingdom does *not* perish ; it is incorruptible. Some, indeed, falls upon thorns ; some on the beaten track ; some on the rock ; but enough falls on good ground, and bears sufficient fruit to enable us to see the faithfulness of God to His promises. "My Word shall not go forth void, but shall accomplish that whereunto I sent it." The subject of secular education, to which I have alluded above, has been debated in the colonial parliaments even with greater acrimony than in this country. Political agitators have ridden into power on "the secular horse," and long since in Victoria, they have had the purely secular programme in the common schools. It certainly speaks little for the integrity of political partisanship, when we find men who claim the Bible as their birthright, both for themselves and their children, sacrificing, notwithstanding, its hallowed instruction in the teaching of the daily school ; putting that blessed book under a ban, as if it were unfit to be used in the education of their

youth! And all this to please a party, who, are either without any definite faith, or practising and believing in dogmas utterly at variance with the Bible. There appeared to me, while witnessing the sad effects of the interference of legislation on this subject in colonial life, no greater proof of the tendency of our day "to turn our glory into shame," than what was furnished by the prohibition of the Word of God in the teaching of the common schools of our spiritually destitute settlements. Bad enough this blunder in legislation where moral and religious culture abound, but it is positively *cruel* where public ordinances of grace are but scantily supplied. If the preceptors under the Mosaic law were commanded to teach their children the commandments of God, not only while "sitting in the house and walking by the way," but also "*to write them upon their gates,*"—that is, the places of public resort,—surely we are retrograding in heavenly knowledge, and consigning the children of our generation to a hopeless ignorance of spiritual truth when we compel them to pass several hours of public instruction each day without imparting any one precept of that knowledge which can alone sanctify their understandings. While contemplating such a legislative enactment, and feeling thereby debarred from the exercise of

my office in the education given at the common schools in our colonies, I felt, at times, a holy indignation, something akin to him who once said, "We must obey God rather than man."

In speaking of the social evils of colonial life, we find one so prominent as to require every help to eradicate it, and stamp it with reprobation: I mean the vice of drunkenness, which seems to have additional incentives to its increase from various causes. The heat of summer is a provocative to thirst, to satisfy which stimulants are too often resorted to; then, again, the facility with which licences are granted to open houses for the sale of intoxicating drink; and lastly, the custom (so prevalent, especially in colonial life) of drinking healths on the meeting of acquaintances, and treating each other when articles of merchandise are purchased. From the habits chiefly formed by such contingencies, I have known many colonists, who prospered well and for a long period worked hard for a living, eventually come to poverty and ruin through the vice of drunkenness. This vice brings with it the same misery and curse both at home and abroad. It is, therefore, a step, surely, in the right direction, to promote temperance societies, as through their influence the customs which promote drunkenness are checked,

and many a poor man is rescued from his vicious companions through the friendly aid of these organisations. Although, however, as a clergyman, I have not often come forward on the platform to aid in the advocacy of temperance, believing that the pulpit is my proper place to attack vice and to promote morality ; yet I have always conceived it my duty to facilitate the way of the temperance advocate, and to cast no impediment in his path ; but, on the contrary, to bid him “God-speed” in his philanthropic exertions to lessen the miseries of his fellow-creatures; for whoever tries to promote the spiritual welfare of men, either as missionary abroad, or clergyman at home, will find the most serious discouragements to arise from this vice of intemperance. I have travelled much in various lands, and exercised my ministry under various circumstances, and in different climes, as these *Reminiscences of Missionary Adventure* will prove, and my experience is this—that I have seen the idle become industrious, the blasphemer to give up his oaths, the Sabbath-breaker to honour God’s day, the thief to be reformed, the covetous to become liberal, the irreligious to give up his indifference to holy things ; nay, even the squalid heathen have I seen to renounce his superstitions. To all such parties have I been useful in

my ministrations, but I never was instrumental in *reforming one drunkard*, though I took many in hand, being induced to do so by the entreaties of loving wives and anxious friends. I have witnessed, indeed, their partial reformation, and heard their promises of amendment, but all ended in "the sow turning to his vomit again," and the devil driven out returning with seven others more wicked than himself, as our Lord truthfully describes it. But *my experience goes further*. Listen to it, ye temperance advocates, as well as those who would oppose them. I have seen very many drunkards reformed by the temperance societies. I have found their converts amongst my congregations in both hemispheres—in North America, and in Australia. In both regions have I seen the persons, and known them, who were once notorious drunkards, the pests of the neighbourhoods, and the plagues of their own households, sitting in their right mind and listening to the Word of Truth, instrumentally brought to do so, through the temperance advocate, and his most useful organisation, "the temperance society." Although, in colonial lands, the legislatures frequently feel called on by parliamentary action to limit the sale of intoxicating drinks, and to impose salutary restrictions on the vendors, yet if the tem-

perance societies did not, first of all, influence the people, no parliamentary vote would be brought to bear upon the legislatures in the matter, and therefore, it appears to me, that, whether we view the temperance organisation either morally or politically, we must recognise it as essentially useful in guarding the morals of the nation, and in preventing that overflow of wickedness which our national vice, if unrestrained, would soon arrive at.

But were I to enumerate all the evils affecting colonial lands, it would only be to repeat what we are familiar with in this country, for there we have, as in a glass, a faithful representation of what commenced at home. What appears here, in due time reaches there; as when a stone is cast into the middle of a pond, the glassy surface of which is at once disturbed, exhibiting a variety of circles, which at first are confined to the centre, but by degrees they spread, till the whole surface partakes of the disturbing influence. Such is national thought and life; for there is a similarity in mind and sentiment amongst the great masses of our populations, even though separated by seas and oceans, and this connection creates a sympathy which reaches to the outside circle. Such is the moral sensibility of a nation, and such the tide of thought which connects

the home land with the colonies. Be that tide for good or evil, *there it is!* How important, then, for the centre to be free from such downward tendencies as may endanger the welfare of all! Oh, may the key-notes which are struck in this small island be elevating, and then the outside millions, looking to this country for example as well as protection, will not be induced to change, by colonial legislation, whatever exalts righteousness and proves to be the pillar and defence of the mother land!

CHAPTER XI.

The advantages of a land with many climates—Comparison between America and Australia—The land agitation and its object—A squatter's residence, family, and man-servant—The agrarian dispute settled—The profits and losses of squatting—The thistle, and its introduction to Australia and Tasmania—The birds—The laughing jackass and its preservation—Snakes—The American rattlesnake and its tail—The Australian snakes—Mr. Drummond's sacrifice—The remedy for snake-bite—The animals—The "battue," why needful—Nature's police not to be despised—The rabbit, its increase—Questions for the Acclimatisation Society.

I MUST now devote one chapter exclusively to "things temporal," and endeavour to interest the reader in some of the local peculiarities of the flourishing colony which bears the name of our beloved sovereign. There are many things which will strike a person as strange when he comes to live in a new land, but which time, after a while, so reconciles him to, as to cause him to view them with indifference. However, as my reminiscences of some of the antipodal matters to which I allude are fresh, I must endeavour to describe them. In the first place, the climate of Australia is difficult

of description, because, as the country is so very extensive, portions of it being under the tropics, the climates are various, and range from temperate to torrid. But this diversity of climate is by no means a disadvantage; for while we in Europe have to import the fruits and productions of other climes in order to supply our wants or increase our luxuries, Australia can supply its inhabitants, and doubtless will yet, with every product for which we have to go elsewhere. Although the climate is too dry to please the farmer, and rather uncertain for cereal crops, yet there are other productions which, doubtless, will yet occupy a vast population as soon as capitalists or companies originate the necessary manufactures. While, therefore, I consider America or Canada bears the palm from Australia in farming operations (both the climate and soil of such countries being better adapted for agricultural purposes), yet the advantages of Australian climates lie in a different direction. Its wines, wool, cotton, rice, tobacco, sugar, and spices, with many other productions—though now only in their infancy,—will doubtless raise this great land to the highest position of importance amongst the commercial nations of the world.

In speaking of the climate of Australia in reference

to health, I am aware there are many who recommend it for weak and consumptive patients ; neither is the long and tedious voyage regarded as unfavourable in such cases ; but from the many instances of disappointment and failure which I have both met with and heard of, I feel convinced that those physicians who prescribe such a mode of recovery for the exhausted powers of the sick err greatly in their advice, and incur a most serious responsibility in recommending either the climate or the voyage for this purpose, both being injurious instead of restorative, as the variety of temperatures which, of necessity, must be experienced in so long a voyage often proves most disastrous to the invalid, while the climate, if it should be reached in safety, often extinguishes the feeble strength left after the voyage, by its enervating protracted heats, and intolerable hot winds. Now, though these things *are so*, yet doctors will disagree ; and when those who are no doctors (like myself) speak on the subject, we are told "to mind our own business." Well, having said so much, perhaps it is best for me to do so, and say no more on a point that some consider unsettled, but which appears to me, unfortunately, too often proved to be as I have stated it.

On my arrival in the squatting territory I was

much struck with the appearance of the surface of the country. There were nature's magnificent parks, boundless in extent, and permitting an unimpeded view for miles—the trees at good distances from each other, no brushwood, and the pastures at once available to feed innumerable sheep or cattle. Now, to arrive at such advantages in America or Canada, the axe must be used for years, and the labours of the husbandman must be patiently endured.

In many places, also, not very remote from each other, the surface is diversified by considerable eminences rising abruptly, as if from level land ; hills of this description are frequent, and evidently were, at some remote period, volcanoes, for at the tops of most of them were manifest proofs of craters and volcanic action ; in some instances plainly developed, as if they had not long ceased their operation. The soil all around these hills, for a considerable distance, is of a red or chocolate colour, and evidently is composed of the *débris* or lava from the mountains neighbouring. All such localities are well adapted for agricultural purposes, as the ground is very fertile ; but the soil that has not passed through some natural ameliorating process of this kind seems to be barren, and quite unfit for cultivation ; so much so, that I have frequently heard

squatters, who had monopolised some hundreds of square miles of such territory, seriously affirm that "it was far better, and even more merciful for them to exclude, by their possession of these lands, any population from settling on them, as no return could be expected from their cultivation but misery and disappointment!" An agitation, however, of a very fierce nature was carried on for years for the purpose of rescuing such lands from the tender mercies of the squatters, and I firmly believe the action of the Government in the matter was not arrived at a moment too soon, for the wide-spread and growing disaffection respecting this evil would, doubtless, have matured itself into open rebellion, had not the remedy been adopted by resorting to "the ballot." This conviction I entertain from many conversations which I entered into, not only with the "new arrivals" (who, on seeking for land, found it preoccupied), but from many who had been long resident in the colony. That those who had recently come to the country should be struck with astonishment on finding such immense tracts of land—aye, and some fertile lands, too—in the possession of a few men, is not to be wondered at; but that those who were long enough in the country to get over this surprise should, nevertheless, feel

sore on the subject, and so sore as to continue for years an agitation of the greatest acrimony, seemed to me so serious, that I felt convinced if the matter were not remedied by legislation, and that soon, it would be by rebellion. Before the agitation ceased, and while the political platform was "to stop the monopoly of the lands, and to throw them open for the free selection of the people on equal terms," to be a squatter during this period was somewhat unpleasant; for then it was the ignited match in summer (while the country all around was parched and dry) would show the grudge of the incendiary. On one occasion, at the time when those political agrarian conflicts were rife, I had to make a missionary trip through a very rich squatting territory, in the centre of which was a small township, or village, where I intended to organise a Church movement, and to place a lay reader. After a tedious ride I approached, one evening about sun-down, the palatial residence of a squatter, who ruled the flocks of 100,000 acres; on ringing at the bell a man-servant came to the door, and on sending in my name, I was invited to come in and remain for the night. Thankfully accepting this invitation, I was very hospitably entertained by the lady of the household, as her husband was from

home. On stating the object of my visit, a cordial desire was expressed to help in a Church movement for the township, and to aid in supporting a permanent ministry for the place. Before we retired for the night the family, with a large number of servants, assembled for prayers, and having thus a fair attendance, I held an evening service, which, on such occasions, the Australian squatter, as a general rule, much appreciates. I can, indeed, speak most favourably of many such prosperous families in the Australian wilds ; for though remote, as many of them are, from public ordinances, yet are they most observant of family worship, and of the sacred rest of the Sabbath. "The Church in the house" may often be found amongst them, and if there is no chaplain, the father of the family is the minister, as we may imagine it was in patriarchal times. But what leads me to describe my visit to this family is to show how the possession of extensive and valuable lands—so extensive as to exclude population—was of itself, irrespective of the character of the individuals who settled on them, calculated to create jealousy amongst that large class who left home for the purpose of bettering their circumstances, hoping to obtain a small portion of that land which, on their arrival, they found alienated for

ever from the Crown ; for the next day, when leaving, a man-servant came with me to guide me by a shorter path than what I came by the evening before. On the way he entered into conversation on many subjects, till at length he touched on the one that I could perceive occupied most of his thoughts, and it was the very subject which I was anxious to avoid, as, at that time, very strong feelings were stirring amongst the people respecting it.

"It was a bad law, sir," he began, "and an unfaithful Government to the interests of the people and the Crown of Great Britain, to allow such a wholesale occupation of this fine country by the first comers, for all who now arrive have no chance whatever."

"But," I observed, "it cannot be helped now ; the title-deeds to these lands are in the safe custody of the squatters, and the Crown must protect their rights, you know."

"Oh," said he, "we must let them keep what they have a claim to, but it is high time to put an end to this squatting system, which alienates from the people such lands as these we are now passing through."

"Gently, friend," I said ; "this is a question, I perceive, which excites you ; but remember, an evil so long existing cannot be settled at once. Time may accomplish what you wish."

"Sir," said he, "every hour we delay only makes the evil greater, for the lands are disposed of every day as they were when there were only a few in the country, and now there are tens of thousands. No," said he, raising his hand, "if legislation will not quickly stop this, something else will, and must."

Now, though this man had a good and kind master, and though the family was as exemplary as I have described, yet, while this public grievance existed unredressed, he could easily be induced to forget his master's welfare, and to join in the cry, "Down with the squatters!" even though that cry would consign to destruction the house over his master's head! Very soon after this conversation the crisis came, and the land question was settled by the desired legislation, and thus the dreadful alternative which my guide hinted at was avoided.

In speaking, however, of the squatting occupation, we must not, for a moment, imagine that it has not its risks and losses as well as its profits. As to its profits, I would say that where there is a good judgment, and a keen attention to business, brought to bear upon a large tract of Australian territory, it is perfectly marvellous how great the profits are. It is well said, "the grass grows while we sleep;" and by no man is this adage so well understood as

by the successful squatter at the Antipodes. Every spring finds him most prodigal of two things, and these are clover and grass seeds; these he scatters apparently at a loss, but though the surface is unprepared for the reception of his seed, yet he knows well that nature will take care of quite enough of what he scatters to remunerate him a hundredfold, by causing the profitless, worn out grasses to give way to an abundant supply of the best kinds of the home land. By slow and sure degrees the pastures are thus recruited, the flocks multiply, and if the cattle are not seen "on a thousand hills," they are on a thousand plains, fat and sleek, ready to be driven to the periodical markets, or to keep up the constant supply required by the meat-preserving companies.

When first driving in a public conveyance through the pasture lands of a prosperous squatter, "whose constant care" for many years had been "to increase his store," one of my fellow travellers called my attention to the extensive, well grassed paddocks, exhibiting the white clover blossoms in abundance, through which we were driving, remarking that "an English company had recently offered the fortunate possessor £500,000 for this property, but it was refused. A few years after I knew this offer

to have been doubled, as one million was tendered for it, but also refused ! No doubt many years of patient, persevering industry were needed to realise such profits, as well as some anxieties, in first starting, caused by the hostility of the aborigines; protracted droughts, and summer fires ; diseases, also, amongst the cattle and sheep at times have brought ruin to the squatter. The "foot rot" amongst the sheep has to be watched with the greatest vigilance, the Government inspector frequently ordering the destruction of thousands of sheep if even one in a flock is found affected ; neither are the cattle free from a similar uncertainty, for the "pleura pneumonia," or lung disease, was destroying thousands of the finest cattle when I arrived in the colony. It was, indeed, an anxious time, as apprehensions were largely entertained that if the disease continued its ravages unchecked, all the cattle in Australia might be extirpated. Frequently, while travelling through the extensive woodlands of the squatters, I used to meet with the decayed and rotten carcasses of the poor brutes that had succumbed to this pestilence. So numerous were they in some places as to taint the atmosphere for miles around. Animals, when first taken with the disease, would lag behind the herd, and then wander for

days alone, till death relieved them of their sufferings. Many remedies were devised to stop its increase, or even to mitigate its fury, one of which I must describe: this was to cut off the tail of the animal when first affected, as the tail was supposed to have some connection with the disease. When I first met with a large number of poor brutes thus denuded of their tails, and not knowing, at the time, the cause, I imagined it was one of the freaks of the Antipodes—tails being needed at the northern hemisphere, but useless in the southern! I wondered the more at this, as in such a sunny clime, where the flies are so numerous, the tail of the animal would naturally be a most important defence against the fly nuisance; and this, I could perceive, the animals themselves fully understood, for those who had no tails kept very close to those that had, and frequently rushed madly to their neighbours, in order to borrow a sweep of nature's lash, turning the part they wished to be operated on as conveniently as possible to the tails of their companions.

But strange to say, when this disease had reached a certain height, it seemed to have expended itself, and grew less and less, till now it is a thing of the past. No human skill can take credit for this; no, it must be attributed either to some inscrutable law

of nature, or—which may be the same thing—to the working of that Providence who, while He permits evils, yet controls them. David saw God's hand in the removal of such hindrances to temporal prosperity, and he reckons, amongst the proofs of God's blessing on a land, "that our oxen may be strong to labour;" no decay, "no complaining in our streets."

I was not long resident in the squatting region before I observed, far and wide, the existence of one of the greatest nuisances to the agriculturist in the home country; here it was, in the solitary places, uncommonly vigorous. The squatters, farmers, and town councils were equally opposed to its growth, and all combined to destroy it. What was this? The thistle—the common Scotch thistle! We are told "there is nothing in nature for which there is not some use," though the practical Yankee denies this, on the ground that he has discovered one thing for which there "can be no use," viz., "the tormenting mosquitoes." I wonder what he thinks of the thistle, whether he would classify it as "no good." But can we not find even in the thistle some good? May it not be a witness for God in proving the curse which He originally inflicted on the ground when sin entered? But how did this thistle, from

"the land o' the cakes" and "north o' the Tweed," reach the Antipodes? Does it so rejoice in its nationality as to follow the Scotchman wherever he goes? or did some downy seedling take advantage of a storm, while in search of "pastures new," and ceased not in its travels till it reached "the other side?" If so, it was "an ill wind *indeed*, for it blew nobody good." I have seen fish in a small lake at the top of a mountain, placed there by no human hand, but supplied, notwithstanding, by some mystery of nature unknown to us. I have found shells, too, where there was no sea; and I have seen the stones of fruit grow outside the rind instead of inside. Many strange things does nature present to the traveller. But here is the puzzle of puzzles. How came this vile Scotch thistle, this plant or weed of a sterile land, into the fine grassed pastures of the prosperous squatter? On frequent enquiries about the matter I at length was informed by one of "the knowing ones" that an old Scotch couple, on leaving home, "cannily" enough thought that if they took their bed with them, it would be some comfort to their old bones on the voyage, and also in the "furrin land." Accordingly, the bed they took, and as it was such as the country used from time immemorial, it was composed of the

down of the Scotch thistle (and an excellent substitute it is for feathers); but this down is in reality the seed of the thistle. Accordingly, when the worthy couple arrived and settled in their Australian home, the good housewife thought she would give the bed an airing, and for this purpose opened it, exposing it to the weather, so as to dry and air the inside; but the wind carried off quite sufficient of the seed so as to sow the neighbourhood extensively. The following year the plants were vigorous in the new soil, and thus the annual increase has been so abundant that now the thistle occupies more ground than the shamrock and the rose, conjointly, can ever hope to do.

But this pest has also reached Tasmania, and promises there to be even a more serious drawback to the agriculturist than in Australia. The introduction of the thistle to this island has a different origin assigned to it from that which I have mentioned in reference to Victoria.

It is said that one of the settlers had a thistle sent to him by one of "the auld folks at home," that on receiving it, he took care of it, as a valuable importation, reminding him of former days. When it first blossomed, the neighbours were invited to see it, which they were glad to do, as it reminded them of

the "old familiar friend," and as we often pay dear enough for those "old familiar friends," so it happened here; for while each begged a seed from the owner of the plant, which he sowed in his garden, the next year the wind scattered the increase, and such donations have been multiplying ever since, till now the thistle has become a most serious hindrance to the prosperity of this choice and fertile island.

In speaking of the birds of Victoria, I cannot report in very eulogistic terms of the specimens I met with in my journeys. Many of the parrots and paroquets are very brilliant in colour, but altogether I met with no bird worthy of much praise, with the exception of the lyre bird, which is not only the most beautiful bird of the Antipodes, but perhaps in any land; it is, however, very scarce, and many live years in the country who never see one. The absence of all song in the birds of Australia and America is a remarkable deficiency in the feathered community of both countries. But if I found no bird with a musical note, I certainly met with one sufficiently noisy, so much so as to startle me when I first fell in with him, as his strange notes re-echoed far and near. I was introduced to him under the following circumstances. When I first arrived in the country, and had stopped for a few days at a squatter's house,

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while making that missionary trip to Jericho, which I have fully described already, I was invited by a gentleman to take an evening's shooting with him on a small sheet of water a few miles from his house. I accepted his invitation, and gladly accompanied him. As we proceeded through the woods, I was surprised to hear a loud screaming laugh, while I could observe no individual from whom it proceeded. Leaving my companion, I proceeded to examine from whence those strange sounds came, when I discovered a good-sized bird, of a grey colour, and a large head, perched far up in one of the branches of a large gum-tree, and to my astonishment I perceived that he was the author of this uproarious laughter. I at once prepared to do him serious bodily injury, and stole towards him on tip-toe, so as to cover him without fail; but when just about to pull the trigger, I felt a hand touch me, and on looking round, I found my companion at my side, who cautioned me against killing that bird, for I would incur a heavy penalty thereby.

“Remember,” said he, “this is the laughing jackass !”

“Well,” I said, “supposing it is, “what need in protecting him more than any other bird ?”

“Because,” observed the gentleman, “he has taken

a fancy to lessen our enemies by eating all the snakes he can find. Although you see him perched so high, he is looking out sharply for his prey, and so keen is his sight that in a moment he may leave his perch and pounce upon his unsuspecting prey. For so poisonous is the bite of the snake in this country, that we feel so grateful to those birds for lessening their number, that the law enacts a heavy penalty upon any person, *clerical* or lay, that kills one."

From that day out "the laughing jackass" was sacred to me, and many a time afterwards did I protect this Providential agent in lessening our natural foes from the mischievous designs of juvenile sportsmen.

But a word about snakes. My reminiscences of these reptiles in both hemispheres are fresh and varied. Although in foreign lands there are some evils which we never seriously think of till we come to live there, yet imagination often adds terrors to our dangers, which (thank God) are frequently not so great as we fear. When first I went to Canada, I heard of the rattlesnake as the great terror of the woodsman; but though it is indeed a most formidable snake, yet the long winters and severe frosts not only prove injurious to its increase,

but before it can spring to inflict its venomous bite it must make a noise with the rattle in its tail, and this noise gives time to the person on whom it intends to fasten its fangs to escape. This rattle (from whence the snake derives its name) contains a long string of fine bones of a most wonderful mechanism. It has been said that the dissection of the human hand has more than once convinced the sceptical operator of the wonders of the constructive wisdom of the Almighty Creator; and so I have often thought, that an accurate investigation of the mechanism manifested in the formation of the tail of this snake, would afford an additional proof of the working of that Mighty Being who has filled this world with so many specimens of His matchless skill. The Indians gave me some choice relics of the rattle of this snake, which they offered to me not only as presents, but as proofs of the skill of "the Great Spirit's handiwork." In the British Museum there are a few splendid specimens of this rattle, and they will well repay the minute inspection of any person for the purpose which I mention. But while we have only one kind of venomous snake in America, we have many in Australia, and so numerous as to make their appearance when least expected. The deaths from snake-bite were

once very frequent, and even still, in retired settlements, they are not unusual. Sometimes these reptiles appear when least expected, and more than once have I been assured, the pillow, when removed, disclosed the deadly intruder. A boy climbs a tree for the eggs of a bird's nest, and when he puts his hand in, he is bitten by a snake. Another carries a piece of wood to put on the fire, but from some concealed hiding-place in the stick a snake comes out, coils round the hand, and inflicts the death-wound. I once was told by a woman that, while she was standing speaking to a neighbour at her garden gate, a large snake coiled itself round her leg. Its cold flesh she felt, and had the presence of mind to stand perfectly still, when, after a while, it quietly uncoiled its horrid length and glided from her.

I have been assured, however, that there are many snakes in Australia quite harmless, and naturalists state so; but though I have travelled extensively in the country, and lived in two different localities for some years, yet all the cases of snake-bite that I heard of, and those that I have seen, were poisonous. An evil, however, of such a serious description as this, engaged from time to time the attention of medical men; and the Legislature, in

order to encourage scientific research, offered a very liberal reward for any person who might discover a sure remedy or antidote against snake-bite. Many aspirants appeared from time to time who claimed the reward, but, on trial, they were unable to satisfy those who were appointed to judge of the success of the remedy proposed.

One remarkable instance of a very deplorable failure in the test submitted for examination occurred in the case of a Mr. Drummond, a gentleman holding an independent situation under Government, who, feeling confidence in the efficaciousness of the remedy proposed, permitted a snake to be applied to his own arm, but his antidote failed, and the poor gentleman succumbed to the bite of the reptile. Thus, in this way, as in many other evils with which mankind is afflicted, many valuable lives are lost for the good of others.

After much investigation, however, medical men have decided on a treatment which proves most satisfactory, and thus this dreadful evil is deprived of much of its terror at last. Not long before I left the country, I was visiting some sick people in a hospital, when a young man was suddenly brought in, and laid on one of the beds. On coming up to him, I found him shivering violently, as if in the

ague ; now and then also he seemed pained, and convulsed. As he had just been carried out of the surgery, after having been operated on, I enquired of the doctor what was the matter with him. I was informed "he had been bitten by a snake three hours previously, and that he had been treated according to the new régime." The man soon recovered, and was convalescent next day. The blacks have a certain cure for snake-bite (as nature's medicine chest is available for her own children), but they do not care to tell the white men their secrets ; though, as prevention is better than cure, give me "the laughing jackass," and his mode of operation, for neither "black" or "white" can equal the effectiveness of his remedy.

But what shall we say of the animals ? In a country so extensive as Australia, with so many climates, and where there are no frosts or severe winters to interfere with, or lessen, the increase of wild beasts,—as it is in America,—we would expect to find many animals of the larger description, such as lions, tigers, panthers, grizzly bears, or camels, as in India or Africa, but no. The Antipodes reverse many of our expectations, as no beasts, such as I have named, are found there, for, though the country is so extensive, yet the number of wild animals is not only

very limited, but diminutive and harmless. Opossums, wild cats, sloths, and kangaroos are all that I can enumerate as worthy of any notice.

The opossum, which was once the chief food of the aboriginal, and doubtless is so still, where the blacks are not interfered with by our advent, is a strange little animal; sleeps by day, but is most active by night; it lives in and on the gum-trees. They are numerous still, and in colonial lands may be regarded as increasing, in consequence of the blacks preferring the beef and mutton of the whites to the flesh of their wild animals. The skins, however, of the opossum are still essential to the comfort of the blacks, for though small the animal, yet a good number of their furs sewn together make excellent rugs, coats, and coverings for beds. It takes fully 150 skins of these animals to make a good rug; so that if the aboriginal eschew the flesh of the opossum in these days, yet the skin, being an article of merchandise, causes a certain amount of destruction still to be carried on amongst them. The fur of this animal is thick and warm, and when well dressed is superior in appearance to many that command a much higher price. I have often thought it deserves far more attention from our furriers than it receives; indeed, very many pro-

ducts of this great country have yet to be utilised for commercial purposes far more than they are at present.

Another animal whose peculiarities are certainly antipodal, and which surprised me not a little when I first saw it, is the sloth, or Australian bear—but where do you think we find it, reader? On the ground? no! but high up in some gum-tree, fast asleep on a branch! I have seen hundreds of them, and never saw one otherwise situated. It is a good-sized animal, not quite so large as an American bear, but yet having all the appearance of the species. Its tenacity of life is truly wonderful, for I have seen ten or fifteen shots fired at one, within forty yards, and though every shot went fair to its mark, yet the poor brute would only shake, or rub the part stricken, and quietly lie down as if about to settle itself for another nap.

But I now come to speak of the chief of all the Australian animals, and which deserves a more lengthened notice than any other that I met with in the country. I mean the kangaroo. I was not long in the squatting territory when I first met with this animal, and not having received any description of it previously, I was very much surprised at its unusual appearance. I was riding at full speed in a very out-

of-the-way place, many miles from any habitation ; my horse was a young, well-bred one, and as this was the first long ride I had occasion to take on him since I purchased him, I found he possessed a qualification which I did not give him credit for, but which, notwithstanding, he proved his knowledge of, on meeting my first kangaroo—for, while travelling on this occasion, as described, about thirty yards a-head of me one of these animals suddenly crossed my path, and stopping for a few moments, seemed to sit on two immense hind legs, while his strong thick tail was spread out on the ground behind him ; he had also two small fore paws, which were raised while he sat looking at me : thus he remained for a few moments, but, as I came near him he roused himself from his reverie, and suddenly made an immense spring, in doing which, he was assisted as much by his long tail as by his hind legs. Away he went, propelled by legs and tail : but this was not all, for he was immediately followed by about fifty others, jumping in the same strange manner, going at an incredible speed. This seemed to excite my horse, who appeared to be quite pleased at what he saw, for, instead of riding from the herd (as I wished him to do), he persisted in carrying me along with them, and fully as fast as they went ; but not being prepared for such violent riding over

the roughest ground imaginable, my saddle-girths broke, and I was thrown on the neck of my horse: in this position I was carried for some time, till my weight caused the brute to stop, greatly to my relief. Such, then, was my first introduction to the kangaroos, which also disclosed a secret (unknown to me before), that my horse, "Dick," was a trained kangaroo hunter, and would be at the work, *nolens volens*, if a chance occurred.

The kangaroo grows to a large size, and will reach from 100 to 150 pounds weight. At one time it was the chief food of the blacks, but ever since their hunting-grounds have been settled on by the squatters, they have in consequence (throughout colonial lands) ceased to kill the kangaroo; but this immunity to the animal has led to an alternative which may be interesting to explain. I believe it is a law fully recognised by naturalists, that, throughout the whole animal kingdom, there is a sort of chain, no one link of which is independent of the other—that a superior animal is needful to keep under an inferior, else a too rapid increase of the latter would prove injurious to all, as well as to man. That, in fact, "a police system" is established throughout nature, and thus it happened, when the aboriginal ceased to kill the kangaroo, this animal increased by thousands, and tens of

thousands, and therefore the necessity became urgent, of devising some artificial means of stopping their increase ; for, as nature was interfered with (as I have explained), some agency of man became needful to remedy the evil—and the serious nature of this evil will be understood, when it is considered, that two kangaroos in one year will consume as much as three sheep in the same period—hence, some mode of wholesale destruction was called for, which was accordingly devised, and which is known by the appellation of the “battue,” a description of which it may not be out of place to give. A piece of ground is selected, consisting of two or three acres. At the further end of this enclosure is a smaller one, constructed in a similar way, and communicating with the larger by a swing-gate ; a man in command of this gate stands on an elevated platform, hidden by boughs of trees : this man admits the animals as they approach, but prevents their egress. Wings of about one mile in extent, formed by brushwood, and other material, run out on both sides of the enclosure in an horizontal direction.

On a given day the men from the various squatting stations, and others far and near, assembled at a given spot, well mounted on horseback : they then begin by scouring the country some fifteen miles in all directions, but by previous arrangement ; the animals

within this area are pressed to a certain focus; as they rush on they are prevented from scattering by the horsemen till they get inside of the extended wings of the stockade; when once there, they must of necessity press into the small aperture where the man stands at the swing gate; as they enter he shuts the gate to prevent their escape. As many as 4,000 kangaroos have been taken in one hunt of this kind, and frequently the squatters have to resort to this wholesale method of destruction to prevent the increase of these animals. The way in which they are destroyed when captured as described, is by their rushing tumultuously into a deep hole outside of the enclosure, into which they run from a passage from the inside. It is the most pitiable of all sights to see the poor creatures trampling each other to death by hundreds in this hole, and such frightful havoc cannot be justified on any plea short of self-defence (on the side of the squatter), or the direst necessity.

Now, if this theory be correct, that nature has her chain of gradation which, if interfered with from any cause, will require some remedial measures from man to obviate its evil consequences, then if we bring into a country an *outside* animal, whom nature did not place there, neglecting to introduce

along with it the care-takers, or constables, to see after its increase, we equally interfere with nature's arrangement ; and if the theory be correct, we must see the evil results. And we have a case in point, for the trial has been made. When the rabbit, for instance, was introduced to Victoria, it was welcomed, like the thistle, as a new-comer, an "old familiar fireside friend ;" but time revealed a secret about this friend which was not thought of when he was invited to take his pastime in Australian wilds. Rumour first spoke somewhat condemnatory of Bunney's vast prolific powers, for he can multiply himself in one year a hundred-fold ; but rumour has grown to sad reality, for not only farmers are alarmed at its increase, and in many places complain bitterly of its ravages, especially in early spring, but even the squatters, whose pastures are so extensive, that one would think a very long period should elapse before they could realise any ill effects from the rabbits, are nevertheless, in many places, much concerned in observing the innumerable multitudes of these marauders consuming food which previously supported and fattened their cattle and sheep. The "battue" may do to diminish the increase of the kangaroo, which is a large animal, and not, in the sense as the rabbit is, a multiplying one—bringing forth a large brood every

month during ten months in the year—but no battue will ever do to exterminate such a pest as this. I have known one squatter who was obliged to employ upwards of one hundred men for many months in the year in filling the holes burrowed by those creatures. Had nature introduced the rabbit to Australia or Tasmania (in which latter island the complaints are even louder against it than in Australia) I wonder would such consequences be realised! but as man has originated the mischief, he must either bear it, or devise means to lessen it. It may be that the "Acclimatisation Society of Victoria," whose originators and promoters are men of research and science, and whose labours have been most useful in bringing over to the colony plants, animals, birds, and even the spawn of salmon, from Europe and other countries, will yet devise some method of keeping the rabbits under, and of introducing to the colony some natural foes that will see after their increase. If this should be done, it will be a boon to the country, and then perhaps, emboldened by success, the Society may proceed to diminish the numbers of the mischievous hedge-sparrow (not the house), which, through some unfortunate mistake, has been introduced, greatly to the annoyance of vine-growers and farmers.

If the association I have mentioned, in its future operations should observe more carefully the connection of nature's links throughout the departments of animal life, while introducing new tenants, either to the lands or atmosphere of the colony, then, while nobly combined for the purpose of multiplying their *luxuries*, they will find less evils to deplore, and both farmers, squatters, vine-growers, gardeners, and fruit-gatherers, will accord a more unanimous vote of thanks to the amateurs of plants, animals, birds, and fishes, who have associated themselves under the polysyllabic cognomem of "The Acclimatisation Society of Victoria."

CHAPTER XII.

The Duke of Edinburgh's visit to Australia—To Melbourne—His reception—Loyalty at the Antipodes—The connection between the colonies and the home land—The programme of entertainments in honour of the Prince—The festivities in the squatting territory, in Ballarat, and in Melbourne—The “free banquet,” and dissatisfaction—The loafer's letter—Further rejoicings—Delinquent clericals, and Bishop Perry's letter—The Duke leaves for Sydney—Is shot—How the news was received in Victoria—The recovery—The would-be assassin and his execution.

No event occurred in Victoria which attracted so much public attention, during my residence in that colony, as the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh some six years ago in his good ship the *Galatea*. There may be in our colonies a democratic spirit, but it is a morbid feeling, fanned, it may be, at times by a few local grievances, or by some hitch in the Government wheel, which may not be settled by the Imperial Legislature to the satisfaction of all parties. On such occasions, both in Canada (or now “the Dominion”) as well as in Victoria, Australia, I have heard hard things uttered, but never can Imperial rule in

our colonies be so repudiated as to make it desirable to "cut the painter" which unites any colony with the mother country. No! the connection is sacred, and the daughters are proud of the security which they may look for from the old parent should danger arise from any quarter. Even in Victoria, which colony has taken farther steps towards Republicanism than any other in the British Empire, by its adoption of manhood suffrage, yet even there the most loyal attachment exists, not only to the throne, but to the Queen and the Royal Family. To any one who considers the depth of this feeling, as well as its sincerity, it must appear evident that should the tie be broken which connects any one of the colonies with the mother country, it can only be accomplished through some arbitrary or ill-directed measure at home. It is, however, possible for a kingdom to become too great, and its very greatness may mature the elements of its decay; but in such a case, there is always "the haughty spirit which precedes the fall." Now, if we avoid this spirit—if as a nation "upon whose dominions the sun never sets," we forget not the hand which rules both heaven and earth, if we extend our jurisdiction for the purpose of upholding righteousness in the world, then we need not fear our greatness, but, on the

contrary, may seek to hold with a firm grasp all we possess ; holding as a principle what one of England's renowned statesmen once uttered in his last speech on the floor of the House of Lords—“Dismemberment is a principle which, when once begun, may never end, and will, therefore, be ruin to commence.”

But on the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh at Melbourne, loyalty, though only sentimental before, then burst forth into vigorous action. As soon as the *Galatea* appeared in the offing, all things were prepared to give him such a reception as was worthy of the Queen's son. Deputations and committees were quickly organised, beneath whose management the city of Melbourne prepared for unusual demonstrations. An extensive programme of festivities was decided on, which an enthusiastic loyalty fired the people to carry out.

Buntings streamed from the roofs of the houses ; royal salutes roused the people, till, at length, the inhabitants of the city were more alive to the promptings of loyalty than if they lived under the shadow of Buckingham Palace. It was decided on, that the Prince should first visit portions of the country where the squatters ruled, and see, first of all, what might be worthy of his notice in such

regions ; after which the city of Melbourne would be prepared to do its share of festivities and banquets. Accordingly many towns, villages, and squatters' residences were visited by the Prince and his suite. Triumphal arches, beautifully decorated with the choicest flowers, were erected in the townships through which the carriages passed, while deputations to no end were appointed to stop the vehicles while passing under these ornamental arches, and to read addresses from the boroughs and town councils. This must have been so fatiguing to the Prince, that many who felt for him, thought his motto all those days might well have been "Save me from my friends ! "

During the provincial tour, the Prince performed wonders as a marksman ; his achievements in shooting opossums and rabbits were spoken of as marvellous ; and that his Royal Highness might see things peculiarly antipodal, amongst other things, a kangaroo battue was included in the programme got up for his entertainment ; the aboriginal corrobory also was added to the bill of fare. Ballarat, the great mining centre of the gold region, was likewise visited, where the loyalty of the people was equally as conspicuous as at Melbourne. It was a royal entrance indeed which the Prince made at Ballarat,

and it puzzled many to know from whence the vast multitudes came who assembled to see the festivities prepared for the occasion. An immense hall, which to this day commemorates the Prince's visit to that town, was erected for the purpose of giving a reception banquet to His Royal Highness. The mines were also prepared for inspection, into some of which the Prince descended, and saw treasures which were not exhibited to ordinary mortals. Some shining nuggets also, if report were true, were presented by the loyal miners to their Queen's son on his condescending to visit them in their gloomy regions. At length, after seeing all the sights in the squatting territory worth seeing, and after sharing in the pastimes provided for him in the districts, the Prince went to Melbourne, where the rejoicings in honour of his visit were to culminate in a "free banquet,"—that is, a banquet so liberally supplied with all the good things of this life, as to enable the projectors to give a free invitation to all comers! This was, indeed, a new thing, and a hazardous undertaking, but, it must be remembered, it was the spontaneous offering of an exuberant loyalty, which deserved more to be praised than imitated. The banquet, however, was prepared, and made ready, and a free invitation to all was given. The com-

pany thus invited, flocked in thousands to the "people's banquet," and many of them came with a full determination to do justice to the entertainment. There were two unusual attractions, a prince of the blood royal, and a free banquet ; but, alas ! it is possible for us to attempt too much, and thus it happened on this occasion ; for, what was planned by a most liberal and loyal people, who spared no expense to give satisfaction to all, positively gave satisfaction to none. This cannot be wondered at, when it is considered that the guests invited by a free invitation might number over 100,000 persons.

As, therefore, the unwashed multitude was equally considered in the invitation, as well as the more polished citizens, hence a rush for the viands took place which the police were unable to restrain. Moreover, the day was far from favourable for an out-door entertainment, and this, added to other untoward circumstances, so interfered with the general satisfaction of the free banqueters that some went home hungry while others were filled to repletion. But, as that period has passed, and much of its interesting circumstances is forgotten, I must transcribe a letter of one of the disappointed ones, which I happen to possess ; and as it was written by one of a very numerous class who abound in such colonial

cities as Melbourne, it may also give the reader a true idea of what may be called "colonial life" amongst a large number who emigrate to find a better scope for their abilities than the home country presents. Poor men, indeed, if well educated and *steady*, may obtain a living, and in time an independence, in our colonies ; but if unsteady and addicted to idle habits, fond of society and not particular of what kind, they will find their level very soon, as well in our colonies as at home. At such an opportunity, however, as that presented by the "free banquet," this class would naturally develope itself in such numbers as to cause a good deal of the disturbance which marred the success of the undertaking. The *sang froid* with which a writer of the roving and dissolute class of whom I speak describes his expectations and disappointments about the banquet may prove interesting, if not amusing to the reader. It is as follows :—

" *To the Editor of the ARGUS.*

" SIR,—I have no reluctance in admitting that I am 'a loafer;' circumstances have rendered me so, and, from close and long observation of the habits of my order, I have come to think that I have claims to be considered as a representative man, an average specimen of a class, always numerous in Melbourne, which

has always been exposed to undue obloquy. If this country would find me some light, easy employment, I am both able and willing to engage in it, and to perform its duties faithfully and well. But no such engagement has ever been offered to me, and I am obliged to supply my wants as well as I can in an uncertain and promiscuous sort of way. Hard work I cannot do ; I am perfectly incapable of that, not having learned the trick of it in my life, and by perhaps a too free indulgence of the table when I had such pleasures within my reach. By calling I am a law clerk, and it is with some honest pride that I here claim to having confessed judgment in innumerable causes long before the confessing of judgment became an important part of the political system of the country in which I now live. Poor and humble as I now am, writing this account of the free banquet in a threepenny tap by favour of the barman, the time was when I had the high privilege to swear to merits before the judges of the Queen's Bench in England. When I communicate these facts to the persons with whom I am now obliged to assemble—as I perhaps too frequently do, under the influence of the colonial beverage, which does not intoxicate half so much as I could wish—my frankness is generally received with incredulity

and derision, but nevertheless what I say is true. Why I am a loafer, having so much experience to fall back on, were a story too long to tell. Some say ‘my habits are against me,’ others say ‘my complexion,’ which is naturally fresh ; but, whatever be the causes, I am unquestionably in a chronic state of hard-upishness, having nothing to depend on but the paltry fee that I sometimes earn by the serving of summonses and the precarious benevolence of persons whom I meet in the ‘free bars’ that I frequent, and whom my conversation interests or instructs, to the extent of a quart of beer !

“But all this has little to do with the ‘free banquet.’ When that great festival first appeared above the horizon, I naturally took a warm interest in all that concerned it. ‘Now,’ I said to myself, ‘will come the apotheosis of loaferdom ; one day of the Prince Alfred rejoicing will have me and my class for its chief objects of interest.’ Every announcement in your columns of the liberal donations towards the feast raised in my mind lively feelings of gratitude, and as the provisions poured in I began to take a more hopeful view of our common humanity than circumstances had permitted me to take for many years. Food, liquors, ironmongery, drapery, and a hundred things impossible to classify showered down

upon the Banquet Committee in a way that raised my hopes and those of other loafers to the highest pitch. How great then was our disappointment when Thursday came, and there was nothing to eat! nothing to drink! nothing to carry away that could be turned to any profitable account! There were things sent in which I did not want; but I did expect to get enough to eat, and that with me expresses more than with most people, my mode of life having taught me how 'to victual up' for several days when opportunity offers, as was the habit of that Captain Dalgety who gained such renown in the Montrose wars. How sad my case, then, when my hour of cause arrived, and I could lay my hands absolutely on nothing that I could carry away, and very little to eat. What was that to me, who had trained up for the event, when my best exertions only secured for me a slice of plum-pudding and a lot of pickles? Distrusting the arrangements of the Committee, I went provided with my own pannikin, but neither beer or wine ever moistened my lips. The only spoil I succeeded in carrying away with me was a pepper-box that would have been dear at a penny, though some one had obtained profitable celebrity in presenting it, and a few other things like it, to the Banquet Committee.

"I think my class were most vilely used in the whole affair. Planned expressly for our benefit, the free banquet somehow grew to great dimensions, and hundreds of busybodies and self-seekers managed to get glory out of it while *our* interests were utterly neglected. Others suffered from the crowded state of the grounds, and from the want of meat and drink, but none suffered like the loafers. If a few thousand ladies and gentlemen had their clothes and their companions injured, and their tempers irritated, what of that? They had their comfortable bath and their good dinners waiting for them at home, and similarly with those well-to-do working men and their wives. They had a hard squeeze, no doubt; and they were hungry and dusty, and hot and thirsty—but, bless you! they would get over all that as soon as they got home! The loafers are the real sufferers, and it was inhuman in the Banquet Committee not to take care that, in any case, that community should for once have enough to eat and drink. One horrible suggestion of one disappointed loafer is, that the food sent in to the Committee was never sent into the Zoological Gardens at all, but only a tithe of it. If so, there must be a tremendous plant somewhere to help to spring."

Such were the feelings of disappointment which

were shared by many as well as “the loafer” and his class in reference to the free banquet given in honour of the Duke’s visit. Its failure to give satisfaction arose, as well as I remember, mainly from the Committee attempting too much, and not from lack of loyalty or provisions, for both were well represented—the latter quite sufficient for the vast assemblage invited, were it not that the free invitation caused the multitude of “loafers” to flock to the scene, who, like harpies, pounced on the provisions, some carrying off “a plant” sufficient for their necessities for days afterwards. That some of these, however, should be disappointed (as explained in the letter above) is surely a matter more for rejoicing than otherwise ; for the loyalty of that sensual and degraded class, whether at home or abroad, is only to be measured by their appetite. Too often, indeed, have such subjects sold both king and country for the food they ate, or the beer they drank.

But there were other events which occurred during the Prince’s visit to Melbourne, which are fully as deserving of notice as the free banquet ; for, as a week’s holiday (no less) was agreed to and announced as the limit of the city’s suspension of business, each day of this period had its peculiar demonstration, till the programme was exhausted. A few balls of in-

credible magnitude were given, at which "the elite" of the entire colony were invited. And when these gatherings took place, such an outward display of magnificence was gazetted in the newspapers, as reminded one of greater things in older lands, and in bygone days. Although the amusements provided for the guests, at those public entertainments, were various, yet the chief attraction was the dancing, and so completely did all parties share in the fervid loyalty of the hour, that even "reverend and grave divines," were found whirling in the dance, and claiming a respite from the more serious duties of their calling. Some highly commended the action of the clergy, and expressed their joy at seeing "the world and the Church so closely drawn together;" while others censured the deed, as trying to unite what God had separated. As this subject occupied much thought at the time, and, from the circumstance which I am about to relate, called forth much comment, I must pause a few moments, and endeavour to impart to the reader a little of the good which sprang out of the occurrence; for it was the means of giving to the colony the sentiments of the Bishop, on a subject ever much canvassed both at home and abroad; and, as those sentiments did good then, they may do so now. At all events, as they

may prove interesting, if not instructive, to the reader, I shall put him in possession of them. A short explanation, however, must first be offered. Amongst the festivities proposed in honour of the Prince, was an entertainment given by the City Corporation; and it being a representative dinner party, more than a ball, the Bishop of Melbourne, with other representative individuals, attended, which, as a matter of etiquette, was thoroughly understood; but a few of the clergy who took part in the entertainments of a different character and description, being found fault with, and the press freely giving ventilation to letters of attack and defence, justified themselves on the ground that the Bishop himself approved of the attendance of the clergy at such festivities, by his presence at the City Corporation dinner party, which was placed in the same category by the "delinquent clericals" as those balls in which they figured. This was made a good deal of at the time, when, to the relief of every Christian, who recognises the distinction between the world (which his baptismal covenant pledges him to renounce) and that pure religion whose every injunction is, "not to love the world, for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, is not of the Father"—to

every Christian, I say, who understood this distinction, but who mourned over its violation appearing in those who were guardians of the people's faith, it was a relief to find the following timely letter from the Bishop, in the leading journal of the colony; a letter which, though written while his Lordship was far distant from the city, in the midst of his confirmation tours, is even still well worthy of perusal, not only for its contents, but also as manifesting a spirit of composure and Christian forbearance, at the very time when some brethren had freely used his name, not only in justification of their conduct, but as if the Bishop himself sanctioned or approved of the error into which they had fallen. The letter was as follows:—

"To the Editor of the ARGUS.

"If you had left the question as to the propriety of clergymen attending balls, theatres, and races to be discussed in your paper by anonymous correspondents, I should not have taken part in the controversy, but since by your leading article in this morning's paper, you have used your powerful editorial influence in advocacy of a practice which I believe would, if it prevailed, be most injurious to the spirituality and ministerial efficiency of the

clergy, and so to the religious and moral character of the whole community, I can no longer remain silent. I am no ascetic, nor am I, if I at all know myself, a fanatic; I hold temperance, not abstinence, to be the proper virtue of a Christian. In the character of a minister of Christ I have never, either publicly in the pulpit, or privately in pastoral visitation, pronounced balls, &c., to be sinful in themselves, or affirmed that a true Christian might not in any case be present at them. As occasion required, I have pointed out the sins, and the temptations to sin connected with them, and I have expressed my opinion that every man and woman in proportion as they are ‘spiritually minded’ (I use St. Paul’s words) will find so much in them (as they now are and apparently must be conducted) uncongenial to his taste and painful to him to reflect upon as to destroy all enjoyment of them, and make him as far as possible keep away from them. Thus much I have not hesitated to say—for all my experience and observation have convinced me, that love of balls, theatres, and races, if not wholly inconsistent with a Christian’s life, is certainly indicative of a poor condition of spiritual health, and dangerous to the soul. I do not, however, think that any man would be likely to be cured of that love, by the

strong assertion of the sinfulness of all such amusements, even if they could be clearly proved to be sinful. I, therefore, tell a layman that he must conscientiously judge for himself, whether in partaking of them he is truly living to the Lord. But the position of a clergyman is altogether different from that of a layman. He is required to be an ‘example to believers.’ His duty is to give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine, and ‘to give himself wholly to them.’ He must take heed that he ‘give no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed.’ He must, therefore, refrain from the exercise of his Christian liberty in many particulars, lest he impair his ministerial influence, or put a stumbling-block in the path of weak believers. Herein, doubtless, there is need for the exercise of a wise discretion. But no one can deny that a clergyman, who frequents balls, will on that account be regarded by many of his most pious parishioners as unfit for his sacred office. Even men of the world will often contrast his conduct out of the pulpit with his doctrine in it, and remark of him ‘He is a good fellow, but it is a pity that he is a clergyman.’

“Moreover, although it may be truly alleged that the prohibition of St. John, ‘Love not the world,’ is directed against setting our affections on the things

of the world, and that men may enjoy innocent amusements without thus loving them, yet, as the natural tendency of the human heart is thus to love the world, so, undoubtedly, balls, &c., greatly promote this tendency. Hence, a clergyman who frequents them encourages his people, for whose souls he is bound to watch and shall have to give an account, in that which is likely to lead them farther and farther away from God. Nor is this all. In connexion with races and theatres (which are put upon the same footing with balls) is much of flagrant sin, such as drunkenness, fornication, gambling; and knowing this—knowing that many by these amusements are led into such vices, how can a clergyman who has appeared at them on a week-day, say on the following Sunday (as every clergyman ought to be able to say), ‘these things which you have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do?’ The argument which you use, that ‘to see the teachers of religion mingling freely with laymen, not merely at balls and banquets, but at dramatic and operatic entertainments, &c., would help to elevate the character of the latter,’ is plausible, but it is altogether fallacious. It never has produced and never will produce this effect. It will lower the standard of spirituality among the clergy, not raise

that of morality among the laity. The state of morality and of religion in England at the time to which you refer, will suffice to prove this, for when was religion at a lower ebb? When was the immorality of the upper classes of society more notorious? When was the state of the theatre so infamous as in that half century during which, you say, ‘bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries courted the friendship of Garrick and Sheridan, and the theatres were the resort of the clergy?’ I fearlessly appeal to all who are acquainted with the history of our fatherland, and ask them whether they would wish their wives, and their sons and daughters, to practise the morality of the latter half of the last, or the early portion of the present century? I am myself old enough from my own knowledge to testify to the depravity of our public schools and universities, and to the common use of profane oaths and obscene language by men of high birth and refined manners forty years ago. Profligacy and profaneness are, I doubt not, still prevalent to a great extent in England, but to nothing like the same extent to which they prevailed in my younger years. And to what is the improvement to be ascribed? Certainly to the fact, that God has, during that same period, in His great goodness

raised up a body of faithful, earnest, spiritually-minded clergymen, and that He has made their ministry effectual, not only for the conversion of many individuals to God, but also for gradually elevating in a wonderful manner the moral tone of the whole nation. If the clergy should act on your counsel, which I pray God they may not, there will most assuredly follow a spiritual declension in themselves and in their congregations, together with an increase of worldliness and sensuality, and so of ungodliness and the mammon of iniquity, among all classes of the people. But I hope that this discussion will be productive of useful results, and of an opposite character to those which you anticipate from it. I trust that it will lead intelligent men to reflect upon what the faithful minister of Christ ought to be ‘in word’ and ‘in conversation,’ as well as ‘in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity;’ how he ought, ‘both by his life and doctrine,’ to ‘set forth God’s glory, and set forward the salvation of all men.’ While, however, I greatly lament the attendance of any clergyman at the Governor’s recent ball, I would not be understood as implying that those who went to it acted otherwise than according to their conscientious sense of duty. If any went for their own personal gratification, they certainly were forgetful of their high and holy

calling, but I do not doubt that the greater part (if not all) went, not from being attracted by ‘the lust of the eye, and pride of life,’ but from believing that they ought, on such an occasion, to show their enfranchisement from ‘the absurdity and fanaticism of older prejudices.’

“I am sorry that I have been led, in the remarks I have made, to publish any disapproval of their conduct, but I do not take upon myself to judge them ; I would only express a hope, that they will reflect further upon the subject with prayer for Divine guidance, and that if, hereafter, they should see the matter in a different light than at present, they will frankly acknowledge their error. Of a ‘delinquent,’ as he has written anonymously, I may say without offence that he has done well to conceal his name, for I do not think that any one who required spiritual comfort or counsel, would, after reading his letter, ever resort to him as ‘a discreet minister of God’s word.’

“Since my own attendance at the banquet given by the Corporation of Melbourne has been alluded to, it may be well for me to add, that I regard such an entertainment as of a totally different character from those of which I have been speaking ; but, if my presence at it have given offence, and tended to impair

my ministerial usefulness, I am very sorry that I went. I have, however, yet to learn that it has produced this result. It seemed to me to come within the rule which I long since laid down for myself, and which I have always followed, to accept invitations to every kind of social entertainment which did not interfere with the due performance of my duties, and which was not likely either to do me hurt, or to cause hurt to others.

“In writing to you, I am aware of the disadvantageous position in which I am placed, for, as the editor of a paper of so wide a circulation as *The Argus*, you can influence public opinion to a far greater extent than I can hope to do. But I dare not shrink from standing forth at this time to avow my settled and well-considered convictions, upon a matter of such vital importance to the interests of religion and morality in Victoria.”

The above letter, having spoken as the episcopate should (and just when the warning voice from it was needful), did, accordingly, much good, both to those whom its sage advice concerned, and to those who were likely to be led astray by the pernicious influences of the hour, recommended as they were by a powerful secular press. The circumstances, indeed, which called forth this letter from the able pen of

Bishop Perry, have long since passed into oblivion, but, as they are repeating themselves in every land, where the world strives to hinder the self-denying principles of Christ's religion in the lives of its professed followers, and accredited teachers, this letter may still speak as decidedly for truth as it once did, and its perusal may still suggest thoughts to "the wise," which may have escaped their notice.

At length the Victorians bade farewell to their Prince, and the far-famed *Galatea* steamed out of Hobson Bay, bound for Sydney, the capital of the neighbouring colony. Here also the same loyalty planned both feasts and festivals for the Duke's reception ; but it is a changing world, and often in the midst of joy we are called on to mourn, for, while the rejoicings were at their height at Sydney, a telegram of an astounding nature flashed on the wires to Victoria. Could it be so ? Did we read correctly—"The Prince has been shot!" There are crimes we may hear of without emotion, but who could hear of such a deed as this without feeling appalled at its enormity? Who could stifle the cry for vengeance that stirred in every loyal heart on learning that the son of the Queen had been shot on Australian soil? From what I observed in all classes of society, when this intelligence reached us,

I felt convinced that though the loyalty of the colony was sufficiently proved by the heartiness of the welcome previously given to the Prince, yet the depth of sorrow and indignation expressed at the perpetration of such a crime, still further exhibited the sincerity of that loyalty, and its sympathy in a sorrow so close to the throne: but hope stirred when a second telegram assured us “He lives, but the ball is not yet extracted!” At once the Churches felt there was a mercy sent to bring this national calamity before. God was invoked by special intercessions on behalf of the Prince. We heard daily of the state of the patient, the almost hopeless condition in which he lay; but the prayers of the faithful were offered up unceasingly, and, though skilful the physician who extracted the ball, as human means are useless where God does not bless, we attributed the recovery to the mercy of a prayer-answering God; and as fully convinced did the colonial Churches feel of this, as the home Churches more recently, on the restoration to health of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Thus both brothers have passed through trying ordeals, and have been spared through the intercessions of the people.

It was a matter of serious enquiry for some time

to find out the motives which could have prompted the would-be assassin to attempt the murder of the Prince. Some attributed it to an organisation of Fenians, and that the individual who fired the shot was in secret treaty with them. Others again imagined that, as he was a Romanist, and an extreme bigot, some of the Jesuit hate against Protestant England might have prompted him to the commission of the deed ; but, after due examination, it seemed more likely, that the criminal stood alone in his guilt, and that his mind manifested symptoms of disease. He was brought to trial, however ; and though it was rumoured that the Prince interceded in his behalf, yet the law, of necessity, took its course, and he was executed.

CHAPTER XIII.

Results of ministrations in the squatting territory—Appointed to Creswick, a gold-field town—“The diggings”—The independence of labour—Vineyard work in the gold-fields—Providence in the gold discovery—Church-building and its auxiliaries in these days—Popery and its system injurious to personal religion—Why?—Its progress in colonies—The Chinamen of the gold-fields—Their civilisation and evangelisation—Conclusion.

AFTER a residence of four years in the squatting territory, I was permitted to realise some fruits of my labour, for by this time I had been the means of promoting the erection of two churches and a parsonage; thus completing the arrangements necessary for the formation of an ecclesiastical district. My second church, distant nine miles from Camperdown, was situated in a very poor locality, called Cobden. It was, indeed, an unlikely place to build a church in, even of small dimensions, as the people were in very struggling circumstances; but, by accepting of voluntary labour from those who had no money, and begging from those who had, we were entitled to receive assistance from diocesan funds to erect a pretty frame church,

which, in due time, was opened for divine service. Having thus prepared the way for a successor, and planted a parish in the Australian wilds, I accepted the incumbency of Creswick, which was offered to me by the trustees of that parish. The bishop having sanctioned the nomination, and being duly licensed to the charge, I entered on its duties.

Creswick is a populous town in the gold-fields, situated eleven miles from Ballarat, the great centre of the mining operations of the colony. My predecessor in this benefice was the Rev. George Pollard, during whose incumbency the church and a very fine parsonage were built. I found myself by this move in a very different locality from any I had yet seen in the country. In my first charge (as described) I became familiar with the squatting interests, and have touched upon such topics connected with that occupation, as I conceived might interest the reader; but I now found myself in the midst of the other great industry which has raised Victoria far above all the other Australian colonies, in point of commercial importance—viz., gold-digging. I was, however, too late to witness any of the marvellous yields of gold, which were once obtained by washing a few tubs of the surface, and which enriched the fortunate diggers, with fabulous amounts, after

a few days' labour. This original method of obtaining the precious metal, I found had been succeeded by a more professional mode, viz., by machinery, which confines the profits to a few shareholders. While the digging was payable, and the gold could be found on the surface, thousands were benefited, or had the means of becoming suddenly rich; but when mining was, from necessity, resorted to, then the capitalists monopolised the profits, and the miners' wages afforded fully as precarious a mode of support, as the same occupation does in this country: thus, things come to their level, as well abroad as at home, and though fortune may grant success at one moment to thousands, yet it is only one of her freaks, a momentary cessation of the curse of sin, "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." But, while the prosperous "yields" continued, and the gold supplies in the mines seemed inexhaustible, brokers and stock-jobbers multiplied, and ventures, both real and imaginary, were launched upon the market; then "the corner," at Ballarat, daily exhibited its busy crowd, thousands running up shares, and thousands running them down, till a "corner" man became a colonial professional individual. So renowned did the "corner" become, that an eloquent admirer of its wonders

was heard to say, that "he knew of only three places where the world's capital was turned over, viz., 'the Exchange in London,' the 'Bourse in Paris,' and 'the Corner at Ballarat.'"

But, strange to say, it is not well to see the curse removed, for when gold was obtained without labour, from the surface, or when the mines yielded their apparently inexhaustible supplies, the minds of men were intoxicated by such unexpected prosperity, and every vice clamoured for indulgence. The gold-fields have, indeed, proved (if proof were necessary) that in labour is man's safety, his true independence, his nobility; but, in idleness, his ruin, his demoralisation! How strange it is to find our curse and remedy in the same prescription! Thus "God tempers judgment with mercy."

In sowing the seed of God's kingdom amongst a people that had passed through the vicissitudes of gold-digging, many of whom once were fortunate, but through improvidence had squandered their gains, I cannot say I found such a people presenting good ground for spiritual culture. St. Paul's description will often appear too true of such, "the love of money is the root of all evil, which while some have coveted after, they have pierced themselves through with many sorrows;"

but yet, even in such uncongenial soil, God's grace proves effectual to some, and His word helps them "to recover themselves out of the snare of the devil," and to seek that better treasure that "waxes not old, but is eternal in the heavens."

But, though much of the evil of the human heart seems to have been called forth by the sudden rushes for gold in Australia, yet we cannot but see the hand of Providence in the movement, as an impetus was thereby given to the tide of immigration to flow to that distant land—for, it must be remembered, there were no natural attractions in the soil or climate of Australia sufficient to induce people so distant as those in Europe to seek it for a home. The capitalist, indeed, will find it a good field for speculation in one industry—wool-growing—irrespective of any other advantage ; but a few capitalists will only monopolise lands which the Creator intended to be filled with inhabitants. In order, then, to call the attention of over-populous lands to this far distant one, some attraction *must* appear there, which will give it the preference over countries nearer home—and what could possibly be found more opportune for this very purpose than the sudden announcement of gold? and that, too, in unlimited quantities: and even though the gold-fields may exhaust themselves, yet sufficient

people have been brought in thereby, who are now developing the resources of that vast country, and thus are pioneers, in the hand of Providence, for opening up regions that are sufficient to employ the overplus of the populations of the crowded cities of the world.

After a few years' residence in this gold-field parish, I was enabled to enlarge the church, and to erect a handsome tower, sufficient to carry a peal of bells: there was a time, indeed, when this could have been more easily done, but the good old times of the diggers had long ceased; we, therefore, were obliged to have recourse to some of those expedients which, of late years, have been resorted to in accomplishing church objects, viz., concerts, bazaars, &c. Although I have often been successful in obtaining important help in the building of churches and the liquidation of debt through such means, yet I have ever considered that nothing short of the direst necessity can justify such methods of raising money for religious purposes. If there is any one prayer that should be used by a clergyman more frequently than another, while he is passing through the operation of such a mode of relief, it is this, "May the good Lord pardon the iniquity of our holy things." I had intended this church, thus added to, as a frontispiece to this volume, and was hopeful of being able to present other illustra-

tions, but, finding the expense of publication would thereby be considerably increased, I have been obliged, for the present, to forego my intention.

The town of Creswick and suburbs might contain a population of 4,000 inhabitants. Its shops are far in advance of the place, and were commenced when traffic was brisker. The churches that seemed to have supplied ministrations to the Protestant portion of the people, from the commencement of the settlement, were the Churches of England and the Wesleyan, though, when I left, Roman Catholicism, in town and country, was concentrating its resources to erect an imposing church; nor was this an exceptional progress, for Popery is far from idle in any of our colonies. Dignitaries of the highest standing are frequently announced, while every organisation and ceremony which are needful to perpetuate the system in older lands are rigidly adhered to. Cathedrals, also, of the most imposing and costly description, are either built or in building in every city; while, as drops compose the ocean, the multitude attached to this faith are obliged to contribute their pence to such erections.

There seems to be a necessity, for any religion that depends upon sights or sounds to excite the devotional feelings, to court every aid that archi-

tecture can give. Popery in all lands is an instance of this, for not only are relics, vestments, candles, pictures and sacraments supposed to undergo some mysterious change when brought into contact with sacerdotalism, but the enthusiasm which belongs to stone and mortar is made the most of. Heaven itself must be symbolised in the buildings, though "the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands." I am led to these observations because when ministering in the lonely places of colonial life, I have often seen the pernicious consequences of supposing that spiritual influences depended upon material things. On this account there is no form of Christianity which prepares its followers to serve God, in the absence of its ministrations, so badly as Popery; for when the devotee of this system retires into the solitude of colonial life, where none of his venerated externals can follow him, what has he left? He may have all that bigotry and intolerance which are inseparable from the religion which he has been taught, but what *personal* indwelling power remains to him, after all his sensuous worship and traditional teaching? What promise of Holy Scripture invigorates his faith, or consoles him amidst the trials and isolation of his wilderness home? He can *there*

have no priest either “to absolve or confess him,” neither can he realise heaven or heavenly things where his “objective Christianity” no longer aids him by its ceremonial? “The Italian worshipper,” as a certain author observes, “will show no lack of devotion, and even enthusiasm, while prostrating himself before the altar under the magnificent dome of St. Peter’s, at Rome, while the gorgeous ceremonial of an attractive service strikes his eye and ear; but apart from these, where neither church, priest, or service are provided, the same man will feel no devotion, nay, may be even a cold-hearted sceptic:” thus, “what is sown is reaped.” But how different is it with the earnest followers of that pure and apostolic religion which we find laid down by Christ and His apostles in Holy Scripture! and which in these latter ages owes its revival, under God, to the Reformation.

I have seen the followers of this pure and reformed faith sustained where there was no earthly temple, hopeful where there was no priest (save the heavenly) to have recourse to; manifesting the grace of God in their lives, though deprived of all public means. I have seen them in trouble, consoled by the promises of God’s word, and dying with the assurance of sins forgiven, and an immortality beyond the

grave. Such instances, frequently met with in the solitary places, abundantly proved (to me at least) that the true temple of God in this dispensation is in the heart of the worshipper (Isa. lvii. 15); that the symbols or sacraments of Christianity need no addition to the two that have been *divinely* appointed. They are two, to *remind* us of the "water and the blood," and *only* two, lest the simplicity of our faith should suffer, and we be tempted to forget, that "all, all on earth is shadow, all beyond is substance, the reverse is folly's creed."

But, while speaking of Popery abroad, and its formidable position in colonial lands, we must not attribute its increase to any proselytism, or to any accession of converts from other denominations, for the Bible has been too long in the possession of the other inhabitants to permit the least inroad from such teaching. Oh, that I could say the same of the home land! No; Popery's increase in our colonies (as far as my observation for many years permits me to judge) is owing to the constant annual influx of the poorer classes of the population from the home countries, that have, from the first opening of our colonies, sought homesteads therein. Romanism, however, does not present to its colonial adherents the same repulsive features in their new lands as in the

old. The "judicious guides" know well how to adapt their teaching to the altered circumstances of their flocks, for the fulminations of "the altar" are changed into less offensive teaching, and a show of liberty is allowed, while, notwithstanding, all the time the chains of spiritual delusion bind the votaries of the system just as much as in the days of the Inquisition. All that supercilious preference of their own Church, which results from imagining an exclusive salvation confined to their system, and successional priesthood, they fully retain, and nothing so much as this persuasion keeps them in bondage, and prevents any good reaching them from the more enlightened faith of their fellow colonists.

Amongst the people resident in our gold-fields in Australia, I found numbers from that most ancient of all kingdoms, which has stood for so very many ages, while others have risen, flourished, and passed into oblivion —China. The Chinese also heard the rumour of gold, and, though "celestials," they could not resist the desire of going to seek it. As I never saw even one of them in the squatting territory, I was glad now (as I found myself living close to a large village of Chinamen) to have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of their peculiarities. What first struck me was the absence of all women or

children amongst them ; for, though they emigrate from the parent land, yet they do so as individuals, not as families. The old conviction which they entertain about their kingdom and the rest of the world, viz., that "China is the centre of the world, and that all outside are of no account, under the perpetual reign of ignorance, or something worse," prevents them from ever residing permanently away from their "celestial land." As soon, therefore, as each Chinaman realises a certain sum on the gold-fields (small in our estimation, but a fortune in his), he returns home ; but if, instead of being so fortunate, he should die in the meantime, so many thousands of miles from home, then his body must be taken back in one of the "dead ships" that traffic in this freight. I have often thought of the living on board one of those ships, for though several hundreds of defunct Chinamen would give no trouble on a long voyage, and would be dull company ; yet the thought of their vicinity in the same vessel would, I fancy, to a sensitive mind, not add to its comfort ; but yet, even such unusual freight and drowsy company, habit will reconcile us to, for the living and the dead sail comfortably enough in "the China dead ships." I passed one of these ships once at sea, but finding myself to the windward, I breathed freely. Although

no advocate for “cremation,” yet in this case it might be adopted for the benefit of all parties.

While pursuing their avocations of gold-digging, the Chinamen, I found, were an industrious and quiet people; their perseverance is marvellous, for they will sift over and over again, the refuse clay of exhausted gold-fields, being content if they can find what will keep bone and sinew together; they generally, where practicable, work in companies, binding themselves by a rule to go home by seniority, provided their funds or success will permit. As the outgoers (like the ants) send back others to fill their places, a stream of immigration is kept up wherever they are successful in their speculations. The Chinamen, however, of the gold-fields are of the lowest class of the people, and are as bad a specimen of their nation, as the lower and uneducated classes of Europeans are of the countries from whence they come.

In religion they are Buddhists, which seemed to me to be very cautiously introduced in their daily life, though in their temples, or “joss houses,” they have many hieroglyphic characters and symbolic representations of the Deity. At these places they have certain feast-days, on which occasions, they have so many strange things to exhibit, that I have known

many Europeans who were pleased with such demonstrations.

Finding myself, therefore, living in the same neighbourhood with Chinamen, I frequently endeavoured to converse with them in broken English, but this was such an imperfect mode of communication that I could not touch on the subject of Christianity, for even though they knew sufficient English to speak with me on secular matters, yet, religion has so many words peculiar to itself and so novel to the heathen mind, that, unless we disarm their prejudices by presenting it in their own tongue, we can gain but little attention. This insuperable barrier I have often felt, while endeavouring to make myself understood by the untutored aboriginal, and now, I found, the more civilised specimen of heathens presented the very same difficulty. Few axioms seem to me more satisfactorily proved of late years, in the evangelisation of the heathen than this, viz., that all who minister amongst them must be prepared to address them in their vernacular. Interpreters are only as crutches, which may prove treacherous when we least expect it, and even while using them we cannot rivet the attention, through their agency, anything like what we might in speaking through our own words. It appears to me that heart must

speak to heart, without any "go-between," whilst delivering the glorious message of life and death. The first effort, then, in evangelising any heathen nation should be to train the converts as soon as they are able to lisp the story of redemption, and make *them* the instruments in the conversion of their brethren. Having, therefore, no means such as I deemed necessary for communicating Christian instruction to my Chinese neighbours, I never attempted it, even though living for some years next to one of their villages. Some few converts from them have been baptised by some of the Churches, both at Melbourne and Ballarat ; but their evangelisation to any extent seems to be beset with insurmountable difficulties ; in my judgment such difficulties are to be attributed to the want of some effective organisation of a catholic nature, which might act in unison while evangelising the heathen, whether of civilised or uncivilised lands. I have already, in the former part of my work, alluded to this subject at large, and though the unanimity of missionary co-operation then pleaded for should seem impossible, or even undesirable, still it is Scriptural to wish for it, and even to pray for it, as we find our Lord made it a ground of special entreaty (John xvii. 20, 21).

In speaking of the social condition or habits of the

Chinese, who are residents among our people in our Australian colonies, there are many things which seem highly objectionable, and which suggest a necessity for caution in permitting them to form communities, as a heathen people, amongst a Christian population.

At times deeds of startling enormity come to light, manifesting too surely the nature of the secret depravity of their private lives—a depravity unknown to people brought up amidst the elevating influences of the Christian religion. True, indeed, in colonial life, as well as in the home country, we find some whose lives are as far off from God, as any in heathen lands, but their wickedness is kept in check by the moral bearing of a Christian people, whereas the Chinamen have no leaven of this nature to impose restraints, and no shame to drive vice from the blaze of day. They are civilised, it is true ; but it is a civilisation “without God,” admitting of no moral restraints, except what the colonial law enforces, and what does this prove ? It proves, verily, not only the elevating tendency of Christianity in checking sensual indulgences, but also the Divine original of our holy religion ; for, man left to himself would never dream of imposing upon his natural desires, such elevating and purifying restraints as Christianity enjoins.

But here I am reminded of the termination of my ministry at the Antipodes, and, therefore, in bringing these *Reminiscences of Missionary Adventure* to a close, I would express unfeigned thankfulness to God for His providential care of me while engaged in such labours as I have described—for the continuance of health and strength, amidst the vicissitudes of climate in the lands where I ministered, and for the measure of success which, under manifold infirmities, God was pleased to grant me; for these, and other mercies not enumerated, I would say, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.”

I have now completed the task which I proposed to myself when commencing this volume, viz., to depict such portions of my ministry as were missionary in their character, and which might enable the reader to form a fair opinion of the spiritual destitution which the isolated colonists, as well as the aborigines, endure, and thus to show the pressing necessity of the missionary calling, and how (in its faithful exercise) it is blessed to the salvation of souls. And while “the harvest continues so great, but the labourers few,” it surely becomes us, as Churches to whom is entrusted the evangelisation of the world, to pray fervently and unceasingly that

God would be pleased to influence *many* to give more liberally, and others to go forward, till such an abundant blessing is granted as to make all men feel—even our objectors—that God is, indeed, working with us. Through the pressure of unavoidable and family circumstances, I have retired for the present from such labours as those I have described, and have returned once more to commence my ministry in the home Church, whether permanently or temporarily, Providence alone knows. In the meantime I have endeavoured to serve the sacred cause which has occupied so many years of my life, by the publication of the foregoing unpretending pages. Whether they may prove *suggestive* or not, in promoting the cause I have at heart in writing them, I cannot tell; but if any should be led to devote themselves, or their means, to the extension of the mission fields from their perusal, I shall feel my labour in writing them amply repaid, and thank God that, even still (though at home) He enables me to be useful in furthering His cause, and in thus adding to His inheritance in this sinful world.

ADDENDA.

The aborigines of both hemispheres—Fiji and the islands of the Pacific—Melanisia—The slave trade, and Bishop Patteson's death—On missions and their hindrances—All ready for the world's evangelisation.

FROM what I have written in the foregoing pages concerning the aboriginal inhabitants of the northern and southern hemispheres, it will be seen that, though the work of evangelisation is in its infancy amongst them, especially in Australia, yet there are many considerations which lead us to hope that missionary efforts may soon reach their most distant dwelling places. That deplorable state of things which has so long existed throughout the vast region where the Indians of the Rocky Mountains reside, and which the trapper of the solitary inn described, is about to cease, as “the Dominion of Canada” has entered on its possession, and declared it open for the purposes of colonisation. This step not only opens the door for the entrance of a wide-spread civilisation amongst the tribes, but also for the promulgation of the Gospel.

Now is the time to prevent the introduction of those stumbling-blocks, which the missionary finds so injurious to his cause when he comes upon the scene. If the Canadian Government should deal liberally and with a sense of justice towards these aborigines while interfering with their hunting-grounds, and if the vices of our civilisation should be kept in check by a vigilant legislation, then the missionary will be listened to, while representing Christianity as "the more excellent way." Neither are the negroes in the *southern* hemisphere forgotten in these days of missionary enterprise (if we except the aborigines of Australia residing in the "*terra incognita*" of that vast country), for, throughout the islands of the Pacific, there are many missionaries from those Christian denominations who take an interest in the extension of Christ's kingdom amongst the heathen. In the Fiji Islands, for instance, which are about two thousand miles from the mainland of Australia, but which may be regarded as the "island group" of that country, we find a missionary progress the most wonderful, perhaps, on record—if we except the Madagascar London Missions—for amongst the Fijis there are upwards of a hundred thousand converts to Christianity, who possess the Bible in their own tongue, and who are under the most vigilant

Wesleyan supervision, both religious and educational. It is true, indeed, there are many of these islands yet unevangelised, and manifesting the worst practices of heathenism; but, from what has been already accomplished amongst them, we anticipate, at no distant day, the full subjugation of all the Fiji Islands to the standard of the cross of Christ. This important group has recently (after many fruitless efforts) been ceded to Great Britain, and the offer has, at length, been accepted by the Imperial Legislature. On two accounts we must rejoice at this result, first, because protection to the lives and properties of the British inhabitants resident in these islands will thus be secured, and, secondly, by annexing these islands to the British Crown, the possibility of any other power (such as America, France, or Germany) obtaining a footing in those waters (which might eventually prove perilous to the interests of the British colonies on the mainland) is avoided. In a word, an "*imperium in imperio*" might have been established at Fiji if these islands had fallen into the possession of another power. But I now come to speak of "the thousand islands" of the South Pacific, in all of which we have the negro type, and therefore find a most extensive field for missionary operations; neither are these overlooked by some of the Christian denomina-

tions, whose missions therein have met with the most encouraging success.

The significant name of “Melanisia” has been attached to these islands, a name which has recently become familiar to the civilised world, in consequence of the murder of the late revered Bishop Patteson—for here was his diocese, his straying sheep, amongst whom he was martyred! As I may be able to impart to the reader some idea of *the social condition* of the negroes of the South Pacific by fully describing the circumstances which led to the melancholy death of the good Bishop, I shall therefore give a brief sketch of matters. I would premise, however, that, should I differ in my statements from what may have been published on the subject in this country, I claim no infallibility, but only state such information as was believed in by many at the Antipodes at the time the event took place, and which was published by those who locally investigated all the circumstances connected with it: from such published reports I have carefully compiled the following brief sketch.

We had fondly hoped, indeed, that the time was come when the missionary would incur no danger in the performance of his office, and accordingly when the intelligence of the Bishop’s murder reached the antipodal colonies, an incredible surprise took pos-

session of many : all asking, How is this ? Does it arise from any hatred of the Gospel or its principles ? Now, before we can answer this question correctly, we must know something about the slave trade, or "kidnapping," which prevails in the South Sea ; for a proper understanding of this matter will show that Bishop Patteson met his death as a retaliation for deeds which were unfortunately attributed to him. The labour question has proved a great incentive to crime in the South Pacific ; this is owing to the difficulty of providing labourers to work the cotton fields of Fiji and Queensland. European labour not only being scarce, but owing to the impossibility of white men working sufficiently long under a tropical sun, so as to prove remunerative to the planter to engage them, native labour, therefore, becomes essential ; but in consequence of the unsettled habits of the negroes, it is found better to bring them from a distance, for if they are employed neighbouring to their homes, they will absent themselves from their work so often, as to endanger their employer's success. But brought from a distance from their homes their attention to their business will not be distracted, and they work accordingly with greater diligence, remaining on the plantation till they find an opportunity of returning home.

The plan, therefore, adopted to obtain labourers of the description required, is, to engage them for one year, both the employers and employed binding themselves by mutual engagements, the latter agreeing for a stipulated amount of wages to remain at their employment for a certain period. When a ship sails to an island to hire labourers after the plan stated, the planter requiring the workmen (or some one duly authorised by him) goes on board, and on reaching the locality where the negroes are to be engaged, he lands, and on presenting an offering to the chief of the tribe, the people are assembled, and informed of the conditions of engagement ; the chief then desires as many as wish to hire themselves to go on board the ship. If the planter has a good reputation for treating his labourers kindly (for Dame Rumour is as active among savages as whites), he finds no difficulty in obtaining as many as he wants ; but, on the contrary, if the least imputation of ill-treatment on the part of the planter who seeks to hire, has gone before him, then, though thousands were on the island, not one man will offer himself or go on board. But this agreement of being obliged to restore the negroes at the end of a year is most injurious to the planter, for just when the labourer becomes useful, and has learned

the nature of his occupation, his period of service expires.

On this account, the more distant the islands are from whence the natives are brought, the more easily does the planter obtain the extension of service, and hence the New Hebrides and the Sandwich Islands are preferred, for the labour traffic (as permitted in that group) extends to three, or even five years. Such, then, is the legitimate mode of acting in the labour market of the South Pacific. It is based on as equitable and just principles as our own method of hiring workmen, and mutual benefits are secured to all parties concerned. But out of this an abuse has recently arisen, and, perhaps, was practised secretly for a long time before it was discovered. It appears that some of the captains of the ships were unprincipled men, and, instead of restoring the labourers to their homes (as specified), entered on fresh arrangements, and trafficked on their own account. Thus, a system of kidnapping was introduced, which created great opposition and hatred against the planters. Some deeds of bloodshed were perpetrated, by way of retaliation for the frequent acts of injustice committed by the captains, though possibly some dishonest planter connived at their wickedness. At length a wide-spread hostility among

the natives, towards the hiring of any labourers, in any shape, was manifested, greatly to the chagrin of the planters and captains. The latter unscrupulous agents, however, seem to have devised various plans to deceive the natives, so as to take them off their guard. One of these schemes seems almost incredible; but as it is substantiated on good authority, it may be mentioned as a means to account for Bishop Patteson's death. On approaching the island where it was intended to carry off some of the natives, the captain of the vessel would either personate the Bishop, or cause one of the crew to dress like him. The unsuspecting natives would crowd around the supposed bishop with confidence, having heard of his name and office. At length they would be induced to go on board, and when a sufficient number stood on deck, the sails were at once spread to the wind, and the unfortunate negroes were captured without the least resistance. The great evil done to the character of the Bishop by these nefarious transactions may easily be conceived, and that retaliation should be meted out on him, some day or other, for such supposed misdeeds, is only what might be expected.

The Rev. Thomas Neilson, one of the Presbyterian missionaries of the New Hebrides group, in his

report of mission work, thus speaks of the death of the Bishop of Melanisia:—"Only last Friday," he observes, "a ship's captain, who has been in this labour trade, said to me: 'I do not wonder that the Bishop has fallen at last; his name has been very freely used. A short time since, Captain — went on shore on one of the northern islands, dressed up to represent the Bishop. Some one from the vessel went with him to introduce him to the natives, who came crowding round him. They were invited to go on board and see the vessel, when twenty-five of them were put under the hatches, and carried off.' This kind of thing has been done, not once, or twice, but frequently; in fact, it is one of the recognised tricks of the trade. You can easily fancy what a fearful risk the Bishop ran, from those whose friends were carried off through the Bishop's deceit (as they supposed). It seems, however, that he was warned, and had been aware of his danger; for, before he went forth on his last voyage, he left behind him a paper at Norfolk Island, stating that, 'in the event of his death by violence at the hands of the heathen, his blood was not to be required of them, and that no vengeance was to be exacted from them on that account, as he knew they had received provocation enough to instigate such a deed.'"

When we consider his devotion to his work, under such circumstances, we must regard the Bishop as a martyr to the cause of Christ; neither can we for a moment think that his valuable life was forfeited to no purpose; for this traffic, that had been going on for years, has, in consequence, come up for judgment, as the Imperial Government has taken the necessary steps to bring the whole of those South Sea Islands under the superintendence of Her Majesty's cruisers. It is to be sincerely hoped that no inducement from any colonial legislature, and *especially from the Fijian*, will ever cause the Imperial Government to relax one iota of its vigilant inspection of this labour traffic in the South Pacific. The cruisers may be deemed troublesome by *some*, and their expense may be urged as unnecessary by local administrations; but such reasonings should not be listened to, for the freedom of our fellow creatures is at stake, and ought to be guarded by those *outside*, whose impartiality cannot be questioned, and whose power is absolute. In no other way whatever can the liberties of the poor negroes be protected from the perils which surround them, viz., from the selfishness of colonial legislatures, from the avariciousness of planters, and from the designs of irresponsible captains. While, therefore, we deplore

the cost at which this protection for the negroes has been purchased in their island homes, viz., the blood of a good bishop, we cannot but pray that his blood may not have been shed in vain, *which it will be by the withdrawal of any of Her Majesty's cruisers now engaged in this service.*

In thus accounting for the murder of Bishop Patteson, we see the event, though deplorable, furnishes no ground for supposing that any antipathies exist amongst the negroes to a wide-spread diffusion of the Gospel, for if hostility is shown to the missionary, we ourselves have provoked it either by our commerce or our sailors. It is surely most desirable (as has been often observed by others) that the first impressions which the heathen receive, either of our religion or civilisation, should be derived from the missionaries, and not from our merchants or sailors, for since God has been pleased to remove the ancient prejudices and barriers to the reception of His Word in all lands, we ought to guard against the sin of closing the doors which He has opened. We now have a willing world before us, and many harvests waiting to be gathered, let us go forward with the only remedy for the sin-sick nations, "*an open Bible.*" May "God give the Word, and great will be the company of the preachers." But that Word must be felt more

than it is at present. We want to be prepared for the emergency more than we are. We want more life, more power, more energy, more of that fire which was communicated to the infant Church on the day of Pentecost, before we can realise the world's need, or breathe the pure catholicity which feels "He will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth." The natural selfishness of our hearts is such, that we cannot sympathise rightly in the evangelisation of the world. We are too localised, possibly too insular in our theology and our feelings; some of us too desirous of spending our thoughts and energies on the mere "annise and cummin" of Christianity, instead of the spiritual emancipation of a world from the captivity of sin; and these mistakes are so serious in their consequences, as to cramp our spiritual life, and deprive us of real, genuine catholicity. Now, although we hear much about missions in these days, yet there never was a period when so many circumstances combined to render self-denying missionary effort distasteful and unpopular; foremost amongst those hindrances to this good cause, is our increasing worldliness, which seems to be the legitimate consequence of our great national prosperity. All classes are, indeed, more or less affected by this snare, but espe-

cially that class from whom we might expect to receive our candidates for the mission field. The social habits and indulgences that attend the early training and more mature years of such, so enervate their minds as to deprive them of that endurance and independence of character which they feel are needed in the missionary calling; from this conscious unfitness for the office arises that hesitation and reluctance which the class of whom I speak manifest when the cause of missions is pressed upon them. They cannot think a moment of expatriating themselves from home and all its comforts for the cause of Christ. Ah! if they would only think *rightly* of Him, who gave up His bright abode for them, and became a missionary for their sakes, then neither the importunity of friends or relatives, or the snares of home comforts or pleasure, would prevent them from following His example, and going forth as soldiers of His cross to win souls for Him, and to add to His inheritance. Christian parents could do much in this matter, if they would keep before their sons, while young, the importance of missions, and the undying rewards to be gathered from labours like a Brainard's or Martin's—and if parents would also be careful to second any desire expressed by their sons to give themselves to this glorious cause, and

not "pooh pooh" it, as is too often done, then, perhaps, something worthy of our nation and Churches might be achieved for the perishing heathen. Oh, for the baptism of fire to expand our views and purify our corrupt nature! that we might be able to realise our responsibilities in these latter days! for the world is still dark and benighted *outside* of us, while the wheels of the Master's chariot in His second advent glory are about to conduct Him to His inheritance in this world. Is it ready for Him? but as His Church will have to answer this question, should *we* not see to *our* stewardship? Should not the perishing souls for whom Christ died, draw forth not only our sympathy but our *action*? In such a matter we ask not how much we *feel*, but how much we *do*. The dark waters of heathenism have no life-boat therein! Many of the "habitations of cruelty" have, as yet, no words of peace or love uttered therein! They look to us for "the silver oars to waft them over those dark and troubled waters," and they wait (how long!) to hear the angel text, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

"Come from the four winds, O Spirit, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!" And cause all the ambassadors of thy Word, whether calling themselves by the name of "Paul, Apollos, or Cephas,"

who are now labouring amongst the long neglected vineyards of heathen lands—and all whom thou wilt send forward to seek the wandering sons and daughters of our race—to realise the promise, "The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped," for in *every place* a pure offering shall be presented unto Me, for "My name shall be great among the Gentiles." Oh, British Christians and *British Churches*!

" Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary.
Let the Gospel loud resound
From pole to pole."

13

