

## CHAPTER I.

1809 TO 1833.

BIRTH—HIS FATHER, BISHOP OF BRISTOL—RIOTS IN BRISTOL—ETON—ACCIDENT THERE—ILLNESS—VOYAGE TO BARBADOS—SUBJECTS FOR READING—DEATH OF HIS SISTER FANNY—LIFE IN BARBADOS—RETURN TO ENGLAND—TOUR IN SWITZERLAND—PARIS—CHARLES X.—LAUSANNE—DEATH OF HIS BROTHER AUGUSTUS—UNIVERSITY LIFE—TOUR IN ITALY—PARIS—POPULAR REVOLUTIONARY FEELING—TWENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY—GENEVA—RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES—VOLTAIRE—SIMPLON—MILAN—VENICE—ROME—LIFE IN ROME—CARNIVAL—NAPLES—ITALIAN PREACHERS—DEATH OF HIS SISTER HARRIET—TOUR IN SICILY—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

**R**OBERT GRAY, the future Metropolitan of Africa, was the seventh son and twelfth child<sup>1</sup> of the Rev. Robert Gray, his mother being Elizabeth, daughter of John Camplin, Esq., of Trinity Street, Bristol. At the time of his birth, his father was Rector of Bishop Wearmouth and Prebendary of Durham.

He had been incumbent of Faringdon in Berkshire, and of Craike before going in 1805 to Bishop Wearmouth, and in 1827 he became Bishop of Bristol, the last appointment made by Lord Liverpool.

This Bishop Robert Gray, whose name was to become better known to the Church when borne by his son, lived through stormy days. He was Bishop when the riots of 1831

<sup>1</sup> The Bishop of Bristol and Mrs. Gray had fourteen children :—

Robert, died early.	John Edward.
William, died 1872.	Harriet, died 1832.
John, died early.	Anne, married Rev. Dr. Williamson.
Elizabeth, married George Isaac Mowbray, Esq.; died 1823.	Frances, died 1827.
Charles, died 1855.	Henry, died 1865.
Louisa, married Lieut.-Col. Brown of Bronwhylfa, Wales; died 1823.	Robert, Bp. of Cape Town, died 1872.
	Augustus, died 1827.
	Edmund, died early.

gave Bristol an undesirable fame, and his calmness and courage in that emergency were such as one can imagine the Bishop of Cape Town displaying under like trial. These celebrated riots arose mainly from the unpopularity of Sir Charles Wetheral, then Recorder of Bristol, who had, like the Bishop, strenuously opposed the Reform Bill. The assizes of October 1831 brought Sir Charles to Bristol to fulfil his ordinary duties as Recorder, when the mob met his carriage, and hooted him all the way to Guildhall, where the court had to be adjourned; and that evening a still larger mob followed him thence to the Mansion-house in Queen's Square. The Mayor made but a feeble resistance, and the mob smashed all the windows, and got into the cellars, where the wine they drank added to their excitement; and though the Mayor and Sir Charles Wetheral escaped, the mob remained bent on mischief. On Sunday, October 30th, notices were posted announcing Sir Charles's departure, and adding: "The Riot Act has been read three times. All persons found tumultuously assembling are guilty of capital felony. By order of the Mayor."

The 14th Cavalry was in Bristol, but their commanding officer, Colonel Brereton, temporised and popularised, walking up and down College Green amid the mob, fraternising with its leaders; and practically—as it was considered at the time—gave the town up to revolution. On that Sunday, the mob, with whom the Bishop was unpopular because he had voted against the Reform Bill, marched upon the Palace in three divisions, meeting on College Green. Rushing through the cloisters to the Palace door, they forced it open with a crowbar, shouting, "The King and the Bishops." Bishop Gray's butler, (his name was Jones), and the subsacrist of the Cathedral, Mr. Phillips, exerted themselves to defend the Palace most bravely, but they were powerless, and had to escape for their lives. The mob broke into the dining-room, and made a bonfire of chairs and tables, kindled a fire on the kitchen dresser, and put live coals into the beds upstairs, effectually firing the Palace, which they plundered meanwhile. By this time the magistrates arrived with a party of dragoons, and the mob

began to fly, but finding that Colonel Brereton would not allow the soldiers to fire upon them, the rioters took fresh courage and set to work anew. They made a fire in the Chapter-house, tearing up the valuable library belonging to the Cathedral, and burning the books; and they attempted to fire the Cathedral itself, and would have succeeded if Mr. Ralph and Mr. Linett, two gentlemen of Bristol, had not effected a diversion; the Chapter-house, being of solid Norman masonry, resisted the flames, but the Palace was burned to the ground. The Bishop, who had just returned from London, was to preach in the Cathedral that morning. One of the local papers reports that several of his clergy came to entreat him to give up this intention, as it was known that the mob had marked the Cathedral for destruction, and, according to the *Bristol Journal*, he answered, "I thank you for your kind consideration of my person, but I am to regard my duty to God, and not the fear of men. It shall never be said of me that I turned my back upon religion." Southey, who was in Clifton at the time,<sup>1</sup> tells this same story. "The Bishop behaved manfully. The mob were masters of the city, and one of the minor canons waited upon him before the hour of service, and represented to him the propriety of postponing it. 'My young friend,' said the Bishop with great good nature, laying his hand upon his shoulder as he spoke—'these are times in which it is necessary not to shrink from danger. Our duty is to be at our post.'<sup>2</sup> The service, accordingly, was performed as usual, and he himself preached. Before evening closed, his Palace was burnt to the ground, and the loss which he sustained, besides that of his papers, is estimated at £10,000." After the service the Bishop drove with his wife and daughters to Almondsbury, a living which he held four miles off (his bishopric being under £1000), and where his son Henry was curate in charge. The Palace was a most interesting old building; it had been the residence of the abbot before the dissolution of the monas-

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Correspondence*, vol. vi. p. 167.

<sup>2</sup> The tradition in the family is, that the Bishop, on being warned of his danger, exclaimed, "Where can I die better than in my own cathedral?"

tery, and from 1738 to 1750 Bishop Butler, who spent the whole of his revenues upon it, lived there. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners sold the site and ruins!

In January 1832, the trial of the rioters began before Lord Chief-Justice Tyndal. A court-martial was held on Colonel Brereton, who blew out his own brains rather than face it, and on Captain Warrington, who was cashiered.<sup>1</sup>

The second Robert Gray was born October 3rd, 1809. His first school was the Grammar school at Durham, where he went with his brothers Henry and Augustus. The three boys all went afterwards to a school at Hanwell, and when about fourteen he was sent to Eton, where, however, his course was soon cut short by a peculiar accident. Coming out of school one day while still weak from the effect of measles, amid the rush young Gray was thrown down, and so severely trampled on by the crowd of boys who rushed over him, unable to stop themselves probably, that for long great anxiety was felt in consequence of a severe wound in his foot and ankle, and any further prospect of school life became impossible. He had to go about on crutches, or in a wheel chair, and all regular educational discipline was interfered with. In addition to this, his chest was delicate, and in a boyish journal (written when he was about seventeen) Robert Gray says,—“I often wonder that when I was so near death, I never thought myself so far gone as it seems I was. At a time when it was thought I had not long to live, I still had no doubt of a recovery, though not so complete a one as it has pleased God in His mercy to grant me.” In the same page he alludes to the affectionate care of his elder sister Fanny during his illness, and the way in which she “impressed religious subjects on my mind, advising me to read some portion of the Scriptures every day, and frequently reading them to me herself; though I was not sufficiently thankful to her, a consciousness of doing her duty must have been a reward to her.” One of his elder

<sup>1</sup> A curious and detailed account of both riots and trials will be found in a book called *The Bristol Riots, their Causes, Progress, and Consequences*, by a Citizen. Cadell and Blackwood, 1832.

brothers remembers how great his patience through all this season of privation was. That he had suffered a great deal, and shrank, though submissively, from a renewal of his sufferings, is plainly indicated in the same journal, when, March 6th, 1827, he writes—"This day I perceived a small tumour in my left foot; may God grant that this is not to be a renewal of all my pains and sufferings, which began about this time three years ago. O Father, place not this punishment upon me! O Lord, inflict not this pain on me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as seemeth good in Thy Sight for me. O my God, if this Thy Will is to place these afflictions on me, grant that I may submit to them with resignation, becoming one of Thy followers; and grant, O good, merciful Lord, if such is Thy pleasure, that I may make a better use of these troubles than of those which I have already felt! I earnestly pray that this trouble may be removed from me, and that it may be a warning to me . . . and show me that we never know how long health may last, and that it may teach me to improve my life in spending it to Thy honour and glory, that when it may please Thee to take me hence, I may be received into Thy heavenly Kingdom. Grant these my petitions, O God, for Thy Son our Saviour's Sake." His brothers Edward and Henry helped to teach him during this time, and the former observes, "It is possible that I learnt more than I taught, if not of classics, or the *Scapulæ Lexicon*, by his example."

Several of his brothers and sisters were also delicate, and Robert Gray's serious impressions were confirmed and deepened by watching the gradual fading away of the sister who had so tenderly cared for him during his long illness. Fanny's delicacy had become so serious that her parents resolved on trying the effects of a sea voyage and a winter in the West Indies. Both Robert and Augustus were threatened with the same malady, and it was decided that the former should benefit by the change of climate as well as his sister. Accordingly, on Sunday, November 5th, 1826, they sailed for Barbados in the "*Venus*," Captain Phillips, accompanied by their aunt Fanny Camplin, and their eldest brother Edward. Robert's

journal, written in a boyish hand, records the ordinary events of a first voyage,—squally weather, sea-sickness, the harpooning of porpoise, appearance of dolphins, flying-fish, or sharks, and the like; together with such equally-to-be-expected announcements, as—“Began to feel heartily tired of my voyage”—“Heartily tired of the ship and passengers too!” “Nothing to do, and very stupid!” On November 18th they sighted Teneriffe in the distance, and the next day, having come nearer, watched the effect of the setting sun on its peak, which Robert Gray notices as “the most beautiful thing I ever saw.” Little did he think then how familiar an object that peak would become to him in future life!

“Nothing to do,” could at no time have been acceptable to his active inquiring nature, and he began learning to take observations. A list of the books he took with him also indicates that he knew how to make “something to do.” Among these are Livy, Herodotus, Horace, Juvenal, Æschylus, a Greek Testament, a Commentary on the Psalms, a History of the Roman Republic in French, besides a medley of books of a general character—Napoleon’s *Russia*, *Cook’s Voyages*, *Father Clement*, *Decision*, and the *Castle of Otranto*; Beveridge’s *Private Thoughts*, and Doddridge’s *Rise and Progress*, etc. etc.

On December 12th the “Venus” reached Barbados, and on the 14th the Grays landed, and went to “Rebecca Phillip’s Hotel,” overlooking the harbour, till they could find a suitable country house. Various kind friends—Bishop Coleridge, Archdeacon and Mrs. Elliott, etc.—came forward with attentions and hospitalities; and by the help of Mr. and Mrs. Senhouse, a house was taken at Worthing, close to their own abode, into which the party moved on December 28th. Their life was not seemingly a very eventful one; climate was the object, and boating and driving, besides receiving and returning the visits of neighbours, are the chief things mentioned. They were too far from the cathedral to attend its services regularly, and there is a frequent entry of “Read prayers at home, Edward the lessons;” as also of “longing for home more and more every day.” Fanny’s state must really have been growing rapidly worse, but to her

affectionate young brother she only seemed to be some days weaker, and then again in better spirits, as he says they "would be very well satisfied if the cough would leave her." But that it was not to do, and after several days of such entries as, "Dear Fan very weak, and rather worse to-day:" "Dear Fan had a very bad night again, very weak and poorly:" on Tuesday, February 13th, Fanny Gray's illness ended in death. Evidently her brothers were not prepared for so rapid a termination to their watching. Robert's journal says: "Little did I think when I got up that this day was to be closed with such an awful and afflicting event, that this day was appointed for her to appear before her Creator! I arose with a hope that my dear sister's health had begun to change for the better, and that we should soon meet the rest of our dear family in England. When I lay down she was a corpse. This only shows that we never know at what hour we shall be called, and perhaps when we least expect it, may be summoned to meet our Creator with all our sins on our head." And then follow some earnest, though boyishly-expressed hopes that the lessons so startlingly brought before him may sink into his own heart, and prepare him to leave this life as peacefully and trustfully as Fanny had done.

He gives an account of those few last solemn hours in words very fresh from his heart. "My dear sister departed this life between four and five o'clock this evening. Dr. Maycock had left her little more than half-an-hour. Edward and I were at dinner when we first heard she was ill. . . . We were alarmed by her crying out in a solemn voice, 'I die, I die! sin, pardon; Blessed Jesus, forgive and receive my spirit'! . . . Edward tried to console her, and we sent for Dr. Maycock and Archdeacon Elliott. . . . When we told her that she was only fainting, she held up her hand, which was blue, and said, 'What is this but death?' Seeing us cry, she said we must not cry, she was better, and she felt so happy, she should like to die. She repeatedly called on Christ, saying, 'Jesu, my Redeemer, come and receive my spirit.' She asked us all to forgive her if she had ever offended us, and this with an angel's smile on

her countenance which I shall never forget; she then kissed each of us, and mentioned all our names, dear papa and mama, William, Charles, Henry, Augustus, her sweet sisters, her dear tiny baby. She then asked if she had forgotten any one. . . . She begged us to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and wished very much to kneel. She then asked us to read her a chapter in the Bible, and hoped that papa would not think she had anything on her mind. She frequently said, 'Jesu, receive my spirit,' or something like it. She said she was sorry to leave us, but that death was so happy a thing, and that she felt quite happy. . . . 'Do not cry,' she said; 'read the Bible every day. Where shall I be buried?' She seemed to think it impossible to go home, but said she would rather be at Durham. She kept continually calling on her Lord, and had a full confidence of being received into His eternal Kingdom. She repeatedly looked at us one by one composedly, and a few minutes before she yielded up her soul into the Hands of Him Who gave it, she said, 'Jesu Christ, my Redeemer, come!' and then repeated the Lord's Prayer syllable by syllable with great difficulty, and in a slow solemn tone. A few minutes after she gave up her soul into Christ's Hands. Her struggles were few, she suffered very little, and died with a sweet smile on her countenance." After dwelling with great tenderness on his sister's goodness and sweetness (among other little trials, he mentions that seeing nearly everybody sit through the service on board ship, Fanny always used to stand or kneel, in spite of her great weakness, till she could endure it no longer), and her earnest preparation for death, the young brother adds, "My prayer is that when God in His infinite Mercy shall call me hence, I may be as well prepared to meet Him as she was." Their kind neighbour, Mr. Senhouse, undertook all arrangements for the burial, and on February 14th, her earthly remains were taken to the cathedral, followed by nearly all the English residents of the place, where the Bishop said the burial office over them, and the next day the coffin was placed in a vault in the cathedral. Miss Camplin seems to have felt her niece's death very deeply, and the care and attention shown her by the nephews is

touching. Robert found great comfort in reading his sister's journal, and the prayers she had written for herself, some of which he read aloud to his aunt, among his other attempts at soothing her. The illness was evidently a rapid decline, for they dated its beginning from May 18th in the previous spring only.

Not unnaturally the death of his sister gave greater emphasis to his own symptoms, and to the care his family had bestowed upon him, apparently sometimes to his annoyance. He writes just after Fanny's funeral: "My cough continues; if it should please the Almighty Disposer of all things that I should not recover, may I submit to His Allwise disposals. Preserve me from repining at Thy Will, O my God, or receiving the kind attentions of my dear relatives with ingratitude; but may I look to Thy Hand, Which sends them to me, with lively gratitude, and may these Thy instruments of affliction preserve my heart from being too much engaged with earthly affections: may my thoughts be raised to Thee, and may I earnestly endeavour to prepare for my latter end, and not delay to do anything needful for me to do. If it should please Thine Infinite Wisdom to grant effect to the means mercifully sent for my recovery, may I reflect with gratitude on Thy Goodness; may it produce good effects by the influence of the Holy Spirit; may I never repine at my sufferings, but think what my Blessed Saviour endured for me, and that my corrections are much less than I deserve. . . . Enforce, O Lord, all sincere purposes of repentance, and at Thine own good time, though I am an unprofitable servant, through the mercies of my Saviour's Blood take me to Thy everlasting Kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

From his earliest age, Robert Gray had looked to the priesthood as his vocation; as he used to say, "It was the wish and determination of my childhood, the desire grew up with me;" and this season of sorrow seems to have quickened his earnestness and desire after holiness very considerably. There are frequent expressions in his journal of his desire "to resist those sins which by nature and habit I am most likely to fall into," recurring to his sister's advice about reading

Holy Scripture (which certainly became a most marked feature of his after life), and self-condemnation for not having been more thankful for his recovery, probably meaning from his Eton accident.

The immediate object of their coming to Barbados having ceased to exist, the Grays became anxious to return home, and Edward, the eldest brother, busied himself in trying to find a desirable ship in which to make the homeward journey. "The servants are frightened about the season of the year for returning," Robert says; "but let us put our trust in the Lord, for He can preserve us from the dangers of the sea as well as on land, if such seems good in His Sight." Their return in the "Lancaster" was almost decided, when letters came from England saying that very probably Augustus, the sixth son, who was also suffering from a tendency to consumption, would follow in the "Stedfast." Meanwhile, Robert was making sketches of their house, both within and without, and of everything likely to have a special interest to those at home. Occasional expeditions about the island, visiting the sugar-works, etc., and the ships in harbour, filled up the time, until, on the idea of Augustus' coming being at an end,<sup>1</sup> they began really to prepare for the home voyage. It was while waiting for this that tidings came (April 6th, 1827) of their father's appointment as Bishop of Bristol, and a few days later they sailed; the name of the vessel does not appear. "God grant us a prosperous and speedy return!" Robert writes. "Of all things, a sea voyage is the most likely to impress us with a sense of our entire dependence on the Almighty; and we can hardly fail of feeling that awe and fear of Him, when we consider that the slightest accident, the starting of one plank, or the inundation of one wave, may hurry us into eternity."

On the first Sunday spent on board he was distressed at no service being held, nor did he stop at the regret that "this day is spent far from what it ought to be"—for on the following Sunday he seems himself to have said the Church prayers,

<sup>1</sup> He did go out by a later vessel, and arrived after his brothers and aunt had left the West Indies.

“the ship rolling very much.” It must have required some character and fixity of purpose for a boy of seventeen to have done this.

There was nothing specially to mark the voyage. On Monday, May 14th, the Grays landed at Brighton, and the following day they were at the Bishop’s house in London, 36 Great George Street, Westminster.

About two months later, Robert, with his brothers Edward and Henry, started for Switzerland *via* Southampton and France. His journal mentions stopping at Salisbury—(where, years after, as Bishop of Cape Town, he often returned as Bishop Hamilton’s guest, and became well known and much beloved)—and being interested in all they saw there. The journal is that of a very young traveller dutifully following the requirements of a guide-book, and, like most Englishmen (at that time perhaps more than now), rather fettered by British prejudice, and the tendency to compare everything with what is English and familiar. Through all his travels, it is evident also that natural scenery had more real attraction for him than the beauties of art, though he duly records the Cathedral at Rouen as perfect, and “greatly surpassing anything I ever saw in England; and the column in Place Vendôme, which has undergone so many vicissitudes since, as “a grand thing.” They duly “did the lions,” as he records, and on Sunday, July 22nd, were present at a review held at Versailles by the King, Charles X. “His Majesty appeared riding on a charger, and attended by his court. I do not think he was so enthusiastically received as our King would be on a similar occasion. He is a very pleasing-looking man, and kept bowing and speaking to the people with a very affable and kind manner, which seemed to make a great impression on them. The Duchess of Angoulême and the Duchess of Berry followed in another open carriage, but they were rather stiff and haughty looking.” Versailles generally and the waterworks occupied the rest of the day, but young Gray was not satisfied with the way it had been spent, and adds—“I hope not to spend such a roaming Sunday again while in France, as it is a day for quiet and prayer, not for seeing sights.” Mr. Thomas Gray,

a cousin living at Lausanne, met the young men in Paris, and they went back with him, spending four days in diligence-travelling. They remained with Mr. and Mrs. T. Gray, seeing all that was most noteworthy in Lausanne and its neighbourhood—Gibbon's house, of course, included, "where he wrote his Roman History, and the very room in which he finished it;"—after which, with their cousins, they made a tour in Switzerland. The descriptions of Vevay, Chillon, Berne, Schaffhausen, Zurich, etc., are much what any quite young traveller might give. In the latter place he seems to have been specially interested in Lady Jane Gray's autograph Latin letters to Bullinger preserved in the public library, observing that "the signing her name *Joana Graia* is a proof it was Gray, and not Grey as most people spell it." Even in those days part of the orthodox "doing" Switzerland required an ascent of the Rigi, and accordingly the young Grays went from Zug to "the highest inn at the very top of the hill," where, as Robert avers, "our rooms are wretched and everything bad. The view is extremely grand; fourteen lakes to be seen, besides nearly all Switzerland, but as it got dark and a fog came on, we could see but little, and I went to my dungeon early." Like many other unfortunate tourists, they awoke to so thick a mist the next morning that they could see nothing, and went down to Weggis, taking a good deal on trust. They then went by the Saint Gothard and Grimsel to Meyringen, thence by Interlachen, Thun, and Friburg, back to Lausanne; a little later going to Chamouni, Mont St. Bernard, Aosta, Cormayeur, and by Martigny back to Lausanne.

While at Lausanne (September 21st), the Grays heard that their brother Augustus was increasingly ill, and on reaching Bristol on October 6th, "the countenances of the family foreboded some misfortune, which proved too sadly true in the death of our dear Augustus. It has pleased God to try and afflict us with misfortunes,—so shortly after the death of a beloved sister, a dear brother is taken from us. May this be a warning to us how to spend our days, and teach us to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation. He died about half-past two o'clock on Wednesday 3rd of October—my birthday—

surrounded by his relations. God grant that he may now be enjoying eternal happiness in His heavenly kingdom. Augustus seems to have been perfectly aware of his approaching end, and to have made up his mind to it. His decline must have been rapid from the time we left, and he seems to have borne his illness and sufferings with that patience and resignation which becomes a true disciple of Christ. Such afflictions as we have had lately seem to be a warning to lead a more holy and more religious life; and I pray God's assistance to enable me to do so, especially at this time when I am entering on a life exposed to temptations every day, where there is every facility and every encouragement to vice and wickedness. To think of this is dreadful, but with God's help I hope to avoid it, and escape untainted."

*October 10th.*—"This morning we paid the last respects to the remains of our dear Gus. He was laid in a vault in the churchyard. This ceremony is awful, but admirably calculated to inspire religious feelings. Lord W. Somerset said the funeral service in a feeling manner."

The fresh life of temptation to which Robert Gray was about to be exposed was his university career.<sup>1</sup> He went up to University College, Oxford, in October 1827. His health prevented his fitting himself for honours, but he went in for a pass, and got an honorary fourth (1831), which he hardly accepted with pleasure, as it was the first introduction of such an honorary degree, and he fancied it would look as if he had gone in for honours and failed.

In September 1831 he started for a tour in Italy, which occupied rather more than a year, and which was evidently time most diligently and conscientiously spent. His journals have advanced from the earlier ones, as in formed handwriting, so in style; but they are chiefly a *resumé* of guide-book inform-

<sup>1</sup> One of his friends and companions (the Rev. H. B. Carr) writes . . . "Gray was living among a graver and steadier set of men, for University College in those days was anything but a quiet sober seat of learning. But the gravity and solidity of his character even then made a deep and lasting impression upon my mind. His chief companions were men of similar stamp with himself . . . Archdeacon Clarke was one, William Boyd of Arncliffe, Ashton Oxenden (now Bishop), and John Burdon of Castle Eden."

ation, and save here and there do not give very much indication of his own mind and character, which, however, were evidently forming and moulding no less than more external things. There are, however, many exceptions to this absence of personal expression in the journals. On first starting (doubtless, having the early death of so many of his family in mind), he writes almost sadly of the changes which may come before his return. These forebodings were fulfilled, and before Robert Gray reached home, another sister, Harriet, was laid in her grave. All the time he was away his letters to his family at home, especially to his sisters, to whom he was most affectionately attached, were regular and full. His first letter on arriving at Paris, September 17th, 1831, announces that "The first thing we heard on our arrival was the news of the capture of Warsaw, in the fate of which city the inhabitants of France seem much to sympathise, and to take shame to themselves for having rendered no assistance." And in his journal he says that "there was a great tumult in the streets, which entirely prevented our reaching the hotel we intended, and we were obliged to put up at the Hôtel de Calais, Rue Montmartre, where we were wretchedly served and grossly cheated. The streets of Paris were guarded during the night by troops of the line and the Garde Nationale, both of which kept parading up and down our street till a late hour; forty persons arrested this evening. *Sunday, October 18.*—Took up my quarters at the Hôtel des Etrangers. Attended service at the ambassador's chapel. Walked about the town till late with an officer of the legion of honour. Rows again in the streets, and troops out all night. Was quite disgusted with the way in which Sunday is kept, or rather is not kept, in Paris. Labourers at work in the public buildings and warehouses, shops open, and gambling of all sorts to a great extent, and without any difference that I can see from the mode of spending any other day. I understand that Charles X. made them shut their shops on Sunday, and I certainly do not recollect such an utter want of decency when I was here before. Can a nation expect to prosper when such a violation of God's law is openly allowed? *Monday, October 19.*—Seeing public

buildings . . . Their new churches are very handsome. A Frenchman, showing me one of the finest, said, "Write in your journal *Opera de la Madeleine* when you get home ; it is as likely to be that as a church."

"October 21st.—Paris is a little more quiet to-day, but as far as I am able to judge, France will not remain long as it is. A licentious and revolutionary spirit pervades the middle and lower orders, and I think they but ill disguise their wishes for a republic. Every man seems to think that he has a right to share in the government. I fear a crisis is at hand ; and now that religion but little occupies their thoughts, there will be but little principle, I think, to withstand the most daring acts."

Writing to his sisters from Geneva a few days later, he dwells on the same subject : "You would be surprised at the opinions you hear openly avowed by almost every one you meet with. The licentious and revolutionary spirit shown by every one is disgusting. The peers are held up as objects of contempt and detestation in the theatres and in common conversation ; the *Vox populi, vox Dei*, is ever in their mouths. In the streets you are stunned with their songs composed on the late Revolution ; on all the public buildings anything that bears marks of royalty has been effaced, such as *Bibliothèque du Roi* ; *Timbre Royal* ; even the name of the Rue de Bourbon has been changed, that the majesty of the people may not be offended ! The tricoloured flag waves on every church steeple throughout the country, on the inns, public buildings, etc., and a huge tree of liberty planted in every village that I have seen. The Garde Nationale appear a fine body of men, and I believe there are 80,000 in Paris. That they are useful is sufficiently shown by the hatred the mob expresses against them, and they are all, I believe, respectable citizens, who have an interest in keeping the peace. The companions of my journey were good-natured fellows, but complete revolutionists. Every one here seems to hope that the Bill [Reform] will pass, because they think it will destroy the aristocracy, which they believe to be as bad as their own. . . . At Dijon we stayed twelve hours, which gave me an opportunity of seeing what was worth looking at. The Cathedral has nothing remarkable but a curious

twisted spire. The Bishop here is very much beloved, and I remarked that there were many more people in private prayer in the churches of Dijon than anywhere that I had been; perhaps this may be owing to the exertions of their Bishop, Dubois, who is a very good man, and does not mingle in politics. . . . I find myself very deficient in French, and regret much that I never made more a study of it: detached sentences are easily enough managed, but when I get into the labyrinth of a conversation, I feel the difficulty, and am often aware that I must be talking nonsense, or at best make myself but half understood. My plan, however, is to talk with every one who will listen to me, setting all grammar at defiance, and unabashed at my numerous blunders. . . . I have just been making a fruitless search for Robertson [the friend whom he expected to join]. . . . If I do not hear from you soon, and see nothing of him, I shall proceed on to Italy solus, or join other travellers, of whom numbers of all nations are going daily. If my father should wish Edward to come out, I can wait for him here, at Lausanne, or Milan. If not, I am not at all afraid of going alone. Of course I should enjoy his company very much, and I think, as he has so long wished to come, he might as well have that enjoyment as myself, for he has had but little in the shape of pleasure of late years. I have written a very tedious, long, and egotistical letter, but of course I can write to you of little else but what I see and think. I shall not be sorry to have a concise view of politics when you write."

September 28th found Robert again the guest of his hospitable cousins at Lausanne, the beauty of which place, or rather of the views from it, struck his riper taste much more forcibly than when there before. After expatiating on their beauty, he says: "Those who are not alive to scenes of nature such as this are not to be envied; they lose one of the purest and most rational sources of pleasure. For my own part I never view these stupendous works of the Creator, without a feeling of awe at the omnipotence of Him Who designed them, and gratitude when I reflect that for man's enjoyment they were made. . . . Were I a man of independent fortune, and could so far compound with my conscience as to enter into no

profession, and be of no use to the world, that is solely to have an eye to my own selfish enjoyment, I would choose this spot to end my life in."

The young man remained some time with Mr. and Mrs. T. Gray, while waiting for his friend Mr. Robertson, making various expeditions in the neighbouring country, and entering with increasing interest into the various subjects which opened upon him. What he saw and heard of religion in Switzerland did not impress him favourably. "The accounts which one hears of the state of religion in Geneva are dreadful. The Professor<sup>1</sup> here told me that the doctrine of the established clergy was nothing but 'natural philosophy.' Several deny the Trinity and Christ, and do not receive the Bible as an authority."

He read a good deal of French too, Racine, etc., and made a beginning in Italian; and among notes of books, in a little paper book of this period we find Rodriguez on *Spiritual Perfection*, and the *Spiritual Combat*, which very probably he was trying to read in Italian—books eminently calculated to quicken and deepen the more and more earnest spiritual life which was growing with him. His twenty-second birthday was spent at Lausanne, and it seems always to have been his habit to make a kind of review of his spiritual state as these anniversaries came round. This year he writes—

"Another year has by a merciful God been added to my life, and yet I fear that on reflection I shall find that it has been spent in as bad a manner, or worse, than many of the preceding;—that my religious feelings have not been on the increase, that I have not controlled my passions, or kept my thoughts in due subservience to the dictates of reason or Christian precepts; that I have neglected to profit by the example of others, and warnings offered to myself; that I have not been sufficiently circumspect in my conduct for one destined in all probability to the sacred office of the Ministry; that I

<sup>1</sup> Professor Levade (of Theology) and his son-in-law, the Hebrew Professor in the Academy of Lausanne, frequented Mr. Thomas Gray's house. The former had been the friend of Gibbon, Kemble, Necker, Madame de Staël, etc.; and Robert Gray describes him as "a delightful and interesting old man."

have been ungrateful for mercies received, and have repined at having other blessings withheld from me;—in short, that I have sadly abused my time, and have by no means spent it as I shall wish I had done when I come to die. Convinced that all these and numberless other sins attach to me, let me endeavour for the future to have a more strict guard over my thoughts, words, and actions; and let me endeavour, with the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, seriously to set about the great work of preparing myself for that time when I shall look back with contrition and self-accusation on my years of folly and crime. Let me think of the joys and pleasures of this world as of secondary importance to him whose whole occupation and profession will be to wean the souls of others from too great an indulgence in them."

On October 27th, 1831, Robert left his cousins and went to Geneva, where Mr. Robertson had at length arrived. They settled that he should go to the Italian Lakes, and meet Mr. Robertson again at Milan. He writes to his sister—

"Geneva, November 2nd, 1831.—My dearest Annie . . . I have been staying with Thomas for several reasons. In the first place, I knew my father disliked the idea of my going into Italy by myself, and I had no news of Robertson for near a fortnight from the date of my last letter. We have, however, settled now our future plans in some respects, though I own his idea of seeing Italy in the best way differs somewhat from mine. As, however, we both want to see it in the most effectual manner, and in the shortest time, we have little chance of falling out. I shall trust to find good accounts of dearest Harriet at Milan. I think she would enjoy herself very much in this part of the world. The weather has been very mild, and she would have had grapes to her heart's content in Thomas's vineyards. His Campagne is beautifully situated, and he has made a very good and handsome house. I did not entirely lose my time there, for his sister-in-law gave me a French lesson daily, and I also took a few Italian ones.

"Geneva is, and has been for some time, disturbed by

religious differences. I am afraid it is too true that the established church here is Deistical; all of the Clergy, I believe, deny Jesus Christ and the Trinity—they are, however, supported by all the liberals, and the Methodists are much abused. I heard one of these latter<sup>1</sup> preach last Sunday, and he insisted on the doctrine of Grace in the fullest extent. Will you tell my father that I called on Mr. Hubert, and saw Mrs. Hubert, with whom I left his 'Connection,'<sup>2</sup> for which she desired me to thank him. While I was at Lausanne, Gibbon's library, consisting of upwards of 7,000 volumes, was sold for £1,000, in three lots. Thomas, took me, while I was with him, several short tours in the Canton du Vaud, which I think I know better now than my own county of Durham. I know not what to think of the affairs of the world in general, but from all I can judge, Italy appears to be as safe a retreat as any. I am grieved to see the depravity of the public press in England, and cannot conceive why so base and unfounded an attack should be raised against the Bench of Bishops and Church of England in general. I really hate to think of the future. Since I have been here I have been to Ferney (Voltaire's chateau). It is about sixty years since he died, and his rooms remain untouched—the monument he reared for himself, the picture he designed, and the inscription he wrote, are all illustrative of his vanity. Two of his old servants still live there, and they tell many stories about him, but not one good trait did they mention. . . . The English swarm here as much as ever, and bring all their amusements with them; horses, carriages, and dogs, in abundance; they have also been acting some of Shakespeare's plays, which they got up very tolerably. Colonel Bradyl, who acted Falstaff, is supposed to

<sup>1</sup> This was the well-known M. Malan. In his Journal R. Gray mentions the same, adding—"It was on grace and salvation, and he seemed to insist strongly that Christ *had* saved the whole world, and that we had no conditions to fulfil on our part."

<sup>2</sup> *The Connection between Sacred and Profane Literature*, one of the Bishop of Bristol's works. He published various other books—a series of *Bampton Lectures*, and other sermons; a *Key to the Old Testament*, long used in examinations for Orders; *The Theory of Dreams*, etc. etc.

be one of the best amateur players ever known. . . . Give my best love to dear father, mother, etc. My father, I suppose, will go to London again to vote against this equally extensive measure. I trust the people of Bristol did not act as in some other dioceses, by insulting their Diocesan."

November 5th, young Gray started one of a party filling a vetturino carriage, his companions being some East Indian officers. They crossed the Simplon, visiting the Borromean Islands, and arriving at Milan on the 11th. Here he lionised diligently, heard Grisi sing at the Scala, and evidently began to visit churches from a different point of view to that which had hitherto come before him. At High Mass on Sunday, in the Cathedral, he was struck with the congregation as more devout than any he had yet seen on the Continent; and in the afternoon he was edified by hearing a "church *full* of all ages, even more grown up than young, catechised;" observing that "in this manner of catechising and instructing adults, they certainly beat us."

It was at Milan, that, looking over the English papers, Robert learnt first of the riots which had taken place in connection with the Reform Bill at Bristol, in which the Bishop's Palace was burnt down by the mob, "as a reward for voting according to his conscience" his son says indignantly. The same papers relieved his mind as to his father's safety, by announcing the Bishop's arrival in London, but it was startling news, and that day Robert found no letters for him at the post-office. "May God preserve my country from the designs of evil-minded men," is that day's entry in his journal; and on the next he received "a letter from my dear mother, giving a detailed account of all the outrage at Bristol, and informing me of the safety of all the family. At no time do the different individuals appear more endeared to you than when you are in doubt as to their personal safety. For the property I care but little, now that I have heard that they have themselves escaped. The excesses appear to have been greater than any for the last half-century. I look with anxiety for further particulars." Writing soon after to his sister Annie, he says—"My dear

mother's letter came most seasonably to relieve my apprehensions with regard to the safety of your persons, as the paper only announced the destruction of everything. I thank God that you all escaped, and that among so many lives lost not one of you were injured. It is dreadful to contemplate the crimes and outrages that have been committed by those whose only accusation against their rulers can be that they have left them in the same state of happiness and freedom as they have enjoyed for the last few centuries. The cholera, I am happy to see, is subsiding. If it should spread, however, had you not all better emigrate to Italy, now that the Palace is gone?"

This was written from Venice, where young Gray, Mr. Robertson, Colonel Burton, and Captain Rudiman, had gone together by *vetturino*, starting November 16th. They had a rough journey, and were kept in constant alarm about robbers—a *vetturino* had been shot not many days before, and their driver was afraid of halting in the villages. The travellers lionised Cremona, Mantua, Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, but always under the thralldom of a *cicerone*; and the consequence is, that much of Gray's information is of the regular *valet-de-place* stamp. They left their carriage at Mestre, and went in a gondola to the Leone Bianco, and spent a week there in steady sight-seeing. Perhaps an artist would scarcely accept some of Robert Gray's opinions and criticisms, but he himself says in a letter, "We have been lionising hard. I have in vain laboured to make myself acquainted with the different styles of their best painters, but conclude with the conviction that nature never intended me for a connoisseur in that line!" From Venice the party went by Monselice, Rovigo, Ferrara, and Bologna (where again the party seem scarcely to have appreciated the art treasures, while conducting operations "on the usual plan of lionising with a *valet-de-place*"), to Florence. Here again the journal smacks throughout of the observations of the *cicerone* to whom Gray committed himself; he worked diligently on at pictures and statues, palaces and churches, sometimes impressed by a religious service, sometimes hazard-ing conjectures and conclusions more or less crude, but, on the

whole, evidently learning a great deal, and always showing a thoughtful good mind at work.

They next went to Leghorn and Pisa, where they "took a valet-de-place as usual, to proceed in the dull business of killing the lions;" and Gray virtuously records the height of the Leaning Tower, and the like; and on December 18th he and Mr. Robertson started for Rome, this time by courier, having had enough for one while of vetturino. Passing through Sienna, Radicofani, etc., they reached Rome in forty hours, on December 22nd.

They soon got established in comfortable lodgings, under the guidance of a friend, Captain Heman, and, contrary to modern experience, found both lodgings and food cheap. On the morning of Christmas Eve, they went to the Sistine Chapel, and heard the Pope say mass. Apparently they knew no more of the midnight services than that the country people assembled to see the cradle at Santa Maria Maggiore, and as they were told that this was "about three in the morning, I shall not trouble my head about it!" Gray says they went to St. Peter's on Christmas Day, but again without information or explanation as to what went on, and came away with but confused ideas on the subject.

January 1st, 1832, was begun by receiving the Blessed Sacrament at the English Chapel, and Robert records his earnest prayer that the resolutions then formed may be steadily adhered to through the year; "and at the close of it may I not have to look back, as I now do, on a year spent in folly and ingratitude to God. . . . Before another year is passed, eventful points of my life will most probably be settled, and in all probability before the close of it I shall be a minister of God's Holy Word. How careful, how much more so than I really am, ought I to be, that my conduct may be conformable thereto."

Every one who is acquainted with Rome can tolerably well fill up the outline of young Gray's stay there. Ruins, galleries, palaces, statues, pictures, villas, studios, catacombs, Campagna, services, ceremonies, dinner parties, occasional balls at Torlonia's

the Embassies, and elsewhere, and soirées of a more literary character at Horace Vernet's (then head of the French Academy), etc. It was the usual round of most intelligent young Englishmen: lionising most conscientiously performed and regularly recorded, Italian lessons diligently taken of old Armellini (a name familiar for many years to the visitors in Rome), and probably, as in many cases, more learned in the way of general refining and brightening the taste and intellectual faculties, than any great knowledge of art acquired. Writing to his sisters, Robert described the life he was leading as "the same routine of lionisation—ruins, churches, and palaces—the subject is inexhaustible, and I find that I shall have barely time to kill all the lions in the two months I have fixed to remain here. . . . We still continue to study the language with our master, and make as much progress as we can expect, but there is no great opportunity here of speaking it. . . . I have met some pleasant Roman Catholic priests here, and they are very candid in all they say."<sup>1</sup>

The practical matters of actual life always seem to have a more real interest for Robert Gray's warm heart and energetic mind: he writes with keen earnestness about the Reform Bill at home, and about Italian politics, concerning which latter he probably was not able to form much original opinion, but fell in with those of intelligent persons around. He had looked forward with considerable interest to the Carnival, but that year (1832) was acknowledged by all to be only the wreck of a Carnival, and he was disappointed, though nevertheless one day the Journal records as follows—"entered a carriage, and having purchased a good store of lime [he means *confetti* of course] and sugar-plums, amused myself with overwhelming my friends, and being nearly smothered myself, with showers of lime; those in the windows above us assailed us, without any possibility of our avenging ourselves."

On February 28th Gray and Robertson started for Naples. "There are a great many young English here," he writes to his

<sup>1</sup> Years after, Bishop Gray wrote of this winter at Rome as "the pleasantest in his life."

sister, "and they all seem making for Greece, the tour of which they prefer to meeting the cholera in England. Were I at liberty to do so, I think I should swim with the stream. Robertson has some thoughts of going on, and has begged me very earnestly to accompany him. It is not impossible he may leave me at Naples, and after visiting Greece and Constantinople, go over by land to Vienna." It does not appear exactly why Gray was unable to accompany his friend, but probably his father did not wish it, and through all his early days, the most marked deference to his father's wishes is always to be traced. The journey to Naples was uneventful. Of course Robert Gray notices the Via Appia, and the Three Taverns mentioned by S. Paul; the Pontine Marshes which he says "are not near so dreadful in appearance as all descriptions make them;" Terracina with its beautiful site, Capua and Mola di Gaeta.

They found a gayer Carnival going on in Naples than that of Rome, the King (whom he describes as seeming "a jovial good sort of fellow, and up to any sort of fun") and royal family, taking their full share in it. . . . The two young men found lodgings at 23, Chiatamone, and seem to have enjoyed the lovely view from their dwelling with great zest. Again the process of "killing the lions" began; but it is evident that Vesuvius, which they ascended both by day and night, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Pozzuoli and Baiæ, and such out-of-door expeditions, had more real attraction for Robert Gray than the study of art. There were some experiences more removed from the ordinary routine, as when one day, on his way to the post-office, he was horrified by a murder committed at his side, one soldier stabbing another in the open street. Occasionally he went to hear some Italian preachers, and was not generally pleased. Still he remarks on one occasion: "I think we might do a great deal of good by imitating these *istruzioni*; reading, for instance, a chapter of the Bible, and illustrating and explaining it, so as to suit the meanest capacity. It is pleasing to see how attentive the people are, and eager to hear the comments of the priests; who

are, however, a little too fond of mixing a certain portion of humour with their more serious explanation. This custom, however, of blending amusement with instruction always insures them a good congregation."<sup>1</sup> "*March 21st.*—A sermon at the church of the Jesuits. Subject the 'Day of Judgment.' Manner of the preacher, though very theatrical, is yet striking and forcible, and has perhaps more effect on the lower classes than a more quiet one would have. It was a complete acting a tragedy, and he spoke successively in the person of the Deity, the Virgin, Angels, and sinners. It had its effect on the audience, many of them sobbed loudly. He ended somewhat strangely. After having described the fate of sinners of every degree, 'You will very naturally ask me what will be my fate, who am thus teaching you?' and then, falling on his knees, he clasped the image of our Saviour crucified, which was in his right hand, and sobbed out a prayer for the salvation of his own soul, and that of his congregation. Altogether the

<sup>1</sup> In a little note-book of this date, there are pencil notes of a Lent Sermon on fasting, evidently written at the moment, and showing considerable power to appreciate that ecclesiastical humour, if we may so call it, which is peculiar to Italy, especially to Naples. "A man who abjures *carne, uova, latticinio*, etc., *stava in purgatorio due, tre giorni, così o fosse meno*. In the other case perhaps *fuoco eterno*. But *Santa Madre Chiesa* comes to you and says, '*To ti voglio un gran bene, ma tu non lo vuoi.*' He wishes your entire salvation, or at least that your *dimora in purgatorio* should be as short as possible. 'But, padre,' you say, 'my health is delicate; my physician assures me that a little *minestra*, a slice of *carne*, a little *manzo*, are absolutely necessary to my existence.' 'Sì, signore? and why does he say so? How did you talk to your physician to make him perceive that they are so absolutely necessary? Don Giulio, *per esempio*, or Don Antonio; some physician that you picked up *per la strada!*' 'You know in what a reduced state I am, *macerato come una candela.*' 'And Don Giulio, *per non perdere il suo cliente*, feels your pulse, shakes his head, makes a long face, rings for pen and ink—'Sì, signor—and signs your certificate.' '*Avete capito?*' 'But what sort of a man is this *medico?*' '*Un buon uomo, Padre, va nelle Chiese.*' '*Ma anche i cani vanno in chiesa.*' 'But what sort of life does he lead?' '*Padre, servo il mio Dio con allegria, buon uomo Padre, soltanto un poco pazzarello.*' '*Pazzarello dite? Cioè un uomo acostumatissimo.*' 'But, padre, I have been in the habit of taking wine; you don't forbid that?' '*No, signor, un poco di vino, non c'è male.*' 'And then, padre, that the wine may not hurt me, I must eat something with it. You will allow me a bit of bread as big as my finger to dip into it?' 'And so you think that fingers never make hands, because you don't put them together,'" etc. etc.

scene, though strange, was affecting, and he continued in this position in a strain between preaching and praying for about ten minutes.”<sup>1</sup>

On the 22nd March Robert received tidings of his sister Harriet's death. “Though I have for some time been uneasy at the state of her health” (he says in his Journal), “nevertheless the account of to-day was as unexpected as it was painful. I cannot but dread the effect it will have on my father and mother, who have suffered under the like calamities so frequently before. May God direct them, assist them, and console them. How thankful ought we to be to God that she was so well prepared for a sudden change, and that we can reflect on her present state as one of far greater happiness than is the lot of us, who are still left to struggle with the temptations and sorrows of this world. Wrote home announcing to my father my determination to return home immediately.”

In accordance with this determination young Gray had taken his place for Rome, when a letter came from his sister Annie, containing good accounts of his parents, and apparently urging him not to return; to which he replies: “This in some measure alters my plans. I have done so after considering all things as well as I was able, and if I have acted wrong in deciding on the plan which I am about to name, I hope it will be considered more an error of judgment than anything else. . . . It is very probable that this year there will be no ceremonies at Easter [at Rome], and even if there were, I should much prefer a visit to Sicily to any ceremonies. I had previously arranged for making that tour with Robertson, and the time drew so near that it left him but little chance of finding a companion. Another strong reason was the little probability of

<sup>1</sup> A proof that Robert Gray's Italian studies had advanced, is found in the words entered on the first page of his *Sicilian Journal*, from Tasso:—

“Lasciami omai por nella terra il piede,  
E veder questi inconnosciuti lidi;  
Veder le genti, e 'l culto di lor fede,  
E tutto quello onde uom saggio m'invidi  
Quando mi gioverà narrare altrui  
Le novità vedute, e dire; lo fui.”

my ever seeing Sicily, if deferred; a third, that it would not take me a week longer than staying for the Easter ceremonies. I should be sorry if this were to add to my father's anxieties at such a time, but there is really no ground for it. Many men whom I know have already made the tour, and several are now about it, and the worst to be encountered are bad accommodations. I really do not think that if my father were here, he would disapprove of it, or else I would not do it. Robertson has been most kind and attentive to me, and has given up all his own society to keep me company; I should have been sorry to have parted with so valuable a companion, and I hope we may leave Italy together.

"I trust my dear father and mother, and indeed all of you, continue well, and I look forward to the day when we shall meet again. Italy is much in the same state as when I wrote last from Rome, and people do not trouble themselves much whether it be the Austrians or the French that have possession of the Pope's dominions. Families who reside in Rome still continue there, without the least thought of removing."

Accordingly, on the 2nd April, the two young men started in a brig, and after a rather tedious voyage of three nights and two days, reached Palermo; and after a few days' steady lionising that town, they proceeded to make the tour of the island, "having equipped ourselves with furniture for the journey, such as kettles, teapots, spoons, knives and forks, meat, bread, butter, wine, and all the etceteras necessary to make a journey in these uncivilised parts tolerable." They had very bad weather, almost incessant rain, and great cold, so that they were "quite disheartened." After struggling through a sea of mud to the banks of the Platanus, they found it impracticable owing to the floods, and having slept uncomfortably enough under the shelter of an unfinished house, were thankful to get across by the help of a boat, which also towed their mules over, proceeding by Girgenti, Alicata, Serranova, Chiaromonte, Syracuse, Catania (where they deliberated about going up Mount Etna, but Mr. Robertson was not inclined to encounter the snow and wind, and the expedition was

renounced), to Messina, where comes an honest avowal with which many a tourist might sympathise:—"There are no antiquities to be seen here, you are not even bothered by a cicerone." From Messina they sailed in a native boat, called a *sperinara*, hoping to be at Naples in twenty-four hours; but very shortly after they started the wind changed, and when they reached the Faro, it was impossible to round the point. So the boat was hauled on shore, and a most comfortless night, though the scene, especially at supper time, was "rich in the extreme," spent in it. After a second night they returned to Messina, whence a fresh start was more successful, and they passed "the hateful point of Faro," and were thankful to find themselves once more at Naples on May 1st. "If I am ever found in Sicily again," Robert writes to his sister, "I will give any one who pleases leave to whip me out of the island as a madman!"

An expedition to Pæstum and Capri followed, and on May 14th they left Naples for Rome, where some expeditions to Tivoli, Frascati, Palestrina, Subiaco, had yet to be made, and Robert Gray witnessed the splendid ceremonies of Corpus Christi. Mr. Robertson still wished to go to Greece, and found a companion in "Wordsworth, one of the cleverest young men of the day."<sup>1</sup> So Gray left them "immersed in modern and ancient Greek," and on May 23rd left Rome by himself. "I leave Rome with regret," he says, "and the little hope I have of ever seeing it again by no means diminishes it." He went by Narni, Terni, Foligno, and Perugia (where, however, he professes himself quite unable to appreciate Perugino) to Florence, where he stayed a short time, making an interesting expedition to Vallombrosa, where, "after a toilsome ascent rendered almost intolerable by a burning sun, we were amply repaid by the splendid view;" and going on to the Baths of Lucca, near which he also stayed a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Ellison at Saltocchio. Thence he went by Spezia to Genoa; then to Turin, where he began "to be heartily tired of so much of my own society, and more than ever convinced that man was never

<sup>1</sup> Now Bishop of Lincoln.

made for solitude!" This was soon to come to an end for the present. Gray crossed the Mont Cenis, and joined his cousins at Lausanne once more, at their pretty Campagne of Mont Olivet. Here he remained, as he tells his sister, upwards of a month, with his clothes packed up, and intending to depart every day, but his cousins' hospitality was so pressing that he could not get away. Indeed Mr. Thomas Gray kindly pressed his young cousin to remain over the coming winter with them, and it seems to have been an act of some self-denial on his part to refuse, besides, as he says, losing the only opportunity he might ever have of thoroughly mastering French. But beyond the wish to see his family after so long a separation, he was looking forward earnestly to his Ordination, and felt that all his thoughts and time ought to be devoted to preparation for it; so having been driven to Berne by his cousin, he went on by Basle, Heidelberg, and Frankfurt, where he spent his twenty-third birthday. In the review of his own condition, always made on these anniversaries, he says: "This is the most important birthday that has as yet passed, because it has qualified me, as far as years go, for entering into Holy Orders. Have I qualified myself in other respects? I fear that in almost every other I must confess myself greatly deficient: I have not made that progress either in knowledge or virtue, which my situation, opportunity, and capacity, demand of me."

A return by the Rhine disappointed him, as is frequently the case with travellers from the south. Between Cologne and Nimeguen he had some misadventures with his luggage, and as he says, "the road is not of that sort to soothe irritable feelings, or to make one forget one's misfortunes." Cholera was at that time prevalent on all sides, and a threat of it while at Amsterdam frightened him. However it subsided, and he went on to Haarlem, Leyden, the Hague, and Rotterdam, from which place he sailed October 17th for London, and rejoined his family. The day of travelling for pleasure, or even instruction, was over, and a new, more active phase of life was about to begin.

## CHAPTER II.

1833 to 1845.

ORDAINED DEACON—VARIED READING—PREPARATION FOR PRIEST'S ORDERS—  
ORDAINED PRIEST—PRESENTED TO THE VICARAGE OF WHITWORTH—DEATH  
OF BISHOP GRAY OF BRISTOL—BEGINNING OF WORK AT WHITWORTH—FIRST  
SERMON—INCREASED SERVICES—STUDY—CRITICISM OF BOOKS—WORK IN  
DURHAM, ETC.—BYERS GREEN—OFFER OF HUGHENDEN—DOUBTS AND  
DELIBERATIONS—ACCEPTS IT—WITHDRAWS HIS ACCEPTANCE—MARRIAGE—  
SETTLES AT OLD PARK—DAILY LIFE—POLITICS—ELECTIONS—BIRTH OF  
FIRST CHILD—THEOLOGICAL STUDIES—BAPTISMAL REGENERATION—DEATH  
OF MR. R. GRAY OF SUNDERLAND—HOOKER—LIFE OF WILLIAM WILBER-  
FORCE—CHAPEL FOR BYERS GREEN—OFFER OF THE LIVING OF CROSSGATE—  
PROS AND CONS—DECLINES IT—FAILURE OF HEALTH—TRACTS FOR THE  
TIMES—GLADSTONE'S STATE AND CHURCH—PAROCHIAL WORK—DISSENT—  
SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL—PERSONAL RELIGIOUS GROWTH—  
FASTING—FAMILY PRAYERS—UNITY—BIRTH OF A SON—CHURCH PRINCIPLES  
—AMERICAN CHURCH—DR. PUSEY—DEATH OF HIS MOTHER—VISITATION  
SERMON.

ON the 3rd March, 1833, Robert Gray received Deacon's Orders, as his Letters of Orders show, at the hands of his own father, and in the parish church of Saint Margaret, Westminster, as the same document, signed R. BRISTOL, sets forth. The remainder of that month was spent in London, continually occupied in writing for his father; the two following months at Godmanchester, in Huntingdonshire, assisting his brother Charles, the incumbent thereof, during which he fairly grappled with parish work, both in sick-visiting and preaching. June and July were spent in London chiefly; and then the Bishop of Bristol, who had been very ill most of the time, moved to Weymouth, where his son Robert remained until the middle of the following January in constant and affectionate attendance upon him. His time was chiefly taken up in reading to and writing for the Bishop. Occasionally he helped the parish priest in services, or by preaching, while his own reading was

very varied (as at all times) and very diligent. A note-book of this date contains not merely the names of the books he had read, but terse and clear comments upon them, showing an original and independent mind brought to bear on all the subjects which came under his attention. Bishop Burnet's *Lives*, Sharon Turner's *Creation*, Keith's *Evidences*, Milton, Thomson, Young, Tasso, Mosheim, Adam Clark, *Bridgewater Treatises*, Milner's *Church History*, Wilberforce's *Practical View*, sundry volumes of biography and travels, a few novels, some classics, and a great deal of Holy Scripture (partly in Greek Testament), together with Thomas à Kempis, "the exquisite tone and highest religious feeling" of which, as might be expected, delighted him;<sup>1</sup> such were the intellectual sustenance of that year. Probably, as years went on, the older man would not have endorsed all the criticisms of the Deacon of twenty-three; indeed, in one case we find appended to the assertion that a certain author was "a good scholar, and a sound and able divine," a pencil note, underlining the adjective *sound*, with "Not very, R. G., 1837." Several pages are taken up with a *resumé* of Lander's African journeys, as though already that country were being providentially brought before his mind, and he appears especially interested in the very little known of its scanty religious opinions.

Apparently, too, though little is said on the subject, Robert Gray was diligently preparing for Priest's Orders. A little book, dated April 8, 1833, and headed with the words of S. Paul, "Pray without ceasing," contains sundry prayers, evidently written out for his own use. The first, to be used "before study," is Bishop Wilson's, followed by others bearing special reference to the preparation of sermons, and instructing the congregation of Christ's Church. One of these prayers was so remarkably fulfilled in the after life of him who prayed it, that we must quote a few sentences:—"Give me skill and conduct prudently to steer my course through all difficulties in my way; and give me patience and courage to withstand all assaults and opposition which I may have to encounter. O

<sup>1</sup> He used later on to speak of it as "*The* book next best to the Bible."

my Lord! be with me, and guide and help me, and strengthen and succour me, now and always in the great work lying upon me. Open to me a door of utterance, that I may speak Thy word as I ought to speak, and make me faithful in my sacred calling; doing Thy work as a workman that needs not to be ashamed; not preaching myself, but Christ Jesus my Lord; not seeking the praise of men, but the honour of my God. Make me an example of all the holy duties which I inculcate on others, that I may not lay on them burdens which I refuse to bear myself, but may go before them in the ways which they are to follow, holding forth the Word of Life in my conversation as well as in my doctrine. . . . Let me never make the heart of the righteous sad, nor strengthen the hands of the wicked, nor give just offence to any; but let me approve myself, as far as I am able, useful and beneficial to all, keeping under my body, and bringing it into subjection, lest by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

Mr. Gray remained at Weymouth, in close attendance on his father, until January 11th, 1834, and on the 17th of that month he was ordained Priest by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, "in the chapel of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, within our Palace at Wells, at the request of the Lord Bishop of Bristol;" so say the Letters of Orders. After his ordination, Mr. Gray spent some little time with his brother Henry at Almondsbury, but he soon rejoined his father at Rodney House, Clifton. The Bishop of Bristol became increasingly ill, and through the summer and autumn his son Robert seldom left him, reading to him, writing business and other letters for him, and continually sitting up at night with him, at times taking the latter duty in turn with his brothers Henry and Edward. How devoted his attendance was may be gathered from the following note to his sister, Mrs. Williamson, which is not dated, but was probably written about this time:—"My dearest Annie—It will no doubt appear very ungracious in me to leave town within a few days of your arrival there . . . but, however much I should have liked to have stayed for you, I still think that I ought to go to Bristol. You know how my father used to like seeing

us all every day, and that each additional person added somewhat to the cheerfulness of both him and my mother; I cannot therefore feel comfortable in remaining here for my own amusement, after he has lost both you and Robert Gray [a cousin], two main pillars of his comfort. . . . I should also be at my post to take my share in attending, reading, etc., which I well know falls heavily on one or two. I must therefore, dearest love, defer the pleasure of seeing you, till the pleasure of your society will not be marred by feeling that I ought not to be enjoying it.—Your affectionate brother, ROBERT GRAY.”

He seems to have assisted and preached frequently at different places; Clifton, Almondsbury, S. Paul’s, S. Augustine’s, Horfield, Littleton, Thornbury, Alveston; to all appearance taking much pains with the preparation of his sermons, if one may judge by such entries as—“Wrote a sermon on the corruption of human nature, read a great deal on the subject;” as also by the constant, regular study of Holy Scripture and theology which he kept up.

In 1834, he was presented to the living of Whitworth, county Durham, by the Chapter of Durham Cathedral, and in April went to take possession of it,<sup>1</sup> preaching there several times; but he did not remain in the north, probably on account of his father’s health, his presence being almost a necessity to the Bishop. In September he made a tour in Devonshire, on his return from which he found his father evidently worse; and “on Sunday, September 28th, 1834, my dear father expired with composure and resignation to the will of God.”<sup>2</sup>

Most of the remainder of the year was spent with his mother at Clifton or in London, and among other members of the family, and with their old friends the Norrises of Hughenden. Before the end of Advent Mr. Gray went down to Durham, where, he says, “on Christmas day, I entered on my

<sup>1</sup> The official document certifying that the Rev. Robert Gray, Clerk, M.A., Incumbent of the Perpetual Curacy of Whitworth, in the county of Durham, duly “read in,” is dated April 27th, 1834.

<sup>2</sup> Writing from his father’s bedside to his sister Annie, he says—“My father has just expired, so calmly that it was imperceptible—not the least struggle.”

own duties at Whitworth, and administered the Sacrament to fourteen communicants. May God grant that I may feel as I ought the overwhelming importance of the trust committed to me. May I be blessed with the Divine Assistance in the discharge of my awful duties. Oh, how much is required of a minister of God, what watchfulness—what self-examination, and self-denial, and prayer! How difficult it is to unite the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove! ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ Grant me, O my God, an understanding heart to know my duty, and knowing it, grant me to fulfil it!”

There was no vicarage house at Whitworth, and Mr. Gray was obliged to live in Durham (he took possession of Mr. Wharton’s house in the South Bailey, on January 15th, 1835), an inconvenient arrangement, involving a walk of several miles every time he went to his parish, as well as surrounding him with temptations to indulge in more society than he felt to be desirable. Such entries as, “Much dining out, and time occupied by visiting old friends in Durham and the county:” “I find little time for writing, and less for reflection—a great deal too much society:”—“The continued visiting is a great bar to reflection and spiritual improvement, it throws me completely out:” “Dined out as usual a great deal:”—show the struggle going on between his own genial love of society, where his bright hearty presence was always eagerly sought, and the conviction that such indulgence militated against his higher duties. These were, however, certainly not neglected. His first sermon after coming permanently to Whitworth (“an opening sermon” he calls it), preached December 28th, 1834, was on the words, “I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, Who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom, preach the word, be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine” (2 Tim. iv. 1, 2),—“on the relative duties,” he says, “of a minister of the Gospel and a Christian people. May God grant that both parties may fulfil them!” That Mr. Gray himself was seeking earnestly by God’s Help to do his part, may be seen by his

earnest expressions on January 1st, 1835. "How many and how great opportunities have I had given me of late for serious reflection and improvement! Another year is now dawning upon me, and with it new and most solemn duties are open to me, even the care of immortal souls. I know not whether I shall be spared to see the close of it; but I pray God, that if I am, I may have no cause for self-reproach. May He purify my heart, and increase my knowledge, and direct my every act. May He grant that I may have a single eye to His glory, and devote my whole energy both of soul and body to the preaching of the Redeemer's Kingdom. May I preach the truth as it is in Jesus, rightly divide the Word, and declare the whole counsel of God. May I be a pattern of good works, and afford no occasion to the enemy to blaspheme; may I be instant in season, out of season; and may the Holy Spirit of God rest upon my work, bearing me onward by the power of faith and hope to that glorious immortality and that abiding rest which is in store for the faithful servants of our God!"

There was much room for earnest work in the parish, which had not enjoyed any very special amount of religious privileges hitherto; and at a later period Mr. Gray said that on coming to it he had found a great portion little better than infidels. The congregations were very small, *e.g.*—Dec. 28, 1834—consisting only of thirty persons, but ere long he "finds them increasing, I trust. Great lukewarmness,—sermons principally intended to awaken them." On May 3, 1835, he began an Evensong service, when "instead of a sermon he gave an exposition from Scripture extempore, though with notes;" and finding that for years there had been no service on Ash-Wednesday, he restored full service and sermon on that day (March 4th), with a congregation five in number. On Quinquagesima Sunday he "preached on the Scriptural duty of fasting; its antiquity, origin, and perpetual observation amongst Christians; its end as a preparation for repentance, meditation, self-examination, prayer, and the study of God's Word. Lord, grant that I be not judged out of my own mouth."

And a few days earlier he writes—"I have written a ser-

mon for each Sunday in the month (Feb.) I find, however, little time for writing, and still less for reflection, consequently my progress has not been great in spiritual things; indeed I fear of late I have made no progress at all. My prayers have been cold and formal; I have trusted too much in myself, and the resolution I have made of doing my duty by my parish. I have not been sufficiently active among my parishioners, reproofing, rebuking, exhorting them. Holy Spirit, be Thou with me; put into my heart good desires. Bring the same to good effect."

Besides what was done in his own parish, Mr. Gray preached in various places. Sermons are noted at Sunderland (where his cousin, another Robert Gray, was incumbent), Bolden, and the Market Place, Durham, etc. On the latter occasion he says—"Found it very difficult to bring myself to feel simply that I was a Christian minister delivering the most solemn and affecting truths to a Christian people. Would to God I always had a single eye to His Glory, and the salvation of souls; that I preached Christ, and not myself!" And a few days later:—"Dissatisfied with myself. I am not employing this holy season of Lent as a Christian ought to employ it." And again, in May, he writes—"My weekly sermon and exposition, together with parish visits and dinner-parties, have absorbed nearly the whole of this month. Have always been in a hurry; no time for reflection, and but little for study. I cannot but condemn myself for spending so much time in society. By it my mind is unsettled, and religious improvement, I fear, at a standstill."

Yet, while reproaching himself with distraction and neglect of study, his Journal testifies to what some people might have considered a by no means unsatisfactory amount of reading. He was carrying on "an attentive and critical" study of the Epistles and Acts of the Apostles in their original Greek, as also of various commentators,—Wolfens' *Curæ Philologicae*, Whitley, Grotius, Macknight, etc.; and several historical books of the Old Testament; he took up Hebrew anew, beginning with the first rudiments, and working steadily at it; he read a good many books on various theological and ecclesiastical subjects, making

careful notes as he went.<sup>1</sup> Southey's *Book of the Church*, a *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*; Butler's *Book of the Roman Catholic Church*; Townsend's *Accusations of History*; Arnold's *Sermons*; Dodsworth's *Sermons on General Redemption and Limited Salvation* (these latter marked as to be "read again"); Gother's *Instructions for Lent*; Nelson's *Fasts and Festivals*; Bishop Tunstal's *Sermon before Henry VIII.*; Sumner's *Apostolical Preaching*, which delighted Mr. Gray, and was (as usual with a book which impressed him) read again a second and a third time, and commented on thus:—"There is not a line I should wish to blot. I pray that, by God's Grace, I may so preach Christian truth;" Milner's *Church History*; Blunt's *Reformation*; Bridges' *Christian Ministry*, "which I hope will be useful to me, and with which I am in many respects delighted." Besides these, a mass of serials, biographies, etc. etc. Among these latter it is interesting to find the future Missionary Bishop studying Henry Martin's *Life*, and writing of it—"I trust that a knowledge of the character of this man of God has been beneficial to me. Perhaps such self-devotion and humiliation of heart has never been surpassed. Resolved to study the lives of the real Saints of the Church for my own improvement and advancement in religion. Read the Word of God with more attention than I have hitherto done." The *Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister* is criticised as follows:—"He shows very forcibly the evils of the Voluntary system, and the factious and mere party or political nature of dissent. It does not appear to me to be the work of a very religious man." Certain French *Archives du Christianisme* (Calvinist) also lead Mr. Gray to say—"Perhaps one cannot collect so well from any other source the state of Protestantism in Germany. It appears that many of their clergy, who are educated at Geneva, have fallen into the Socinian heresy, or something like it; while, on the other hand, those whose views are sound on all points of Christian doctrine appear to me somewhat exclusive and intolerant."

<sup>1</sup> In some cases these notes are most copious and elaborate, amounting to a complete synopsis of the book he had been reading, and filling a note-book, larger or smaller.

After reading the *Letters* of one Mr. Rabshekah Gathercole, a book written, it would seem, in a very violent and exaggerated spirit, Mr. Gray draws a practical conclusion. "His attack upon our Orders and Church government have convinced me of the necessity of our preparing ourselves on these subjects. The Clergy of the Church of England have need now of the most strenuous exertions. While books of this sort are in every one's hands, we must not be found wanting. Apart from a knowledge of the doctrines of the Gospel, and all more immediately relating to our ministerial capacity, we are particularly called upon now to study the Roman Controversy, the Evidences, and the claims of our Church to be true and apostolical. All are now up in arms against us: on every side we are assailed—the infidel, the Latitudinarian, the Romanist, and the Dissenters. We have to contend against the combined efforts of malice and superstition, supported by considerable ingenuity, talent, and learning. Let us buckle on our armour, then; let us not be wanting to ourselves, and God will not be wanting to us. We have truth on our side, and in fighting the battles of truth we are fighting the battles of God. God be thanked that the Church is better able now than she was half-a-century ago to stand against the powers of darkness. God be thanked that the ministers of religion are increasing in zeal, spirituality, and, I would hope, in learning, every day. These books are not without their uses. We learn the utmost strength of our adversaries' position, and we prepare ourselves against it. It has had this good effect upon me, that I have resolved, at as early a period as possible, to study Paley and Sumner's *Evidences*, Hooker and Potter, with the history of our Church, especially about the period of the Reformation. I hope it has also taught me the necessity of studying the Bible closer. May it stir up others also."

One can scarcely call this time idly spent, to say nothing of the pains evidently bestowed on services and sermons, with the happy result of increasing congregations, which in July were sometimes "good even to overflowing." Nor was Mr. Gray only active at home. In May he added the voluntary

charge of the hamlet called Byer's Green to his own parish. This township was in the parish of S. Andrew, Auckland, and four miles from the parish church, without any provision for services whatever. The population was at this time about 300 souls, but a very large increase was to be expected, in consequence of certain coal-pits recently let and about to be worked, and a railway about to be made, which in the same way largely affected the population of Tudhoe, a township in the parish of Brancepeth, which was five miles from its mother church, and, moreover, separated from it by the river Wear, which was frequently not fordable either by boat or ferry. In August we find him preaching at S. Mary's, Newcastle, and recording—"Felt my own unworthiness and unfitness to teach such a congregation; was much in prayer; I hope this month I have not gone back." And again:—"Had the advantage of hearing the Bishop of Chester<sup>1</sup> preach several times. No inexperienced Christian could preach his sermons; the style is diffuse and somewhat unconnected, but he makes the most of his subject, and his views are those of one whose heart has long dwelt upon these things." In June he undertook his cousin Robert Gray's work, at Sunderland, for three weeks, and towards the end of October he undertook the charge of the parish of S. Giles, Durham, for Mr. Robert Liddell, when he confesses himself "overwhelmed with all I have upon my hands;" yet at the same time he contrived to fill a commonplace book with a comprehensive digest of Todd's *Life of Cranmer*, and to attend two courses of Hebrew lectures, though of the latter he says—"Have had but little time, however, for preparing them, occupied as I have been with Liddell's parish and my own." And again:—"Still less time than ever for reading; it seems absolutely at a stand-still!" Yet he was not satisfied with his own exertions (probably because they were so real), and says that his "mind is ill at ease from various causes—the worst of all is a reproachful conscience on account of my little progress."

The only holiday Mr. Gray allowed himself during this

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Sumner.

first year of his Whitworth incumbency, was a fortnight spent at the Lakes with General Peachy, until at the end of December he went to London to see his mother, whom he found much altered and greatly reduced. The 1st of January 1836 found him with his brother Henry, at Almondsbury, and preaching in his church. As usual, he carefully reviews his own spiritual growth during the past, to him, important year.

“There is much cause for gratitude, and still more for regret and self-reproach. I trust, on the whole, that I have advanced in religious knowledge, but that is all. On the other hand, how many opportunities of doing and receiving good have, through negligence, or, still worse, through wilfulness, been thrown away. How little impression have the most serious and awful truths made upon me; how little has conscience been suffered to have rule over my thoughts and ways; how often have I slighted and resisted the striving of God’s good Spirit; how little have I attended to the duties of self-examination, watchfulness, and prayer; how inefficiently have I performed the sacred and solemn duties of a minister of the Gospel of Christ! When I consider how lamentably deficient I have been in these and ten thousand other duties, I see little cause for self-congratulation, but much for deep self-abasement and humble prayer. O God, grant that the next may be spent more in Thy service, and in doing Thy Will! Grant that I may endeavour with renewed strength and zeal to win souls to Christ; and oh! do Thou teach me by Thy blessed Spirit, that I also may be enabled to teach the flock Thou hast committed to my trust the truth as it is in Jesus.”

The want of a house at Whitworth was an exceeding annoyance to him at this time, and the attempts he made to get one built were not promoted as they should have been by his patrons, the Chapter. Mr. Gray alludes to this in a letter to his sister of October 24th, 1835. . . . “I am afraid my business at Whitworth will end in my resigning the living. The best prospect I have at present is to get a house by a sacrifice of £100 to £150, and reducing the living to about

£120 per annum. . . . What with one thing and another I am much worried and depressed.

“ ‘ This world’s a wilderness of woe  
And life a pilgrimage of pain.’ ”

Were I prepared to do so, I would be very thankful to leave it, though I am quite willing to remain in it, privileged as I am to be an ambassador of Christ, and commissioned to preach His Gospel.”

Part of the month of January, 1836, was spent at Hughenden with the Norrises, who were old family friends; and soon after Mr. Gray’s return to Whitworth he received an offer of the living of Hughenden, “couched in the most pressing and affectionate terms.” His own account of this time of hesitation and doubt as to what was right is so extremely characteristic that only his own words must describe what he felt.

“ After giving up nearly a fortnight to meditation, to prayer, and to consulting my friends, I have resolved to accept it. My first endeavour, I think I may say, has been to ascertain whether my *duty* clearly pointed to either sphere. To this end I have dwelt long upon the peculiar nature of my duties at Whitworth, and the probable nature of those at Hughenden, and have consulted such religious friends as I was able, either personally or by letter. As I wish to have a record of my feelings, both as a subject which in after years I may be desirous to look back upon, and also as a guide to direct me in any similar emergency, I shall state as accurately as may be the grounds which have caused me so long to hesitate. My present parish contains a population of about one hundred. In addition to this I have undertaken the duty of Byer’s Green, containing a population of perhaps three hundred; and have given out my intention of taking the charge of Tudhoe township, with an additional population of from three to four hundred. All this district has been much neglected. I found a great portion of my parish and of Byer’s Green little better than infidels, and I have reason to believe that Tudhoe is much in the same state, with a little leaven of Romanism. During the few months<sup>1</sup> I have been here God has

<sup>1</sup> It was rather more than a year.

been pleased to bless my labours, and to hold out a fair prospect of an abundant harvest. All have willingly, nay gladly, received my books; all have listened patiently to what I have said; and many who for years have not frequented church have been induced at least occasionally to attend. These are cheering prospects, and I think I could discern symptoms of general inclination to take more heed to their ways,—to think more seriously of their souls. Almost every one has expressed a willingness to come to church. Again, I had formed plans which I trusted, with the Blessing of God, might be productive of much good to His Church. Instead of confining the public services to my church, which is at a very inconvenient distance from the two extremes of my charge, I had proposed to give a morning service at Whitworth, an afternoon service in the school at Tudhoe, and an evening service in the schoolroom at Byer's Green. I should thus have carried Religion, as it were, to every man's door, and left them utterly without excuse.

“Another serious point to be considered was, Who is to be my successor? Would he undertake the duty of Byer's Green? or would it again be left to sink into apathy and infidelity? Was I justified in leaving a charge I had voluntarily undertaken, in complete uncertainty as to whether it would ever again meet with a minister in the incumbent of Whitworth? Again, at Whitworth I was personally acceptable, and my people begged me very earnestly to stay among them. How did I know that the very reverse of all this would not be the case at Hughenden?

“On the other hand, Hughenden contains a population of fifteen hundred, double the number that I could possibly have at Whitworth; and, with God's Grace, I think I feel equal to the charge of them. Again, the offer was altogether unexpected and unsought by me, and thus might be considered perhaps as an opening of Providence.

“In all these points I consulted such religious friends as were within my reach, and in whose judgment I could confide. I sought also very earnestly the guidance and direction of the Spirit of God in prayer. Robert Gray [his cousin at Sunderland] was doubtful, with a leaning to my remaining at Whit-

worth. Charles leant decidedly towards Hughenden, also some religious friends whose opinions he asked upon the subject. Mr. Sneyd recommended me to accept of Hughenden, as did also Robert Liddell. All of these opinions were given merely in consideration of the spiritual interests of the two parishes.

“As far as I myself was concerned, I own I could not see my way clearly; but, encouraged by the opinions of my friends, I thought I might safely decide that since the two cases were so nicely balanced in point of duty and usefulness, I might in selecting between the two consult my own inclinations. And here, indeed, difficulties scarcely less formidable than those already mentioned beset me on every side. . . . Sufficient that on my present decision the future prospects of my life seemed altogether to depend. No action of my life appeared to draw along with it such important consequences. My Ordination was indeed in itself more important, but perhaps at no specific moment of my life did I decide upon that. It was the wish and determination of my childhood; the desire grew up with me, and I always considered it as a point already settled. Here, however, I had to decide, as it were in an instant, on a most complicated and perplexing subject.

“Hughenden was desirable on these accounts:—It was near my mother in her declining years; near Annie,<sup>1</sup> who can never leave town for any length of time; and it was nearer to all my brothers, and London. The emoluments of the living were somewhat greater; there was a pretty, but small parsonage situated in Mr. Norris’s grounds, and I should be close by my dearest and oldest friends.

“Whitworth was without a house, and I should in all probability be obliged to build.<sup>2</sup> It was, however, in a county where I was born and bred, and where I had very many kind friends, and in quitting the north I was parting with them for ever. I had the advantage of the family at Old Park, who kindly

<sup>1</sup> His favourite sister Annie was now married to the Rev. Richard Williamson, D.D., Head Master of Westminster School.

<sup>2</sup> Already in the July previous he wrote of himself as “much engaged and worried with an ineffectual attempt to negotiate an exchange of glebe, and build a parsonage at Whitworth.”

assisted and co-operated with me in everything. I was attached to my people.

“Under all these conflicting circumstances I had very great difficulty in bringing myself to a decision. I scarce know yet whether I am altogether convinced that I have acted for the best; yet I will hope that it is so. I have honestly, I hope, and fervently prayed that God would dispose of me in the way in which I should be most useful in spreading the Gospel, in winning souls to Christ, and in providing for my own everlasting welfare. I will hope that I have been guided by Him in my decision, and that I have chosen for the best. During the painful state of uncertainty in which I have been during the last fortnight, my feelings have been very fluctuating and uncertain. Sometimes I have been disposed (and this, I fear, has been too much the feeling of my mind) to look at the question merely in a temporal point of view. At other times considerations of greater importance, and more befitting the occasion, have not been wanting. At these times, the thought of resigning that care of souls once undertaken has appeared peculiarly solemn and awful. I have solemnly undertaken, before God and man, to use my best endeavours to convert every sinner here from his evil ways, and preach to them Christ a Saviour; and in order to effect this I was bound to be instant in season, out of season,—to give myself wholly to the work of the Ministry, that I might by all means save some. Now, however, that there is a prospect of my leaving them for ever, never again to meet till we all stand perhaps with mutual accusations at the bar of God’s Judgment Seat, I am bound to ask myself how I have fulfilled the sacred obligations of my office. My deceitful heart, my self-love, my exceeding vanity, and the voice of flattery, are all ready to whisper Peace, Peace! and to tell me that I have done my duty; yet here I wish solemnly to record my deliberate conviction that I have been greatly deficient. O my God, do Thou forgive me, and may these words never rise up in judgment against me! If Thou shouldst be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? Yet will I thus record my own guilt in order that if my life be spared,

and I still be permitted to preach the glad tidings of Salvation, I may hereby be stirred up to more vigorous exertion, more watchfulness, prayer, meditation, study of the Scriptures, and self-examination.

“First of all, then, during the year I have ministered at Whitworth, I have been deficient in respect to myself. I know well that under God a minister’s usefulness depends much upon his own degree of holiness. Personal religion is of the greatest importance, and therefore neglect of it in a minister is a sin of the deepest guilt, inasmuch as without it he may prove the ruin of those souls committed to his charge. Yet this is the first count in my self-accusation. I have indulged in secret sin. I have not obeyed the voice of conscience, and thus have resisted the Spirit of God. I have not in trifling matters strictly adhered to the truth. I have been deficient in principle, lukewarm in my prayers, negligent of self-examination, meditation, practical study of the Word of God. I have gone too much into society,—not paid sufficient attention to my public discourses, and have committed besides many grievous sins too numerous to mention. O my God! I intreat Thy forgiveness, and pray earnestly for an increased portion of Thy Ever Blessed Spirit, to preserve me from all future sins. Who can tell how oft he offendeth? O cleanse Thou me from my secret sins!

“With regard to my public duties, I have not been sufficiently active: I have consulted often my own personal ease, and have thus neglected many opportunities of doing good. I have not with sufficient boldness rebuked sin; I have suffered my own feelings to interfere with the stern discharge of duty. I trust I have in my public preaching and private exhortations laid freely before my people, as well as I was able, the saving truths of the Gospel. I have endeavoured to humble the sinner and exalt the Saviour. I have endeavoured to describe God to them as Holy, Just, and Merciful;—to convince every man that he is a corrupt fallen sinful creature, by nature obnoxious to the wrath of God, and still more so by actual sin;—to point out that if judged by our works there would be no hope for

our souls. I have dwelt largely and often upon that Atonement which Christ Jesus has made for our sins; I have made the main subject of my preaching Christ Crucified. I have endeavoured to impress upon them the immense debt of gratitude we all owe to our Beloved Redeemer for all the great things He hath done for our souls. I have pointed out how the Love of Christ should constrain us to obedience and lead us to live no longer to ourselves, but to Him Who died for us and rose again. I have pressed upon them the absolute necessity of faith in Christ, without which we can have no interest in His Death, and shall obtain no benefit from His Precious Blood shed for us upon the Cross. At the same time, I have taken pains that they should not mistake the nature of saving faith. I have endeavoured to expose to them the rottenness and even wickedness of a barren profession—a dead faith—that true faith worketh by love, and that good works are as necessary evidences of the soundness of their faith, as fruit is of the soundness of the tree which bears it—taking care, however, that they be not thus led to trust in themselves as righteous, and urging upon them that we are justified in the Sight of God by faith only. I have directed them to the Spirit of God as the only Source from whence this and every other good gift can be derived, and taught them to look for His assistance in earnest prayer; and have also directed their attention to those other important branches of a Christian's duty—Study of the Word of God, Self-examination, and a frequent reception of the Lord's Supper. Having pointed out to them the part which the Father has had in creating us, the Son in redeeming us, and the Spirit in sanctifying us, I have led them in humble reverence to consider Them as Three Mysterious Persons constituting One Eternal, Omnipotent God.

“And now, O my God! the thought of leaving these Thy poor wandering sheep, for aught I know, without a shepherd, is oppressive to my soul. If I have acted wrongly, do Thou forgive me. Did I but know Thy Will, O my God, I am content to do it;—to stay or to go as seemeth best unto Thee. Do Thou order my ways. My God! earnestly do I pray of

Thee that Thou wilt send as my successor one who shall care for the souls of these poor people. Thou hast begun a good work in them; I beseech Thee, Good Lord, to finish it. And oh! do Thou dispose their hearts to receive the truth in the love of it. Strengthen thou me by Thy Good Spirit, that during the remaining time I continue amongst them, I may be enabled to point out to them the way of life. May I both publicly in the pulpit, and privately in their houses, be enabled to preach to them Christ a Saviour. Grant, O Lord, more than I know how to ask, or am worthy to receive, for my Blessed Saviour's Sake. Amen.

“Resolved, at least once before I go, to visit every house in my parish and in Byer's Green, and if possible, again to preach Christ to every individual in it. Good Lord, help me.”

It must be borne in mind that the writer of these vigorous self-searchings was a man of twenty-six, and a Priest of barely one year's standing; as also that to the perceptions of those who knew and surrounded him in his daily life, it was far beyond the common standard, although not reaching to that which he erected for himself from God's Word and the claims of His Ordination vows. His desire not to be unduly thought of comes out again, though in a different form, in his letter to Mrs. Norris of Hughenden accepting the living.

“. . . The real cause of my delay has been owing to the difficulty I have had in bringing myself to a decision on a subject which will so materially affect my happiness here, and it may be hereafter. I shall not think it necessary to conceal from you that it has cost me a very severe struggle to resolve upon quitting for ever my present charge, even for Hughenden, which I need not say has great attractions for me. At length, however, I have come to the determination to accept the offer Mr. Norris has been good enough to make me. May I beg you will both accept yourself and convey to him my grateful thanks for this and many repeated acts of kindness. I pray God that He will grant me His Grace to discharge faithfully and efficiently the solemn duties I am about to undertake.

“And here again, my dear Mrs. Norris, will you permit me to caution you upon one subject? Your partiality has led you very, *very* much to overrate me in every way. You have, if I may make bold to say it, suffered your feelings to blind your judgment. It is important to your future happiness, and it is but justice to me, that you should not suffer me to begin my ministry amongst you at such a disadvantage. It is next to impossible but that, when thrown together so much as we necessarily must be, *some* differences will occasionally arise, and these will be more severely felt because unexpected, and must lead to disappointment. I must beg you indeed not to colour the picture too highly. I shall have, I am sure, to draw largely upon your charity and forbearance, and therefore I think it necessary thus early to enter my protest against what I think an injury to us all. May I ask you to remember that it is but three or four years since that you were snubbing me as a raw lad from College? Neither experience, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, nor piety, are of so quick a growth!

“. . . Such as it is, however, my decision is made, and I trust and believe it is for the best. I have not come to it hastily, not looking solely to temporal advantages, nor without much prayer and meditation. It is impossible for me to say when I shall be able to leave the North. I cannot quit my people without at least endeavouring to speak a parting word to every individual, and exhorting them once more to walk closely with their God. Nor would I be deficient in respect to my patrons the Chapter, by throwing up my charge hastily, without leaving them time to provide adequately for the duty. Added to this, I have a very great quantity of furniture, some of which I must dispose of, and some I shall wish to send up to London. I think I should take no step till I hear from you that Mr. \* \* \*’s resignation is in your hands. . . . I am not sure now that my cousin<sup>1</sup> will think I have done right in leaving two great districts, without a reasonable probability of their meeting with a minister in my successor. If he thinks I have done wrong, he will not scruple to say so. The people

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Robert Gray of Sunderland.

themselves tell me that if I go they will be left to themselves as they have been all their lives, and I cannot say that it will not be so."

But after all Robert Gray's destination was not Hughenden. Among the *pros* and *cons* with respect to Whitworth, he alludes to the family at Old Park, who were such kind friends, and co-operated so heartily in all he tried to do for his parish. These were the Myddletons of Grinkle Park, who were then chiefly resident at their property of Old Park, where Mr. Gray was very constantly, generally spending the Saturday and Sunday nights there,<sup>1</sup> after he began extra services which would have made going backwards and forwards to and from Durham a serious difficulty. All the family was kind to the young Incumbent of Whitworth, and he liked them all, but the one member in whom his main interests were centred was the second daughter, Sophia Wharton Myddleton, who became so well known and loved in after years, wherever her husband went, as his unwearied, devoted wife—as admirable a "helpmate" as any man leading a life of constant exertion and trial could imagine or desire.

Mr. Gray had not been specially attracted to Miss Myddleton on their first acquaintance, but a little later he was struck by the way in which she gave up mere idle novel-reading, and took to the study of religious and intellectual books, a change which seemed to him (so he said) to be founded upon principle, and not any mere momentary impulse. She also devoted herself to a steady, self-denying care of the poor of Byer's Green; and on Mr. Gray's return from the south that winter, he found that she

<sup>1</sup> The Bishop in after days used to tell a story of how in one of his long walks out from Durham to Whitworth, he was attracted by a solitary deer, which had taken up its abode in a wood he was passing (a sort of White Doe of Rylstone!). He always had a special love for animals, and he determined to try and win this timid creature to intimacy; so he stopped and talked as gently as possible to it, fixing his eyes upon its eyes. By slow degrees he lured it on till it grew quite bold, and coming up rubbed its head against its new friend, and let him pat it. He tried to coax it to come through a gate with him, but that was too much for its new found courage. However, when he had passed, the deer leapt the gate and followed him till he reached the church, where the last bell warned him to dally no longer with his playfellow. He had hoped to find it again and tame it, but the deer never reappeared.