

sanction to their proceedings ;" adding that probably this was not true, "but since it is so very desirable to win them back to a sense of their duty, I request your Lordship to assist me in my endeavour to do so, and restore peace by a disavowal of any such encouragement."

The Bishop's reply is remarkable from its exceedingly plain straightforward assertion of what he felt to be the truth due to the Church.

"Cape Town, May 3rd, 1848.

"Reverend Sir—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your two letters of February 20th and March 4th, the latter of which I received two days ago, and the former to-day. With reference to the paragraph in the *Guardian*, I have only to observe that I am not responsible for what appears in that paper, having no communication with it; and that I believe I did not use the expression which it imputes to me, and am even doubtful whether I knew for certain, when the meeting to which allusion is made was held; that another clergyman was coming out, or if so what his name was. But, so far as I can at this distance of time recollect, I was asked publicly by a gentleman at that meeting, what would be the duty of the members of the Church of England in the Island of Madeira, should Lord Palmerston send out a clergyman to supersede Mr. Lowe, the Bishop of London (who exercises the spiritual oversight of our communion there with the consent of the Church) refusing to withdraw his license from Mr. Lowe, or to give it to Lord Palmerston's nominee? To this question I gave the only reply which a Bishop of the Church of England could give; that I considered it was the duty of every member of the Church of England in the Island to communicate with him, and him only, who had the Bishop's license; that it would be an act of schism to communicate with any other. I may have added, though I am uncertain whether I did, that I could not conceive it possible that any clergyman of the Church would venture to come out without that license, for that if he did he would find very great difficulty in being admitted hereafter to any Diocese in England. I am exceedingly sorry to say what

I know must be painful to you, but you have courted the expression of my opinions, and faithfulness to the Church requires that I should speak the plain truth. If you and those who communicate with you are not in schism, I do not know what schism is. The Church does not consist, as in your letter to me you assume, in the possession of the material fabric, or in a stipend from Government, or in an appointment from Lord Palmerston. These are mere accidental appendages and can never constitute the Church. There is wanting a faithful body under a ministry lawfully appointed and sent by those who have authority into the Lord's vineyard; whereas your mission is in utter defiance of the authority of your Bishop.

"Having said thus much in reply to your letter, I must decline interfering any further in the affairs of the Church in Madeira. I only took part in them while there as the Bishop of London's representative, and at his request. Trusting that you may be brought to see the very serious error you have committed, and may speedily return to your duty to the Church, I remain, Reverend Sir, your obedient servant,

"The Reverend T. K. Brown, Madeira. R. CAPETOWN."

To Mr. Lowe the Bishop wrote in words of sympathy and encouragement, which set forth forcibly his own strong convictions that nothing but the firm assertion of sound Church principles could save his country from the overwhelming tide of Erastianism which threatened to drown her. "I feel," he says, "that you have much to console you in the faithfulness with which, under outwardly disadvantageous circumstances, so many cling to the cause of truth and order—in a word, to the Church of their fathers; and also in the fact that yours is just one of those cases which compel the members of the Church to consider what is the nature and constitution of the Church, and to fall back upon first principles. I cannot but hope that the result of this and other contests will in the end prove beneficial to the Church. . . . We have our troubles and anxieties here, but I can say with thankfulness that our consolations are more abundant than our trials. I do hope that, now you are

confronted by an open schism, which arrogates to itself the name of the Church, and has the countenance and support of this world, that the Christian spirit, and zeal for God, and patience and meekness and gentleness of the true Church will be so visible to all, that those who oppose themselves will be compelled to confess that God is with you of a truth. There is much in your present position to exasperate the minds of yourself and people, and to lead you to cherish bitter and unkind feelings against your oppressors : may the God of all grace, however, in the midst of it all, enable you to love your enemies, to bless them which curse you, and to pray for them which despitefully use you. My poor prayers have been and will continue to be offered up for the peace of the Church in Madeira."

In a note also to Mr. Lowe, written May 17th, the Bishop says, "I do not wonder at laymen being misled in these lax days, but I am astonished that any clergyman should think it right to communicate with a Priest receiving mission from Lord Palmerston rather than one receiving mission from the Bishop."

When writing from St. Helena (March 30th), Bishop Gray mentions that Mr. Lowe had asked leave to publish his letters, telling him that the Bishop of London had already done so with one to himself. Bishop Gray refers to the hurry in which he had written, sitting up most of the last night he spent in Madeira in order to write, and keeping no copy of what he wrote, so that he referred to Dr. Williamson as to whether his letters to Mr. Lowe ought to be published. "If they will do good to the Church's cause" (the Bishop says, with his characteristic absence of self-interest, and devotion to that cause), "as he thinks and says that several of the Bishops think to whom he has shown them, I am quite willing, though I hate to be brought forward in this matter more than can be helped. I do not, however, wish my own feelings to be consulted in this or any other matter where the interests of the Church are at stake. He seems to have shown my letters freely to all, from the Archbishop downwards. Mowbray perhaps may be able to say whether it would be well to publish them."

The voyage continued prosperously, although the party never became good sailors; the Bishop was the best, and yet from time to time even he had to absent himself from meals, etc., through squeamishness. As a boy of seventeen he had said the Church prayers on board ship, returning from the West Indies, little thinking that the next time he so officiated it would be as a Bishop. He describes their service thus:—

“Last Sunday we had the ship, as the Captain says, rigged out for Church. The capstan, with the Union Jack over it, was reading-desk and pulpit, the sailors ranged on each side on boards fixed upon buckets, and the passengers in front and in the cuddy. We have not a black sheep among our passengers, and they all punctually attend morning and evening Prayers, and our Captain is a very right-minded respectable man, and never absents himself. I like, too, all I see of my candidates. Badnall is going to begin, now that they are well, a thorough study of the Epistle to the Romans. I keep them to four hours’ work, and then let them read general works. We employ them, too, in sermons or essays upon texts of Scripture. My own reading goes on very well, and I expect to get through a very great deal before we arrive at the Cape, which we expect to do by the middle of February. The children get on very well, and are an amusement to the passengers, who are very kind to them. I begin my day, now that we are well, in catechising Louisa and Charlie.”

The hope of accomplishing a great deal of reading (an enjoyment which henceforth was to be of very rare occurrence, sheer hard work absorbing the Bishop’s time so wholly as it did) came to little, through a return of inflammation in his eyes, which made him entirely dependent on being read aloud to, an office which his wife performed indefatigably; but now we find no more interesting comments on the books that came in, and he had but little opportunity of studying even those he most wished to read. The last letter written on board ship is dated February 18, 1848, in which he says: “Our daily life has flowed in the same line—study, exercise, meals; and our passengers have continued as they began, very accommodating

and regular in their attendance on our service. The weakness of my eyes (now much better) has given me more time for meditation, and I trust in this respect my wearisome voyage may have been of use to me. It is a very great comfort to think how many there are in England who take an interest in our Mission, and do not forget us in their prayers. I feel increasingly my need of their continued intercessions. We often think of you all, and do not forget you in our prayers."

The Diocese of the Cape of Good Hope, of which Bishop Gray was henceforward to be the devoted Bishop, is of an extent of some 600 miles from east to west, and 330 miles from north to south, comprising an area of about 200,000 square miles, with a sea coast of upwards of 1,200 miles from the Gariep or Orange River on the western or Atlantic shore, to the Keiskamma on the eastern or Indian Ocean coast—these two rivers forming its boundaries, the latter on the east, the former on the north.

The Cape was discovered in 1487 by Diaz, who gave it the name of Cabo dos Tormentos, in consequence of the stormy weather he encountered there. In 1795 the British Government resolved to take possession of the Colony for the Prince of Orange, and it remained in our possession until the Peace of Amiens, when it was restored to the Dutch nominally, but really to the French, who practically absorbed it. On the renewal of war with France, the English Government wisely determined to re-capture the Cape of Good Hope;—Sir David Baird and Sir Horne Popham were sent there with a force of 5,000 men in January 1806, and the English and Dutch armies met on the plain at the foot of Table Mountain, but almost immediately the Dutch retreated, and offered terms of surrender.

In 1845 the population of the city of Cape Town was over 20,000, of whom upwards of 10,000 were white, being chiefly Dutch. Slaves (now apprenticed labourers) form the largest class in the Colony—their numbers being reckoned at 35,000. These may be divided into three classes—the Malays from the Indian Archipelago, generally the best

workmen, the African negro, and the Mozambique or Malagash negro—classes which keep entirely clear of one another. The Malays are chiefly Mahomedans; many of the others have become at all events nominal Christians, and are called the Coloured Christians. The Hottentots, who were the original inhabitants, have dwindled greatly in number and in importance. They are divided into several varieties: the Koras or Korannas, nomad tribes chiefly dwelling on the banks of the Orange River; the Bosjemans, the Namaquas, and Dameronas. On the northern frontier a race called the Griquas, or Bastaards, has increased rapidly; and the Kafirs, or Amakosæ, are found along the eastern frontier. *Kafir* is a term of reproach signifying infidel, and affixed by the Moors to the people who would not embrace Mahometanism. They are supposed to be descended from the Bedouin Arabs. In the interior, some three hundred miles north of the Orange River, we find the Bechuana tribes, who are of a higher order than any of those already mentioned.

The government consisted of a Governor and Executive Council, and, as will be seen from Bishop Gray's letters, the religious state of the Colony was as neglected and hopeless as could well be. The feeble branch of the English Church existing there was nominally under the care of the Bishop of Calcutta. Every form of dissent and Protestantism thrived and held a better position than the Church at the time of Bishop Gray's appointment; and the condition of his Diocese, and the work imperative on a true-hearted Churchman, were assuredly enough to break most men down, unless indeed they possessed the deep faith, warm love, rare gifts, and indomitable energy of him who, by God's Providence, was now sent to be the first Bishop of that southern land. Even he, as we shall see, often quailed beneath the pressure, well-nigh too heavy for human strength. Nor was it *human* strength which bore him through, but supernatural grace which led to the utterly changed state of things before that noble Bishop entered upon his rest. None so ready as himself to say, "Not I, but the Grace of God which was with me."

On Sunday, February 20th, 1848, Bishop Gray and his

wife and four children landed in Africa, the land for which the whole energies of both their lives were to be spent, and where both have found their grave. He tells of the landing with his usual simplicity.

"*February 22nd.*—We landed on Sunday. I had service for the passengers in the morning on board, and landed in the afternoon with Sophy and Douglas. Mr. Montagu, Colonial Secretary, came off to the ship to take me on shore, and told me I should be inundated with visitors if I did not land. I declined a salute, it being Sunday, and Douglas read prayers in the Cathedral in the evening, where there was a tolerable congregation. S. George's is decidedly (though of Italian architecture) the best ecclesiastical building in the town;—the far-famed Roman Catholic is a tolerably sized chapel in the Compo style, stuccoed, and would-be Gothic. Church matters are in a very bad state. I am told there is a party ripe for anything, and full of suspicions and jealousies. The Baptismal Regeneration controversy is raging, and the pulpit of the Cathedral has been employed as a vehicle for proclaiming Evangelical Alliance men's pamphlets against that doctrine of the Church. I feel the great need there is of judgment, prudence, and forbearance, and how much I shall need all your hearty prayers in a very delicate and trying position. We are agreeably surprised with the town and the magnificent mountains. I am not likely to have much time to myself, for I am inundated with visitors, who take up all the time we are indoors. Yesterday we drove out early to look at houses. Mr. Frere has taken one for two months at four miles from town, £180 rent per annum: it was the country residence of an ex-Governor;—but I think we shall go by 1st April to Protea¹ (where the Coles lived), which we admire more than any place, and which is to be let for £150. It is seven miles off, and not a very good road, but a sweet place, and in good order. I think it likely I shall want several more clergymen for the territory taken from the Kafirs, but I shall know more in another month, so pray let all look out for good men. Sir H. Smith will be

¹ Subsequently called Bishops court.

here in a fortnight. I saw Lady Smith yesterday; the dissenters have been attacking her in print as a worldly woman. . . . I have much to write, and no time except before breakfast."

No descriptions can give so living a picture of the Bishop's new country, his life and absorbing interests, as his own letters give, written in the freedom of intercourse with those he loved so well in England.

To the Rev. Charles GRAY.

"Cape Town, March 1st, 1848.

"My dear Charles—Having a spare hour, I sit down to write to you, though what to tell you of all I hear and see I scarce know. I am still in the town (or rather city), as you will see. The house Mr. Frere took for us (at £200 a year) was so full of bugs and fleas, and so dilapidated and dirty, that after the children and servants had been there a day or two, we asked to be let off our bargain, and the parties consented. The rent, if put in repair, would have been £225; the house was a dull and bad one, but the situation beautiful. It might have let for £50 in England. We are going to-day to Wynberg, Mr. Frere, who is gone to the sea, having kindly lent us his house, and we have taken from the 1st of April, Protea, where the Coles lived in summer when their father was Governor. We pay £150 a year, and if we take the cottage and garden next year somewhat more. This is the cheapest place we have seen, and the most beautiful, and there is an excellent house. We are very fortunate in being able to secure it; compared with other places, its rent ought to be £350 or £400. But it is seven miles from town, and that prevents its being let; the road is rather hilly, and it is said to be damp in winter. We have taken it for one year, with a lease if we like it. I have had some scruple in getting into so grand a place, but it seems quite cut out for me. If we take the whole, there will be thirty-three rooms, and about sixteen of them admirably suited for pupils. It is the very thing for a College, and I might, I believe, purchase the whole for £4,000, including 300 acres of land, not cultivated but very good. It lies, too, very central for the

different churches in the district. My only difficulty will be respecting the duty at the Cathedral, and especially when the south-easters blow.

“All our time hitherto has been spent in receiving and returning calls. I think more than 200 have already called. Sir Harry Smith is to return to-day; every-one seems astonished at his rapid movements and success, and all admire him greatly. The Kafirs all gave in as soon as he was governor. He has brought the Boers to submit to our Government, and he does what he likes with every one;—he made all the Kafir Chiefs kiss his toe. But I do not profess to understand yet what has been done, for I think of nothing but ecclesiastical matters.

“As to our Church here, the only two Clergy belong to a little Evangelical Alliance, and one holds prayer-meetings in school; the other officiates in a school at Green Point, turn-about with dissenters. In the Cathedral, last Sunday, a school was taught with an American catechism, wherein the definition of a Sacrament was in total contradiction to that of our own Catechism. The congregation at the Cathedral are much dissatisfied with Mr. . . . who is a very extreme (and I hear a very inefficient man), and I have been appealed to to interfere at once on several points; which I have declined to do, choosing to take time for everything. There is a debt of £7,500 upon the church, which the shareholders (who have before now increased their dividends out of the Sacrament money) want the Government to purchase, but this is a very doubtful point. There are, however, some good points. Each church has a weekly collection at the doors, which does not produce much. People all feel that a third church entirely free is wanted, and thus I shall probably have to begin sooner than I expected the chancel of a Cathedral church which would be used for some years as a church; building is very bad and very dear: I should think a new church could not be begun under £10,000.

“Hitherto I have got on very well with . . . and . . . but I am now going to begin daily prayers on Ash-Wednesday, and shall be anxious to know how the announcement will be received. Lent does not seem to be observed here, and there are no ser-

vices at the Cathedral except on Sunday. B . . . has a Thursday evening lecture, badly attended. Both clergy live at Green Point, full three miles from their churches. We have not one clergyman in the town, though the ministers of all other bodies live there. The School of Industry is a nice school, managed by ladies; children very well instructed in religion, not so with secular knowledge. The boys' school has not forty boys; in Sunday-school we may have 150, while various classes of dissenters have from 200 to 300 in theirs. Last Sunday I preached to a crowded congregation; there was a great string of carriages. I took the subject of Episcopacy—the Scripture argument, duties, and responsibilities; spoke of neglect of this Colony, her life in the English Church; appealed to people for their prayers and support; spoke of missions, for I suspect before long I shall have to start a mission for Kafirs. I should not wonder if Sir H. Smith offered assistance; if so, I shall accept of every offer, and look to our Mother Church for men and money. Pray keep a good look-out for men; of course, I cannot say at the end of a week what I shall want, but I think I may want a good many more before very long. Now, as to other religious bodies, they are all in some confusion. If we can only keep our Church in peace and unity, and at the same time let it be seen that we are anxious to do the work of God without attacking others, I believe in time they will seek rest in our fold. The Dutch Reformed seem a respectable but not very lively body. I like their chief minister, Mr. Faure, here. We have had one or two friendly visits; but they are very sore, divisions having been introduced into their parishes by a set of men sent out by Christian Instruction Society, and ordained (?) by a Mr. Stegman, who has seceded from the Lutherans, and a Dr. Adamson, head of South African College, who has left the Scotch Kirk, then the Free Kirk, and has now set up for himself! This is one of the ablest men in the Colony, and he being intimate with leading men, has got Government to pay his emissaries, much to the disgust of Dutch Reformed, Lutherans, Scotchmen, etc. They are working necessarily among the coloured population in this town. I have had a good deal of conversation with Dr.

Adamson. When I asked him what he was, he said he didn't quite know; he wished to act with all. I suspect the Protestant bodies would be very glad if I would take up the question of a nondescript body like that receiving Government support, and perhaps I may.

"An elder of the Lutheran Church has requested leave to come to me this morning, to talk over the affairs of his connection. Then the Independents are quarrelling vehemently among themselves, some siding with Dr. Philip and some against; and the Free Kirk and Kirk are furious, and I understand the Methodists are divided. May God save His Church from being so. I fear the expense of living will be greater here than I expected, and certainly travelling will be ruinous if the Government do not pay for me. The circuit of a puisne judge costs £1,000. Probably I shall travel more economically, but I shall have a much wider field to go over. I mean to ask the Government to make me a fixed allowance for this purpose. I shall ask for a stipend for an Archdeacon and a Chaplain to Natal. I see several openings, and I believe I shall get some help from Government.

"The country round is very beautiful. Our Protea is situated in a very retired spot, just under the mountain, with very nice grounds, and a garden full of grapes, melons of all kinds, peaches, apricots, figs, pears, apples, oranges, pomegranates, quinces, and an abundance of vegetables; indeed, the fruits are most abundant. The peaches are not very good, and perhaps none are quite equal to our best English fruits. The whole country will shortly be covered with most beautiful flowers. The country is quite overrun with myrtles, heaths, and a great variety of bulbous plants. The Dutch do not seem to have much energy: I am told that the Protea estate is good rich land—there are 300 acres—and yet they only keep a few cows and horses on it, and grow some potatoes, and the only produce sold is firewood and potatoes. Labour is very dear, and no one works as they do in England. On Protea estate the proprietor has imported twenty-five families, I believe, of released slaves, taken by our cruisers. These are allowed to build themselves

mud cottages and cultivate a patch for potatoes, and for this they work four days in a month. I shall be very thankful to be settled there, for here I scarce ever have a quiet moment, and we are living at a great expense. All are tolerably well; Sophy not strong, nor I quite what I should wish. You would be amused if you could see and hear all the strange things that are brought before me. There is too much to do and to interest, which prevents one being much cast down at the state things are in. I see gleamings of hope here and there. We shall need your daily intercessions, as you have ours. . . . I think my first work must be among the Mahometans in this town. A man for this work must understand Arabic, and be able to learn Malay and Dutch. Beg Richard to inquire for such a man, but not engage him till he hears from me. Stipend, £200. Cannot Cambridge give me a man?—Affectionately yours,

“ R. CAPETOWN.”

To Miss COLE.

“ Wynberg, March 29th, 1848.

“ . . . We are just about to move into Protea, which is the cheapest place we could find, and is in my eyes infinitely preferable to any other I have seen. The place is not in the order in which it was in your day, but still it is not in bad order, and a little work at the garden will make it all we could wish. I shall probably some of these days turn the cottage into students' rooms, and have a theological college there. . . . Your father's study will be my study, the room on the right hand of the entrance-hall our library, on the left our private chapel. Since your time a great many Mozambiques, liberated Africans, have been settled on this and the adjoining properties, and we hope to have a school for them, and to seek their conversion. . . . You will be pleased to hear that Sir Harry and Lady Smith are kindness itself. Nothing can be more considerate or more warm-hearted than they are. I already feel an attachment to him, and am much struck with the religious turn which his mind takes upon viewing any object. He is not, perhaps, much of a theologian, but I am sure he is devout. I

trust I may have opportunities of seeing them both from time to time, and talking of religious subjects. He will help the Church in every way he can."

To Mrs. MOWBRAY.

"Wynberg, March 11th, 1848.

. . . "Things are now, as you may suppose, in a very disorderly state. The Junior Chaplain of the Cathedral, shortly before my arrival, introduced a book of hymns into St. George's, which gave great offence to the more sober churchmen, and last Sunday he stuck a public notice on the Cathedral door, of the usual monthly prayer-meeting in the church schools. He and the other clergyman are members of a little Evangelical Alliance. In this parish I went with the chaplain into the Infant School, kept by the clerk. On asking what religious instruction was given, I was told, "I teach no Christian doctrine; I base all my teaching on morality." He was forbidden to teach any Christian truth, and was even told it was infringing rules to teach the children to pray. In the Boys' Government School, the master is a Presbyterian—children, chiefly Church and Methodist. Not wishing to give offence, he did not teach the Church Catechism, but he drew up one for himself, which he printed. It is full of contradictions to the teaching of the Church. In the Girls' School, founded and supported by the Church, part of the catechism is omitted, not to offend the Methodists . . . and so I might go on describing the state of things. Yet am I full of hope: I think I see much prospect of doing good, and remedying many matters. But it is early days to speak. I am now aiming at getting all the churches now under trustees, and proprietary chapels, vested in myself. And I think I have got hold of ——'s, which the Colonial Church Society looked upon as their own. There seems a great disposition on all sides to consult my wishes and defer to my authority, and I have deputations daily, and our list of visitors lengthens every day. To-day I have been asked to draw up a scheme for freeing the Cathedral Church, which is at present a joint-stock company, in which some of

the proprietors are Jews and Atheists. The mortgage upon it is £7,000, perhaps £3,000 would free it. Almost every church in the Colony is in some measure in the same state. There must be a third church in Capetown, and if I cannot free S. George's altogether, I shall try the chancel of a Cathedral. There is some prospect, I hope, of my getting additional grants from the Colonial Legislature. I am going to ask for £600 a year for additional clergy, and endowment for an Archdeacon, and, tell Edward, an annual grant for myself. All this will be settled in May. Sir H. Smith has, at my request, fixed on the Feast of the Annunciation as a day of general thanksgiving for the restoration of peace, and I have drawn up forms of prayer, like our English ones, for the occasion, in a great hurry. I have ordered at the same time a collection in all churches for the commencement of a Mission Fund to the Kafirs. We have begun, too, daily prayers with Lent, and have a congregation of forty, which I consider very good. I shall hope to continue them. . . Pray let Charles know that it so falls out that I am going to promote both the Colonial Church Society men;—I trust this may propitiate a certain party here, and it will in many ways help the Church cause. I think I shall want at least two more good hard-working curates, and shall, I hope, be able to give them £200 a year each. Nothing can be kinder than the Smiths. They beg we will make Government House our hotel, and press us to dine, which, however, we hope to avoid all Lent. I have written all about myself and my work, but I know you would like to hear what is going on. Sophy suffers rather from the heat . . the children are well and happy, and delighted with the country."

To Dr. WILLIAMSON.

"Wynberg, March 20th, 1848. . . . All the men I have engaged are provided for, and I save something upon almost all of them, which enables me to write for a few more to fill up posts yet vacant. I want two Clergymen, one Curate to the Cathedral Church, at a salary of £200 a year.

He should be a hard-working Curate, taking an interest in schools. When you have found him, it will be necessary, as my commissary, to recommend him to Earl Grey as *Assistant Chaplain*, and receive £150 for passage and outfit. The other may be wanted for the Knysna, or to be a Missionary to the Mahomedans in Cape Town, a most important and interesting field. I can only offer them £50 each for passage. Then I want four good men who shall be prepared to act as masters and catechists until I ordain them. These will have £35 passage-money; income, £80 certain, perhaps £100, not improbable £180, but this quite uncertain. These catechists must be prepared to live for six months with me before going to their work, with only an allowance for washing and clothes. I have no doubt that I shall be able to employ this style of man to almost any amount. They must all apply themselves to Dutch diligently—some of them may be wanted to take charge of the convicts. . . . I have been thinking that Mr. Douglas, Curate to Mr. Walpole at Alverstoke, would do capitally for the Mahometans if he would come. . . . It is impossible for me to tell you what our prospects are, but I think I see that a great deal may be done. There is, however, an overwhelming arrear of confusion and disorder to dispose of. Nothing can be kinder than Sir H. Smith, and all the Church people are kind. The Dutch paper has commenced a fierce assault upon me for language which I never spoke at meetings in England. The two Faures, leading ministers and very respectable men, defend me. I do not see my way at all clearly through the education question; it will open out, however, before I can act. I have made some important changes. . . . Mr. — goes to Wynberg, an important parish utterly neglected and overrun by East India visitors, who, with long purses and pious purposes, are the pest of the place. I caught one of them praying extempore in the church here last Sunday. . . . The low element will be weakly represented in Cape Town; the result is, all parties are pleased—the low grateful. I have prescribed my own rules, and have got hold of . . . Church, which the Colonial Church Society thought would always be in their

hands. It is now being conveyed to me, and will be fit for consecration, for I have secured the whole pew-rents as a fund to liquidate the debt upon it of £1,700. I have proposed a plan, too, to the Vestry of S. George's, for liquidating a debt upon that Church of £7,000, which will, I hope, succeed. The church at Wynberg, too, is to be enlarged, and a new one built at Rondebosch, which will perhaps cost £5,000. My plan for raising funds is this:—First, get all the free subscriptions possible. Then appropriate (not give a property, but assign) sittings to certain houses for ever, at a certain fixed rate per sitting—£10, £12, or £14. The parties have a right to occupy them for ever, but no right to lock up, sell, or let. If they do not attend church, but become dissenters, churchwardens to re-appropriate. By this means I hope large sums may be realised, and no principle given up. But the churches are corporate, or Church property, as our parish churches in England. One work before me is to define parishes, and give vestries, and appoint churchwardens. Cape Town will be divided first into three parishes. Douglas is to have a parish, and build his own church and schools. . . . Our Lent congregations continue good. . . . The Roman Bishop here has recently consecrated, *by himself*, a Bishop for the Eastern Province. . . . I think of starting for the East about September 1st, and expect to be absent from four to six months, as I mean to go into every nook and corner of the Diocese, and shall be both at Natal and Kaffraria.”

To WILLIAM GRAY, Esq.

“ Cape Town, March 29th, 1848.

. . . “ We like the country and the climate very much, though the dust and heat have hitherto been very oppressive, and I like what I have seen of the people. I find, as might have been imagined, everything relating to religion, whether in the Church or out of it, in confusion and disorder; and principles are admitted and acted upon, and plans have been adopted, which I am persuaded might have been averted had a Bishop been here from the beginning. The whole question of educa-

tion (a very difficult and delicate one) is decided against the Church, and the country is covered with schools and Scotch masters at large salaries, though many more are wanted. I do not despair of making some alterations in the system, when I can speak with confidence on the subject, which will only be after I have visited and examined them all. My policy at present, however, is clearly to turn the existing system to as good account as possible, without committing myself to it, and this I am endeavouring to do. . . I do not see my way yet at all clearly as to the education of the higher orders in Cape Town, but something must be done. At present all that I am doing is training men for Holy Orders, under my own roof. . . . I am most fortunate in our Governor; he and Lady Smith are most kind and attentive, and he is a really good Christian man. We are already intimate, and he talks quite confidentially with me; he finds it impossible to make a friend of any public man, as all are so sensitive and jealous of attention being paid to one more than another. He and Montagu, the Colonial Secretary (a very able and influential man), will do all they can for the Church quietly. Sir Harry Smith is quite the idol of the Colony at present. In fifty-eight days he has settled Kaffraria; quieted, for the time at least, the Boers, and dismissed half the troops. His progress in the Colony has been one continued triumph. I believe his success is mainly owing, under God, to the character which he earned for justice, kindness, and determination, when in the Colony ten years ago. The Kafirs are all fascinated by him now, as they were then. It remains to be seen whether his personal influence will last long enough to induce them to keep sheep and cultivate their land; these two things would fix them. At present their only riches are cattle, and these do not prevent them from leading a wandering life. I mean to go, D.V., all over Kaffraria, and through Natal if possible."

Amid all the pressure of his own responsibilities and cares, the Bishop kept up a most vivid interest in all that was going on at home, especially in Church affairs. "We are anxious to

know," he writes, April 8th, 1848, "how the Hampden affair turns out, and are pained at the Bishop of Oxford's line. My prayer is that God will preserve His Church from heresy. Think of Lord John Russell writing upon Church and State!" And again: "I have not lost my interest in home affairs, and keep as sharp a look-out after Church matters, and am as deeply moved by them, as I used to be in England;" and, "I feel out of heart about the state of the Church in England. Much as I love the Bishop of Chester (Sumner), I am sorry to see him Archbishop; and one does not know whom to depend upon as a champion for the Church. But perhaps it is as well that there should be no arm of flesh upon which we might be tempted to lean."

A little later he writes: "I hope you will all rise in Bristol against the attempt of the House of Commons to settle the faith of the Church of England. It is in these points that I expect the dear good Archbishop to fail. Yet, on the whole, I cannot but be thankful that we have a holy man who loves God, and whose only desire is to do His Will, at the head of affairs."

A champion for the Church Bishop Gray certainly proved himself from the very first days of his arrival in Africa. How completely he was devoting himself to his Diocese, and how thoroughly he had grasped and mastered the details of its needs, will be seen in his first letter from the Cape to the Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

"Cape Town, April 11th, 1848.

"My dear Hawkins—As I have been nearly two months in this Colony, you will perhaps expect that I should give you some information respecting the actual condition and prospects of the Church. We have suffered grievously, as might have been supposed, from the long neglect which has been shown by the Mother Church towards her daughter in this distant land, and from the absence of a chief pastor who might regulate the affairs of the Church, and press its claims. But I shall confine my view at present to the great spiritual destitution which has been the result in several places which have been already brought

under my notice. I have now lying before me a memorial from the district called the Knysna, in which the following statements are made, signed by many of the chief parishioners. 'The population of the district lying between the Knysna and the Fitzhamma forest numbers 1,200 souls. The part most contiguous to the nearest place of worship at George Town is distant from it about 60 miles. The population of the country lying between the Knysna and the Zwart River, embracing the Goukamma, which would be chiefly benefited by the ministrations of a clergyman, is computed at 330 more. Then the parish would comprise a congregation of about 1,500 persons, many of whom are removed nearly 100 miles from a church. From the nature of the country, intersected by deep ravines and rivers, the woods are always difficult and often impracticable, requiring large teams of cattle, and in rains great delay taking place, waiting for the subsiding of the floods, many are deterred from going to church who have not the means of transport.' And in a letter to myself, signed, like the foregoing document, by several leading parishioners, the following passage occurs: 'We would particularly bring before your Lordship's attention the barriers which intervene between us and our present parish church. We have two difficult passes and nine rivers to cross; these rivers are all dangerous and impassable in rainy weather, and form so great an obstacle that the inhabitants seldom go to church, except on occasions of baptism or marriage.' The inhabitants here are building a schoolroom for themselves, and upwards of 200 of them have already subscribed near £300 towards a church. I trust that before long I shall be able to send a clergyman to that district, and that at no distant day there will be a church and schools.

I have received applications of a very similar nature from several other parts of the Colony, and have already fixed the future destination of every one of the fourteen Clergy or Catechists whom I engaged while in England, and have written to request that six more may be sent out. Had I the means of supporting them, I have no doubt that I could dispose of a great many more; efforts being made in fifteen places to erect churches, and a great desire

exists for increased church accommodation. Indeed at present there are few places in the Colony where Church schools exist. Several of those gentlemen who came out with me, or have since followed, have already gone to their respective spheres of labour, or are on the eve of going. The Rev. and Hon. H. Douglas will be fixed among the poorer population in Cape Town, and will endeavour to build a church for the sailors and our poorer brethren, who at the present time are much neglected, and are shut out from the means of grace. The church will be entirely free, with open sittings, and any contributions towards it will be thankfully received. Dr. Orpen with his wife and family has already taken his departure to one of the most distant and least inviting spots in the Colony. I was much affected by the cheerful and earnest resolution which he and his showed in entering on a work for which they will receive no earthly reward, for you are aware that he is to support himself, without any assistance from myself or any other quarter. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Steabler, and Mr. Wheeler, will almost immediately take their departure for their different fields of labour. It will be their business to itinerate incessantly amongst a very scattered population. Mr. Badnall is with me preparing candidates for the ministry, and taking charge of a district hitherto much neglected, where he has already begun to officiate in a schoolroom. There is ample field for a vast body of additional labourers, both amongst our own people and the coloured population. There are a very great number of Mahometans in and around Cape Town; their converts are made chiefly from among the liberated Africans, but occasionally also from the ranks of Christians. It is very painful to think that many of these, when they have to choose a religion for themselves, prefer Mahometanism to Christianity, although I should suppose worldly interests would induce them to decide in favour of Christianity. I do not, however, profess to understand the causes which have led and still do lead to their increase, but I shall hope hereafter to give you a fuller account of them, for I cannot but feel a deep interest in their condition, and am resolved, God helping, to make some effort for their conversion—

very little has hitherto been done for them. I need not say that I shall be thankful to receive any Clergyman into the Diocese who may be qualified for the work, and will devote himself to this special mission. . . . I have already had a general collection for missions throughout the Diocese on the day of thanksgiving for the restoration of peace, but it has not yet produced more than £100 ; still this is a beginning. The next point to which I would direct our Missionary efforts would be to the Kafirs. But this cannot be entered on immediately, nor indeed do I yet know what opening there would be for us amongst them.

“I am also most anxious to have a Clergyman for Cape Town and its immediate neighbourhood, who should devote the whole of his time to the coloured heathen population. There is, I think, a great field of usefulness before us among these. They show a desire to be baptized, and are very anxious to learn. Mr. Douglas has already a class of adults, chiefly from our schools, whom he is preparing for Baptism. I could say a great deal more were I not afraid of extending this letter to too great a length. Let me only in conclusion say that I trust the Church of England will feel that it owes a heavy debt to Southern Africa. There is no one of our Colonies that we have for so long a time and so entirely neglected, as the Cape of Good Hope. It is very sad to think how little has hitherto been done for it by ourselves, while other bodies of Christians have been labouring zealously in its behalf.

“It is not too much to ask, as I do most earnestly, that the means may be supplied to me which may enable me in some degree to remedy the neglect of past years. Everything has as yet to be done—churches and schools erected—Clergy, Catechists, and teachers brought out—a college founded—perhaps also a Cathedral—Missions planted ; and this by a Church enfeebled through the neglect of the Mother Church for half-a-century. People here are, I believe, willing to do what they can. Applications are coming in to me from various quarters, and along with them expressions of readiness to assist to the extent of their power. But still we must be dependent, to a

degree at least, for the first few years upon the liberality of friends at home. Every £60 a year I get will enable me to engage another Clergyman, and every £40 another Catechist. Fifty or one hundred pounds frequently decides the point whether a school or church can be built or not. I shall be very thankful to any friends who will collect funds for this destitute Diocese, and transmit them to the Cape Fund Committee. I shall be still more thankful to know that our feeble Church is remembered in their prayers.

“Ever, dear Hawkins, yours sincerely, R. CAPETOWN.”

A letter, written almost the same day, to his brother, Mr. E. Gray, who acted as his financier, shows how great a pressure money matters were to the Bishop.

“Henceforth I do not mean to give more than £50 for passage and outfit to Clergy, and £30 to Catechists. When they arrive here I shall still have to pay for an expensive journey, and give perhaps £50 for furniture, and £20 for horse and saddle, etc. I must try to make my money go as far as possible. . . . I find one great difficulty will be in erecting churches, schools, and what are scarcely less necessary, houses. Building is very expensive, and I should be glad, if possible, to aid these. I wish also, where I cannot get them given, to purchase glebes.

“I get on capitally with the Government, and will tell you how I stand; but I do not want it talked about. The Governor has recommended a certain sum for a Chaplain at Natal—he has promised to advocate one also for the Knysna. I have got a Government situation of £200 for Davidson, who will still have time to act as my Registrar and Diocesan Secretary and legal adviser, receiving £100 a year. I have sent in an application for a grant for additional Clergy, an endowment for an Archdeaconry, and a fixed addition to my income; having first discussed the matter with the Colonial Secretary and Governor. I fix the Archdeacon’s income at £400, but have left my own to them. These will be agreed upon, and put in the estimates. I hope and believe they will

be carried, but it will raise a storm, and we shall still need the sanction of the Home Government. . . . I have obtained £30 a year for each of the three men who are now going to their stations. I have also got a noble site in the Government Gardens (perhaps two sites) for a college or residences for the Clergy — another for boys and Infant School close to S. George's (Cathedral); and I have an application sent in to-day for a site of a new church, which will, I doubt not, be granted, and transferred to me before another week. I could fill up two Chaplaincies to Convicts, £150 each, if I had the men; but they must talk Dutch. It is in consequence of these grants and prospects that I am enabled to order out six more men, and I shall want more after these. But I must economise every shilling, or I shall be ruined; my personal expenses are very heavy, and I must give some large subscriptions. I am most anxious to receive a financial statement from my Finance Committee, that I may know how I stand, and how much farther I may go. But go on *I must*, so tell friend Hawkins he *must* help me. Before this reaches you, I hope you will have got transferred to my Cape Fund account all that you can get from the Four Bishops' Fund. This is our time wherein to work, and perhaps our last chance. There will be ere long (though I only know it from confidential intercourse, and therefore it ought not to be publicly mentioned) a representative government, and then our game will be up. It is a great comfort to me to get on so well with those in authority—they meet all my wishes, and I get great strength thereby, and many little advantages. If troublesome spirits write on Church matters, their letters are returned to them, and they are told to write to me. 'English Episcopal Church' will be exchanged for 'English Church,' or 'Church of England,' in all public documents. The conveyance of all Church property to the Bishop is made, when I like it, a condition of receiving assistance from Government. A Proclamation is to be issued directing all ecclesiastical matters henceforth to be conducted through the Bishop, and not directly through the Government, thereby pledging future governments to the same course. The marriage law is

to be altered, at my suggestion, and submitted to me, and a variety of other things which I cannot now name.

“What do you think of the Bishop of the English Church refusing to dine at the first Government dinner at Government House because it was Lent?”

To the Rev. N. J. MERRIMAN, Street, Glastonbury.

“Cape Town, Easter Monday, 1848.

“My dear Merriman—If I do not write to you soon, you will have left Street, yet I could have wished to have delayed another fortnight. I forget what I told you in my last, for my mind is confused with the great number of letters I have written. I must, however, make this one a business letter. First, then, as to our wants. I propose that your assistant at Graham’s Town should be the Master of a Grammar School which I hope to found there. He would receive £200 (I hope from Government), £100 from our fund, and there is a school which could be transferred to him already worth £200 a year, and capable of great improvement. But there is no house, and he would want a large one for boarders and school, and rents are high. . . . I hope soon to be able to write home for one or perhaps two men for a College in Cape Town. But I am surrounded with difficulties here. There would be an endowment of £300 a year, I hope, for a Principal. I know of a good man, —— a Fellow of ——, who would come, but at present I am doubtful whether I ought not to have a graduate with high honours from Oxford or Cambridge?

“Then I must have a good, sound, discreet, earnest man for the Mahometans in Cape Town—£200 a year. I would appoint such a one immediately, though I have not raised the funds for his support, but have no fear about it. Then I want two more clergy (and I should not object to more if really earnest men) at salaries of £150 a year, and another curate for the Cathedral Church at £200. I want also four earnest catechists whom I could in course of time ordain, but without pledging myself to them, at from £80 to £100 a year. These would be employed at first, or perhaps always, as schoolmasters

and ministers, combining the offices. . . . As to Missions, mine in Cape Town will, I believe, be the only Church of England Mission to the Mahometans. If the Mother Church helps me now, I can, I believe (if the Home Government does not interfere), strike a blow. But I verily believe it is our last chance. We are *now*, with my staff included, only 17 clergy to 200 ministers of all sorts. I could weep to see the havoc made, the ground lost, through past indifference and neglect. But I have great hope that we shall rise, though we shall be persecuted. I can *feel* that all regard the Church, weak as she is, with jealousy, and already they manifest their dissatisfaction at the evident stirring that is taking place within her. Indeed there is much to be thankful for. Our daily prayers during Lent (what they *will* be now I know not) have been encouraging. Our congregation has greatly increased, and seemingly is more devout. We had yesterday four services, 218 communicants, 66 more than ever communicated in the church before. And we have a great body of candidates for Confirmation, who are very promising. Yesterday we baptized, and I addressed (afternoon service), sixteen Africans, trained in our schools, or by Church people; our first fruits from the heathen. I felt deeply interested, for I believe them in the main to be quite in earnest. I hope ere long to obtain a grant for the Archdeacon of Graham's Town, which will enable me to increase your income. You cannot live properly upon £400. I think too I shall get a site for your house from Government, also for your church. But building is very expensive, and you will have to get almost all your funds from England, for the Methodists are paramount in Graham's Town, and the Church dead. You will have no church without you can raise £1,000 in England in addition to your £500. I believe there are only two clergy in the Eastern Province doing any real work. I shall probably have started on my Visitation before you arrive. But you must instantly upon arriving here send to the Colonial Office for Mr. Davidson, who will see about your luggage; then with all your tail come out to Protea,—we will house every one. I am going to hold a little Synod of the clergy in about a week,

and lay before them their irregularities and the remedies, and consult them about the Church's interests. . . . We have not yet had a line from England. . . . I am pining for news from home.—Ever, dear Merriman, your affectionate friend,

“R. CAPETOWN.”

To Mrs. WILLIAMSON.

“Cape Town, May 2nd, 1848. . . . Our most recent occurrence was our Easter Day service. We began with an early Communion, at 8 A.M., a first attempt, 33 communicants. Morning service crowded, 185 communicants, altogether 218, 60 more than ever communicated in the church before. At 3 o'clock we had a very full congregation, when after the 2nd Lesson we baptized 16 adult Heathen. The service was most impressive. Afterwards I addressed them for half-an-hour. . . . Both Douglas and I had been preparing them for ten days before—they seem much in earnest. We have about 120 Confirmation out of S. George's alone. I have conversed with most of these, having spent the Holy Week in Cape Town partly for the services, and partly for the above purposes. We are, I hope, still prospering, D. G., though difficulties of various kinds are thickening round us. I fear I shall have to act sharply with some of the clergy in the Eastern Province. . . . Only two men seem to be doing any good. One writes me 43 close folio sheets to explain why he has not (nor has had for years) a single adult at church, and begs me to belabour the backs of his parishioners ‘with my Episcopal rod.’ . . . I mourn over the weak, desolate, careless, worldly state of our poor Church. Yet we have much to comfort us, and if only the Mother Church will help us with men and money for the next five years, I believe with God's Blessing a great change may be effected by means of the English Church in this community. Certainly there appear to me many encouraging symptoms, but I must have fifty men at work. Tell Richard not to be surprised if men write to him at my request. I am keeping up a very large English correspondence, which is very laborious, but will, I hope, pay. But he need not be afraid of sending me

too many clergy, catechists, or schoolmasters. . . . Our place is that which we like best in all the neighbourhood—perfectly retired, and most beautiful.”

To the Rev. CHARLES GRAY.

“Cape Town, May 2nd, 1848.

“My dear Charles . . . I have a great many schemes in my head, and some will, I fear, fall to the ground, for it is impossible to take them one by one. It is really overwhelming to find what a number of things are being started. There is not a parish, scarce a district, in the Colony, from which pressing applications do not come for assistance. In Cape Town:—church to be built—£6,000—entirely for poor sailors—schools (for which I have got a grant of land), parsonage house; Greenpoint, purchase of a school; Papendorf, do.; Rondebosch, new church, £5,000, house; Wynberg, enlarge church, schools, parsonage; Simon’s Town, Infant school—all these just round Cape Town. And so I might go on through the Colony. It is waking, I hope, from a long slumber, but I fear our means will fall sadly short, especially as building is *twice the cost* it is in England, and very bad.

One great scheme I have is to buy up the South African College, which is a failure, and has £400 a year from Government. I mean to make a dash at it, though I scarce expect to succeed, and shall probably excite the jealousy of the Dutch and Scotch. My proposal, however, is really a most liberal one, and so palpably for the benefit of the Colony, that I may succeed. If I do carry my point, it will be a glorious move. I am waiting till the Chief Justice returns from circuit to propose it. He has taken a great interest in it, and has some influence; and if I can gain him over to my views, and the Dutch clergy, I trust I shall succeed. If I fail, then I shall instantly commence my own college; but I wish to get the South African, that there may be no opposition; and besides, they have buildings and a sum of £3,500 formally transferred to them. I get on very well with the Dutch Clergy, and hope in a few days to get their three leading men in these parts to dine and

spend the day with me. The Dutch are not active—have no energy in them—do not know how to give, or to start great works. I think we shall beat them. . . . It is unfortunate that I have been obliged to refuse the second public invitation of the Governor, which was to a ball on her Majesty's Birthday. They are very kind about these things, and say there can be no misunderstanding between us. But he, like Royalty, looks for no refusals. It is a great comfort to get on so well with them and the Colonial Secretary. Sir H. Smith does not understand Church or Education questions (and I have to watch him very narrowly, lest he commit himself, and hamper me). (I have given him Hook's Church Dictionary to study.) His great temptation is to compromise truth (not what he perhaps holds, but what the Church does) in the warmth of his heart, and desire to meet the wishes of all and agree with all. The other day he told me at luncheon that he was going to send for the Mahometan Imauns, and promise them schools. I could not say much, as there was a large party, but he frightened me. And thinking it might materially forward my schemes for the Mahometans, or impede them, I went before he could see them the next day, to talk matters over with him, when he told me that if they wished for schools, he would do nothing without me. They went in a body, and nothing is yet done. But there was a report through the city that they requested him to prevent me from beginning a mission among them—they did not care for the sects, but did not like the Church to take it in hand. The report, however, was incorrect. The whole question of education is puzzling me. I don't see my way clearly. I can't see quite the line I ought to take. Sir J. Herschell's system now costs the Colony £4,000 a year, and is sectarian to the backbone. The Church does not, I believe, get £300. In Cape Town we have £50 out of £1,600. . . . My plan now is to grumble incessantly, and get what I can for my own schemes. I mean to go into every school in my Visitation and collect facts. But with all that comes upon me daily, I unceasingly feel, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' I feel, too, that every act of mine is committing

the Church, perhaps for ever, to a certain definite course. I need, as I know I have, the prayers of you all, for I am full of doubts and difficulties; and were it not that I believe that God will overrule all for the advancement of His Kingdom and Glory, I should at times sink down.—Your affectionate brother,
“ R. CAPETOWN.”

The question of Mahometanism was painfully pressed upon Bishop Gray by what was actually going on at that time.

“I have been very much shocked of late,” he says in another letter, “at hearing that five emigrants, who have arrived from England since I have been in the Colony, have turned Mahometans; and this is not a single instance of such apostasy. I mean some of these days to get together a number of these cases, with their particular circumstances, and to send them home. I believe, however, the Mahometans are not now increasing; but the fact is surely very awful, both as showing the low standard of religion of our people in England, and the little estimation in which Christianity is held here. I cannot satisfy my mind as to the ground of these conversions. The reasons assigned for them do not seem to me to be true causes. People here do not appear to feel the awfulness of living in the midst of Satan’s kingdom. I cannot but think that men’s eyes are blinded, and their hearts hardened, by long indifference and neglect. Pray get Mowbray, through Mr. Cornish, to inquire at Oxford for a zealous Missionary for them. He ought to know something of Arabic.”

In a letter to Mrs. Mowbray, the Bishop gives rather a fuller account of their new home than the engrossing interests of his Diocese usually admitted of. “We are beginning to get quite settled in our new house,” he says (May 3rd, 1848), “which is the very place of all others I should have chosen if I had had the selection. We have most charming walks, and the weather is now cooler, which enables us to enjoy them when we have time. Our great drawback is the slovenly way in which the Dutch do everything; we shall, however, I hope,

soon get things into order. Yesterday Badnall, with his candidates, attempted to scale the mountains, and lost themselves in the woods, where they fell in with baboons, and I believe jackals. I hope I shall be able to try ere long to get to the Table Mountain.

"We are gradually getting a room fitted up for a private chapel. I shall make it look as ecclesiastical as possible; your handsome altar-books are in use, and benches and desks are being made. I am afraid I have not told any of you much of what meets the eye in this distant land, but there are so many graver matters to discuss that I have omitted them. Still there are some points which are singular enough. The coloured people *eat* snuff instead of snuffing it! Many of them wear straw-thatched hats, exactly like the top of a corn-stack. They drive twenty bullocks and many horses in hand, with a whip I should think thirty or forty feet long from end to end; the stick is a bamboo, and they smack it most lustily with both hands. They are all very lazy, and Europeans fall into their ways. We find geraniums and myrtles everywhere, even nearly half-way up to Table Mountain. We like what we have seen of the Dutch people; their aristocracy is in general very poor, and they scrub on in an uncomfortable way, and at little expense; indeed, all their property is generally mortgaged to its full value, and sometimes much above it."

To EDWARD GRAY, Esq.

"Cape Town, May 3rd, 1848. . . . I do hope you will send me quarterly an account of my finances, public and private. My expenses here are ruinous, and I am dunned for subscriptions to everything, as if I were Bishop of Durham! . . . I shall, I hope, before long get something from Government, without which I shall run dry. Now, I want to tell you (not the public, for it would not do if it were known here, but for churchmen, and Hawkins, and S. P. G.) that, to speak as men do, the fate of the Church of England in this Colony depends upon what can be done within the next two years. Before that period is elapsed, both Governor and Colonial Secretary

tell me confidentially there will be an Elective Assembly. Hitherto the Church has been put down at 10,000 souls, the whole population 200,000. I leave you to judge what must be our fate, so far as Government support is concerned, with such a constituency, unless before that time our proportions are greatly altered, and our moral weight in the country much greater than it now is; for at present, you will remember, we have done less for religion in and around this Colony than any other body of Christians, and therefore stand but low in the scale. But I believe a great change may be effected in two years, if I can be assisted from home to get all the help from Government that they are willing to give to meet private exertions. I shall have ten times the difficulty in getting grants from them at the end of two years to what I have now. I ought to have fifty zealous labourers in the field by January 1st, 1850, should I live till then. Now do not suppose I am extravagant in my views; it might, and I hope will be done. . . . Then, with a view to give strength and unity of action, courage and information to Churchmen, a newspaper must be started, for the whole press, from Cape Town to Port Natal (at least as to newspapers) is sectarian. But there is no one here except myself to take the matter in hand; and with a representative government and a hostile press we should fare badly. It is perhaps a happy thing that Government at this time feel greatly the need of a paper which shall support them, but they cannot have anything ostensibly to do with it. Montagu, however, with whom I act most cordially, will give it all the Government support, earliest information, advertisements, etc., and will, I daresay, write in it occasionally. He is making inquiries about one of the Cape Town papers, which he thinks may be purchased at a cheap rate. But we shall want an editor—a good Churchman. At first I think Montagu and Davidson, and one or two more, would carry it on; and at the end of a few months, when we see how it pays, I shall probably write to you about engaging an editor. . . . We all think it quite essential, and I fear I shall have to bear the chief brunt, though it is quite possible that it may pay. Young Montagu

and Davidson, too, are thinking of starting a monthly religious periodical, with my sanction but at their own cost.

“Were it not that there is so very much to be done, and done all at once, I should enjoy myself in this beautiful spot; but my brain is almost bursting at times with the multiplicity of things that are daily forcing themselves upon me, and the anxiety consequent upon them, and the smallness of my means, and my own unfitness for much of the work assigned me. However, I sought it not, and I trust as my day is so shall my strength be. I wish I could show you the noble hills which I look upon just before my window—the lawn, and oak trees, and rushing stream; and on my right, stretching out for twenty-five miles to Hottentot Hollands, where there is another magnificent range. I have written to you *currente calamo*, and, like all my epistles, without stopping to think or correct anything.”

After reading these letters, which show the amount of work anxiety, and pressing responsibility, which, as the Bishop says made his brain seem almost bursting at times, no one can be surprised that a severe illness followed. During the first week in May, shortly after writing the letters just quoted, the Bishop was suddenly seized while in bed with intense pain in the head, which the doctor called rheumatism, or *tic-douleureux* in the brain.¹ At the end of a week or ten days he was better, though still “full of discomfort and pain,” as he said in a letter dated Protea, May 20th, in which he tried to prevent his sister from anxiety on his behalf, writing with keen interest about the French Revolution, tidings of which had just reached him; and speaking of the Synod, to which he had invited all his Clergy in a few days’ time; as also about a person who had been sent out to him with promising recommendations, but had proved “a perfect blackguard.” Whereupon he dilates on the

¹ Mrs. Gray says, in a letter to England: “Every one agrees that Robert’s illness is very much owing to fatigue and over-work for the last year, which has disordered his constitution, and made him more likely to take any illness and more difficult to cure; but rheumatism of the same kind is very common here.” And Dr. Bickersteth’s letters are to the same effect, *i.e.* that over-work was the chief malady.

cruelty of sending such persons "to our poor, crippled, afflicted Church—violent abuse of Rome seems enough to make a man a saint with some people." Although still suffering pain, the Bishop considered himself decidedly better, and rode in to Cape Town to go to service and attend a meeting concerning a new church; but, when about three miles from the town, the pain came on acutely, and its very intensity threw him into a violent perspiration, while a cutting south-east wind pierced him through and through. By the time he reached Cape Town the Bishop could barely sit his horse or get into the vestry, and when Dr. Bickersteth (the medical man who attended him, a nephew of Mr. E. Bickersteth, well known in the religious world), was brought, he found his patient in a state of great exhaustion. After a time, however, the Bishop got back to his home, and seemed gradually recovering under the effects of quinine; but twice in succession the pain came on with such suddenness and violence as to cause him to faint. After this Dr. Bickersteth moved the Bishop to his own house in Cape Town, where he remained more than a fortnight before he was able to do anything or to move. Further advice was also eventually called in.

"The disease is not uncommon here," he wrote when recovering, "though seldom in so obstinate a form. Both my medical men attribute it in some degree, perhaps a great degree, to over-work and over-anxiety, and when I call to mind all I have gone through during the last year, I am not disposed to question [their view. But I know not for what purpose it has been sent, and I pray God, and trust you will do the same, that it be not lost upon me. I trust I may hereafter devote the life He has spared more entirely to the promotion of His Glory and Kingdom in the world, and that I may not forget my own soul while watching for those of others. Nothing can be more kind, gentle, and considerate than Dr. Bickersteth, who made us take up our quarters in his house. . . . I need not tell you that dearest Sophy has been everything to me during my long illness—my ever-watchful nurse by night and day. She has read incessantly to me, for, wear-

some as it was to me, it was necessary to keep me from thinking, which was very painful. Nothing now is wanting, with God's Blessing, but care and a little time. The disease has entirely left me, and I am walking and driving daily. But, amidst all this, the whole dissenting press is vehemently attacking the Government propositions of £400 for Bishop and £400 for Archdeacon. It is rousing, I hope, our Church people, and will, I trust, do good. I have not seen the papers,—I could not bear it; but though they are attacking vehemently the Bishopric, I am told they have not been able to lay hold of any word or act of mine or my companions which they can turn to their own purposes."

The moment he had shaken off the immediate effects of his very painful illness, Bishop Gray was at work again. In the same letter which gives the above particulars, he goes on to speak of the need of a Church newspaper, which he says he shall take immediate steps to start, although without editor or funds. "But these," he characteristically adds, "are difficulties which *must* be overcome." The negotiations for the South African College too were begun again, and he reports that Mr. Davidson had bought for him some £10 shares in that institution for 10s. each! "Nothing but religious intolerance, hatred and fear of the Church, will prevent my plan from succeeding; but I see so much of this, that I own I am not sanguine."

This letter was finished on "S. Peter's Day—the anniversary of my Consecration—a solemn day for me, and one spent in much weakness and pain. I was to have taken part in our Cathedral service on Sunday, returning home on Monday. But God ordained otherwise. On Sunday morning I had another not very violent relapse, and have since been confined to my bed or room; I trust I am slowly mending, but the finishing this letter is the only effort Sophy will let me make. You need not be alarmed. . . . God has richly comforted me on this day by a letter from Merriman informing me of Mr. White, a Fellow and Tutor of New College, a first-class man, offering to come out for five years at his own expense. I was just wanting such a man, and had just broached my scheme about the S. A. College to the Chief Justice on Saturday last, and was to have

gone and stayed a day or two with him to talk it fully over, and it was while ruminating over this in bed that my attack came on." The letter concludes with the touching assurance: "Though naturally in my hours of weakness my thoughts turn with much affection to all we have left at home, yet I do not regret my coming if God will only accept my poor services. Yet I have sometimes thought that my severe pains have been but a too just chastisement for my presumption in undertaking an office for which I was so unfit. But then again I think, surely it was forced upon me? But I must conclude, or Sophy will chide me. . . . Be assured, dearest Annie, we are often with you all in spirit, and our prayers rise up every night and day for each of you all, that you may be blessed in body and soul, and labours of love. And I see the fruits of prayers offered up in our behalf, in much that has already occurred to encourage us."

By the middle of July the Bishop was able to report himself as improving daily; and having but little unpleasant sensation left about his head, while he was in active labour about his proposed college and other diocesan works. He was just about to open a school for the heathen, with night-class, etc., and intended in a week's time to hold the Confirmations which had been inevitably postponed by his illness, as also an Ordination. "You will hardly believe," he says, "that I am sitting writing over an English fire in the middle of July; but so it is. We are in the middle of our winter, and the damp strikes a great chill. We are also more susceptible of cold in this climate than in a cooler one."

The Bishop was also preparing for his first Visitation, for which he would "require eight horses, costing at the least £20 each, and one or two to ride—harness, £15; waggon, £100—so that my equipment will cost £300, and my travelling expenses about £200 more."

To EDWARD GRAY, Esq.

"Protea, July 28th, 1848.

"My dear Edward . . . I am now, thank God, well, or nearly so; but somewhat nervous, in fact as bad as any young

lady! But I am getting fat, and am immersed in work. Just now I am in the thick of Confirmations, Ordinations, and meetings, which I was obliged to postpone; and the College, Cathedral, new Church, Church Ordinance, and new Marriage Law, are all pressing on my attention. I expect to fail in negotiations with the College, and shall not be sorry. Perhaps also I shall fail in freeing the Cathedral from the incubus of shareholders. We had a meeting last week for a new church, and in this I hope we shall succeed; but we ought to have £5,000, building is so *very* expensive here. Difficulties are thickening round us, and yet will; the simple fact of a Bishop's arrival seems to have roused the jealousy and bigotry of sectarianism. Thank God they have not yet been able to bring *personal* charges against any of us. One thing that is worrying me just now, is the establishment of a newspaper. . . . I hope, D.V., to start on my Visitation the 28th August, and to return by the 2nd December. . . . I go by the coast,—Caledon, Swellendam, George, Knysna, Uitenhage, Port Elizabeth, Graham's Town, Bathurst, and then strike up into the interior and Kafirland, and come home by the Karroo.

“This mail will bring you news of the outbreak of the Boers; Sir Harry starts to-morrow. I had a talk with him and Montagu yesterday about them. Prætorius, who is at their head, is a very clever fellow. Sir Harry has offered £1,000 for his head, and £500 for a Mr. Jacob. If he catches either of these he will hang them. They will perhaps have 1,200 well-mounted men. Sir Harry will have 1,000 of all arms soon at Colesberg where he will meet them, and proceed to meet the Boers, who will probably retreat into the interior out of his reach. At present Prætorius is besieging Major Warden with about 70 men at Bloemfontein. It is doubtful whether he can hold out against 500 till succour reach him. . . . I am daily looking out for Mr. Newman, who ought to have been here long ago, and for Mr. Green and Campbell. Poor Dr. Orpen is not more than 150 miles from Prætorius; in his last letter he asked leave to go to Bloemfontein to baptize and hold a religious service. I shall probably take Mr. Green on my Visitation. I have not

been able, in consequence of my illness, to pick up much Dutch, which I shall feel the want of.—Your affectionate brother,

“R. CAPETOWN.”

To Mrs. WILLIAMSON.

“Protea, August 9th, 1848.

“My dearest Annie . . . I really have had very little time of late for writing to England—every hour of my time has been employed since my recovery. I am writing every night from dinner time till 11 o’clock. Thank God I am now nearly well—the low spirits which oppressed me greatly when beginning to recover have almost entirely left me; but I am still nervous like a young lady, though I trust, too, I am shaking off this. For the last fortnight I have had nearly every day a Confirmation, Ordination, or meeting of some kind. Our Confirmations have, I believe, done good:—they have made an impression on our own people, parents as well as candidates, and upon my friends, the Dutch ministers, several of whom attended, and were, I think, struck with the superiority of our services over their own. I confirmed the candidates separately, saying the prayer for each candidate, and blessing only one at a time. I am persuaded the more usual method still prevalent in England is one piece of slovenliness of the last century which we have still to get rid of. Our Ordination included one Priest and one Deacon, and took place during morning service. I preached after morning prayers. We had a full Church, and people seemed impressed. The Communicants were numerous. . . . The Confirmation in Cape Town next day excited a commotion in the city,—the street near the Cathedral was quite thronged, and we had every corner of the church crammed. Our Communicants last Sunday—198. Altogether I confirmed in various places 350 children. I need not give you an account of our various meetings,—they have related chiefly to churches. . . . Last week we had a Synod of the Clergy of the Western Province here. There were nine assembled besides myself, and I brought under their notice several important matters. Upon some I sought their counsel, as the forma-

tion of a Church Society;—a General Church Ordinance, giving a legal status to all our Churches—placing them and our parishes as nearly as possible upon the footing of our dear Mother Church;—prayer for Governor and Council, education for rich and poor. Upon other points of discipline in which they have been very lax, I issued certain *injunctions*—relating to Marriage, Baptism, Holy Communion, etc. etc. Upon others I offered suggestions—as Catechising, etc. But as either the journal of our proceedings will be printed, or I shall print a Pastoral Letter on these points, I will send you a fuller account. Our meeting passed off very happily—we were very unanimous, and a brotherly spirit prevailed. We began our council with prayers in our little Chapel, which is fitted up very ecclesiastically, with proper poppy-headed benches, Communion Table, desks, and Lizzy's books. To-day I have been at a Christian Knowledge Meeting, which was well attended by the laity. I had, too, one of the Paris Missionary Society Missionaries brought to me to state the lamentable condition they are reduced to by the Revolution in Paris. Their Society cannot any longer support them; £3,000 a year is suddenly withdrawn, and they are told they must shift for themselves. They are for the most part in Moshesh's territory, who has probably ere this been attacked by the Boers under Prætorius. I mean to subscribe liberally to their present support, stating expressly that I do not support their *Mission*, but only *Christian men* who have left home and friends for Christ's Sake to preach His Blessed Gospel. It would, I think, be a great sin, and show a lack of Christian spirit, not to help them in their distress. The Governor says their Missions are some of the best he has seen. It is intended that the Dutch who have no Missions of their own should ultimately support them, they being willing to conform to the Dutch Church. But it will be long, very long, before the Dutch raise £3,000 a year, or £300 either!

“I expect to start on my Visitation to-morrow fortnight. I have engaged two men, and believe I must have a third. My horses are not yet bought, but the country is being scoured for

them. My wagon, a thorough English one, has got its canvas top on, and will be ready in a few days, and then I shall plunge into the interior, and at the same time into a sea of troubles. . . . Our weather is getting milder, but we have had much cold and rain. . . . All the family must consider my letters to you as addressed to them: I write as often as I can, but the Diocese occupies very much of my time. I never read now. I hope next year I may have more leisure, but it is singular how much I have to write and do, even so as sometimes to be obliged to act without sufficient thought. God bless you, dearest.—Your affectionate brother, R. CAPETOWN.”

Before starting on his Visitation, the Bishop wrote to Mr. Hawkins, giving a full account of what he had been doing, most of which has been already mentioned in other letters—pressing earnestly, as usual, for more help both in men and money, the latter especially for the church to which Mr. Douglas was about to devote himself, in the worst and most neglected part of the city, where he was to have charge of the emigrants as they arrived, and of the jail. This church was also intended to be that of the English sailors, who did not meet with the public offices of their Church anywhere else between India and the Mother Country, while seldom fewer than from twenty to thirty English ships were to be found in the harbour. The Bishop goes on to speak of Dr. Orpen, whose self-devotion excited his warm sympathy and respect, and who was painfully impressed with the religious destitution all around him, and of others in their respective works; as also of the Synod of his Clergy lately held, repeating that it was “most harmonious—a brotherly feeling prevailed throughout. God grant that we may witness many similar meetings.” The Bishop also dwells on the religious neglect of the troops. “The condition in which our troops are left is most painful and disgraceful. We have at this time one regiment and 300 soldiers belonging to another at Natal, without a chaplain. We have 900 men now collecting at Colesberg to subdue the Boers, and no chaplain to go with them. The great body of

our troops on the Eastern frontier have not for years seen the face of a Clergyman."

There was little time for letter-writing amid all the press of work and preparation, but the Bishop found time for a few affectionate lines to his niece, Mrs. Mowbray, in which he says "I could draw you a pathetic picture of my coming hardships, in the way of impassable rivers, overturning of wagons, sleepless nights while outspanning in the rain, parching deserts, etc. ; or I could turn it all into ridicule by describing the care with which I am going to pack sundry bottles of ale and brandy, and to provide myself with hams, smoked beef, gridirons, frying pans, and all apparatus for the *cuisine* department ; but I forbear." In a longer, more detailed letter to his brother Charles, he says :—

"Protea, August 21st, 1848. . . . I start the day after to-morrow, and expect to return early in December. There is much, very much, to be done in various places. God grant that my journey may tend to the promotion of His Glory, and the extension of His Kingdom on earth. I travel in my coach and eight-in-hand, and my turn out has cost about £300. It is a large sum, but there is no help for it. I could give you a pathetic account of my prospects which would do for your next Missionary Meeting, or a very different picture of luxuries and petty comforts which would do for a speech in the House of Commons, but you shall have the reality from my Journal in course of time. As you live in the neighbourhood of Lady Olivia Sparrow & Co., pray remember to inform her that I had a very friendly conversation yesterday in a call upon Dr. Philips, the Independent *Bishop* ; another with Dr. Adamson, the head of a new sect called the *Apostolical Union* ; another with Mr. Faure of the Dutch Communion. These three all in one day will show my catholic spirit, I hope. The subjects of our discussion were missions and a college. Dr. Philips, who is an autocrat under the London Missionary Society, did not speak very cheerfully of their missions. They are not likely, I think, to renew them in Kafirland, and he rather encouraged me to take up the Kafirs. I find that in

this Colony Missionaries are in little better odour than Bishops. Many of them are mere traffickers, and books and reports are not to be believed. Moravians, Independents, and Wesleyans, all grow rich by dealing in tea and coffee, guns and gunpowder, horses and hides, blankets and ivory. But I shall know more of these things hereafter. . . . I have read through Simeon's Life. It is rather too long, and there are too many letters. I have a considerable reverence for his character as a man of God, and believe him to have been a great instrument in His Hand for the revival of religion. I have been much struck with the sobriety of his views, and generally the good sense with which he acted. There are, of course, points one cannot agree in— as buying up livings and putting them in trust, etc. He was, however, most clearly a holy man, a man far superior in personal piety to most in these days who stand out in public. May we all become more and more like him in this respect. . . . I have just licensed a Wesleyan¹ local preacher as a Catechist in Cape Town. I am sure, after all the evidences I have given you of Evangelical catholicity, Lady Olivia will consider me hopeful. . . . All our party are quite well. I am tolerably so: I should say *quite*, were it not for occasional pains in the head, and loss of sleep now and then from nervous excitability."

We must now turn to Bishop Gray's Journal, to see what his first Visitation really was. The following are extracts from it:—

"*August 24th, 1848.*—May God grant that this Visitation may tend to the promotion of His Glory, and to the extension of the Kingdom of His Dear Son in this desolate and long-neglected portion of the vineyard. . . . Slept the first night at Mr. Cloete's, Sandileet, where I was entertained very hospitably. He is anxious to build a church near his house.

*August 25th, Started at 6 A.M.*² I do not find wagon

¹ This individual, Mr. Richardson, is mentioned in the Bishop's last letter to Mr. Hawkins, as "*formerly a Wesleyan*;" he was not, as this other notice might seem to imply, a Wesleyan when licensed by the Bishop as a Catechist.

² Mrs. Gray says of the start, "Our great annoyance was, that after we had extorted Robert's consent to take Mr. Green with him (as he thought it too fatigu-

travelling so unpleasant as I expected. It is rather rough work, but I have managed to read. . . . I hope to form the villages of Erste River, Stellenbosch, and Worcester into a parish. . . . Slept at Bot River—our whole journey lay amongst the mountains. We passed very few houses in which I did not find English labourers.

"*August 26th*, Started at 6 A.M. Our route still lay through the mountains, which, as we reached Caledon, dwindled down to hills; the country is very bare, here and there only there are a few cultivated patches; the general features are like our English moors—there is scarce a tree to be seen. . . . Breakfast with Captain Mackay, the Resident Magistrate; afterwards walked round the village to look for a site for the proposed church. There are many English in this neighbourhood, and it is an important post for a church and clergyman. Drove on to Captain Ranier's (four hours), where I am to have head-quarters for a day or two while visiting the district.

"*Sunday, Tenth after Trinity, August 27th*, Service in Captain Ranier's dining-room and hall—seventy persons present. I baptized two children after the Second Lesson; there were fifteen communicants. Again, full service in the evening,—many coloured people present. Captain Ranier reads prayers and a sermon every Sunday morning and evening: the nearest church and clergyman are Cape Town—three days' journey from this place. *29th*, Meeting at Caledon, more than fifty persons present; nearly £120 was raised in the room for a church; . . . some offered timber, reeds, etc.; others, to draw materials. . . . Several after the meeting spoke with much feeling of their wretched state in the entire absence of all means of grace. . . . One man brought two of his daughters
ing for me, and Mr. Badnall could not be spared from his duties here), Mr. Green did not arrive, and he had to go alone, though I believe he was nervous and wished for a companion. However, the very next day Mr. Green did arrive, and was sent after him. All these young clergy were greatly scandalised at the idea of the Bishop's going alone, as they said it was both too undignified and not Apostolic, but absolutely unprecedented in all history. Is this true, Dr. Williamson? I don't wish it to be, because if it is, he will always have to take a chaplain, and that will exclude me, because though it may be quite possible for two to sleep in a wagon, it clearly is not for three!"

twenty-five miles, and asked me to confirm them. . . . After some conversation with and examination of them, I confirmed them. I also baptized two children of English emigrants. . . . Received a note to say that Mr. Green had arrived by the 'Oriental,' and would follow me to act as chaplain.

"*August 30th*, Rode about eighteen miles to the Moravian Institution at Genadendale; the brethren and sisters received me very kindly. We arrived about twelve o'clock, and as it was their dinner hour, we sat down with them. They invited me to say grace, and sit at the head of the table, but I requested them not to regard my presence; they therefore sang their grace as usual, very beautifully. They gave me the chickens, and Captain Ranier the ham to carve, I believe as a mark of respect. After dinner we went over the establishment—church, schools, workshops, etc. There are nearly 3,000 souls altogether in the place, and more than 600 children in the schools, eight brethren with their wives and children. There are nine young men from different tribes being educated as teachers, and with these I was pleased, though the amount of their information did not seem great. . . . Would to God the Church in this Colony could point to a work of equal importance with this, as the result of her own labours in the cause of Christ among the heathen.

"*31st*, Rode off in the morning to the mountains to fix upon a site for the Zonder-Ende Church.

"*September 1st*, Breakfasted at Mr. Vine's: he has a large family and several English labourers, all living without the public means of grace. . . . Outspanned at another English farmer's, Mr. Twentyman, who has also several English families and no Church or Clergyman within 100 miles. In one of the cottages we found a poor English child about twelve years of age, apparently dying. . . . she knew not what prayer was. . . . we all knelt down and prayed for her, poor child! We were detained here some time waiting for some children whom their parents anxiously desired us to baptize. . . . Met a very kind note from Dr. Robertson, the zealous Dutch minister of Swellendam, inviting me to take up my quarters at his house

during my stay there. . . . The only opportunity our people here have of attending public worship is an afternoon service, established by Dr. R., especially for the English—they have no Church of their own within 150 miles;—God grant that my visit there may lead to a change in these things! Several of our people have joined the Dutch Communion, but some are anxious to remain in the bosom of their Mother Church, and have declined to forsake her, even though she seems to have forsaken them. . . .

“*11th Sunday after Trinity, September 3rd.*—Confirmed several people, thirteen Communicants—preached.

“*September 5th, Riversdale, Villiers.* . . . I was unwilling to quit the village without some religious service, so sent after dinner to ask for the use of the magistrate’s house, and we let the English people know that there would be evening prayer and sermon at 7.30.

“*6th, Slept at Gronge’s Stink River.* At the Goaritz River we all had to keep the wagon from rolling over by pulling it straight with a rope. We are very fortunate in the beautiful weather; one day’s rain would probably have kept us several days on the banks of this river.

“*7th, Sleepless and excited night.* . . . Mossel Bay. Along the banks of the Knysna, through heavy rain, to Portlands”—when the Bishop was “dressed out in a long mackintosh, and exchanged my hat for an oilskin jockey cap, which had no very episcopal appearance!”—then to Plettenberg Bay, Melville, through the forests to Avonteuur, and over abominable roads to Rademeyer, and so on to Port Elizabeth.

So the Journal continues, a series of journeys more or less fatiguing, usually starting about 5 A.M., every halt being filled up with services; baptizing, confirming, preaching, visiting schools and institutions, fixing sites of churches, and presiding at public meetings with a view to building them. A letter to Dr. Williamson supplies some of what is omitted in the Journal:—

“Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, Sept. 29th, 1848.

. . . “I have now been travelling for upwards of five weeks in my desolate Diocese. . . . I have had much, very much,

to cheer me since I left home. But, singularly enough, the most spiritually destitute have given me most satisfaction. Most unfortunately where our few Clergy have been located, my ears have been pained with complaints and grievances, and I fear not without sufficient cause. The Clergy generally in this Diocese do not understand parochial work, they are not men who are instant in season, out of season; not earnest, devout, laborious ministers of God—but this is for your private ear. At the same time they have very difficult duties to fulfil. The people are too often coarse and offensive, and the Clergy have no opportunities of seeing each other, and stirring up one another to their duties, and sink in consequence into dull, apathetic officials. This, however, is not true of all; there are one or two in this Eastern District of whom all speak with great respect and affection. These things, however, oppress me not a little, but I am not, I trust, cast down; for I have had so many signs of God's Good Spirit being with us, that it would be sinful to despond. I have now travelled 900 miles, either in wagon, on foot, or horseback, and this is the first place where I have found an English Church since I left Capetown. . . . Since I began I have got a batch of letters by 'Agincourt,' which has brought out Mr. Newman. You are right to act for me as you think fit in money or other matters; but I expect to be ruined, and am already well-nigh distracted with the burden laid upon me, and the variety of occupations. It is only by very early rising that I can snatch a few moments for letter-writing, for my days are wholly occupied either in travelling, or receiving people, or services, or meetings; and I am just now knocked up with the work. Merriman seems to be bringing out nine men with him. I fear I shall still want several discreet, earnest young Clergymen. . . . To day I confirm¹—there are about 50 candidates,

¹ "Fifty-two candidates presented themselves—there were fifty-three, but one at the last moment was unable to utter the solemn words, 'I do.' I was glad to find that conscience withheld him, and trust it may please God to bring him to confess Christ before men at some future day. Our confirmation here, as everywhere, is, I trust, likely to prove a blessing. . . . I believe all felt the reality and solemnity of the sacred ceremony, so that we have no cause to regret the attack made upon us."—*Journal, September 30th, 1848.*

and there ought to be 150. The dissenters have been leaving bitter tracts against Confirmation in every house, but it has, I think, done us no harm, and them no good. The population here is rapidly increasing, and the Church I fear losing ground. . . . You will hear that Sir H. Smith has settled this wretched outbreak of the Boers. I had hoped to meet him in Kaffraria, but I fear he will have left before I reach Graham's Town. . . . Merriman will have a great deal to do in raising the character of the Church, it is very very low at present. The Missionary Institutions throughout the Colony are held—I had almost said in abomination by the whole body of Colonists: 'nests of idleness' is the usual term applied to them, and even right-minded and religious men cannot altogether uphold them. I think it is quite clear that as the Parochial Clergy increase, these institutions ought to be and will be broken up. They keep the coloured and white population too widely apart, and the capital and the land of the country are deprived of the labour essential to the prosperity of the Colony. I should, however, be sorry to see them broken up for a few years. The Moravians are in most favour, and I think justly."

Leaving Port Elizabeth, the Bishop wrote: "It is a very rising place, and I am in better heart about it than when I entered it; but the quarrels there, as elsewhere, are most distressing. Peacemaking, though a blessing be pronounced upon it, is a very exhausting work; and it is very mortifying to have to spend so much time at it wherever we have Clergy. That has been my chief occupation at the only places where I have found them. . . . I do not look forward with much comfort to political changes here; we are in a fearful minority, and the Dutch are very ignorant, prejudiced, and indolent, and dislike the English. The two races, in fact, do not associate. The English look upon them with contempt, and they feel their inferiority, and are jealous of those who are their superiors. The Dutch farmer occupies his own land, generally about 6,000 acres; he does not till any great portion of the soil, his chief riches are

oxen and sheep ;—they are of course but thinly scattered over the country, and have great distances to go to Church. The chief occasion on which they do go occurs once a quarter at the *Nacht Maal* (Lord's Supper). Their children are in very many instances growing up in entire ignorance—generally, however, they get a drunken soldier or some loose character to act as teacher, and he stays three months or more in one house, and then passes on to another. The people are universally hospitable, though I pay them fully. The Judge, who has hitherto followed me, has amused me much with their sayings about the Bishop. They had very correct notions at least as to the Episcopal person—portly, dignified, stately, and *wigged*; and were not a little surprised that I was like other men! . . . I wish you would send me Pusey's last volume of Sermons. I have entirely restored my health, but do not like to boast."

The Visitation next took the Bishop to the Sunday River, where at dawn of day, about 5 A.M., he took his first swim in African water. This was on the 3rd October, his birthday. "I have now completed my 39th year," he writes. "May I not forget how rapidly time is passing, and eternity approaching. May I live daily as one who is shortly to give up his account to God. I daily feel more keenly my own insufficiency for the great charge entrusted to me. God give me wisdom, faithfulness, zeal, meekness, humility, patience, firmness, that I may be able to exercise my high office aright. I often think that when the rough work shall be over, and there may be a call for one possessing higher qualifications than myself, I shall be laid aside, and another better qualified to exercise the higher and more important functions of the Episcopate be raised up. I pray God to dispose of me in any way, whether by life or by death, that may best serve for the promotion of His Glory, the extension of the Kingdom of my Ever Blessed Redeemer, and the salvation of the souls for whom He died. I wish not to live a day longer than I can serve Him."

In a letter written at the same time the Bishop says: "I have now travelled through my unwieldy Diocese near 1,000

miles, and I have yet 2,000 before me on this Visitation. Since I left Cape Town I have met with *one* English Church! but I travelled 900 miles before I came to it. You will feel with me how sad an evidence this is of past unfaithfulness and neglect. But, blessed be God! I have been enabled to arrange for eleven churches along the line I have passed over, and I can truly say that my heart has been full of thankfulness and rejoicing as I have passed over this spiritual waste, for I have seen and heard enough to convince me that God has not cast off His lukewarm Church, but has yet in store for us a great work to do in Southern Africa, if only we have heart to enter upon it. . . . The most painful part of my duties is to adjust differences and reconcile parties. You must pray that God will raise us up true and faithful pastors. Indeed this He has most wonderfully and mercifully done already to an extent I could not have dared to hope. . . . I enjoy travelling very much. It is a quiet season, and one of rest, reading, and thought. . . . Roads we have none, but we drive over hill and dale, mountain, and valley, and river, and constantly breakfast by some running stream. Hitherto I have always found a bed at a Dutch farmhouse."

It was all very well to say that travelling was a quiet season, and one of rest; but certainly it was not always so. A day or two after writing this letter, the Bishop, having reached Graham's Town, heard that Sir Harry Smith was to meet the Kafir chiefs the following Saturday (this was Thursday), and he determined, if possible, to be there too. The distance was 90 miles, but he remembered that on some occasion Sir H. Smith had ridden 100 miles daily for a week, and felt capable of doing as much to promote the welfare of his Diocese as the Governor of his secular charge. People told him he could not do it, but he and Mr. Heaviside went to the Brigade Major, who undertook to provide them with horses, and order relays for them. Accordingly, at 4 A.M. on Friday, October 6th, the Bishop appeared in a not altogether Episcopal garb of leathers, jackboots, and white hat, and, accompanied by Mr. Heaviside,

rode off, their first stage being Trumpeter's Drift, where they got some tea and bread and butter, while procuring fresh horses, with which they had to swim the Great Fish River, reaching Fort Peddie about 1 o'clock. After passing the hills they came upon a good road, and made the rest of their way at full gallop, which the Bishop found very exhilarating, in spite of heat. They reached King William's Town by 7 P.M., and found it illuminated with bonfires in honour of the Governor, to whom the Bishop went as soon as he had changed his clothes, not at all tired with his day's work.¹

The meeting of the Kafir chieftains was fixed for 12 o'clock the following day, but from early in the morning they came pouring in with their trains of followers, some mounted, some on foot, from every side. Dressed as they were in dirty blankets, brass armllets, huge strings of beads or bone round their necks, and long wands in their hands, they were an altogether new and most picturesque sight. The whole place was in a state of the greatest bustle and excitement. The Bishop breakfasted with the Governor, and met the Chief Umhala, to whom Sir Harry Smith delivered a lecture on the Hierarchy, which, however, seemed to depend for its main argument on the illustration of two sticks, a short and a long one, the latter representing the immensely superior height of a Bishop to all other religious officers! At noon they went in procession to the appointed place of meeting—the Bishop walking on the Governor's right hand, and Colonel Mackinnon, the Chief Commissioner, on his left. The band played "God Save the Queen," and the chieftains hurraed as they sat in a semicircle, outside which their followers were ranged in another and large row. About thirty chiefs and three chieftainesses were present—the former dressed in all manner of odd ways, from a gorgeously embroidered military surtout downwards through velvet plaid

¹ Mrs. Gray, writing of this expedition, adds: "As Sir Harry says, he gallops, preaches, confirms, talks, speechifies, all in a breath, and all equally well!" Mrs. Gray, while at home, bore her part in working for the Diocese. Before the end of 1848 she had drawn eleven plans of churches, with their working designs. The Bishop might well say, "Sophy is architect to the Diocese!"

shooting jackets, to a blanket, the only garb affected by any of their suites. The Governor made them a long speech on political matters, alternately petting and scolding them; and after the chiefs had made such answers as they wished, he went on to tell them that the Great Father of the Christians, the Lord Bishop, the Chief Minister of the Church and the Queen's religion, the *Takosi Tukululu* of the Christians, whose business it was to teach everybody in the land the way to heaven, had ridden ninety miles the day before, in order to come and see them, and try to do them good. Then the Bishop said the same sort of thing, and Umhala and a chieftainess both replied that so great a man of God never having before come among them, they did not know what to say, but they wished to be taught about God, and to have schools. The chiefs followed the Englishmen back to the Governor's lodgings, and talked, improving the occasion at the same time from a practical point of view, by begging for blankets, tiger skins, and spirits.

The next day being Sunday, the Bishop had an early celebration, preached both at matins and evensong, and started a Sunday School; and in the evening he had a long talk with Kreli, Umhala, and one or two other chiefs; but, inasmuch as it had to be carried on through the medium of three languages, it was not eminently satisfactory. Still the Bishop was thankful that he had made the exertion, and that the Kafirs had heard more about Christianity than they would have done had he not been there. On Monday, October 9th, the Bishop and Mr. Heaviside started again at 5 A.M., galloped forty miles before 9.30, when they reached Fort Peddie, where he arranged the sites of church, school, and parsonage; held a service in the barrack-room, the big drum being his pulpit, and his robes worn over leathers and jackboots. This was attended by all the white people in the place, and while he was forming a Committee for the proposed Church, Mr. Heaviside baptized several children. The Bishop wrote home that he looked upon this place as the pivot of all missionary operations in Kafirland. The Governor was very anxious for a fine church, which, he said, with good music, would have a great effect on the Kafirs. At 1 o'clock