

sign some such declaration. First, it saves Church people from being swamped in vestry by Dutch, dissenters, or even heathen; secondly, it serves as a register of our people, which is greatly needed on many accounts; thirdly, it is of much importance towards the future carrying out of Church discipline. I have Bishop Skinner's case before my eyes. I mean to make all candidates for confirmation sign it. They rushed to do so at S. Helena. The Dutch make communion the test of Churchmanship, and make their confirmed sign a document similar to the above. . . . This is but a rambling letter, but you seemed to wish for our Church gossip. You will see that we have our anxieties. Greatly do I need your prayers. I never move a step without trembling, and many prayers. Willingly would I, if it were God's Will, fall back again to the office of a parish priest. But as this may not be, I am content. My dear self-denying friend, the Archdeacon, is pursuing (I believe on foot, but I cannot quite make out) a Visitation of what cannot be less, I think, than 500 or 600 miles. I have just heard of his reaching Graaff Reinet after a walk of forty miles. He dare not tell me this himself, for he knows I should remonstrate, which I hope to do by the next post."

There were gleams of bright sunshine amid the clouds, from which Bishop Gray never failed to gather all the cheerfulness possible for himself and others. One of these came in September 1849, and is alluded to as follows:—

"I was beginning to think my Government correspondence (which is *very* tedious) would slacken, when out comes a flaming despatch from Lord Grey, recommending the Government to give me grants of glebe all over the Colony, which had been refused for want of authority. This has resulted from the ecclesiastical correspondence which was sent home, in which I showed from Montagu's statistics how little land we have got compared with others. This opens out new prospects and new work.¹ I am now going to institute quietly an inquiry all over

¹ Mentioning this welcome news in another letter, the Bishop adds: "I trust to turn this to good account;—Sophy says I always have my mouth wide open!"

the Colony for glebe lands, and send in applications. I shall get much assistance from dear good Mr. Montagu (who has just started with Douglas on a gallop round the Colony). He takes day by day a deeper interest in our work, which is a special consolation in many ways. Do not be surprised if you hear of our getting a large grant of land for the foundation of a mission village. We have a plan in hand, but it will take some time to mature it. . . . What, however, between the twenty sects who surround us, and the strange elements in our own communion, you may be assured that I feel my own position a delicate one. I never move a step without fear and trembling, and much prayer. . . . The Archdeacon has been making a tour on foot not less than from 700 to 800 miles. . . . He walked one day forty miles after spending the night on the bare ground in the Bush. The Boers seem sometimes to have been rude to him and inhospitable, which is not natural with them. But they think little of any one who travels on foot."

Another characteristic trait comes out in a letter to Mr. E. Gray, of September 25th, 1849, when the much-dreaded convict ship had actually arrived. "The Governor has at length shown some little firmness," he says, "and told the people he will not be starved, nor will the troops with arms in their hands. The Anti-Convict Association consequently feels itself in a predicament, and has adjourned till Saturday—a lame and impotent conclusion, as it allows the Governor food for a week longer. This is, I presume, the first step in retreat. I have signified my intention of ministering to the convicts on Sunday,—I thought, if any odium or risk was to be incurred, I should go instead of one of the Clergy." And a few days later he writes: "I never saw a more attentive or apparently devout congregation; I felt much for the poor fellows."

On October 3rd the short Visitation tour to which the Bishop alluded began. The Bishop rode almost the whole time, in order to be able, as he said, to turn readily out of the road and visit any stray English who might be living in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Gray and Mr. Badnall and two men-ser-

vants travelled in a cart drawn by four horses, with a tilt to open or shut, and which when the road was good (by no means an invariable condition!) went smoothly as a carriage, so that reading aloud was quite practicable, and they read Layard's *Nineveh* and some other books during the journey. In spite of the Bishop's prognostications that his wife would not want to go again, she enjoyed the tour very much.

"There was much more variety in the country than I expected," Mrs. Gray writes to Mr. Edward Gray, "and I sketched a great deal. There were not above half-a-dozen days without some fine views; most of the road is so very near to the fine range of mountains to the north, that there is a constant succession with a varying outline and beautiful light and shade, but there is a great want of trees and water. We frequently managed to stop at English houses, particularly about Caledon. At Swellendam we stopped at the Clergyman's house, and at George—at Worcester at the Civil Commissioner's—a very nice Anglicised old Dutch gentleman, and at these places we were very comfortable. But our usual routine was to start at six o'clock, travel three or four hours to a Dutch farm, generally in a most desolate position in the middle of the 'veldt' or moor, without a tree or garden, or hardly any signs of cultivation near it, where we breakfasted. Then to travel again till about five o'clock, with one or two 'out-spans,' *Anglice* baits, between, at similar Dutch farms—where they would perhaps offer us a cup of tea, but nothing to eat; at each of which halts we stayed an hour. On arriving at the sleeping-place we unpacked, and then sat down in the 'fore-house' or common hall, which is always in the middle of the house, with the front door opening into it, till supper made its appearance between eight and nine o'clock, when we and the family all sat down together. We generally had hot mutton, chickens, and potatoes, and then we went to bed. The beds were almost always clean; the floors are the worst part of it. No carpets, of course, and but little furniture of any kind, so that one made a rule to unpack as little as possible. . . . When we arrived at a farm, the farmer came out, and asked who we were. Ludwig, the driver, told him: 'The Lord Bishop.'

'Can we outspan?' 'Ja.' We then got out and shook hands, and the host told us to come in, when we found the Bonn, and shook hands with her. Then she would say 'Sit,' which we accordingly did, the chairs being ranged all round the bare walls. Robert generally got in first, and he knew enough Dutch to keep up some kind of conversation, very broken and uninteresting. Mr. Badnall knew no Dutch, not a word, and I very little. Robert complained sadly that we did not help him. If we got in first, I tried to explain that the Bishop was coming, and then sat down silent. After sitting a good while the Bonn generally asked 'how many children I had, how old they were, and where they were?' These Dutch sentences I could understand pretty well, and make an intelligible response; but if either party attempted to carry the conversation any further, it very soon ended with '*Nicht verstand.*' Some very long days, and especially the hot days, or when we had to wait unusually long without victuals, I was very tired, but on the whole bore it very well, but am much thinner. So is Robert, owing to his riding so much—about 800 miles; but he is very well and strong, and was never tired. My hardest work was on the other side of George. We left the cart there, and all rode to the Knysna; Mr. Badnall and I riding the leaders, and Franck, the groom, riding one wheeler and leading the other with those great black bags which were so long tossing at your house. The Bishop rode his own horse, which was the one bought for me, and the best of the party—it was too frisky for me, and also fitter in strength to carry the Bishop's weight. The distance to our farthest point was about sixty miles, which we took in two days going down. I had thought forty miles our second day a great deal to try, but I got over it very well; and coming back, being detained a day later than we intended by rain, we pressed through the whole distance in one day, in order to keep our appointments at George. I certainly was very tired after I got off and had unpacked; but while on horseback did not feel it at all. The horses here are so easy and so enduring they never seem to flag. My little horse came in quite fresh at the end of his sixty miles. The roads are

soft, and the scenery very beautiful. We were thirteen hours actually on horseback ; a great part of the road we could not go fast, as we had seven rivers to cross, each of which was in a deep channel, with a very great hill, very steep, and very bad road on each side of it. The rivers were all swelled with the rain, which had been almost incessant for nine days, and the fords were deep and bad ; two were pronounced impassable before we got to them, but we were not detained once, though we got very wet five or six times, as did our bags, which were quite wet through. In one place (which was not the ford usually crossed) the water came over the back of my saddle, and my horse swam. Our usual order was,—Robert first, having the best horse, and being a good swimmer himself ; as soon as he was across either the servant or a mason who was with us went, and I followed him ; Mr. Badnall came just after to pick me up if I fell off. I am so giddy in water that I cannot tell where to go unless some one is close by ; and as these fords were narrow and often zigzag, it generally ended in my being lost, and Mr. Badnall coming up beside me to guide me out. However, we accomplished all safely, and with less fatigue than could have been expected, and all these perils seemed much less awful when one was actually engaged in them ; but I am now looked upon as quite a heroine here !”¹

The tour lasted two months, and they travelled about 2000 miles—to Caledon, Swellendam, George, and the Knysna ; back by Worcester, Fransche Hock, and Malmesbury. The Bishop’s heart was gladdened by finding a very decidedly improved state of things in some of the places he had visited the year before. At George he “found things in a very satisfactory condition ;

¹ The Bishop, writing of these adventures from Swellendam, Nov. 15th, 1849, says : “We should not have been here now had we not pushed on in spite of the remonstrances of every one ; but I determined to keep my appointments if possible. Think of Sophy riding sixty miles in one day, and crossing five deep and dangerous rivers, which kept her wet all the way. They gave it out about the Knysna that we were drowned, for they could not tell how we could escape from a difficult position, which we did by swimming and fording a lake, and then riding through it.”

the church (Littlemore) is rapidly rising, and will be very respectably built. It is to hold 200, and people are already crying out that it is not large enough, so greatly is the congregation increasing. Indeed the English congregation is much larger than the Dutch; but the Dutch *predicant* is a lazy apoplectic old farmer, and Welby is a very first-rate man. The Dutch are beginning to join our Church; and if there is no change or disturbance for a few years we shall have nearly the whole population of the district. We had thirty-three communicants yesterday, and twelve were confirmed. Captain Rainier, the resident magistrate at Riversdale, is an excellent man, and I call him one of my Clergy, and Riversdale his parish! . . . The Archdeacon finished his walk of 600 miles gallantly—his Kafir could not keep up with him. His character is, I trust, telling on the country; but the Colonial spirit is a very rebellious one, and resists all authority. Still I hope we shall get things into a thorough Church channel. . . . Our political agitation is, if possible, worse than ever. We are day by day in danger of martial law; we have the will, but not the power, to rebel. The Judges and Doctors are being starved, and get their food from the Governor. Do not be surprised if you hear that I am on short allowance. I speak my mind freely to all upon the sin of this rebellious attitude. They have disclaimed all intercourse with the Governor. I have had a very kind letter from Lord Grey, regretting his appointment of ——— approving of my appointing the Clergy without reference to him, and telling me of his having recommended the grant of glebes, which he will be happy to hear meets my wishes.”

On his return to Cape Town the Bishop found the state of political agitation and oppression worse than ever. Even the courts of law suffered; a merchant who had dared to accept a seat in council was brought under the action of the Pledge, every one forbidden to deal with him, and he was to be starved into submission. The dissenting ministers, while receiving Government pay, did not hesitate to throw their influence into the opposition; and the Anti-Convict Association called upon the Dutch ministers to raise funds at their approaching Christ-

mas *Nacht Maal* (or Lord's Supper) for continuing hostilities towards Government!! Nor did they appear unwilling to comply. It was proposed to seek the like support from the English Church; but the arch-agitator, named Fairburn, declared, to the credit of Churchmen, that it was vain to hope any support of rebellion from them. Bishop Gray stated that he believed the English Clergy were nearly the only loyal people in the Colony—adding that he was quite sure that their influence, quietly exercised, had prevented much serious evil, and that had the Church earlier had her due footing in the Colony much that had come to pass would have been averted. The amount of petty tyranny exercised is marvellous to read of: boys turned out of their schools because their fathers had supplied oxen to the Government for the use of the convicts, and the like, besides more violent insults and outrages upon offending magistrates and officers. The Governor, Sir Harry Smith, weakened by illness, and to all appearance too good-natured and anxious to please everybody, was not sufficiently firm, and consequently not sufficiently respected. It was an anxious state of things with which the Bishop was surrounded when the anniversary of his leaving England came round, to which he alludes in the following letter to Mrs. Mowbray:—

“Protea, December 20th, 1849.

“My dearest Lizzie—I have just been reminded that it was on this day two years ago that we embarked on board the ‘Persia’ for the Cape. It was a sad day for us, yet not without its consolations. God was, I trust, in the midst of us, and He has been with us ever since, though at times He has chastened us, and seemed to hide His Face from us for a little while. I look back upon the past, and thank Him for what He has done for us. To the future I look forward with hope and humble confidence. My greatest distress arises from a daily increasing conviction of my own insufficiency, mental and spiritual, for the work and office to which I am called. Pray for me, my dear Lizzie, that I may have grace and strength supplied to me, that God's Work may not suffer through my manifold deficiencies. I have great comfort in hours of weak-

ness in the thought of the many intercessions offered in our behalf at home. It is this that gives me strength to go forward, and sustains me under the weight of anxieties which come upon me daily. Would that I could write to you all oftener: but I cannot. It is impossible. I have a pile of unanswered letters before me, though I write incessantly. We are in the midst of our Examination of Candidates for Orders."

To the Rev. HENRY GRAY.

"Protea, December 26th, 1849. . . . We are approaching fast to the second anniversary of our landing, and I already write the third year of our episcopate. If ten years are the average duration of a Bishop's occupation of his See, one quarter of mine has already gone, and I have scarce done more than transact business, 'serve tables,' do the rough work, smooth the path for some abler Pastor. Well, if it be only said, 'He did what he could,' if the one talent be not laid up in a napkin, all will be well. I enclose you a list of our present Clergy, by which you will see that we have reason greatly to bless God for what He has done for us in the increase of our number. It is a great change from fourteen to forty-two in less than two years—to Him be all the glory. We had an Ordination last Sunday, three Deacons and one Priest. The Pastorals to Clergy and Laity, which I hope to enclose, will give you some idea of the state of the Diocese. I consider my move a bold one, and I am anxious to see what reception my letters will meet with in this turbulent self-willed Colony. I think no Bishop has yet thrown himself so entirely upon the offertory as I am now doing. I trust it will be no failure, but I may be mistaken. It is not without carefully weighing every expression, and without consultation with all the influential Clergy, that I have issued these Letters. They are not all I could wish them to be, but they have been framed with a special view to the particular circumstances of the Diocese, and I have said all I dared say. I recommend them to God with many prayers for His Blessing upon them. The critical

state of the Colony, the disturbed condition of things, the bitter hostility with which our progress is viewed by all, make me not a little anxious about the success of my appeal. But it was almost necessary to do something, and to do it now. . . Were it God's Will, how gladly would I again be a parish Priest in a humble village in our dear Fatherland. I am not repining. I am well content to be anything and to go anywhere. My present post teaches me as well, perhaps better than any other, the lesson we all need daily to learn—that this is not our rest. May it not be lost upon me.”

The Pastoral Letter spoken of in these letters was the following :—

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF CAPE TOWN, IN COMMUNION WITH THE UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

“My dear Brethren—It is now nearly two years since I landed in this Colony. During that period I have been enabled to travel over every part of the Diocese except Natal, which I propose (D.V.) shortly to visit. It appears to me, therefore, that the time has arrived when, being enabled to speak with some degree of experience, and with carefully-formed opinions, I ought to address you upon subjects of deep moment to us all as members of the Church.

“In the first place, then, I would observe, that the members of our communion are considerably more numerous than I was prepared to expect. They are not only congregated in the towns and villages of the Diocese, but scattered far and wide over every part of the country.

“Till of late very many who have been entirely deprived of the means of grace within their own Church, have almost despaired of ever having their spiritual wants supplied.

“During my first Visitation, however, subscriptions were very generally entered into in almost every district, both towards the erection of churches and the support of a settled ministry; and the result has been that there is a prospect of

not less than twenty-one churches being built at a cost of upwards of £21,000, several of which are already in the course of erection; and twenty-six clergymen and six catechists have up to this time been appointed.

“This has been effected partly through your own zealous exertions—a sum of nearly £1,500 a year having been pledged by you towards the support of your ministers—partly through the assistance liberally rendered by the Mother Church, and partly through the aid of the local government. By these combined means, I trust we may hope that, at no very distant day, the members of our Church throughout the Diocese will have the opportunity of worshipping God in the language of their own noble and much-loved Liturgy, and partaking of spiritual blessings at the hands of their own pastors.

“But it becomes a very serious question, and one which demands the thoughtful consideration of the Church at large, how the ministry of Christ is to be perpetuated amongst us, and so extended that the whole body of our people may share in its ministrations. I do not scruple to state to you thus publicly—what I have already, on all fitting occasions, sought to impress upon you—that the Church must, if it would take deep root in this land, depend mainly on its own exertions. It is by its own efforts that the Church in every age has extended itself. By the self-denying liberality of its members, it has been enabled gradually to create those endowments which are the chief support of the ministry in our native land; and I doubt not but that, in God’s good time, we may hope to see similar results in this land: indeed a commencement has already been made—lands for glebe, and other gifts, having been offered by several individuals.

“Meantime, in our present circumstances, we must be dependent, in part, upon the voluntary offerings of our people, in whatever way they are collected. It is true, indeed, that we are entitled to look for some measure of support from the State. That support has been to a certain extent cheerfully rendered. It is also true that we have a right to expect that the Mother Church will aid her spiritual offspring, whom, for

so long a period, she neglected; and this she has done, during the last two years, most nobly and generously. But, after all I repeat we must mainly depend upon God's Blessing resting upon our own exertions, if we would not see our work a length prove a failure.

"Now, in order to test your readiness to aid in the maintenance and extension of the ministry amongst you, I proposed, as you are aware, that in every place subscriptions should be opened, to which you readily acceded. In consequence of the sums to which you pledged yourselves, I felt justified in inviting several additional Clergymen to come out most of whom either have arrived, or will speedily arrive, at their destinations. I own, however, that I felt at the time, and farther experience has only tended to confirm my impressions, that subscription lists are not in all cases the best means for securing the end which we have in view. I fear that as a system they will not be found to work well; and I see that in some cases already they have not worked well. Subscription lists, for the most part, reach only the few and overlook the many; they foster the spirit, which our Lord condemns, of doing our alms before men; they require much patience and persevering zeal in the churchwardens, or others, who undertake to collect them, which cannot always be safely depended upon; and they not unfrequently cause some degree of annoyance and irritation, in consequence of repeated applications, perhaps at seasons when they cannot conveniently be met. Viewing these inconveniences and evils, I feel disposed to suggest, as the rule of the Diocese, the plan which has already been adopted in no inconsiderable number of Parishes, of making our Church Work to depend upon the weekly offerings of those who come up to worship in the Courts of the House of our God. This plan has the advantage of being in accordance with Scripture—"upon the first day of the week," etc. (1 Cor. xvi, vs. 1, 2)—with the prescribed rules of the Church,¹ and I think also, if entered into cheerfully and earnestly, is sure to be the most

¹ See the Rubrics in the Communion Service, at the end of the Nicene Creed and before the Prayer for the Church Militant.

effectual method. It is quite true, indeed, that persons who give but grudgingly, might avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of not giving at all; but it is at the same time true, that those who can afford to give but little, would thus be enabled to give without the intervention and publicity of a subscription list, and that the weekly contribution of a small sum would not be felt so pressingly by the great majority of our people as the payment of a larger and sometimes a considerable sum once in a year.

“ While disclaiming, then, the wish unnecessarily to disturb the existing arrangements which have been entered into in various parishes, I am quite prepared to try the method now suggested, provided that each parish clearly understand that the maintenance of the ministry amongst them must in any case continue to depend upon their raising a considerable and increasing proportion of the income of their Clergyman. It is well that I should plainly state this, in order that our real position may from the beginning be distinctly understood. However anxious I may be to do all in my power to help my brethren in every part of this widespread Diocese, I cannot be expected to maintain even such a work as that which already exists without very liberal support from them, dependent, as I myself am, for the carrying on of our various operations, upon the fluctuating contributions of friends in England, which were pledged but for a limited period, and the aid of the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which has for so many years been a benefactor to this Colony. Nor is it right or reasonable that we should accept to a larger extent than is absolutely necessary the offerings of our brethren at home, which are frequently made by the very poorest members of our Church at great personal sacrifice, more especially as we are not subject to rates and charges for the poor and destitute, which press heavily upon them, and certainly have not, except in rare instances, hitherto devoted the tenth of our substance to the service of the Lord.

“ What I would desire, then, to see, would be that the whole Church throughout the Diocese should be impressed with the

conviction that there is a great work to be done, which can only be accomplished by the combined, unanimous effort of all; that, in order to effect this, all should resolve to offer on the Lord's-Day, as God shall enable and dispose them, of their substance towards the advancement of His Kingdom upon earth. First, for the support of the Ministry in each Parish, to which the collections on one Sunday in the month might be devoted. Next, towards the erection, or enlargement, or repairs, or expenses, of the Parish Church, or liquidation of the debt upon it, to which the offerings of another week might be devoted. Thirdly, towards the conversion of the Mahometans and Heathen. Fourth, the maintenance of the Poor, including the forming of a fund for aged Clergy, their Widows and Orphans, or for other good works, for which the Sundays when the Holy Communion is celebrated might perhaps be most appropriately selected. Fifth, the work of Education. It is very probable that in different parishes it might be found desirable or necessary to adopt a different rule as to the frequency of the collections for some of these objects, but none should be altogether overlooked. It is also possible that individuals might desire to make special offerings for particular objects on Sundays when the general collection will be devoted to other purposes. This they will of course be at liberty to do, by naming the object to which their offering is to be applied. Should it then be notified to me, by the Minister and Churchwardens of any particular Parish, after consultation with the Parishioners, that they are prepared to enter heartily into this plan, I will consider that, for the year upon which we are just entering, the subscriptions promised towards the maintenance of the Minister will be paid through the weekly collection. They will not, therefore, be asked for in any other way. The subscriptions, however, promised towards the erection of Churches, had better be collected as originally intended.

“It has been suggested by some of you, that the principle of direct contributions of the people towards the support of their Pastor is liable to the objection that it places both parties in an unpleasant relation towards each other, which will

in many instances lead, as it unhappily already has done in some cases, to feelings of alienation. I have endeavoured to guard against this by authorising the Clergy whom I have hitherto sent out to draw upon me for the amount of their stipends. I hold myself responsible to them, and regard the several parishes as responsible to me. Thus the difficulty has been avoided, though, as will easily be seen, at great personal risk, and by the incurring of heavy liabilities on my part.

“Were it not that I feared to extend this letter to too great a length, there are several other points on which I should desire to address you. But I must just touch upon one. As we must depend upon ourselves at the last for money, so we must at the last for Men. We cannot expect that England will always send out a supply of men duly qualified either for the work of the ministry, or of education, or even for secular employments; nor is it desirable that we should always depend upon such a supply. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance for the permanent success of the Church’s work, to secure a sound education for all classes of her members within the Colony. Feeling strongly the want of such education here, and seeing that many members of the Church were as sensible of it as myself, I opened, as soon as the means were at my disposal, a Collegiate School; and lately I have purchased an estate near Cape Town, with a view to the foundation of a Collegiate School and a College.

“This endeavour to supply an acknowledged want has been so far appreciated, that there is a probability of finding, at the first opening of the School in its new buildings, applications for admission for a larger number than can be accommodated. It therefore appears necessary to commence the erection of Collegiate Buildings as soon as there are sufficient funds in hand to begin with. The Venerable Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, in addition to its other liberal contributions to the erection of churches, has given the munificent sum of £2,000, and subscriptions are being raised in England for the purpose. The advantages which such an Institution has in its power to offer must depend in great

measure upon its starting free from any burden of debt, and with some income of its own, that the expenses may not, in fact, all fall upon the Parents of its Pupils. I commend it, therefore, to the sympathy and support of the wealthier members of the Church, some of whom will, I trust, be found willing to contribute either towards the erection of buildings or the purposes of endowment.

“I have only now, in conclusion, to express my deep sense of the very kind way in which you have throughout the Diocese received your first Bishop, and call upon you to join with me in expressions of gratitude to Almighty God for what He has already done for us, both by the great increase in our Ministry and the spirit of zeal which has been in so many places aroused for building the House of our God.

“In that part of the Diocese from which I have but just returned, after a second Visitation, I already see a great change effected. Congregations have been formed, and are increasing, and God is in many ways blessing the work of our hands. That He may continue to pour out His Blessings upon us, as He has hitherto done, and make the Ministers of his Church, who have gone forth amongst you, instruments in His Hand for the promotion of the glory of His Great Name, the extension of the Kingdom of His Dear Son in this Land, and the saving of men’s souls, is, Brethren, the fervent prayer of your Friend and Pastor,

R. CAPE TOWN.

“January 1st, 1850.”

How keenly and personally the Bishop threw himself into the charge of each man serving under him, and with what readiness to find the source of failure in himself rather than in others, cannot fail to strike one at every turn;—*e.g.* when this Christmas a Catechist turned out badly, he says: “It has, I trust, forcibly brought home to me that saying, ‘Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.’ I have felt keenly that I have not been sufficiently in prayer for those who labour under me in the Lord. We have all of us of late, I fear, been viewing the progress of the Church and its work too com-

placently, contrasting its condition with the state of things a year and a half ago. God is now humbling us by showing how much of what we are doing may be unreal. May the lesson not be lost upon us. Satan has gained an advantage over us."

Again, he was anxiously weighing the offer of an English Priest to come out and help him, who had been troubled with doubts as to his position in the Church of England. "I do not think," the Bishop says, "that the fact of a man's mind having been unsettled during a period of great religious excitement is sufficient cause for refusing him the exercise of his ministry in the Church after his views had so far undergone a change as to leave him without any doubt whatever for a considerable period previous to his seeking employment in a particular Diocese. But I think it affords ground for *discouraging* a person who has once been unsettled from offering himself as a labourer in a vineyard where mere indiscretion would prove deeply injurious, and where a falling away would be ruinous. With these impressions I wrote rather to discourage, but not to refuse the services of one who might prove a true and faithful minister of Christ's Church, and who certainly is anxious to do God's service without earthly reward or recompense. I did not feel at liberty to decline his proffered services. . . . But I tremble at the thought of giving the Diocese any real cause to distrust us or our work. It has now quite as much as it can bear of the Church, and any act of mere indiscretion would seriously compromise the cause of God in this land."¹

On the other hand, at this same time, the Bishop was being urged to accept the services of a Dutch minister from Amsterdam, who wished to come out and work for the Church of England; and here again he saw reason for great caution in the line adopted. Difficulties seemed to rise up on all sides, and one can scarce wonder at the Bishop's exclamation in a letter to his brother-in-law, after thanking him for various new

¹ The Priest alluded to confirmed all the Bishop's expectations; and, though he did not go to the Cape, has been a zealous and valuable worker elsewhere all his life.

books sent out: "Would that I could read them! But I cannot. There are few things on earth I more long for than time to be quiet in my study. My present life is not wholesome for mind or soul."

TO EDWARD GRAY, Esq.

"Protea, December 31st, 1849.

. . . "We are just closing the year and beginning another. Last night, in the Cathedral, the thought came across my mind very vividly that I might be yet fifty years here, and it was inexpressibly painful;—not that I felt there was any prospect of it, for I often think my time will not be long. God grant that when it comes I may be ready."

The early part of the year 1850 was full of work (if indeed one year of Bishop Gray's Episcopate can be called fuller than the rest), while he prepared to leave Cape Town on a long arduous Visitation in Natal, of which he says: "I do not like the thought of it. All depends, of course, upon a thousand contingencies, and my plans may be thwarted by any unforeseen circumstances: *e.g.* a swollen river, an unsound spoke, a lame horse, a sick man, or any other accident, may at any moment derange all my proceedings."

The need for funds still pressed, and as he said playfully,— "Another thousand a year, *to play with,*" would enable him to set on foot many valuable schemes. Meanwhile, the *South African Church Magazine and Ecclesiastical Review*—a monthly publication—and the *South African Churchman's Almanack*, were both started successfully; and one all-important object, about which the Bishop was intensely anxious, was found in his new Mission works. Concerning these he wrote to Dr. Williamson:—

"Cape Town, February 12th, 1850.

. . . "I have undertaken to found a Mission in Umhalla's territory, about midway between King William's Town and the great Kei River, in the country called British Kaffraria. The Chief Umhalla is one of the most intelligent of the Kafir chieftains. He has about 10,000 people under him. Here

we hope, if it please God, to begin our first operations. Besides this, Colonel Mackinnon writes in his Report to the Governor that there is a great tract of country, eighty or ninety miles in length, on the banks of the Kei, to which no Mission has yet been sent. This, I trust, we may be enabled to take up in course of time. . . . In order to enter upon the work at all, we must have at least a Priest and a Deacon; and the chief object of this letter is to ask you to look out immediately for fit men. We do not mean to offer any stipend to the Missionaries;—they will be fed and clothed, and that is all. I am most anxious that they should be willing and able to live a hard life, with few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of life. In order to make any great impression upon the Kafir mind, there must be much self-denial. Everything, indeed, under God, will depend upon the zeal, devotion, and self-sacrifice of those who undertake the work. The Archdeacon—who is himself a candidate for the honour of being the first Church Missionary in Kaffraria, and begs to be allowed to resign his Archdeaconry for a hut in Umbhalla's Kraal—writes thus of the qualifications he deems necessary in our missionaries:—They should be,

“ I. Men of subjugated feelings, great humility, having the spirit of obedience, habits of order, and the power of living together without private interests, and almost without private purse.

“ II. Men of industry, and accustomed to manual labour and trade, and yet with talent to acquire languages, and preach in them.

“ III. Men who do not want to make reports, and call the eyes of others upon them. The Moravians (with whom he has frequently been) are his model Missionaries. . . . If you like to sound the Church Missionary Society as to funds, I have no objection, but nothing would induce me to submit to any dictation or interference on their part. The whole Mission shall in every respect be managed by the Church here, or there shall be none. I have seen enough since I have been out here of the working of Societies to make me loathe them—always except-

ing the dear S. P. G., which seems mercifully preserved from the Society spirit. If the Church Missionary Society will follow the example of S. P. G., and place £500 a year entirely at my disposal for the formation of a Mission, I will thankfully accept of it. But if they mean to bargain for power, I will have nothing to do with them. I see every day I live more and more clearly that the whole Church work must be done by the Church, and not by any other agency. And, thank God, this Diocese is beginning to think so too. If the Church Missionary Society will not help us without annexing conditions which the Church here will not consent to, and if S. P. G. cannot assist us further, we must look to God for supplying us the means in other ways. I have no great fears on this score. We shall have special offerings from every congregation, and, blessed be God, the Clergy are all, or nearly all, of one heart and one mind in this matter. . . . I commend this matter to God, in the hope and the confidence that He will bless our humble endeavour to do Him service, and to advance His Kingdom in this portion of the vineyard. . . . I should be very glad that my dear noble friend Merriman had his own men about him. . . . The work of education is growing in importance from day to day. . . . Would that we had a Miss Sellon with her Sisters. I feel more and more the importance of Sisterhoods. There is much in Cape Town that cannot be done except by a Community. We have some ladies who would do well for the work, but we have not the means."

To the Rev. CHARLES GRAY.

"Cape Town, February 15th, 1850.

. . . "Having a few leisure moments while sitting to see people, as is my custom, in the Vestry on Fridays, I begin a letter to you. . . . You are in possession, I hope, of our plans about a Mission to the Kafirs. Had the Church founded a Mission to them, as she ought to have done, half-a-century ago, who will say what might have been saved to the nation in a pecuniary point of view alone? The last Kafir war alone cost near two millions. I have a good hope that God will raise up

some devoted men for this work, and supply us with the means of feeding and clothing them. I am not, however, at all sanguine about immediate results. Humanly speaking, the field is not a promising one. The different dissenting Missions have had but very poor success. Foreign Missionaries are, I think, as a whole, more blessed in their work than the London or Wesleyan Societies. There is very much of the world in all their undertakings—very many are more of traders than Missionaries. The London Society men are bitter politicians. But I must not say more, or you will think *me* bitter, which I trust I am not. I can rejoice to see Christianity, however imperfect in its form, making way at all. If there is a mote in our brethren's eye, there is a beam, I well know, in ours. It is better to do the work as they do it than not to do it at all, as is the case with ourselves.

“ Both myself and the Archdeacon are more interested in the Moravian Missions than in any other. He thinks those on the frontier almost perfect, and he has been much with them, and loves them heartily. I like what I have seen, but think the system at Genadendal in some respects faulty. It is, however, a sweet place, and they are gentle people, and receive me when I visit them with much affection. You will perhaps be surprised to hear that I think the greatest fault of the Institution (next to a want of discipline, which is very lax) to be the good cheer of the place. There are too many substantial meals! This is a common observation. There is no excess, but there is fulness. But I am again becoming censorious.

“ Well, if it please God to raise us up the men, we will endeavour to make Christ known among the heathen beyond the limits of the Colony. There is a great work before the Church in this land, if we had but the heart and the faith to enter upon it. The Archdeacon is admirably suited for the conduct of such a Mission, and he presses to be sent upon it. But I cannot spare him, for he is almost necessary to the existence of the Church in the East. He is a very remarkable man—his self-denial and energy, both of body and mind, are greater than in any other man I have ever met with; I really do not know

in many respects his equal. I wish I could but give you a record of his life for the last year;—I am sure it would astonish any one. But I only have slight glimpses of it, for he never mentions himself or his work beyond what is necessary, though I hear from him on the business of the Diocese by nearly every post. . . . I consider myself already pledged beyond my means, and I scarce know which way to turn. The people of Graham's Town abuse me for my indolence, but they little know all that I have upon me;—at times I feel quite broken down. The long neglect of past years has caused an immense accumulation of work, all of which ought to be done at once. If we don't do it, Rome will. I have already been told from the East that the Church of England's day of probation is passing, if it has not passed away. This, however, blessed be God, is not true. We have had too many proofs of His Goodness and Mercy to doubt whether His Presence goes with us. Faithfulness and devotedness on the part of His Ministers, and prayer on the part of all His people, will yet win a goodly inheritance for the Church in this land. . . . We ought to have a Sisterhood in Cape Town. In no other way can we reach the heathen masses.

“God willing, I hope immediately after Easter to start a Visitation of this whole Colony of Natal. I do not relish the thought of an absence of eight months, travelling incessantly; three months last time exhausted me; I was fit for nothing the last month of my first Visitation. The thing which will most distress me will be that I shall have applications for Clergy in several places, and not be able to hold out any prospect to the people;—as for instance at Bloemfontein, where there are more than 300 soldiers, and a rising English population. The Government has sent a Dutch minister, but I shall not get half his stipend for English Clergy. . . . But enough of my troubles—I am not cast down. Were I more faithful to God, and better qualified for the work to which I find myself called, I should be cheerful, whatever were to take place. But, alas! this is not always the case.”

The following Letter from the Bishop of Cape Town to the Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was read at the General Meeting of the Society, April 19, 1850 :—

“ Cape Town, February 5th, 1850.

“ My dear Hawkins—The time has, I believe, arrived, when it becomes the duty of the Church in this Diocese to enter upon direct Mission work. Any longer delay on our part would, I think, be an evidence of unfaithfulness to the great trust committed to us. Our internal organisation has been now for nearly two years completed by the addition of the Episcopate. During this period we have been enabled to supply the most crying necessities of our own people. Thirty Clergy have been added to the fourteen whom I found on my arrival in the Diocese. Several more indeed are absolutely required, and the work of education, which is forcing itself on our attention, is as yet almost untouched. Yet, notwithstanding this, I repeat, there are circumstances which lead me to feel that we may not any longer, without sin, defer the attempt to found a Mission.

“ From almost the first hour of my landing in the Colony I have been impressed with the conviction that it would become our duty, at no distant day, to seek the conversion of the tribes on our border. Providentially, we seem to be called to this work. Others had entered upon it but partially; and there appeared to be some prospect of a withdrawal, rather than an increase, of missionary effort. More distant fields, indeed, offered greater promise of success. The very name of Kafir (infidel) is in itself discouraging. The bloody and destructive wars which have so frequently taken place between the Colonists and these noble savages, have tended to alienate them from us and from Christianity. But these difficulties, it appeared to me, should rather stimulate our zeal than damp our ardour. Two courses only seem open to us—their conversion, or their entire subjugation. We know how this last course would terminate. It would issue with them as with other tribes who have been brought under our yoke. They would fade away before us. With these convictions on my mind, I have

deeply felt that the Church in this land had a solemn call to preach the Gospel to the Kafirs, and that she ought not to delay entering upon the work longer than was absolutely necessary. The same impression exists in the minds of most of the Clergy with whom I have conversed. As an evidence of this I may observe, that the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Graham's Town, at their meeting on the 1st of January—the Feast of the Circumcision—agreed to petition the Bishop to take immediate steps for the formation of a Mission, and pledged themselves to raise £100 a year towards it. The Clergy of the Western Province are, I am sure, prepared to make a similar promise. The only question with me, of late, has been, where we were to begin. Mr. Green, the Rural Dean of Natal, has been very urgent in pressing the claims of the 100,000 natives in that dependency who speak the Kafir tongue. The Archdeacon has leaned, I think, more decidedly to the formation of a Mission in British Kaffraria, near King William's Town.

“While I was debating this subject in my mind, and had almost come to the conclusion that I would defer any decision upon it till I had visited both of these fields, which I purpose doing (D.V.) this year, I received from His Excellency the Governor the very interesting report of Colonel Mackinnon, the Chief Commissary of Kaffraria, of which I enclose a copy, accompanied by a letter from the Governor, in which he invited me to found a Mission at the spot pointed out by Colonel Mackinnon—viz. in Umhalla's territory, about thirty miles to the east of King William's Town.

“After mature deliberation, inquiry, and consultation with others—and not, I trust, without prayer to Almighty God for guidance—I have come to the conviction that it is the duty of the Church to accept the invitation thus given; and I have written to the Governor to say that I shall be prepared to attempt the foundation of a Mission in that part of British Kaffraria to which he has drawn my attention. This done, it becomes my duty to communicate with you, as Secretary to the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and to seek your advice and co-operation.

“The plan upon which we propose to proceed is this, To endeavour to engage in the first instance, as a commencement of the work, the services of a Priest and Deacon, who shall proceed at once to the field of their future labour, and commence the work with the aid of a Kafir interpreter, already provided. We do not contemplate going to any great expense in the erection of a Mission station and premises. We hope that the Clergy who may feel disposed to offer themselves for this work, will be prepared to lead a simple, self-denying life; engaging to some extent in manual labour, and willing to live with but few more comforts about them than those possessed by the people to whom they will be sent. We do not propose, therefore, to offer any stipend, but only to undertake to provide for the actual wants of our brethren. I am fully aware that I am making a proposition which but few will be prepared to accept. Some will shrink from a life of toil and hardship; others will fear on the score of health, although the climate is especially favourable to health. But I feel assured that there are many earnest devoted spirits in our dear Mother Church, who will be prepared literally to give up all that flesh and blood hold dear, even their whole selves, to make known Christ and His Truth to those who are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. That I am not over estimating the spirit and devotion of English Clergymen will, I hope, appear from the following extract from a letter from my noble-minded Archdeacon, which shows that there is at least one of our number prepared to sacrifice himself and all he has for Christ's most holy cause :—

““You ask me, Do I know of a fit man to head the Mission? I really do not; but I can say that I know a willing man, and, what is of more consequence, a man willing with his whole house. Myself, my wife, Miss Short, Jethro White, and Kafir Wilhelm, would all think ourselves honoured if we were sent on this Mission together. I know of some more agents that would join us. I should be quite willing, and my wife concurs, to resign my office here to another, salary and all, should you deem it more easy to find a fresh Archdeacon than a fitter Missionary; and this may possibly be the case, especi-

ally a year hence, when the work of the Archdeaconry is a little more consolidated, and put into regular train. As soon as the parochial system is somewhat moulded, our foundation stones will be laid. But all this I leave entirely to your judgment, being 'in utrumque paratus.' My young family might render the Mission expensive, as they could not all live quite 'Kafiricè,' though I am sure they could and would live very simply.'

"That he does not underrate the self-sacrifice required in a Missionary to the Kafirs may be gathered from the same letter, wherein he expresses his conviction that they who undertake the office 'should go and live a hard self-denying life in a Kafir kraal, eating, like Kafirs, sour milk and mealies, and working *with and for* Kafirs, till they have mastered the tongue and acquired influence.'

"Now, my dear friend, if you think that you or the venerable Society can aid us, either in finding the men, or providing the means needful for this undertaking, I shall be grateful. I am most anxious that a Priest and Deacon should be at work in Kaffraria before the end of the year, and I shall be thankful if the Society will send out two duly qualified Missionaries, even though they may not be able to assist us with money. For although my own means are entirely exhausted, I am not careful about funds. The Diocese itself, even in its present weak state, when each parish is struggling hard to raise funds for the Church, the School, and support of its Minister, may be depended upon for £200 a year; and I shall be greatly mistaken if the Mother Church will not help us through our difficulties. Of course, the plan I have sketched out can only be regarded as the commencement of our work. Should it please God to bless our feeble endeavours with success, I shall be prepared to attempt a work, both in Kaffraria Proper and at Natal, upon a much larger scale. It would be better, I think, that the Clergy who first come should be unmarried. But this is not absolutely necessary. Should you be able to do anything in this matter, be good enough to communicate with my Commissary, Dr. Williamson, as I am also writing to him, and I shall feel

obliged by your forwarding this letter to him for his perusal when you have read it.—Believe me ever, dear Hawkins, very sincerely yours,

R. CAPETOWN.

“The Rev. Ernest Hawkins, Secretary to the Society
for the Propagation of the Gospel.”

To the Rev. Dr. WILLIAMSON.

“Cape Town, March 13th, 1850.

. . . “I still hope to start on Easter Monday, though there are, I fear, serious indications of another rebellion over the Orange River. I shall not unnecessarily put myself in the way of danger, having no wish to become Mr. Prætorius’ prisoner. If, however, I cannot pass through the Sovereignty, all my plans will be deranged. . . . I have had another candidate for the Kafir Mission—Douglas has, in a beautiful humble spirit, offered himself. I have not yet mentioned the subject to a soul, for I wished to think it over by myself first for a few days. But it is a comfort to think that the choicest Clergy of this little Church are volunteering for a work of so much self-denial and so little apparent encouragement. First, the good Archdeacon, supported by his wife, who wrote a most pleasing letter entreating that they might be sent; and next, the son of a peer, brought up in the lap of luxury. Neither wish for any stipend, and both are ready to labour with their own hands for their support. . . . Nothing can be worse than the political condition of the Colony. There is no Government. . . . It is quite melancholy to see things getting worse and worse day by day. . . . We greatly feel the want of a good sound constitutional paper. The merchants have no heart or courage to start one, and the whole of the present press is revolutionary in spirit and in tone. All look forward with great anxiety to the future, and none more so than the ablest and most upright man here, Mr. Montagu. Were there a firm, decided, able Governor, who would do his duty, popular or unpopular, men would rally round him; but as it is, all are disheartened and sick at heart. People are already beginning to leave the Colony.”

On Easter Monday, April 1st, the Bishop started for his long Visitation, his wife riding with him for the first few days, as far as the top of the mountain-pass called Bain's Kloof, whence she returned home with Mr. Badnall; the Bishop and Mr. White riding on to Tulbagh, and spending Low Sunday at Worcester. He interested himself much in a party of English labourers, employed in road-making, upon whom he came, held a service for them, and persuaded their foreman to undertake to say the Offices with them on Sundays, promising to send them Bibles and Prayer-books before their little camp moved up into the heart of the Karroo, where they were going to work upon a new road to Beaufort.

The Bishop's tender heart and strong love for animals¹ was often tried by the poor horses and oxen, whose carcasses were strewn all along the desert; and his Journal of April 9th records the illness of one of his own horses in a very characteristic manner: "I gave him a dose of Battley's opium (intended for me in case of tic in my head), mixed with some wine that M. Le Sueur had been kind enough to put up for me. I slept but little, partly from the uncomfotableness of my bed, and partly from anxiety for my poor sick horse, who was tethered at my feet to the cart.

"10th, Our poor horse appeared better, so as to encourage us to proceed; but before we could arrive at water where we could outspan, he became so ill that we took him out of the cart. I gave him more laudanum, but to no purpose. . . . We

¹ This love of animals was a very strongly-marked feature in his character. The mice he tamed and fed in the Cathedral vestry; a hen which once made her nest in his study at Bishop's Court, and which he treated as having paid him a very special compliment; the birds building in the thick creepers around his own house and that of S. George's Home; the half-starved dogs which abound in Cape Town, almost like the Oriental cur, homeless and ownerless, skulking in hate and fear from men, which seemed to know and be fearless with him; the wounded beetle (which, as a friend records the last time he enjoyed the Bishop's society) he would carefully take up and carry to a place where it was not in danger of being crushed;—all such, and many more, could testify to his tenderness and pitiful care for all God's creatures. As to his horses, the Bishop writes of them almost as if they were people, and he seemed almost to have a *friendship* for some of his long-used four-footed servants.

stayed by him till he died. I felt more on the occasion than I could have conceived, for, when one has no other companions, a man soon becomes attached to his horse. While moralising on the carcasses of oxen that are strewed along the whole length of the road, I little thought that my poor horse would so soon be added to the number. However, his lot may be better than that of his companions, who have some months' hard work before them, and some thousands of miles to travel before they return home. We saw to-day a poor ox lying helpless by himself, left by his owner to die in the desert, being unable to go any farther. It was quite dark before we quitted our horse, and as Ludwig could not see the road, I had to run before the cart for a mile or two, and point it out, and warn him of stones, rocks, and gullies. We arrived at a wretched hovel at Zoute Kloof, where an uncouth farmer suffered us to outspan. I slept in my cart, and would gladly have cooked my own supper, as I have been doing lately, from my own provisions; but I thought it might give offence, so I shared a very uncomfortable meal with them."

On April 13th the Bishop reached Beaufort, where, among all his various occupations, services, confirmation, committees, etc. etc., he made time to visit an old widow lady, whom he remembered having seen when last in the place, and in whose earnest faith, nourished up through long years of utter spiritual starvation, he took a deep interest. He said it did his heart good and refreshed his spirit to see how God had trained and perfected this soul, apart from all outward means.

Almost every travelling day the start was made quite early, often by starlight, and then probably eleven or twelve hours were spent in the saddle; and having only one man—Ludwig—with him, the Bishop had plenty of work to do in helping to look after the horses, making fires, cooking, washing up, and packing his canteen, and the like, so that he was generally actively employed most of the evening when travelling; and, as he says in a letter, the time spent in writing was taken from sleep, of which he had little enough; while the time between arriving at any place and leaving it again was engrossed by

the same constant succession of work as during the last Visitation. Archdeacon Merriman was to meet the Bishop at Graaf Reinet; and as he did not appear, the Bishop and Mr. Long walked out to look for him, and met him at some distance, coming alone, with a bag over his shoulders, a bundle under his arm, and his staff in his hand, having lost his horse, and his Kafir attendant being knocked up. The loss of the Archdeacon's horse involved a real disappointment; for, in consequence, he was unable to go on with the Bishop, as he would have had no means of returning, and the Bishop had to continue his journey alone.

Two days more through the Sneewberg took the Bishop to Richmond, where, he says, "It was the first time that the prayers of the Church of England had ever been offered; the first time that an English Clergyman had ever set foot in it. Moreover, there is not now, nor has there ever been, I believe, a religious teacher of any English sect in the place. I was pained to find how little acquaintance the English seemed to have with the Liturgy;—none knelt, none even stood,—all sat motionless, even while singing the 100th Psalm. One or two voices were indeed raised to repeat the responses, but irregularly, and not at all in the Psalms. I preached to them extempore, and invited all who desired my counsel and advice to visit me at my lodging in the morning. Several came . . . some to state their conviction that they were falling away from God, and their sorrow for it; others to express their desire to live nearer to God, and their inability to do so, and to complain of their destitute spiritual condition. One undertook to call the English together, and endeavour to make arrangements for building a Church school. . . . The high wages and cheap wine and brandy lead to much intoxication. . . . I left the place with very painful and melancholy feelings for Colesberg, sleeping at a Mr. Ackerman's, who has a property of 60,000 acres in the Karroo: I could not induce him to accept of any payment either for myself or my horses. One occasionally meets with genuine hospitality of this kind, though in only one other instance has a farmer refused to be paid. On no one occasion,

while travelling through the Colony, have I ever been refused admittance into the Boers' houses. . . . I should always, however, if it were not for my horses and man, prefer the open veldt to a farm-house. One is more independent; one can sit down to write (a matter of great importance to me, followed as I am from place to place with large packets of letters); and the necessity of talking to the people without having anything but a smattering of the language, is very wearisome. If my dear friend the Archdeacon, while performing his pedestrian visitations, is sometimes shown to the door and refused a morsel of meat, and told as a favour he may lie in an outhouse, it is, I believe, in consequence of their suspicion of him, and not from any desire to be inhospitable. They cannot believe that a *predikant* would walk; they never knew or heard of such a thing, and take him for an impostor—a discharged soldier or a convict. It is in vain to tell them that our Lord and Master and His holy Apostles walked; it may have been so, but they know that *predikants* don't walk! Our second night was passed near a mud house about three hours from Colesberg. I passed the night in the cart. The country from Richmond to Colesberg is like the rest of the Karroo—dreary, dry, and monotonous. This afternoon, however, we came across immense herds of springbok, and several quaggas and wilde-beestes. The country was as well stocked as an English gentleman's park. . . . We arrived at Colesberg about ten A.M.; and, after getting thoroughly washed and some breakfast, I went to look at the Church, which is about breast high." From Colesberg the Bishop writes to Dr. Williamson: "Pray let us have out two *heroes* (as the Archdeacon calls them) as soon as possible. . . . Before this Visitation is over you may expect instructions to engage several more men. Nothing withholds me from writing for them now, but the inconvenient fact that when they drew their quarterly bills, I should not be able to meet them. When, however, I get to a place, and see the people anxious and making great efforts, it is with the greatest difficulty I refrain from making promises. . . . Everywhere people are looking to us for education. . . . Female education is a subject upon which

my thoughts run now and then. If some good Churchwomen would come out and set up a school at Graham's Town, they would, I think, succeed. I am not prepared, however (at present) to enter into any engagements with ladies. I rather tremble at the thought of doing so. If Miss Sellon, however, were to send us out an offshoot, it might be different. . . . As to my journey, I have a kind of melancholy enjoyment in being alone in my cart in this wild desert land. I can read and think, and meditate and pray, with a freedom and a leisure which I do not enjoy at home. I carry a little library with me. . . . The evenings at the Dutch farms, when we do not sleep in the *veldt*, are anything but pleasant. Were it not for my horses, who travel on from sunrise to sunset, in a slow jog-trot, frequently without any refreshment but a roll on the ground, a little water, and some bits of grass or bush by the wayside, and who need forage and shelter from the nights, which are very cold, I should always prefer bivouacking in the open country; for the farmers, though very hospitable and kind, are very uninteresting and very dirty, and we do not half understand each other yet. The master's knife and fork serve the public as well as himself; the same tub and water do for all. . . . Pray, be on the lookout for an Archdeacon for the east. I believe Merriman's vocation is to be a Missionary. I have been reading his Journal of late, often with tears. He abounds in graces and gifts. If I can see my way clearly in the matter, I shall probably, before very long, put him at the head of my Mission work. But we must have funds first to enable him to begin an institution like the Moravians'. The only man I can think of as his successor in Graham's Town is G. Hills, formerly Hook's curate, now Vicar of Yarmouth. I hope during the next three months to see a good deal of the Mission field. There is no fear of an outbreak among the Boers, as was expected a short time since. The papers are beginning now to attack books ordered out by Newman, and sold in Cape Town. These people cannot let us alone. I believe, ere long, controversy will be forced upon us."

Leaving Colesberg, the Bishop stopped at Philipolis, and

made acquaintance with Adam Kok, a Chief of the Griquas; and the next day, travelling on, he came to the scene of a recent battle between Sir Harry Smith's forces and the Boers, when, finding that the dead had been buried without any religious service, he said the Burial office over their graves for his own satisfaction, as he says, and also believing that it would be some consolation to surviving relations and friends. The Bishop next visited Bethany, a station of the Berlin Missionary Society for the Coranna tribe, where the Lutheran Missionaries complained to him of the unsound teaching of the dissenting English ministers on Baptism, which they said "being spoken of generally as only a sign or mark, the coloured people confounded it with the signs and marks made upon their cattle, and did not esteem it in any higher light than this." They also talked of the evils already resulting, which were likely to increase as the coloured people were more educated, from the variety of religious sects and societies existing in Southern Africa. This was a subject which, as we have seen, often sorely troubled the Bishop, and he looked forward with many an anxious foreboding.

On May 3rd the Bishop arrived at Bloemfontein, already a very rising place, and he had scarcely outspanned before a deputation of military and civilians came to present a list of promised subscriptions for a church, together with their earnest desire to have a resident Clergyman. The Bishop and his host (Major Warden, British Resident) went about, and fixed on sites for church, burial-ground, parsonage, and school. The Bishop had no chaplain with him, and the greater part of the next day was spent in preparing candidates for confirmation. The Sunday (May 5th) was not an idle day—for the Bishop celebrated Holy Communion, married a couple, baptized, confirmed, consecrated the military burial-ground; and had matins and sermon for the troops in an open shed, evensong and another sermon in the school-house. The next day he spent mainly in writing business letters, for, as he said, he should probably have no opportunity of writing again for a month; and on the 7th the Bishop started for the interior of the country on horseback, accompanied by two Cape Corps Orderlies as his

guides. Some of the English gentlemen and the Dutch minister of Bloemfontein went a short way with him, and the guns of the fort saluted him. A ride of forty-five miles took him to Thaba-Unchu, the chief kraal of the Bechuanas of the Baralong tribe, a considerable and singular native town, each house being surrounded by a low stone wall, the houses, which are round, built of clay and thatched; with a population of 8,000, and containing some 2,000 houses. The chief, Marokko, was not a Christian, but for political reasons these people are generally glad to have a Missionary living in their kraal, and Marokko was supposed to be under the influence of the Wesleyan Missionary, a Mr. Cameron, whose guest the Bishop was,—sitting up late at night “discussing Missions, the Church, and Wesleyism,” and sleeping on his sofa.

The next day the Bishop rode about forty miles to Makquatlin, where the houses were built of reeds or grass, and where he was the guest of a French Missionary sent by the Paris Society—there being some hundred converts to Christianity and a small chapel in the place. He went to see the chief, Molitzani, and the next morning rode on to Merimitgo, through a country laid desolate by the late war. This village was almost a ruin: in what had been the Mission the Bishop found a room which had been used both as chapel and school, an arrangement which he considered as “unfortunate and improper,” thinking that the sacredness of a building used for religious offices should be distinguished from ordinary uses. Major Warden had fixed a meeting at this place with the two chiefs already mentioned, Marokko and Molitzani, and a third named Sinkonegalla, in order to settle sundry disputes arising out of the late war, and he joined the Bishop an hour after his arrival, but the other chiefs did not appear; and after waiting some time the Bishop says: “I was obliged to take my leave, as I was anxious to join my cart, which was distant about two hours from the place of meeting, meaning if possible to push on a few miles of my road before nightfall. Major Warden accordingly ordered two of the Cape Corps to accompany me as guides, one of whom said he knew the way,

and Molitzani called one of his people out of the crowd, who was said to be acquainted with the country. After receiving full instructions we started, and rode hard for between three and four hours, when we came to a road, and all admitted they knew not which way to go. After directing the men to off-saddle, I mounted the highest hill in the neighbourhood to take a view of the country. Nothing was to be seen but one dreary waste. . . . By the time I got down it was getting dark, and as our horses were knocked up, I thought it better to spend the night in an extensive deserted stone kraal on the top of the mountain. Happily the soldiers did not approve of my counsel; we started therefore on foot, and at one time, being somewhat in advance of the others, I was tracked by some wild animal, which, however, did not venture to attack me;—several more were howling round about. In about an hour and a half one of the soldiers descried a light in the distance, and another half-hour brought us to a farm close by Winburg, where the owner received us kindly. In such a country as this, where you may travel for days without seeing a house or meeting a person, it is a serious matter to lose one's way, especially if unprovided with food, as I was. I did not, however feel the least uneasy, knowing that I was in the Hands of a Gracious Father, Who had brought me through greater difficulties than the present. It was while I was in the act of offering up the Lord's Prayer, under a very strong sense of the Presence of God, that the man cried out he saw a light. We got some supper here, and forage for our horses, and I passed a very tolerable night in a wagon standing by the house. My men also found shelter, and it was well they did, for it rained the whole night. A farmer's house in this part of the country seldom has more than one room, and that without door or window-frame. In this room the whole family, and frequently strangers, sleep. It is not the custom to undress at night; I understand it is thought sufficient to do this once a week.

“Next morning we started in the rain for Geldenhuis farm, where my cart was, and reached it about eight o'clock, having gone about twenty-five miles out of our way. After washing and

dressing, I started in my cart, right glad to find myself once more in it. After travelling about two hours, we came precisely to the same spot where we had lost our way just twenty hours before."

That night they arrived at an encampment of Boers, who were trekking over the Vaal River with their flocks and herds, and who gave them some springbok for supper. The night was so cold that the Bishop could scarcely sleep at all, and was glad to start early again the next morning; but they could not reach their intended destination, and had to outspan in the veldt, where, both because of the cold and of the numerous lions, they set fire to the grass. The following day was Sunday (May 12th), which the Bishop had counted on spending quietly at the house of a Mr. Bester, but they missed it, and arrived about eleven A.M. at that of a certain Hottentot, called Old Isaak. Here (after the luxury of a wash), the Bishop collected a few people and said the service of the day, preaching extempore, and was still standing talking to his little congregation, when Mr. Green of Maritzburg, the companion of his last Visitation, suddenly appeared, having ridden, accompanied by a son of Mr. Moodie, the Government secretary at Natal, a six days' journey to catch the Bishop. It was a most cheering meeting, and they went on together the next day, outspanning in the wild open veldt, making their supper on cold ham and biscuits, and sleeping sitting up in the cart—the three gentlemen above, and the two drivers below. The next day towards evening they began to descend the Drakenberg, which was so very steep, that although they unloaded the cart and carried all their luggage for more than half-a-mile, the pole cracked in several places, and owing to the delay caused by this operation, night surprised the travellers, and they were obliged to outspan at the bottom of the steepest declivity. "I never knew my driver baffled with a difficulty before," the Bishop wrote. "As the pole had cracked before we reached the worst part of the road, he said he did not dare to 'reim' (lock) the wheel, and that if we went down with it unlocked, all would roll into the precipice below. He said we must turn back, we could not attempt the descent." As this, however, was impossible, we did attempt it, and arrived

safe at the bottom, though through many dangers. I understand no cart has ever been down there before. The wagons of the country can, if they please, lock all the wheels. We spent the night again very uncomfortably.

“When day dawned and we proceeded in our descent, which I did on foot considerably in advance of the cart, a glorious view presented itself. All the Kloofs in the mountains around us and above us were covered with wood, to which our eyes of late had been but little accustomed. Before us was a vast range of undulating country, an apparently interminable succession of hill and dale. The grass, which on the other side of the mountain was dry and withered, was here green and verdant, and several sorts of flowers were still in blossom. I know not whether the change of scene affected me at all, but I have seldom enjoyed a two hours’ walk more. During the whole time I was enabled to maintain almost uninterrupted communion with God. The cart had scarcely overtaken me before we reached a deep ravine, near to the first house which we have seen for nearly four days. In descending this, the pole snapped in sunder, and at one time I thought my driver would have been killed and the cart dashed to pieces. Happily, however, the horses—perhaps through fatigue—behaved very well, and the cart reached the bed of the river with little additional damage. A kind farmer in the neighbourhood brought his wagon and Kafirs, with wood and forage, and we were able to splice our pole and proceed on our journey after two or three hours’ delay. We again slept in the veldt, and on the following day passed through a pleasing country without further serious accident, though the front board of the cart gave way altogether, our swingle broke, the iron ring which fastened the harness of the four front horses to the pole snapped in two, and we had several similar trifling misfortunes. . . . We passed one fine river, the Tugela, in which I bathed, as I have been able to do also for the last three days, much to my refreshment; for having so little sleep, and not being able to lie down, I am getting somewhat fatigued. A life like that I am now leading makes a man feel that he is a wayfarer—that he is a stranger

and pilgrim upon earth, that this is not his rest. God grant that it may lead me more and more, day by day, to prepare, as I trust it is in some measure doing, to enter into that rest that 'remaineth for the people of God.'

"16th, We passed the night by the banks of a little stream. Our horses having strayed to some distance during the night, we were long in finding them, and did not start very early. I had been three hours on foot before the cart overtook me. There are a great many ancient Kafir kraals all along the road, which evidently were raised by the former inhabitants of the country, who have now passed away. . . The 100,000 coloured people who now dwell in the country, and have had considerable tracts of land assigned to them, are chiefly refugees from the tyranny of Panda and other chiefs. Two of these came up to us last night while we were cooking our supper in the veldt. We did not see them for some time, it being very dark. They were thankful for some food and tea which we gave them. . . . We breakfasted at the Bushman's Drift, a military post upon a fine river, at least fine for South Africa. It has been placed there to check the depredations of the Bushmen who live in the Drakenberg mountains, which are their strongholds. These men are the great cattle-stealers of this Colony and the Sovereignty. . . . The Bushmen appear to be the most lost and degraded of all the tribes of South Africa. . . . The officers at the Post called upon me when I was outspanning, and supplied all our wants. From thence we went over a very hilly country with wretched roads, to the Mooi River, where we had some supper in an Englishman's hut, and pushed on by moonlight a little farther, being anxious to make sure of reaching Maritzburg the next night. . . We outspanned, as usual, in the veldt. This is the ninth night that I have been unable to undress or go to bed, while taking long walks every day. I am surprised that I am not more fatigued. The next morning we arrived at the Umgeni River to breakfast, after a four hours' drive over a hilly country. Here there is a very beautiful waterfall; the river rushes over a perpendicular rock into a valley about 300 feet below."

At this point a party from Pieter Maritzburg appeared to meet the Bishop and conduct him to the Governor's house, where he was expected to stay. After a long descent they reached the town, and one can well imagine that it was, as the Bishop said, a great relief to see horses and people, after travelling for so many days without coming across any signs of life. The Bishop had travelled 1,400 miles by this time with the same horses.

Whitsuntide was spent at Maritzburg. Little more than a year ago there was no English Clergyman in the Colony, and no likelihood of any coming to meet the wants of the large and increasing emigrant population, and the 100,000 Zulus recently added to the Colony. As yet there was not a church, but the upper end of a large schoolhouse was partitioned off, and well fitted up with altar, font, and lectern, and the Bishop took a hearty share in the services of the day. There were twenty-five communicants. He says, "When the choir broke forth with the Psalm, 'O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of His Salvation,' I was for the moment quite overcome. That text, 'How shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?' rushed into my mind. It was not that I was moved by any desponding or ungrateful feelings, but I could not refrain from tears. The sacredness of the day itself, its peculiar appropriateness for the first service of the first Bishop of the Church of God in this land, the devout and reverential manner of the congregation that had been gathered by the zeal and earnestness of my dear friend, gratitude to Almighty God for what He has already wrought for us in this land, and a very fervent desire that God, 'Who as at this time did teach the hearts of His faithful people by sending to them the light of His Holy Spirit,' might pour out abundantly the gift of His Spirit upon our infant Church—all these contributed to make me feel the services of this day very deeply."

There was plenty to do at Maritzburg, where the Bishop made his head-quarters for some weeks. Thanks to Mr. Green, the daily service had been established. The Bishop confirmed

forty-four candidates, and on Trinity Sunday he ordained Mr. Steabler, who had come out with him as a Catechist. He was interested in the visit of some Zulu ambassadors, sent by Panda, the King of the Zulus, to the Governor. On May 27th the Bishop started with the Governor and some other gentlemen for D'Urban. On arriving there the Bishop found English letters, and the warm, loving heart poured itself out to his sister in reply.

“D'Urban, June 3rd, 1850.

“My dearest Annie—I cannot help writing, though at a late hour, to thank you for your affectionate letter. . . . It will indeed be a happiness to be permitted to see you all once more in this world, and to take sweet counsel together. But should it please God to spare me to visit again the mother land and Mother Church, it will be to labour to promote the work God has given me to do. Our rest, my Annie, is not here, and well it is not! May it be that we may all hereafter meet in our Father's House, to part no more. I have a good hope, dearest, that it will be even so. Would that our services, while He deigns to use them for the advancement of His Cause here below, were more fervent and effectual. Such as they are, may He accept them, and pardon all that is deficient in them for His Dear Son's Sake. I shall need more than ever, as trials are coming upon our infant Church, the intercession of those who lift up holy hands in behalf of the Church in South Africa, and the feeblest of God's ministering servants.—Ever, dearest Annie, your very affectionate brother,
R. CAPETOWN.”

To the Rev. Dr. WILLIAMSON.

“June 3rd, 1850.

. . . “My Mission scheme is not yet laid before the Governor. . . . It is briefly this :—Government propose to make ten locations of the natives, 10,000 souls in each. In each of these I propose to found a Mission Institution, somewhat on the plan of the Moravians. There is to be a community; they are to live in common. There must be a Priest, Schoolmaster (if in Deacon's Orders so much the better), mechanic, agriculturist.

An industrial system is to be taught in combination with mental and moral training. The plan embraces the reception of male and female pupils into the Institution, and a hospital. All the persons who conduct should, if possible, be married. Government to give £300 a year to each Institution for five years, and a farm. A single establishment would, in complete operation, cost full £600 a year; but the proceeds of the farm and shop (which latter may be placed on an unobjectionable footing, and different from any now existing) would go in abatement of this. In a few years it would nearly pay its own expenses. If the Government adopt my scheme, I offer (unless prevented by Cape politics) to go home to England to raise funds and select agents. I could not, of course, start them all at once. The scheme is intended, in fact, to meet Earl Grey's views, as detailed in his despatches. I have submitted it to Shepstone, the son of a Wesleyan missionary, the political agent, as he is called, for the whole of these Kafirs, who is regarded by them as their paramount chief. Green, who has just come down here, tells me he cordially approves it. I wish you to bear it in mind, and keep an eye open for fit and proper agents. The aptitude for acquiring languages will, of course, be an important consideration. Here there is a most interesting work before the Church. May God dispose her to enter upon it, and provide the means and agency required."

On the way to D'Urban the party visited the American Missions Station, the Cotton Company's lands, and a settlement called Little Germany, where a Mr. Bergthiel, a Jew, had established a colony of thirty-six German families. All these sources of increasing population pressed more and more heavily on the Bishop's mind the urgent necessity that the Church should fulfil her duty in providing for their spiritual wants. The town of D'Urban itself he found rapidly increasing; every one seemed to be building, and the influx of emigrants was great. "I cannot but fear," the Bishop wrote, "that a labouring population, the greater part of which is without capital, is pouring in too fast, and that there will be consequently much distress."

The Bishop visited the surrounding country with the Governor in every direction. They rode to the Umgeni River, through beautiful scenery, the trees chiefly evergreen, with convolvulus creeping to the tops of the highest. The Bush was thick, and full of flowers. Hibiscus, salvia, castor-oil, tobacco, indigo, hemp, sarsaparilla, etc., were universal. The hills abound in elephants, whose tracks they saw in every direction, as also the tiger, wolf, and wild dog.

On June 4th the Bishop, with the Governor, Mr. Green, Mr. Shepstone, Dr. Stanger, and Captain Gordon, set off on a week's riding expedition to the American Mission Stations on the north-east coast. One general impression was confirmed as they inquired into the working of the missions—namely, that the Zulu character was a very different material in which to work from that of the Kafir; the latter being “essentially sceptical, and ready to doubt and dispute all you say, while the former are ready to believe when truth is pressed upon them.” The Bishop and his friends found themselves in a country where crocodiles abounded, and Mr. Grout, one of the Station Missionaries, warned him to be careful in bathing, as the Kafirs were frequently caught in the water. Other wild beasts there were in plenty, and one of their Kafirs was badly hurt by a tiger. Before leaving D'Urban the Bishop consecrated a burial-ground, and did everything in his power to promote the building of a church; and on the 15th June returned to Maritzburg, where he remained occupied in the same kind of work as usual, confirming, teaching, investigating missions, healing breaches, raising funds, and the like. He writes on S. Peter's Day: “The third anniversary of my consecration. Little did I foresee three years ago the extent of the duties, anxieties, and responsibilities of the Episcopal office, especially in a Diocese so circumstanced as this. Had I known, when summoned to take the oversight of the Church in this land, in all its fulness the nature of the work to which I have been called, or my own insufficiency for it, I had not dared consent to bear the burden.”

. During this time, too, the Bishop was maturing his pro-

posed Mission schemes, and embodied what he put before Dr. Williamson in the letter recently quoted, in an official document addressed to the Governor of Pieter Maritzburg, accompanied by the following private letter, a copy of both of which he sent to England :—

“ P. Maritzburg, June 19th, 1850.

“ Dear Sir—I have, during my visits with you to the several locations for the natives on the coast, been endeavouring to mature a scheme, which, while it should benefit the coloured race of this land, both in a temporal and spiritual way, should aid the Government in the difficult duties which will devolve upon it under the peculiar and rapidly changing circumstances of the country. We all see that the heathen who are round about us are in a transition state—that they are being trained for good or for evil by the white man from day to day. Already a great change has taken place in many of them, and this will be the case in an increased degree as the tide of emigration, now setting in so strongly, extends over the land. Ere long the power of the Chief, upon which the good government of the people at present mainly depends, will melt away. It is already in certain instances much diminished. What moral influence have we at work to supply the place of the fading power of the chiefs, which has hitherto been relied upon for restraining this people? Unhappily there is but little. A few foreign Missionaries, owning no allegiance to the British Government, and opposed upon principle to our institutions, cannot, however good and zealous they may be, meet the necessities of the case; and yet, with the exception of two or three Wesleyans, no other agency is at work for the benefit of this very interesting people, whom we have taken under our charge. After visiting most of the Missions in the Colony, and conversing with those who take the deepest interest in the matter, I am satisfied that institutions similar to those which I have proposed to found are most suited to the existing wants of the natives, and the best calculated to transform them gradually into a religious, loyal, and industrious people. Should your Honour agree with me, and think my plan feasible, I shall

very readily enter into it, and labour to bring it into effectual operation. If I could see that there was a prospect of my being able to carry it out without any assistance from Government, I would, for many reasons, prefer doing so. But in the present weak state of the Church throughout the whole Diocese, requiring, as it does in all its parts, liberal aid from the Mother Church, I see no prospect of my being able to bear the whole expense of the undertaking. I propose, therefore, that the Government should help forward the work out of the fund collected through the hut tax,¹ and I have the less scruple in doing this because I understand that it is in accordance with Lord Grey's views that the amount raised should be spent for the immediate benefit of the tax-payer; and I can conceive no way in which it could be appropriated more advantageously to him than that which I have suggested. Roads and bridges, and other material improvements, would at present be of little benefit to the Kafir, who lives among his mountains and valleys, and always travels on foot. I have endeavoured to make some calculation as to the probable expense of each Institution, and I have come to the conclusion that the buildings, including accommodation for fifty pupils, a hospital or infirmary, a residence for several families of teachers, school, chapel, etc., could not, when completed, cost less than £1,000—they would probably cost much more. To this must be added the expense of stock for the farm, wagon, implements, etc. The annual cost, were the establishment complete and the Institution full, would not, I think, be less at first than £600 a year. Ultimately it might perhaps be made very nearly to pay its own expenses. . . . Missionaries at present pay 5s. a month to each pupil, and they reckon the cost of each at 5s. a month. Girls are rather more expensive, as the parent takes the wages, and leaves the Missionary to clothe them. I reckon this item at £250. To this I add £50 as the probable expense of hospital, £50 for repairs and incidental expenses, and £250 for

¹ This was a tax upon the natives' huts, already amounting to £8,000 a year, and likely to increase, which Earl Grey had desired to be used for the immediate benefit of those who paid it.

the maintenance of the officers of the Institution and their families. There would probably be four—a principal, schoolmaster, mechanic, and agriculturist. The whole expense to Government would be little more than the cost of a single school and schoolmaster in each location. There would be no shadow of a ground of complaint upon the part of other bodies of Christians that *their* money was applied for the promotion of a Church work. The money is drawn exclusively from the heathen, and is to be expended exclusively for the heathen, in such way as Government shall deem most conducive to their welfare. I should have entered more fully into the scheme had I not felt that circumstances and experience might lead to a considerable modification of it. . . . I have only to add, that the working out of the plan, if I engage in it, must be left altogether to myself. If I am to be in any way responsible for its success, I must have the entire control of it. Of course, however, I shall be happy at any time to furnish information respecting the various Institutions, and I should desire that the accounts be inspected from time to time. I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,
R. CAPE TOWN."

The Governor highly approved of this scheme, and undertook to lay it before Lord Grey. Writing concerning it to Dr. Williamson (June 24th, 1850), the Bishop says: "I should not have entered upon this additional work at this time, oppressed as I am with a multiplicity of other things, and utterly destitute of funds for the undertaking, if it would have borne delay. But these poor people are rapidly undergoing a great change; they are hourly suffering injury from their contact with the white man; and unless some large and comprehensive system be adopted while they are in their present submissive and docile state, I fear they will fall first into anarchy and lawlessness, and next into a very hardened state. Indeed, do what we will, we can scarce hope to keep pace with the progress of evil. As a people there is really much to interest one in them: they are gentle, amiable, honest, humble, with fine intelligent countenances. They are thrifty, industrious, hard-working for

savages. They have, of course, the usual vices of the Heathen, and these are sickening enough; but I doubt very much whether New Zealand or any other country presents at this moment so interesting or so promising a field for the Christian Church to cultivate. If I can leave the Cape next year, I probably shall return to England to raise men and means; but meantime I am anxious that you should pave the way by such steps as may suggest themselves to you. . . . One of the party should have a knowledge of medicine, another of music (the people sing beautifully, and their language is well adapted for chanting); all should have a capacity for acquiring languages. I do not propose to offer any stipends, though I am open to conviction on this point, for I find almost all here differing from me. But I would have them live together, at one common table, and have no allowance except it were for clothes. Of course there would be Rules which all would sign, and by which they would have to abide. . . . The buildings will, in the first instance, be of the simplest description—the Rector would have control over the whole Institution, under the Bishop or Archdeacon. The climate is a beautiful one; dry and bracing in winter, but with almost daily thunder-showers in summer. The land is rich and covered with grass.”

On July 2nd the Bishop left Pieter Maritzburg (as he says with a mind full of hopes and fears for the future, the latter arising from his lack of men and money) for King William's Town, about 450 miles distant, but the journey had to be performed through a country where no horses had ever yet drawn a carriage, and over mountains pronounced to be almost impassable. The Crown Prosecutor, Mr. Harding, had just returned with three ox-wagons from Faku's country, through which the Bishop was going, and this gentleman persisted in affirming that he would never reach King William's Town with his cart. However the Bishop was not discouraged, nor his intended companion Mr. Shepstone—(not the official already mentioned of that name, who had intended to go with the Bishop and was prevented, but his brother). The Governor and

several other gentlemen rode some way with them, and then they proceeded on through a country rendered desolate by the custom of burning the grass, which made it all as black as a cinder, and very gloomy. They slept at Tudaleni Mission station, and the next morning were joined by three Kafirs who were to guide them—one of whom had no clothing save his shield and *assegai*. They all took enormous quantities of snuff out of ivory spoons which they carried in their hair.

The difficulties of the journey already began on this second day. "Some of the descents were fearful," the Bishop says:—"I wondered how my man was able to drive down them:—I thought several times that cart and horses would all have rolled together down the mountain. The ascents were no better. At one very steep place the horses fairly refused to go on. After several vain attempts to get them up it, we partially unloaded the cart, and I ran before them, leading them with a rein, as they knew me almost as well as Ludwig. The Kafirs ran behind with stones to stop the cart from going back at the resting-places. I never remember to have been more oppressed by any exertion. Had the hill been a little longer, I am sure I should have fainted; as it was my legs quite gave way, and I nearly fell, and did not recover myself for half-an-hour. I walked nearly the whole way, thinking that I was better able to carry myself than the horses were to draw me. We passed the night in a valley half-way up a mountain."

The next night, after some delay owing to the horses having strayed, they outspanned by a little stream, where the neighbouring Kafirs (who were quite naked) brought them sticks for their fire, new milk, and a few mealies for the horses, as also a calf, which latter was the tribute customary to bring to a great chief passing through the country. In return the Bishop gave the Kafirs some of his hard biscuits, which puzzled them very much; sugar, which they thought excellent, and very sweet tea, which they liked best of all.

The next day's journey (July 5th) was very disastrous:—"We ascended the mountain which overhangs the Umzumkulu well enough; but in our descent we came to some very broken

ground, though not worse than much that we had safely passed over. Just, however, as I was offering up thanksgiving for escape from danger, I saw my cart roll over. In an instant it was turned completely upon its head, quite crushing the tent, and the wheelers were upon their backs, with their feet in the air. Ludwig was invisible, being under the cart. We extricated him with some difficulty, and found that, by God's great mercy, he was not in the least hurt;—he had not even a bruise. In a short time we managed to release the horses, and then, with the assistance of some Kafirs, turned the cart over. We found it considerably damaged, but Ludwig, who is a most invaluable and indefatigable man, bound it together with *riems*. We then packed some of our goods on the horses' backs, and carried the rest ourselves with the aid of the Kafirs, having previously sent the empty cart a considerable distance in advance, the ground being still very rough. . . . After leaving this place we had still a very difficult country to travel over. It was a plain, intersected by a great number of deep ravines. There was no road, not even a track or path, to guide us, and I was amazed that we got safe through our difficulties. We broke our harness in several places in doing so, but arrived at the Umzumkulu before sunset. This is a fine broad river, and the country about it may be called beautiful, though there is a great sameness in all the mountainous parts of Natal. In coming out of the drift our horses stuck fast, being unable to drag the cart out. After taking the luggage off, we managed to get safe to land, and outspanned just on the bank of the river where I had agreed to meet Mr. Fynn, who, however, did not make his appearance. Some of the grass about us was at least eight feet high; the horses were quite lost in it. I feel thankful to Almighty God that the accident which has befallen us to-day has not been attended with more mischief. Both man and horses might easily have been killed. The loss of my cart, however, seems to me like the loss of a home. I read in it, wrote in it, slept in it—in fact, lived in it. It has been my chief home for some months. Now I am without shelter, but, thank God, it is not a season of the year when we need

expect much rain. It is singular that the two worst accidents which I have had in all my South African travels should have happened in coming into and going out of Natal. My exit was not much more dignified than my entrance, for I on foot drove four of my horses for a considerable distance with a knapsack on my back and two other packages in my hands. Poor Ludwig insisted on my occupying his bed under the cart at night, though I was loth to rob him of his comfortable berth. I reckon the actual distance from Maritzburg to the Umzumkulu to be eighty miles."

The next morning, after bathing in the river, the Bishop walked on with one of the Kafir guides, and when the cart rejoined them at a bad drift he found that in the interval Ludwig and the cart had had just such another upset as that of the day before—again happily without injury to himself or the horses, and only a considerable crack in the pole. Some very difficult drifts now hindered the travellers; but the Bishop, who had dreaded the ascents and descents most before starting, was now quite glad to find himself climbing a mountain, having learnt that nothing is so dangerous as a plain perpetually intersected with ravines. They reached the Ibesi River just as it grew dark, after a weary journey through burnt-up tracts of land, where the ashes blew in clouds around them. The next morning, after a bathe in the Ibesi (carefully taken because of the numerous crocodiles), the Bishop tried to have some religious conversation with his attendant Kafirs, Mr. Shepstone acting as interpreter, and he was very much interested with the attempt. "They had heard something of the Christian religion," he says, "having been formerly in the neighbourhood of a Missionary. They said they thought very lightly of Christianity at first, but that they began to think there must be something very great in it. They listened with much attention and apparent interest while I explained to them the Being and Nature of the True God, and told them that He was their Maker and Preserver. They said that in their ignorant state they had some sort of an idea of a Great Preserver, different from and above their gods, who had been their ancestors. I told them God had given

us certain commandments, would they like to hear them? They said Yes. I then went through several. This led me to speak of the nature of sin and the punishment of it; of a Redeemer, of repentance, and of faith. They appeared very much struck with God's Attributes of Love and Mercy, so different from anything they knew of or had experienced from men. After speaking to them about praying to God, and asking them if they understood me, they said, 'Yes, it was like going to their chief and asking him to forgive any fault.' They expressed astonishment at being told that God forgave those who were sorry for sin and left off sinning. Very few chiefs ever did this! I spoke to them of the torments of hell, and the happiness of Heaven. While speaking upon this latter subject, I asked them if they were happy or had ever been so. They said, 'No; how should they?' I thought my endeavour to explain to them the blessedness of the saved, somewhat affected them. When I asked if they would like me to send them a teacher to instruct them about God, they said they would wish it very much. 'Would they listen to what he told them?' They would, and would tell their friends and children what I had told them. 'Would they give oxen and mealies to feed a teacher from God?' To this they did not like to pledge themselves, but said they thought their chief would. I told them I should like much to send them a man of God, but he would have to come from a great way beyond the sea, and he would be poor, and if one came among them, they must do what they could for him. They promised that they would pray to God, and try to keep His Commandments. I told them that if they did this with all their hearts, God would give them more light and knowledge. Upon telling them that to-day was the holy day of Christians, and that though we prayed to God every day, yet this was our chief day of prayer, and that they must be very quiet while we prayed, they doubled themselves up close beside us, and put their karosses over their faces while I offered the prayers of the Church. In this land of darkness and the shadow of death, cold indeed must he be who prays not fervently and frequently, 'Thy Kingdom come.'

“O my God! raise up, I pray Thee, faithful pastors who may teach these lost ones the way of life. Stir up the hearts of many within Thy Church to offer of their substance for the establishment and maintenance of Mission work in this Diocese; and bless the means which Thy poor weak servant shall adopt for the conversion to the faith of multitudes in this land, who neither know Thee nor serve Thee.

“I feel more and more the importance of going home next year, if spared so long, and if the affairs of the Diocese will admit of it, with reference to the myriads of immortal souls in this land, for whom as yet little or nothing has been done. . . . The afternoon I spent in writing a sermon by the river-side. We then had evening prayer, and after dark another long conversation with some new guides who had joined us. I was much pleased with one of them. He spoke of the peace and quiet and protection they enjoyed under the British Government, so different from the former state of things under Chaka, who had devastated the whole country, and so destroyed the various tribes, that the one to which these Kafirs belonged, a very small one, was made up of the remnants of several. . . . I like these savages, and could be well content to settle down amongst them, and endeavour to teach them the things of God.”

The next day Mr. Shepstone was to leave the Bishop, and he was feeling somewhat desolate at the prospect of travelling on through this unknown land, not understanding the language of the few inhabitants he was likely to meet, when, greatly to his relief, Mr. Fynn (British Resident in these parts) appeared, and relieved his mind. That night they slept near some clumps of trees, and the Bishop found it quite a luxury to have the space beneath his cart to himself as a bed. “I begin,” he says, “to feel that there is some truth in the saying that if you wish to sleep well on the ground, you must dig two holes, one for your shoulders, and one for your hip. My bones are getting sore from the hardness of my couch; but as I walk nearly the whole time from sunrise to sunset, I am generally sufficiently tired to sleep well at night. In the morning we found our horses had strayed to a great distance, in a vain search for