they had already of the Truth to lead them on to higher views, from him whom they ignorantly worshipped, up to the True and Living God."

There can be little doubt, rather there is none, that the choice of Mr. Colenso for missionary work in a heathen land was a blessing not only to the heathen to whom he was sent, but to his countrymen, to the cause of truth, to the Church of England, and to the Church of God. Up to this time his moral sense and spiritual instincts lacked free play; and, had he remained in England, those circumstances probably would never have arisen which were made the means of evoking the marvellous strength of character evinced in the great battle of his life. It was just that appeal of the honest heart which was needed to call into action the slumbering fires. That appeal, and his instantaneous obedience to that appeal, were sneered at as stupid, childish, and contemptible: but the questions of the "intelligent Zulu" became for him questions like those which led Luther to nail his theses on the Church door at Wittenberg, and enabled him to break with the force of a Samson the theological and traditional withs by which he had thus far been bound.

CHAPTER II.

TEN WEEKS IN NATAL.

WE have seen that in his Cambridge and Harrow days Mr. Colenso had turned a longing eye on the vast field of missionary work. Even while he saw no reason to hope that he might one day be enabled to take part in it himself, he felt that there could be no higher call than that which summoned a man to the conflict with deadly superstition, ignorance, terror and sin. The longing which had always filled his heart was the longing for growth in the knowledge of God, and in His Love, for increasing trust in a righteous Will which must in the end be victorious over every thing that opposes it,—which must in the end destroy death. The work of the missionary was therefore to carry to the uttermost bounds of the earth the tidings of the all-embracing love, and to raise all hearts to the thought of the great consummation when every rebellious will shall have been brought into absolute harmony with the Divine Will. Now that he had been called to this work himself, he rejoiced to go forth in this spirit to the help of those who were sitting in darkness. Many things might still be perplexing; but in all that related to the mode in which, and the design with which, the work should be carried on, there was no hesitation, there was not even a shadow of doubt. Christian, heathen, Turk or Jew, all were the objects of God's loving and Fatherly care, all were His

children, though some of them might not know it, and others might openly defy Him. He went out, therefore, to Natal, resolved that no word falling from his lips should chill or repel those whom he was bound to cheer and comfort. It was not his office to inforce theories of human depravity, and of the vindictiveness of Divine punishments. It was his duty to tell them of One who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, who, though eager to receive the penitent, will by no means clear the guilty, and whose discipline and judgement will throughly purge away all dross, and leave only the pure ore.

But he was entering on a field of labour of which he had no personal experience. Dr. Gray's supervision of this outlying portion of his huge diocese was, necessarily, merely nominal, and the condition of the native population had lately undergone so many changes, that a preliminary survey of the country became a matter of necessity. This survey was made immediately after his consecration, which took place on St. Andrew's Day.[1] He sailed from Plymouth December 15, 1853; reached Capetown January 20, 1854; and, from the same steamer which had brought him from England, he landed in Natal on the 30th of January. The impressions received during his stay in the country were given to the world in a little volume bearing the title of *Ten Weeks in Natal.* A few years later, when the Bishop had been led to examine the history of the Pentateuch, some of his adversaries professed to discover in this book plain signs of the "shallowness," the "ignorance," and "precocity of judgment" which, as they said, was to lead him in the end to complete shipwreck of the faith. To others who have read it dispassionately, it has commended itself as one of the noblest amongst missionary records, as

[1] Dr. Armstrong was at the same time consecrated Bishop of Grahamstown. The sermon was preached by Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford.

exhibiting everywhere an unwearied zeal, a large-hearted generosity, and a very real charity for all men.

The picture which he draws from his own observation of the country and its inhabitants is conscientiously accurate; but the same accuracy cannot be claimed for statements relating to earlier Zulu history which he quotes from the accounts of others. He had no motive for extenuating the faults, or disparaging the good qualities of either white or black, and he was resolved that justice should be done to both alike. On mingling with them he found that the natives had many good qualities, although they and their fathers had lived under the rule of some very sanguinary chiefs. About thirty years before the Bishop's visit Natal had been wasted by the Zulu King Chaka, of whom the Bishop recounts some stories which, if true, would give him a title to be ranked amongst the scourges of mankind.[1] On the murder of Chaka his sceptre passed to his brother Dingaan, and from him to another brother, Panda.

When the Bishop of Capetown visited Natal, now some six and thirty years ago, a generation had sprung up which knew not Chaka, and had but small knowledge of his doings. Bishop Gray found them "humble, docile, submissive," and believed "that at that time almost anything might have been done with them." Their honesty and faithfulness were proof against temptations, which multitudes of Englishmen would be incapable of resisting.

"The Insurance Company, having to send cash from Maritzburg to Durban (52 miles), would prefer, to any other mode of conveyance, despatching two Kafirs with it, sewed up in belts about their waists. They would send, with perfect security in this way, as much as £500 for a payment of 10*s.* to each Kafir."

[1] *Ten Weeks in Natal*, p. 224.

On another occasion the Bishop of Natal says :—

"I was speaking of the faithfulness and honesty of the Kafirs, and observing that it was not always to be matched among Englishmen. 'Well,' said young Mr. Moodie, 'you seem to have heard a good many stories about their honesty. Now let me tell you a tale of a different kind, in which I was concerned with them. About six months ago I sold a man a spade for 5*s*. He paid me 4*s*. on the spot, and promised to bring me the 1*s*. in the course of a day or two; but from that time to this I have never seen or heard anything of my shilling.' Certainly it was a formidable accusation against my poor dark-skinned friend, and I had nothing to say on his behalf except that I did not suppose all Kafirs were equally virtuous, and that I thought it just possible that such a piece of villainy *might* find its match in the good old mother-land. But while we were talking, there was a half-caste servant, who was within hearing, and who was all attention to the story. And when presently his young master left the room, the man went out to tell him that 'Saul had given the 1*s*. to *him* a long while ago for one of his young masters; but he did not know exactly for whom, and had kept it in his box ever since, and there it was now.' Mr. Moodie was perfectly satisfied with this man's account of the transaction. He was a well-tried faithful servant, and no doubt had been perplexed at first about the matter, and had, through carelessness, forgotten all about it since. At any rate *he* was a half-caste—half English—*not* a pure Kafir."[1]

But, honest and trustworthy though the natives might be, it was considered necessary to be firm and even strict in dealing with them, and to avoid over-much familiarity. A chief named Ngoza came to pay his respects to the Bishop.

"I happened to be dressing at the time, and was naturally unwilling to keep any one waiting, so was making what haste I could in donning my apparel. But I was told there

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 122.

was no necessity whatever for this—that, in fact, it would be quite the thing to keep him waiting for some time—he would, as a matter of course, expect it—time was of no consequence to him, and he would amuse himself, somehow or other, in the court-yard until I came out. In due time I stepped out to him, and there stood Ngoza, dressed neatly enough as an European, with his attendant Kafir waiting beside him. I said nothing (as I was advised) until he spoke, and, in answer to a question from Mr. Green, said that he was come to salute the 'nkos.' 'Sakubona,' I said: and with all my heart would have grasped the great black hand, and given it a brotherly shake; but my dignity would have been essentially compromised in his own eyes by any such proceeding. I confess it went very much against the grain; but the advice of all true philo-Kafirs, Mr. Shepstone among the rest, was to the same effect,—viz., that too ready familiarity, and especially shaking hands with them upon slight acquaintance, was not only not understood by them, but did great mischief in making them pert and presuming."[1]

From the first the Bishop resolved that he would have nothing to do with arguments appealing to mere terror; and from the first he was anxious to correct the mischievous impressions left by such arguments on the minds of the natives. These natives, it must be remembered, were fairly able to take the measure of their instructors and put a value on their teaching.

"'The profession of Christianity had been much hindered,' they said, 'by persons saying that the world will be burnt up—perhaps very soon, and they will all be destroyed. They are frightened, and would rather not hear about it, if that is the case.'

"'Tell them,' I said, 'that I am come to speak to them about their Father in heaven, who loves them, who does them good continually, watches over, and blesses them.'

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 45.

"What do they think of the Prayer? [The Lord's prayer] Ngoza 'liked it, the first time he heard it.' All agreed that the thoughts of it were excellent. 'They thought that there was a great deal of truth in what the missionaries said; but it frightened them to be told such terrible things. Some said the world would be drowned, and only a little bit of it left for them to stand on; and then they saw the same people going and living wickedly.' 'They have understood more to-night than they ever did before.' 'Now tell them whose prayer it is—the Lord's prayer, for the great God, umkulunkulu, sent His Son to become a man, and He lived among men, and loved them, and taught them about the love of their Father in Heaven.' 'Their old women had stories something like this.' 'Say now that He is made the Inkos' enkulu—Great Lord—of all men. One day I shall hope to tell them more about him, and how He showed his great love to us all when He lived in this world and when He died. But now He is living in Heaven, though we cannot see Him, and He is the Lord of us all, the uKumbani, Supreme King, whose Kingdom ruleth over all; and we must obey Him, and try to please Him in all things. It is His Spirit which puts every good thought into our hearts, and helps us to do every right action.' They have an expressive way, I find, of speaking of a man's *two hearts.*

"They told me of the old Kafir tradition that 'umkulunkulu sent the word of life by a chameleon, and then he sent the word of death by a lizard; but the lizard outran the chameleon.' They thought that 'part of a man' lived after death; but knew nothing about judgment, till the missionaries told them. 'Have they not something within them, which teaches them that, when a man has done wrong, he ought to be punished?' 'Yes; a man's heart condemns him, when he has done wrong.' 'It is reasonable,' one of them observed, 'since umkulunkulu made us, takes care of us, has given us laws, and we must all stand before Him, that we should expect to be punished, if we have done wrong.'

"'If a man had led a very wicked life, and was grieved because he had done so, what was he to do?'

"'To an earthly chief,' they said, 'he would *confess his fault*, and ask forgiveness.'

"Before we dismissed our company, we asked them if they would like to use the Lord's Prayer with us, as we were going to say our Evening Prayers. They readily assented; and so we all knelt down together, and I repeated it, first in English, and then in Kafir, while Mr. S. repeated it after me, and the men joined in heartily. How strongly one felt, that this was indeed a Prayer, given us by One who knew well what was in man, who knew what words would suit the wants, and express the heart's desires, of *human* beings in all conditions and circumstances, high or low, rich or poor, educated Englishman, or wild barbarian Kafir! . . . . I lifted up my heart in prayer for these poor heathen. May God grant me grace and wisdom to do His blessed work among them."[1]

This narrative takes us back at once to the older story of the mission of Augustine to the heathen subjects of Æthelbert of Kent. But it is hard to shut our eyes to the great relative superiority of the Kafirs in spiritual insight to the high-priest of Godmundingham, whose liberality served only as a decent cloak for his self-interest. The Kafir, who confessed that he deserved and ought to look for the discipline of a righteous Judge, rose to a far higher standard than that of the Northumbrian Coifi who looked on his own religion as of no virtue whatever, because, had it been of any worth, the favours of the gods would have been showered down lavishly on himself, their most devoted worshipper, whereas the portion which had fallen to his lot was scant indeed. That Gregory the Great really desired the good of the English tribes to whom he had despatched Augustine and his companions as teachers, is proved by the sound sense which marked his

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p 101.

advice and suggestions to the first Archbishop of Canterbury. That the same sound sense should be shown in the Bishop's dealings with the Kafirs, is only what we might expect. What was to be done with reference to their religious celebrations? Foremost among these was the Feast of First Fruits.

"This, as now observed, is a purely heathen ceremony, but has undoubtedly a right meaning at the bottom; and instead of setting our face against all these practices, our wisdom will surely be, in accordance with the sage advice of Gregory the Great, to adopt such as are really grounded on truth, and restore them to their right use, or rather raise them in the end still higher, by making them Christian celebrations. This Feast of First Fruits is their most remarkable annual festival, and it is a royal prerogative to allow of its being kept. Pakade, therefore, has been obliged to send messengers to Maritzburg for leave to celebrate it. It would surely be a step in the right direction, if we could get such a chief as this to allow of the Lord's Prayer being said by a Christian missionary before the Feast begins, after some explanation had been given to the assembled multitude of the *general* meaning of such an address to the Supreme Being; while the Chief himself and his counsellors (with whom a longer and closer conversation might be held) might be told the *special* meaning of each particular sentence of the prayer. They would thus be taught gradually to connect the idea of thankfulness and reverence to Him who is the giver of all goodness, with their duty and habit of coming together to celebrate the fresh returns of His bounty. And, in utter despair of being able, for many years to come, to reach in detail the immense body of natives, who now inhabit this land, so as to supply each particular kraal with the direct and constant teaching of a Christian missionary, I cannot but hope that even in this way we may, with the blessing of God, be enabled to make some breach into the stronghold of their heathenism,—more especially if, as I think may be practicable, I make a

point of going the circuit annually among the heathen, and officiating myself at this Feast of First-fruits. Mr. S. thinks it would be most desirable, for civil purposes, that a commissioner should be present at the ceremony, and give to it the sanction of the crown of England. With him I might make my visitation of the heathen, as well as of the scattered Christians, of the diocese." [1]

Something was thus already done towards showing the people that white men and black men, Englishmen and Zulus, were all children of one common Father who had one Law, and one Justice, the same discipline and the same love, the same long-suffering, and the same blessed purpose for all. This was the vital point indeed, and the Kafirs were slow to be convinced of the Truth. "There is a complete separation in these matters," said one of the chiefs, "between the black and the white—we cannot at all understand each other."

"Mr. Shepstone explained that I thought there was not so great a separation as he supposed, that we believed in unKulunKulu (the great-great one) as well as they, and that I was sent to tell them more about Him, what He had done, and what He was doing for them." [2]

On the following day Mr. Shepstone asked the chief Pakade what he thought of the Lord's Prayer, which had just been recited in Kafir.

"He said we quite beat him last night with talking of the umKulunKulu, and saying that we prayed to Him in England, for he saw that there was not so great a separation after all. We were perfectly taken by surprise with this answer; for we had fancied that he had scarcely noticed this observation of ours overnight. But it seems he had, and, though he had said nothing at the time, had

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 94. [2] *Ib.* p. 115.

been pondering since upon it. Mr. Shepstone then explained to him the Lord's prayer, and said that *Baba Wetu* (our Father) was umKulunKulu, and then went through the petitions, one by one, as before. The chief listened apparently with great interest to all that was said to him, and seemed to realize the meaning of the whole—the first fact having been the key to unlock the rest. In answer to a question from Mr. Shepstone, he said it would be a very proper prayer to be used at their festival, in which, I may remark, nothing whatever met the eye that was disgusting, or in any way offensive to a Christian mind, except the general barbarism of the people. . . .

"But as soon as Mr. Shepstone ended his lecture, the chief was off again. 'How do you make your gunpowder?'"[1]

It was, however, quite possible that the name chosen to denote the Father and Preserver of all men might convey wrong impressions, or, it may be, leave no impression at all. The rule followed by the Bishop was to adhere to the name which seemed to express their highest conceptions. Visiting Mr. Allison's mission station at Edendale, a few miles from Maritzburg, he learnt that his people, some 500 or 600 in number,

"were unanimous in their disapproval of the word for God now commonly in use among the missionaries, *uTixo*, which, they said, had no meaning whatever for the Kafirs. They used it because they found it in their Bibles, but it was not a word of their language at all. The proper word for God, they said, was *iTongo*, which meant with them a Power of Universal Influence—a Being under whom all around were placed. . . . All the Kafir tribes, whether on the frontier or to the north, would understand *iTongo;* but the latter would have no idea whatever of what was meant by *uTixo*, though the former are now used to it through the missionaries."[2]

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 117. [2] *Ib.* p. 57.

It turned out, however, that Mr. Allison's Kafirs were in error as to the universal comprehension of the name "iTongo."

"It is true that all the Kafirs of the Natal district believe in iTongo, and amaHlose; and it is very likely that the former may be regarded as having the universal *Tribal* influence they spoke of, in distinction from the limited family influence of the latter. (It did not occur to me to press this inquiry.[1]) But these words are certainly used by them only with reference to the *spirits of the dead*, not to the great Being whom they regard as their Creator. . . . The true words for the Deity in the Kafir language—at least in all this part of Africa—are *umKulunKulu*, = Almighty, and *um Velinquange*, literally 'the first comer out,' = the First Essence, or rather Existence. It will be seen, as my narrative proceeds, that in every instance, whether in the heathen kraal, amidst the wildest of savages, or in the presence of the teacher, who was himself surprised at the result, my enquiries led me invariably to the same point, namely, that these words have been familiar to them from their childhood, as names for Him who created them and all things, and as traces of a religious knowledge, which, however originally derived, their ancestors possessed long before the arrival of missionaries, and have handed down to the present generation. The amount of unnecessary hindrance to the reception of the Gospel, which must be caused by forcing upon them an entirely new name for the Supreme Being, without distinctly connecting it with their own two names, will be obvious to any thoughtful mind. It must make a kind of chasm between their old life and the new one to which they are invited; and it must be long before they can become able, as it were, to bridge over the gulf, and make out for themselves, that this strange name, which is preached to them, is only the white man's name for the same great Being, of whom they have heard their fathers and mothers

[1] Later, he continued the inquiry; the result being that the translation now is, "O God, my (or our) God." "Nkulunkulu, my (or our) iTongo."

speak in their childhood.[1] . . . Fully confirming this, Ngoza's people told the Bishop that amaTonga and Ama-Hlose were certainly not the same as umKulunKulu, for *they* could not be till man was created; in short, they were departed spirits, but umKulunKulu made all things. 'We've missed the truth by very little after all, for we pray to *unseen* spirits, and you to one *unseen* Being.'

"'*Ala-hlukaniswe igama-lako—Separated* (*i.e.* hallowed) *be Thy Name.*' They quite understood this; they never used the name 'umKulunKulu' without respect."[2]

In the kraal of the chief Langalibalele, whose name will become prominent in the history of the Bishop's later years, Mr. Shepstone put into the chief's hand a spoonful of brown sugar, which he ate with great zest. The latter then asked—

"'How is sugar made?' 'It's made by boiling.' 'Ah! then you are taught that by the Velinqange.' It should be observed that we had not said a word to him, or his people, on the subject of religion; so that here we had the heathen Kafir, of his own accord, referring the wisdom, which he saw we possessed, so superior to his own, to the Great Source of all Wisdom. We caught, of course, at this word 'What do you mean by umVelinqange?' 'He made men—he made the mountains—he gave them names. Do you know' he asked 'who gave the Tugela its name?' 'No.' 'Then it must be the Velinqange: for *we* do not know who did.' We asked "Who was the umKulunKulu?' He said 'He was the same.' 'Did they know anything about the creation? Had they any tradition about it?' 'No; they only knew that He had made them; they did not know *by what word* He had made them. Their old men had died by wars, and they had forgotten everything.' He said, 'They only knew of uTixo since white men had come into the country; but they knew the other names from time immemorial.' I begged Mr. Shepstone to tell him that uTixo was meant by the missionaries for the same Being,

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 60. [2] *Ib.* p 99.

but the teachers did not know they had such good names themselves for God,—that we prayed to umKulunKulu, and I was sent to tell them all about Him, the things which they and their fathers had forgotten, or never known. Mr. S. asked if the feast of First-fruits was not a feast of Thanksgiving. 'Yes; it certainly was, but they did not know to whom.' At a particular moon, when the fruits are ripe, they keep a feast for the blessings of the year; but they do not know at all to whom—they have quite forgotten.

"Mr. Blaine had not been with us at any of our former conferences with the Kafirs, and wished to press the point further, and to make out clearly, whether they knew anything of their own two names, before they saw the face of an Englishman. So the oldest man present was asked about it, and he replied 'Yes: from our childhood they told us, and they heard it from their fathers.' 'Had they ever had a Missionary in their tribe?' 'Yes, Mr. Allison had been with them. He had told them about Jehovah, and that they were as lost sheep without a shepherd.' 'Had they heard the two names before then?' 'Yes, long, long before.' 'And did they connect the names with Jehovah, when they heard of Him?' 'No, not at first; they only now began to think so.' . . . . A discussion now arose between themselves as to whether the amaHlose and amaTongo were the same as umKulunKulu. One said he thought they were. But he was over-ruled by the others who said 'That could not be, for *they* were the spirits of dead people, who came into snakes sometimes; but umKulunKulu made men, and all things.'"[1]

So full of consideration and tenderness were the dealings of the Bishop with the heathen of his diocese in matters which are generally assigned to the region of theology. Not less judicious was his treatment of questions arising out of their social conditions. Among the foremost of these was polygamy, and about this his mind was soon made up.

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c, p. 131.

"I must confess that I feel very strongly on this point, that the usual practice of inforcing the separation of wives from their husbands, upon their conversion to Christianity, is quite unwarrantable, and opposed to the plain teaching of our Lord. It is putting new wine into old bottles, and placing a stumbling-block, which He has not set, directly in the way of their receiving the Gospel. Suppose a Kafir man, advanced in years, with three or four wives, as is common amongst them,—who have been legally married to him according to the practice of their land (and the Kafir laws are very strict on this point, and Kafir wives perfectly chaste and virtuous), have lived with him for thirty years or more, have borne him children, and served him faithfully and affectionately (as, undoubtedly, many of these poor creatures do),—what right have we to require this man to cast off his wives, and cause them, in the eyes of all their people, to commit adultery, because he becomes a Christian? What is to become of their children? Who is to have the care of them? And what is the use of our reading to them the Bible stories of Abraham, Israel, and David, with their many wives? I have hitherto sought in vain for any decisive Church authority on the subject. Meanwhile, it is a matter of *instant* urgency in our missions, and must be decided without delay in one way or other. I may add that I returned to England in the *Indiana*, with an excellent old Baptist missionary from Burmah, Dr. Mason; and I was rather surprised to learn from him that the whole body of American missionaries in Burmah, after some difference in opinion, in which he himself sided decidedly with the advocates of the separation system, have in the early part of the year 1853, at a convocation, where two delegates attended from America, and where this point was specially debated, come to the unanimous decision to admit in future polygamists of old standing to communion,—but not to offices in the Church. I must say, this appears to me the only right and reasonable course. In the next generation, but not in this, we may expect to get rid of the evil; for, of course, no convert would be allowed to become a poly-

gamist after baptism, or to increase the number of his wives."[1]

Writing to Mrs. Colenso some two years later, Mr. Maurice said on this subject:—

"That the Bishop is right in his view of polygamy, I can have little doubt. And if so, it must be a great and useful duty to state his conviction. It brings new thought and experience to bear on the great subject of family life, and the moral effect of every courageous and well-considered announcement of difficulty, and a purpose, can scarcely be estimated."

The notion that Bishop Colenso ever for a moment regarded the system of polygamy as such with the faintest favour is so utterly and monstrously ludicrous that it is useless to waste words upon it. The system was in his eyes simply hateful; but the practice of polygamy amongst the natives with whom he had to deal involved a problem which called for immediate solution. There were two ways of solving it, and only two. The polygamist, who desired to profess the faith of Christ and to receive baptism, might be called upon to put away first all wives but one; or he might be told that he might retain the wives whom he had already married, but that he must not add to their number. Natives becoming converts before marriage would, of course, be allowed to marry only one wife. As to this there was not, and there never could be, any question.

The former of these two courses the Bishop saw from the first was "unwarranted by the Scriptures, unsanctioned by Apostolic example or authority, condemned by common reason and sense of right, and altogether unjustifiable." To make known this conviction, he addressed, in 1861, a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, summing up the arguments

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 141.

into which he had entered at greater length five years before in a letter to an American missionary. As he had urged then, so still he felt convinced, that the practice of the time when he wrote, far from tending to that extirpation of polygamy which was so heartily to be desired, helped to perpetuate the very evil objected to. According to the rule then commonly inforced, a polygamist wishing for baptism must at the outset break up his household and send adrift women, one or more, who were thus placed at a grievous disadvantage, even if they were not left utterly helpless. This necessity placed "a stumbling-block in the way of adults of the present generation," and repelled them from all close contact with Christian teaching. As a necessary consequence, the children also were kept away from the influence of the Christian teacher, and they too became polygamists in their turn, and handed down the practice to their descendants.

That any, who have thought carefully about the matter, should dream of disputing the bishop's conclusions, seems altogether amazing. The dismissed wives are women disgraced for life, and are exposed henceforth in the kraal to the worst temptations of savage society; and this is the necessary result of imposing on polygamists before baptism a restriction for which the New Testament nowhere furnishes any authority. But for such considerations as these Bp. Gray seemed to have not the least regard. The Journal of his Visitation of the Diocese of Natal in 1864 gives some account of a conversation with Mr. Allison, who had been a Wesleyan missionary, and was then an Independent, and who informed him

> "That the late bishop [so he was pleased to speak of the Bishop of Natal] had done infinite mischief to the Kafir mind by his teaching. He said that, mainly in consequence

of Dr. Colenso's views on the subject of polygamy, a young chief and twenty-two other Christians on his station had become polygamists; and he added that he thought that those views had been disseminated amongst the Kafirs by William [the Bishop's interpreter] and others." [1]

Bishop Gray's charge delivered during the Visitation to which this Journal refers is full of grossly reckless assertions. For the excitement caused by religious alarm in a superstitious mind there may be some excuse. For the manifest falsehood of the sentences just recited there is none. It is impossible that declarations emphatically condemning polygamy could be twisted into sanctions for it. Mr. Allison's words (if he really spoke them) ascribe to the Bishop a matured approval of polygamy, as such, for every one, and represent him as impressing this approval on the minds of his Kafir school-lads. The libel, if it really comes from him, reflects supreme disgrace on Mr. Allison. Does it reflect much less on Bp. Gray for repeating it? In his letter to the American missionary the Bishop of Natal speaks of the practice of polygamy as an abomination. The same term must be applied to the lie which charges him with upholding it.

Of the gratitude as well as of the honesty of the Kafirs, the Bishop heard many stories, the evidence for which seemed to be thoroughly trustworthy.

"There is, I hear, an old Dutch dame at Maritzburg, who has always a good word to say for the Kafirs. In early times, before the Dutch came into Natal, her husband was sent forward, as one of the exploring party, to examine the land. Near the bridge of Uys Doorns he shot some elands; and finding there the headmen of a party of Kafirs, whose cattle and crops had all been ravaged by Dingaan's armies, and who were literally starving, he told them where the animals lay, and bade them go and eat them—which they did, but

[1] *Journal of Visitation*, 1864, p. 24.

very economically, making them last a long time, until their wants were supplied with the return of the season. In fact they were saved from utter misery and death by this act of kindness, and they never forgot it. But when the Dutch emigrants came in great force to the colony, and, not being sufficiently supplied with food for their large numbers, were themselves at one time in much distress, while they lived in their camp, before the town was founded, this Kafir headman came one day with a large bowl of mealies, and inquired for the Dutchman. He was directed to his tent, but on his way was solicited to sell, and offered large payment for his mealies. No! he must find his old friend, the Dutchman, and so he did, and poured out the mealies at the feet of his wife, refusing to receive any remuneration for them. Nor was this all, but, every two or three days, he came back again with a similar present, and continued it, until the Dutch too were able to get over their difficulties, and supply the wants of their families."[1]

But it was no part of the Bishop's purpose to draw a rose-coloured picture of the native tribes in Natal. To put their better qualities out of sight would argue something worse than a lack of Christian charity: to veil the darker side of their character would be practically deception. He believed them to be honest, to be grateful, and on the whole to be guiltless of the sin of drunkenness. But their very condition implied that they were not trained in habits of steady industry, that they were not a people who could be said to seek peace and ensue it, and that they were certainly not on the high-road to what in Europe would be called civilisation. To the moral defects of the European immigrants they were by no means blind. Zulus might be seen in the streets of Maritzburg pointing their fingers at a drunken Englishman staggering along the roadway; but it did not follow, unhappily, that they were not themselves the victims of worse habits of a more

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 165.

secret sort. The very conditions of their life involved strong temptations to immorality. The taint of this uncleanness must inevitably contaminate their whole society; and the nature of the moral atmosphere in which they lived would be revealed by the general character of their conversation among themselves. Staying at the house of Mr. Lindley in the magnificent Inanda country, the Bishop found that there was no daily school for the little ones of the large community dependent upon him.

> "As with such a blooming family of children, some grown almost to maturity, and who had already learnt, as their excellent father told me, to speak the native tongue with more or less fluency, for it was impossible to prevent this, it seemed so natural that this singular gift of nature should be improved for the glory of God and the salvation of the poor dark souls around them. But I found upon inquiry that there were serious objections to allowing a free intercourse between the white and the black children. The conversation of the latter is said to be so impure and disgusting that a Christian parent cannot dare to commit his children to its contamination. . . . Some other of the American missionaries, I find, agree in this principle; others do not, especially Mr. A. Grout, whom I presently after visited. Doubtless, there must be need for great watchfulness and care in such a matter; but I cannot help believing that some measures might be adopted to render such invaluable help as the teaching of young persons available for our natives. We should never choose to leave our children in England exposed to the possible evil consequences of teaching in a ragged school; but with proper precaution and discipline, surely we should not fear to see them thus employed."[1]

Mr. Lindley, in short, entertained no sanguine hopes from the results of missionary efforts among the native tribes. He

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 236.

thought that it would take 500 years to produce any sensible effect upon them. Certainly the general prevalence of impurity—at least, in language—among young children implies coarseness, and worse than coarseness, in those of riper years. But the Bishop remarks that

> "there were eighty souls upon the station, and certainly some of these gave evident outward signs of very considerable improvement. Several had built for themselves neat cottages, as good as those of many an English settler." [1]

But the real point here brought before us for examination is the character of Kafir history before the European immigration. Of written records we know that they had never had any; and on their oral traditions they seemed themselves to look with a pitiable uncertainty. We have seen them confessing their forgetfulness of things which in their belief had been known to their fathers; but, although in this they may have been wrong, it must still remain a matter of doubt, and therefore a fitting subject for inquiry, whether their course thus far had been upwards or downwards. Mr. Lindley seems to think that they had been sinking deeper and deeper into the abyss of barbarism, and he suspected that this deterioration extended to the connotation of their highest terms. Admitting that "they had the name umkulunkulu, which they used to express the 'creator of all things,'" he yet felt sure that, if the Bishop asked further, he would "find they meant by it a little worm in the reeds, a sort of caddis-worm." [2] It must not be forgotten that the same fate seems to have befallen the word uTixo, which was also said to denote a species of mantis, called the "Hottentot's God." [3] Regarding this as proof rather of decay than of growth, Mr. Lindley asked them: "If you had been told about umKulunKulu

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 237.
[2] *Ib.* p. 238.
[3] *Ib.* p. 57.

[instead of uTixo] would you not have thought directly about the little worm down in the reeds?"

This question was received by the whole party with a smile of respectful derision. "O no! we only call it so; we use the same name for it; but we do not pay any honour to it." (One remembers a flower, called by the name Everlasting.)

The Bishop adds—

"I felt already so sure of the ground on which I stood that it would not have staggered me with regard to my general conclusion, formed from so many replies, obtained from so many different tribes, if I had found that those now before me had, previous to their conversion, been sunk in yet lower degradation, and had lost yet more of the truth of their original traditions than others of their brethren."[1]

The Bishop's efforts were not confined to thoughts and plans for the welfare of the natives; but for the English it was scarcely possible for him to do more than prepare the way for the systematic work to be taken in hand on his return to permanent residence in the diocese.

"I had decided to take under the care of the Church a small number of young English orphans, of whom there were several, I found, in the colony, in circumstances of great distress. Some of these were children of parents who had good connexions in England, but had emigrated to Natal, and, having been removed by early death, had left their children desolate and forsaken on that far-off shore. Others had lost one of their parents, and the other was unable, left with a large family, to provide for the whole of her little ones. And it seemed most desirable to open at once an Orphan's Home, into which all such children might be received, and brought up in the bosom of the Church, and in the nurture and admonition of her Lord. I

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 239.

felt that such a charity would be of the greatest importance to our mission work, not merely by endearing the Church itself in the eyes of the people, from the interest she took in these poor lambs of Christ's flock, but especially by enabling us, as we may hope, out of these young orphans, to raise a future band of missionary labourers." [1]

Wholly free from any spirit of exclusiveness, he was ready to work in harmony with all who had at heart the furtherance of the Divine Kingdom. He had many opportunities of observing the faithfulness and zeal of the Wesleyan ministers at Maritzburg and Durban. The Roman Catholic bishop in the former city he found

"a very gentlemanly Frenchman, with a benignant expression of countenance, and an appearance of sincerity and earnestness about him, which I was rejoiced to witness. He told me that there were not yet any missionaries of *his* Church among the natives; but he was about, without delay, to set some at work. One of my last duties, before I left Durban, was to write a short farewell note of brotherly love to him, as I had not been able to call and take my leave of him in Maritzburg.

"I believe that I can thus live in charity with my brethren in Christ, who are striving to walk religiously before God, and to bring forth fruit to their common Master, although I may not, and certainly do not, agree with them on all points, and some of them important points, of faith and doctrine; and that without compromising in the least my own Church principles. I believe the Roman Catholic is in error, in holding as true, and mingling with the essential truth as it is in Christ Jesus, what I hold to be the fiction of men, unscriptural and untrue. I believe the Wesleyan to be in error because (in direct opposition to the wishes and commands of his founder) he has separated from the Church of England, and taken upon himself 'the priesthood also.' I believe the Presbyterian and Independent to be in error,

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 205.

because, as it seems to me, they set at naught the testimony of all history, and set up their own will, on the judgement of the leaders of their body, against the example and direct injunction of our Lord's Apostles. But, while I have every reason to believe that these men are all cleaving to one Blessed Truth, of a crucified yet glorified Saviour, of a Father who sent His own dear Son to save us, and a Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, who now lightens our eyes and teaches our hearts—while I have reason to believe that they are walking daily by faith in the Son of God, and seeking, by prayer and communion with their Lord, to grow in holiness and love, and in meetness for His Presence in heaven—I feel that we must 'receive one another, even as Jesus Christ has received us, to the glory of God,'—and that, as we hope to meet together hereafter as fellow servants in His Kingdom of Glory, so we may and must walk together in brotherhood and love by the way-side in this life, and commune together of our Master's will, and perchance be drawn closer to one another even here in Him, in whom we are one."[1]

With these hopes and these convictions, the Bishop on his return to England published the record of his first sojourn in Natal, unconscious that the shortness of his story would, after some seven years more of steady work in his diocese, be adduced as evidence of carelessness and haste, and his remarks on the religious and moral condition of the native tribes be taken as proof that he came back, as he went, profoundly ignorant of the first principles of missionary work, and incapable, therefore, of bringing any part of his task as a missionary bishop to a successful issue. Such charges are not the pleasantest recompense for telling the truth. Had he begun his work ten years later, they would have taken another shape. Were he entering upon it now, they would probably not be brought against him at all.

[1] *Ten Weeks*, &c., p. 271.

The spirit in which the Bishop of Natal entered on his work reflects that of Bishop Selwyn when he undertook the task of ministering to Christians and heathens in New Zealand. Both found in "Christian work the best interpreter of Christian doctrine," and the convictions which Dr. Selwyn expressed in the sermon which he published under this title exercised even a stronger power over Dr. Colenso. The former insists that the test of necessary doctrine can be found only in the region of practical duty.

> "What is really necessary to reform the sinner, to comfort the sorrowful, and to guide the dying on the way to heaven, that, and that only, is the doctrine which God calls upon every man to receive. Thus, for instance, in our mission work, our standard of necessary doctrine is, what we can translate into our native language and explain to our native converts. This we know to be all that is really necessary to their salvation. . . . There may be a higher heaven to which some chosen servants of God may be raised; there may be unutterable words which only they can hear, visions of glory may be opened to the view of some, which are denied to others: but the range of necessary doctrine we believe to be that which is attainable by all, because the promise is to the wayfaring man, and to the simple, to the poor, and to the blind."

CHAPTER III.

EARLY WORK IN NATAL.

ON the 20th of May, 1855, the Bishop with his family landed in Natal. From this moment, says Dr. Kuenen, the friend of his later years, he "entered on a period of intense and exhausting labours;"[1] and no one is better qualified than Dr. Kuenen to pronounce judgement on the work of a missionary who really grasps the nature of his task. All men have not the same gifts; and it is in no invidious spirit that a contrast has been drawn between the method adopted by Bishop Colenso and that of Bishop Gray. The latter never so much as attempted that which the former with indomitable perseverance achieved. It is no shame to him that he did not attempt it. His life might have been less useful than it was had he done so. But when Dr. Gray some eight years later spoke of the Natal Diocese as having been brought, by the colleague whom he once professed to love, into a state of spiritual ruin, he was using language which betrayed not only extreme narrowness of view but, as we shall see, a very lamentable ingratitude.[2]

In his *Ten Weeks in Natal* the Bishop has described the general features of the country included within the borders

[1] *De Ondersoeker*, June 27, 1884.

[2] *Journal of a Visitation of the Diocese of Natal in* 1864, pp. 1, 4, 7, 18, 20, 24.

of his large diocese, and, more particularly, of the district round the capital city of Pietermaritzburg. About five miles from this city lies the ground which was to furnish him a home for the rest of his life. Here, in the house known as Bishopstowe, or as the natives call it Ekukanyeni,[1] *the home of light*, he gave his mind to all the duties which pressed on him as the chief pastor of his fellow-countrymen and also as a missionary bishop. Here also in later years he was compelled to add to these cares the toil and anxiety of the political struggle to which he felt called in the sacred cause of truth.

Ascending the hill along which the road winds from Maritzburg, the visitor, on reaching the spot where the white cross on the roof of the Mission Chapel became visible, sees before him a scene of great beauty. Before him rises, at a distance of eight or ten miles, the massive Table Mountain, one of the differences between this mountain and its namesake of Cape Town being that its sides are clothed with vegetation more or less dense to within a few yards of its summit, where the red rock begins to show itself. A path towards the north end leads to the top, which is, in fact, a farm of five or six thousand acres, well watered and abounding in game. The difficulty of the ascent and the ease with which such a position could be maintained pointed it out, at times when such a danger was regarded as not an impossibility, as a place of refuge for the whole white population in Natal in the event of an outbreak of the natives.

His daughter describes Bishopstowe as standing

> "upon a long sweep of hill, surmounted by other lower rises on each side, but overtopped to the north at right angles by a higher range into which one end of its own

[1] It seems likely that this name was originally suggested by the Bishop; but the naming of the little native village, which grew up under its wing, Esibaneni, *the place of the torch*, i.e. kindled at the light, was entirely their own.

ascends. Upwards to the north, downwards to the east and west, swept wide plantations of trees, grown by ourselves, those to the west bounded by a sluggish stream, white with lilies every autumn, across which a long low bridge with heavy weeping willows led to the steep and winding drive, bordered on either side by choice and foreign shrubs, which brought the traveller at length to my father's ever open doors."[1]

The Natal Table Mountain is really triangular.

"One only of the three sides," Mrs. Colenso tells us, "faces Bishopstowe, like a majestic altar, and always peaceful and benignant, from its early morning aspect of soft deep ultramarine shadows wreathed with white mists, to the evening glory of the opposite sunset in which it shines iridescent, the crown of red rocks round its brow showing opaline, as if from within. The Bishop loved it from first to last, not that he talked about it,—but he would not be without it. His study was without a fire-place, but he could never be persuaded to change it for an equally convenient and quieter room, because there he 'could not see the mountain': and the same reason met us when we wanted to put his writing-table in what we thought a better light. It was over the mountain that he watched the great comet stretch all across the sky in 1882."

This old home, rendered so dear by all the associations of his life, is gone. Barely fifteen months after he had been taken from his earthly toil, the house,—with all its contents, his instruments, his books, his papers,—was swept away by a terrible fire which defied all the precautions taken in Natal against such accidents. An intensely hot wind was blowing from the north-west, when, about three o'clock in the afternoon (September 3, 1884), a little herd-boy came breathless

[1] *Ruin of Zululand*, vol. ii. p. x

to report a great fire leaping over the shoulder of the range immediately above Bishopstowe.

"In ten minutes' time the flames, carried before the violent gale, flew down the long slope, leaping across the wide burnt belt which surrounded us on every side, tearing through the undergrowth of the long plantations, and throwing themselves with fury upon the house. 'A regiment of soldiers could have done nothing,' said afterwards an intelligent English farmer present at the scene. The buildings, composed to a great extent of wood and thatch, were tossed up in flame like a child's cardboard house, and the dense driving masses of smoke prevented any chance of saving aught from destruction except the lives of the inmates and a few cherished articles snatched from the study: our lives were spared, but little else. Less than one hour sufficed for all, and, when that had passed, the gale of wind, which had been the cause of the mischief, dropped suddenly, and a calm and lovely evening fell upon the blasted scene."[1]

Of the site of the house thus destroyed, and of the growth of the house itself, Mrs. Colenso writes :—

"When the Bishop first saw the place, it was one of many grassy slopes, with a small solitary flat-topped mimosa-tree upon it, lying before Table Mountain. In the frontispiece to *Ten Weeks* the cattle mark the future site. And Bishopstowe was not built in a day, but grew. First, while the Bishop returned to England, the mission party put up a four-roomed cottage facing the Mountain, with a row of small rooms behind it; into which, after about a twelvemonth's stay in Pietermaritzburg, the Bishop's family (now numbering two little sons and three daughters, the youngest of whom was born four months after the arrival in Natal), with numerous members of the mission party, were at first crowded. Not half a mile off down the slope to the south, another cottage gave accommodation to others of the

[1] Miss F. E. Colenso, *Ruin of Zululand*, vol. ii. p. xi.

party, while a blacksmith's forge, carpenter's shop, and farming operations generally furnished plenty of work, the one thing without which the Bishop never could believe that any one could be happy. Those round him were not always of his mind on this point, as, for example, on one occasion when he had to take off his coat and lay some courses of bricks himself, to prove by demonstration that the occupation was not degrading for a catechist! Most of the bricks used in building were made and burnt on the place. Some of the early tree-planting, too, was done with his own hands, at the head of the school-boys. Foundations were laid for the main building—an extension of the original cottage front, but raised and lightened by white wooden gables over tall windows—and for a second wing, the building thus forming three sides of a square. But, to begin with, there was raised, a few yards to the right of these foundations, a little hexagonal 'tabernacle' or summer-house of lath and plaster, lined with rough bookshelves, with just room in the midst for a table, two chairs, and an interpreter, and here through the blazing summer day the Bishop worked as described by Professor Kuenen: for many months were spent in building the chapel, which was to serve also as school-room and sleeping-room for the native boys. It was constructed of native 'yellow-wood,' which endures almost all weathers, the buttresses and gables being painted white. The next task was to provide a printing-office, and better sleeping-rooms for teachers and taught, before the study facing the Mountain was completed in the main building: while the large companion room, meant for a drawing-room, was not used as such until after the return from England in 1865, being found convenient for classes of men, for whose instruction the Bishop would occasionally be called in from next door.

"Both house and chapel were thatched, the long thatching grass (*tambootie*) and the finer kind (*umcele*) growing luxuriantly around, a convenience in one respect, but a source of danger in another. Alarms and accidents from grass fires were not wanting in those days. Half of the

farm-buildings were once burnt down. At a later terrible time, when the very climbing plants on the verandah were scorched, and the window-panes hot to the touch, the Bishop came up pale and lame from a critical corner, where, as he told us, he had found himself quite cut off by the fire, and suffocated by the thick smoke: he was choking, and had just time to think 'I shall never write my book on the Pentateuch!' when—may we not say?—as if in reply, a breath of wind parted the smoke for a moment, and showed him an already burnt, safe patch beyond, which he reached with a struggle and a wrench to his ankle."

Thirty years have now passed since nineteen young Kafir children were brought to the new home in this smiling landscape by the Indunas Ngoza and Zatshuke, who placed them in the hands of the Bishop for education. On their part it was an act at once of great trust and of great boldness. They had to run counter to every prejudice of their countrymen, who were afraid that the children might be carried off to England or compelled by main force to become Christians. The two brave chiefs did not share this alarm. "Do what you like with them," they said to the Bishop, "teach them what you will, train them as you like; send them to England if you will, though we hope you will not." Their people had done what they could to shake their purpose; but Ngoza's reply was that he should like to be the last fool of his race. Of the fortunes of the school thus set up the Bishop's letters will furnish some account. Almost immediately after it was opened, Ngoza fell sick. He attributed his disease to the hatred which his surrender of the children had brought upon him; but later on he had his reward, when, along with many refugee Zulu chiefs, he saw the change for the better already effected in them.

"We shall have no more trouble now," he said, "the people have not a word to say. When I speak to them about the

children, they are silenced. They no longer call me a madman, as they did at first."

The children had, indeed, fallen into good hands; and the work thus begun in the earnest faith of the parents was not marred by any extravagant haste to indoctrinate the children with what are called propositions of dogmatic theology.[1]

In the interval which passed before his next visit to England, the Bishop had gone through an amount of work which, as Dean Stanley told the members of the S.P.G. many years later, would keep alive his fame as a missionary long after his persecutors were all dead and buried. Reviewing the Bishop's career shortly after his death, Dr. Kuenen says :—

"If we bear in mind that when he arrived in Natal he had first to learn the Zulu language, we are astounded at what he effected in the course of seven years. The list of books written, and for the most part printed under his directions by the natives, is before me. It contains a grammar of the Zulu language, and a summary of it for beginners; a Zulu-English dictionary of 552 pages; selections and reading-books in the Zulu language; manuals of instruction for the natives in the English language, in geography, history, astronomy, &c.; the translation of the books of Genesis, Exodus, Samuel, and of the entire New Testament, into the Zulu language.

"The labour itself is not less worthy of our admiration than the motive with which it was undertaken, and the spirit in which it was completed. While from the outset he felt himself drawn towards the Zulus, he now no longer needed to work under restraint, and he freely manifested the love which he bore them. They responded to it by childlike trust and warm affection. This excellent mutual attachment between the pupils and the teacher contributed not a little to the success of his work,—specially

[1] See the account of Ekukanyeni in the *Natal Journal*, for April, 1857.

of his translations of the Bible into their language. It was accomplished by continual consultation with the natives, so that there could be no fear that they would receive a wrong impression—as is so often the case—in regard to the Bible through errors of translation. In printing his books he also had the help of natives, some of whom had advanced far in their knowledge of English and in civilisation. My enumeration of the titles of his books has shown that the instruction in the mission schools was not limited to doctrinal matters, but embraced the first principles of European science."

In short, the Bishop set to work genuinely in the spirit and with the aims of Alfred the Great when he undertook to instruct the English people in days in which they knew nothing of science, nothing of philosophy, nothing of history. Rapid progress could scarcely be looked for; but the good work was not allowed to flag. With the Bishop of Capetown all this went for nothing. Seven years, to the day, had passed from Dr. Colenso's coming to Natal in 1855 to his embarking again for England on May 20, 1862. Before he could return, Dr. Gray had "visited" the Natal Diocese, and pronounced the Bishop's work a complete failure.

"There came," he says, "a falling away. The subtle poison of unbelief entered in; the mind was turned away from the practical work which lay before it, and given to the working out of sceptical theories. Confidence was shaken. Works begun well were abandoned. Progress there was none. Instead thereof there has been declension."

Well might the Bishop of Natal say that these statements involved a most unjust and cruel suppression of the truth. Of the amount and quality of the work needed in laying the very foundations of native education and training Bishop Gray had no practical experience whatever. He had made no attempt to master any native dialect in his original undivided

diocese; nor had he done anything *personally* to acquire the language of tribes in his diocese as subsequently reduced in size. With his unfailing candour the Bishop of Natal adds:—

"Very far indeed am I from blaming him for this omission; he too has had intense, infinite labour; but it has been labour of another kind, in building up the Church chiefly among a civilised European population. And hence the injustice of his remarks upon myself."

But this malignant imputation of unbelief was followed not unnaturally by misrepresentation and slander of other kinds. Writers in the *Guardian* newspaper for instance charged him with corrupting the Scriptures in his translations; and he contented himself with pointing out the absurdity of supposing that he could even attempt such a folly, which any missionary of any Church might detect.

"I am far indeed," he says, "from supposing that my versions are perfect. I may have missed the meaning of the original in some places, and failed to express it satisfactorily in Zulu in others. . . . . But I challenge any one to point out a single passage wherein I have dishonestly departed from the meaning of the text of Scripture,—not certainly as it exists in the English Version, but in the Hebrew and Greek originals, as interpreted by the most able commentators."[1]

In a certain sense it might be said that the Bishop's translations into Zulu were made by Zulus themselves. Taking the Greek Testament, for instance, he would first represent in Zulu as accurately as he could the meaning of a clause in the original, and would then ask the native to repeat the same in his own phraseology. Being trained gradually to under-

[1] *Remarks on the Recent Proceedings and Charge of the Bishop of Capetown*, 1864, p. 47.

stand the Bishop's purpose, the native would introduce those nicer idioms which must distinguish the work of a native from that of a European. No philologist could devise a surer process; but it must be slow. In difficult passages much time might be spent in expressing perfectly a single verse. Those who have gone through such labours will know what it is; but it was not appreciated by Bishop Gray.

In the printing of the eighteen books prepared by the Bishop for the use of missionary students and native scholars, great part of the work was done by a Zulu lad, one of the nineteen first brought to him by the Indunas Ngoza and Zatshuke for education during a period of five years only. During this time, with the drawbacks and disappointments which must be experienced in the management of any school, these children got on well,—it may be said, excellently well. Some of them were taught the business of the printer and binder, others made some little progress in other manual arts; but at the end of the five years their mothers, brothers, and sisters worried their fathers to reclaim them. The lads themselves, not unlike English children, were eager to be freed from the thraldom of school; and the apparent necessity for letting them go arose shortly before the Bishop's return to England. But it must be remembered that the Bishop left his diocese for a time, not, as his opponents hinted or maintained, only because he wished to publish a book which would destroy the foundations of all religion, but because it was indispensably needful to raise supplies of money and men for extending the mission work. Under the circumstances no alternative was left. Most of the children returned for the present to their homes; but his printing press was still managed by one of these youths, who continued steadily at his labour during the Bishop's absence, without any supervision, correcting the sheets himself with the greatest accuracy, and sending the proofs regularly each month to England.

In truth a deep impression had been made on the minds and hearts of many, and even at the cost of anticipating the narrative of a later time it is well to note here what that impression was, and to see how it gives the lie to the false pictures of Dr. Gray. To these poor lads the Bishop was emphatically Sobantu, the "father of the people," or, as they also sometimes called him, Sokululeka, "father of raising up." In his honesty of purpose, in the earnestness of his faith, in the sincerity of his love, they had implicit confidence. Their trust was to be rudely tested, not by temptations arising from the evil companionship of their countrymen, but by denunciations of their friend by Christian slanderers and traducers. The following extracts from letters written to Bishop Colenso by these youths speak for themselves. They are given as they were written, in English, even the spelling not being altered.

"*June* 29, 1863.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I have no time now to write all what I wish to say to you, but I am very glad to see you writing, for I like very much to write every word in English tongue, but I can't do that, for I know not all the sorts of English word.

"At this time I am very glad to my work. I have only Fani who help me in the place of ManKentyane and Lingane. When ManKentyane was just come here, he was with us only one month and a half, when he hears that the sickness of small pox will be at Natal. He gone away, he left Fani in his place, but I hope that Lingane will come to me, if Fani go home. . . . . But, my Lord, the thing which I want to know about it, is this that I want to know that, if I done all the copies of the book of New Testament, what shall I do? I say that for I don't like to go away to somebody. I don't like to leave Ekukanyeni. I say that for I see now I will done them at April or May 1864, I don't know yet, only thinking."

"*August* 23, 1863.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I am very glad this day that you send me this letter, my heart is so fully rejoice to see it. At this time I know that you will come back to us again, for if I take this your letter and look at it, I see this to be sure that you wish for yourself to come again to Natal. . . . . I have heard that Ngoza want to bring here his boys."

The following is a literal translation from the original Zulu :—

"*May* 29, 1864.

"MY LORD,

"I rejoiced greatly to hear your letter which you sent to William. I wish much that you would write to me also, that I may hear clearly, whether the people are speaking the truth, or no, about you. The other day, May 10, there came the Bishop of Capetown along with Mr. Robertson: they reached Ekukanyeni both together. And so Mr. Robertson called William, saying he wished to see him. They came in both together into the printing-office, and looked at my work. Afterwards we went out together with them in the afternoon ; and we talked with Mr. Robertson, and asked, 'Where is the Bishop (of Capetown) going to?' Said he, 'Aha! that bishop has come to put all things properly. For Sobantu has gone astray greatly ; I don't suppose that he will ever come back here.' Again he said, 'The bishop has come to tell the people to abandon the teaching of Sobantu, for Sobantu has gone astray exceedingly; he has rebelled ; he does not believe in God our Father and in Jesus Christ our Lord.' William and I, however, contradicted, saying, 'As to Sobantu, we know that he, for his part, is a man who believes exceedingly. When has *that* (which you speak of) come upon him?' Said he, 'When he was in England, he rebelled ; his book, too, speaks badly.'

"I wish now to hear plainly whether, indeed, they have spoken truth or not, Mr. Robertson and others, to wit,

that you no longer believe. But I know that there is not a word of truth in what they say. Just the one thing is, that we believe in God our Father who knows everything."

Like the preceding, the following is a literal translation. It comes from the young catechist, William, a convert of the American Mission, and it shows pretty clearly the nature of the work done by Bishop Gray among the native flock of the Bishop of Natal.

"*May* 29, 1864.

"I have received your letter, Nkosi; I am very thankful for it. I rejoice also because I find that you are well, both in body and soul. For, indeed, so it is, upon my word, that there is a great noise among all people about you: some say, 'Sobantu has rebelled'; others say, 'Sobantu goes astray'; 'tis so continually with them all.

"But, Nkosi, see! do, I entreat, make a guess, and promise that you will return. For, you know, Nkosi, to expect and wait for you is but a short matter; but, according to their talk, you will never more return at all.

"Also, the other day there arrived the Bishop of Capetown; he just came to have a look at Ekukanyeni, accompanied by Mr. Robertson. They went also to the place of worship [St. Mary's native chapel] in town, going to see the people. We asked about Sobantu. But Mr. Robertson made a long discourse[1] to all the people; he said, 'Sobantu will never again come back: Sobantu has rebelled entirely, he has gone astray. His going astray we white people don't wonder at, for it has been always so among the white people; there are always arising people such as he.' Whereupon I asked, and said to Mr. Robertson, 'What, then? do not you know Sobantu, that he is a man who believes entirely in God?' He assented. Then said I, 'Well then, when did he begin to rebel, when he was in England, or here?' Said he, 'At the time he left this

[1] Of course, by direction of Bishop Gray, who did not speak Zulu.

country he had already begun to rebel; but when he arrived in England, he rebelled altogether.' I contradicted. But, Nkosi, there was much more which I cannot possibly write, the whole of it. . . . Nkosi, I salute you very much. I remember you every day. I don't forget you for one single day. But to see a letter coming from you is quite as if I were dreaming. Salute for me kindly to the Nkosi-Kazi; salute for me to the young ladies; salute for me to the boys; salute all those who love us together with you. Our Father, who is over all, preserve you, deliver you from all, grant you that the wealth of the Holy Spirit may abound to you."

The following lines were written by another native catechist, who had also been disturbed by Bishop Gray's proceedings:—

"My Lord, it was pleasant to hear your words; for we were in a state of great excitement, not knowing what is the real state of the case. I also said about you, Nkosi, it cannot possibly be true for us, for you had come to bring light among those in darkness. I say, your doing was not like a white man; it was like the words which say, 'He sends forth his sun upon evil and upon good,'—the way by which you came among us continually. But before God our Father we may be comforted about you until we see your face."

Of these and other little letters, the Bishop justly says that they

"give evidence of a solid and permanent work, wrought by God's grace in preparing these natives for future usefulness among their people. Their intellectual powers have been cultivated, as well as their hearts: they have been taught to *think* about religion, and not merely crammed with dogmatic formulæ, although, in such exercise of their reasoning powers, they have compelled me to give close attention to diffi-

culties, which in English teaching are too commonly passed over or altogether ignored."

From the letters written by his native converts after the cruel and demoralising interference of Bishop Gray, we have to go back to the time of his settlement with his family in Natal.

TO G. S. ALLNUTT, ESQ.

"MARITZBURG, *July* 6, 1855.

"It was high time for me to come out here. The people in charge have gone on *madly* with their expenditure in my absence. It requires a large stock of Christian patience and fortitude to bear the discovery from day to day of large sums of money wasted during my absence in the most prodigal manner, spent without any authority from me, yet in such a way that I cannot help bearing the consequences. Imagine their having made a water-course on the Mission farm, full two miles in length, to bring water to a paltry cottage for the farmer and his family, the said cottage being within about five minutes' walk of a running stream, and having also (as Mr. Ellis believes) water close above it. Not a single thing has been done by the Mission farmer, whom Bishop Gray sent out, to provide food for any of the party. Every morsel for himself and his family, for every person and *animal* connected with our operations, has still to be *bought* at high prices, though enormous sums have been spent on profitless labour. The worst is that he is utterly unfit for the business of a farmer, and I am now occupied in the painful process of removing him and putting Ellis over all the farming operations. My whole occupation since my arrival here has been that of paying debts incurred during my absence,—a great part of them without any necessity for their ever having been incurred,—and retrenching the expenditure of the Mission."

His thoughts were at this time occupied necessarily in a great degree with considerations for the temporal welfare of

his people, both English and native. To the question whether a young man might hope to earn a living in Natal as an architect, he replies with a conditional negative. If he be willing to be of use generally in promoting the civilisation of the natives, the prospect might be not discouraging. Mission schools were to be founded amongst the native kraals at the rate of about four in each year, each to be placed in charge of a clergyman in full orders, assisted, if possible, by a deacon with three or four catechists, whose business it would be to itinerate to the neighbouring kraals belonging to the chief among whose people the school would be established. The Bishop's purpose was to introduce among them the growth of cotton, indigo, &c., and to get them to build themselves houses after the European style. The chief, he thought, should have a dwelling-place, a church, and a court-house for the administration of native justice. There was, further, the building of the central station, the completion of which would require a sum ranging between £5,000 and £6,000. For this there would be need of competent advice and help, and unless some one possessed of sufficient architectural knowledge could be found, resort must be had to the native carpenters. Work of this kind must be carried on in various parts of the diocese.

The task of civilising thus begun was exposed to many hindrances and dangers. Speaking of the coming of the Kafir children, early in 1856, he says:—

"Our great experiment is actually in progress. Last Thursday I received at the station nineteen little Kafir boys, all the sons of principal men, and thirteen more are promised; and it is quite impossible to say what the end may be. Perhaps all may speedily come to nothing. Perhaps some 'inyanza' my get up a cry of witchcraft against us, or sickness may break out. However, we hope for the best: and up to this time they are as happy as possible, and several can already read all their letters. But we sadly want the means of

amusing them. Alas! alas! the *Annabella* with all my philosophical instruments on board, struck on the bar last week, and is gone to pieces. We fear nothing will be saved."

The sequel in the history of the friendship between the Bishop and Mr. Maurice is so sad that we are tempted to dwell on the language in which Mr. Maurice in these earlier days speaks of the work of his friend. He says in a letter to Mrs. Colenso, August 19, 1856:—

"Tell the Bishop, with my kindest love, that the battle he is fighting is ours also; nothing less than the battle whether the devil or the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is God. Everything is coming in England, and perhaps quicker still in this country (Ireland), in which we are staying for a few weeks, to that issue. Romanists and Protestants will have to ask themselves, not whether they believe in a Pope or no Pope, but whether they believe in a God of Truth, or a God of Lies. Each must be tried by the answer; and each must have his own tree cut down, because it cumbers the ground, if it is not found to have the good root, and not the accursed one. . . . All you are doing for the Kafir children and for the Zulus and your own is really fulfilling, in the best and simplest way, that duty which comes upon us with so many complications—the deliverance from the yoke of a tyrant, by telling them of their true King. It seems to me as if all civilisation and all Christianity had that same foundation, as if devil-worship was the common enemy which both in their diffferent ways have to struggle with."[1]

It is sad that such a friendship as this should have been interrupted here (broken permanently, assuredly, it cannot be), because Mr. Maurice refused to see that the historic sense in the strict meaning of the term is a faculty of quite late growth in the onward course of the world, and therefore that

[1] *Life of F. D. Maurice*, ii. 296.

the application of modern codes of historical honesty to ages before this faculty was developed beyond the merest germ, was simply ridiculous. But even if there should be differences, and these, too, wide differences, on the nature and value of historical evidence, it was an unhappy thing for Mr. Maurice, and an unhappy thing for the progress of religious thought in this country, that he should insist on regarding opinions antagonistic to his own as not merely erroneous but immoral and corrupting, fatal, in short, to the first principles of faith in a living and righteous God. Coming events were not, thus far, casting their shadows before them.

The following letters, relating to this time, will give some account of his work and of the special difficulties which he had to contend with in it.

TO G. S. ALLNUTT, ESQ.

"*March* 2, 1857.

"I am cast down by the state of things at S.P.G., but not discouraged. I doubt not the hand of God is in it; and I wish to make no complaint, but wait patiently His time. Of course, our work here cannot go on *vigorously* until the Society votes a grant; but meanwhile the time is well employed in mastering the language and preparing educational books, which latter work keeps me a close prisoner daily at my desk."

TO THE SAME.

"*July* 7, 1857.

'The rules of the S.P.G. are most inconvenient and absurd. Instead of requiring us to give correct and complete detailed accounts of how money *has been* spent (they can always cut off supplies from an improvident bishop), they require us to say beforehand how the money will be spent, which in a colony where things are so continually shifting and changing it is impossible to do. . . . It behoves the

Society to have confidence in the bishops of the Church, and not act upon the mean peddling system which they now seem to have adopted. . . . I seriously believe that I shall be driven to the Church Missionary Society for help for this people committed to my charge. I dare not let their best interests be wasted by the incapables of Pall Mall without doing my best to find a remedy elsewhere."

TO THE REV. T. P. FERGUSON.

"EKUKANYENI, *July* 7, 1857.

"Just now we are in a very critical position, one, I mean, which, well improved, may be productive of incalculable good to the future of this diocese, but, if neglected, may not ever be regained. You will have heard that S.P.G. has granted £1000 a year for three years to Natal. Now we have upon the spot two clergymen and three catechists, who will consume between them £700 of this grant. I want, if possible, to bring out two more clergymen and one good catechist, likely to become a clergyman, for the other £300. Now, dear friend, will you come and help me? There are no dignities to tempt you, only work, blessed work. It is really most refreshing to see these 36 boys and half a dozen girls, including now Panda's son, Umkungo. But I sadly want help for the work, such help as *you* could give me."

TO G. S. ALLNUTT, ESQ.

"*January* 13, 1858.

"S.P.G. affairs have assumed a somewhat serious form, if I understand rightly the tenor of Mr. Hawkins's letter, a passage of which I have had transcribed for your inspection; and please also to let Bishop Gray see it, if I cannot find time, as I fear I shall not, to write to him by this mail. . . . Bishop Gray will, I am sure, fight my battle for me, as well as his own, in this matter. I will not trouble him about others, for he has work enough on his hands. God help him! one of the noblest, most true-hearted, and loving

men that ever lived, to be so used by a couple of secretaries."

The Bishop felt very keenly the part taken by the secretaries of the S.P.G. in reference to this grant to the Natal diocese, and to the inclusion in that grant of a sum of £250 received thus far from the Bishop of Capetown. This sum, he contended, was not included in the grant by the vote of the Society; and the point was carried in his favour. But the conditions of the grant pointed in his belief to a strange misconception of the circumstances under which the work of the diocese must be carried on. It was certain

"that a missionary to the heathen cannot be made in a day; that it takes at least three years to make a man capable of understanding and speaking the native tongue decently; and that therefore the Society must lay it down as an axiom to expect nothing of any missionary for three years. Instead of that they have now a certain most ridiculous practice of limiting their grants for three years. This is fatal to the hope of good men coming out. There is no reason why, when dealing with missions to the Europeans, a grant made to a *place* should not be revocable in three years provided that the person employed, if a faithful labourer, be assured that he will be continued somewhere else upon the Society's staff, so long as the Church supplies funds. As regards the heathen, the rule is absurd."

TO G. S. ALLNUTT, ESQ.

"BISHOPSTOWE, *April* 1, 1858.

"How can I thank you sufficiently for all the trouble you have taken for me, and for copying out that correspondence with the Colonial Church and School Society, and for conducting all those complicated financial matters? Most agreeably was I surprised with the latter; and, to tell you the truth, I was getting very anxious and uneasy. . . . . Your letter has made me quite light and happy, and I trust thankful—thankful to Him who has raised me up such a kind

and wise friend, and thankful to yourself for all your laborious exertions.

"Mr. Hawkins has outdone himself in his last letter by this mail. He has got the Committee to disallow Dr. Mann's and Mr. Prescott's expenses out (£150), while they have allowed their stipends as labourers, and thereby admitted their value to the Mission. And observe I did not ask the £150 as a *fresh grant* in addition to the block sum, but only to be allowed out of the £1000 a year, as one of the best ways in which I could employ it, for I need not say such men could neither of them be picked up among the kraals of Natal. I have written to press this point again on the Committee; and I cannot believe that if Mr. Gell or any friend puts the plain truth before them, they will refuse their sanction to this, more especially as I have told them, that, if I have to pay it, it must be taken out of the small sum of £280 which I have still reserved of Sir G. Grey's money, with which I hoped to build some additional accommodation for our poor boys, who now eat, sleep, play, study, and worship, 37 of them besides young men, all in one room.

"But Mr. Hawkins has gone even further than this. . . . . When Mr. Wathen landed, seeing how very suitable persons they were, I entertained the hope that I might secure them for the heads of a Girls' Institute to match our Boys'. I then hoped that the Governor, as he had often promised, would take Dr. Callaway wholly off my hands, and that would have set £200 at my disposal. So I thought in that case I should be able to allow Mr. Wathen (or if not him, some one else) £100 a year as head, and £50 for the support of ten girls. But feeling a little delicacy about absorbing so much of the Society's money on this particular station on my own responsibility (though I have not the slightest doubt as to the expediency and ultimate necessity of so doing), and wishing further to pay all respect and attention to the 'old gentleman' at Pall Mall, I wrote to put the matter before the Society, and to ask their leave to reserve the £150 of their grant for that purpose, if I saw

the thing was practicable at any time. Now what do you suppose Mr. Hawkins writes in reply? 'The Committee trust that they see in your proposal to reserve a portion of the grant of £1000 a year for a girls' school proof that the allowance which they were able to grant last year was sufficient for the present wants of the diocese'!!! And that when he knows that there are 120,000 savages in the district, and scarcely a teacher among them all,—when he knows that C.M.S. spends £11,000 per ann. upon the 70,000 natives of New Zealand, in addition to what the S.P.G., the Wesleyans, the R. Catholics, and others spend—whereas here all that is spent by S.P.G. is £1500 per ann., and the other bodies are doing absolutely nothing or next to nothing. In fact, £1500 will just support four stations, and at the very least we need ten. I have written to ask the Society to make another grant of £1000 a year; and if Mr. Gell will put his shoulder to the wheel, we shall get it. But Mr. Hawkins goes on to add, 'They are, however, of opinion, that such reservations are hardly within the meaning of the Society's *grants for present purposes*.' Now what am I to do? If I had (as I have) spent the whole £1000, and then asked for an additional £150, I should have had the charge brought against me of first obtaining block sums, and then special ones. Now that, to obviate this (and you see what my principle has been all along, in spite of Mr. Hawkins's letter to Mr. Gell), I propose to reserve £150 *out of* the block sum for this specific purpose, I am told that this is not to be done. What, then, is to be done? . . . .

"The popular style which suits so well an English audience is not exactly that which our natives require. They want simplicity—distinctness; and the teacher must have the power of realising their exact condition, as entirely ignorant of all our conventional phrases, of our ordinary knowledge, of everything except what their savage life must teach them by daily experience, but withal as intelligent enough, and capable of taking in any mental food which is fit for them, and digesting it, if it be digestible. And then it requires *patience, patience, patience*, by means of which Mr. Baugh

has succeeded in obtaining wonderful results in the short time we have had him. I send you the first results of our boys' efforts at printing, the whole being composed and struck off by themselves with Mr. Baugh's superintendence. Our white printer will not lend a hand to help them. Indeed, I should not be surprised if there is some sort of trade union here, formed to exclude the natives from being taught any mechanical trades."

The following letters, written during this year (1858), were cited against the writer at the so-called Capetown trial in 1863:—

TO THE BISHOP OF CAPETOWN.

"BISHOPSTOWE, *March* 2, 1858.

"I am afraid you will be grieved this mail by a communication from the Dean. Of what kind it will be, I cannot, of course, say beforehand; but the simple fact is that I am directly at issue with him on the subject of our Lord's real presence in the Holy Eucharist, and that I feel bound to protest against the views he holds, to the utmost of my power. . . . But these things are trifles compared with what will cause you much greater pain, whether you agree with my views or differ from them. May God guide, and comfort, and keep you, in this and all the other many trials by which I fear your path is beset."

TO THE SAME.

"*April* 3, 1858.

"By this mail you will receive from me a copy of the sermons which I have preached on the Holy Eucharist, and another, I expect, from the Dean. What your own views are on the subject in question I know not. . . . I am grieved that you should be troubled in this matter, when you have so much else to trouble you; but unless I am judged and deposed as a heretic, I must live and die preaching the doctrines of these sermons in this my post of duty, and it will be miserable to feel that every sermon I preach will sound to

the Dean as heresy. . . . I need hardly say that under such circumstances it will be impossible for us to work together with any cordiality henceforward. . . . And if I am not myself to be removed from my office, heartily glad should I be if one of [his friends] would present him with a good living in England."

TO THE SAME.

"*August* 2, 1858.

"You will see that one of our resolutions requests me to ascertain how this stands from the Primate. I need hardly say that the reference was made to him rather than to yourself, from no want of respectful sense of duty to you as Metropolitan, but because it is considered that a question of this nature, which was not of the nature of an appeal from a judicial decision, but one of inquiry respecting the principles of the Church of England, ought more properly to be addressed to the Primate."

These passages from letters written with the frankness of private or unofficial correspondence were recited at the so-called trial in Capetown by way of showing that the Bishop of Natal had thus far recognised the Metropolitical jurisdiction of the Bishop of Capetown. They certainly show a great regard and respect for himself personally, and a readiness to acknowledge and correct errors and mistakes, if any such had been made; and, doing this, they explain the language of Bishop Cotterill, of Grahamstown, when he speaks of Bishop Gray as fully expecting to find in Bishop Colenso a willing instrument for the furtherance of his plans. This impression would naturally be strengthened by some passages in a letter from Bishop Colenso "to the clergy and laity of the united Church of England and Ireland in the Diocese of Natal," dated August 11, 1858. In this letter, which was also cited at the so-called trial, he mentions that Bishop Gray, declining to pronounce an official judgement on the question raised by

Dean Green, had given an opinion to the effect that, while the Dean's statements went far beyond the teaching of the Church of England, those of the Bishop of Natal, or some of them, were cast in a form which might lead to misunderstanding. "Such," added Bishop Colenso, "being the opinion of the Metropolitan on this point, I conclude there must be passages in my sermon which are liable to be thus misrepresented." The admission might imply an excess of deference; but it could do nothing more. The question of authority in this matter was put aside; and Bishop Gray administered to Dean Green a very wholesome rebuke for having without cause presented his Bishop as teaching false doctrines, and expressed his hope that as a Christian man he would express his sorrow for the slight which he had offered to the Bishop in his own Cathedral. The Dean had continued sitting in his place in the choir, before the congregation, during the Holy Communion, refusing to communicate with the Bishop, and compelling him to go through the whole service on an ordination Sunday alone. By this method of Jeddart justice, Mr. Green condemned the Bishop without trial and even without accusation, and left the proof to be found or not found, as the case might be, afterwards.

In this matter the Dean had acted with one other clergyman only; and the Bishop naturally felt that such action struck at the root of all Church order. He wrote, therefore, to the Bishop of Capetown, November 19, 1858, pointing out that they had been probably led to take this course by the language of Bishop Gray himself, who had said that "Presbyters may for grave matters present a bishop." Against the interpretation put on this expression by these clergymen the Bishop of Natal emphatically protested on the ground of Church order and common propriety. This interpretation was that a single Presbyter, or two or three, in a diocese might present the Diocesan. The Bishop added:—