

THE LIFE  
OF  
JOHN WILLIAM COLENZO, D.D.,  
LORD BISHOP OF NATAL.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS, AND LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE AND FORNCETT.

JOHN WILLIAM COLENZO was born at St. Austell, January 24, 1814.

His father, who belonged to a Cornish family, held the office of Mineral Agent for part of the Duchy of Cornwall, an appanage of the Prince of Wales. While his son was still a boy, his own circumstances became seriously reduced by the adverse results of mining operations, which were arrested, as is not seldom the case in Cornish mines, by an irruption of the sea. From this time his son, struggling to complete his own education, was weighted with the responsibility of contributing to the support of his father and the education of his younger brother and his two sisters. Of his mother, who died when he was about fifteen years old, he always retained a most tender remembrance. An intimate friend has described her as "lovely both in mind and person."

Of his childhood there is little to be told. His youth brought with it a hard experience of the difficulties of life. A

letter written in 1830 (November 13) to an aunt throws light on the influences of various kinds then working upon him. It is written in an unformed style ; but it shows a keenness of insight which points to steadiness as well as independence of judgement.

“On serious consideration and from reflexion on what actually transpired in my mind at the time, I cannot but agree with you in thinking that it was the mighty Householder who two years since planted the seed of life within me. The devil may have mixed tares with the Spirit’s wheat, but the sower was God ; the fruit must, and, I trust, has in some measure appeared. I have not the slightest recollection, nor had I ever, I believe, a conception of the time when I first thought of eternity and the danger of the soul. All I can say is, that ‘whereas I was blind, now I see.’”

Turning to the subject of the ministry he expresses his longing

“To be engaged in this awfully pleasing work. There is a most awful grandeur in this solemn work. We are not meddling with the things of time, with this world’s trifles. Eternity! Eternity is ours ; for it is by the means of the ministry that the Holy Spirit is most generally pleased to give His blessing. At all events, it is the members of that sacred body who are to minister unto hungry souls their daily bread, to fill the thirsty with the nectar of heaven, to heal the sick, to establish the wavering. And who is sufficient for these things?”

But there was a choice between the ministry of the English Church and that of Nonconformists, to whom his mother and some other relatives belonged.

“I am now, since we have had Mr. Hockin<sup>1</sup> here, fully convinced that a Church minister may be a man of God ;

<sup>1</sup> This exemplary man, then curate of St. Austell, was afterwards vicar of Blackawton, and for forty-five years before his death in 1886 chaplain of the Devon and Exeter Hospital.

and his opportunities of being useful must far exceed those of a Dissenting one. The first, and a very striking, advantage (so, at least, it appears to me) of the Church minister over the Independent is his actual *Independence*. There are not so many bigots in the Church as there used to be, nor have the bishops the same tyrannical power which they used to have over the body of which they represent the head. . . . When once the Church minister is settled in his church, unless guilty of some heinous dereliction of duty, he cannot be expelled. . . . Not so, however, with the Independent. He must preach not what he likes, but what his congregation likes: he must obey the voice of his flock, and in too many instances the flock turns out a flock of wolves in sheep's clothing, as for instance in our poor little Meeting, where all is riot and confusion. . . . But whatever may be the advantage on the one side or the other, I trust I am prepared to enter whatever situation the Almighty may in His unerring wisdom have designed for me. . . . I have as yet abundance of time before me, comparatively speaking, for I am not yet seventeen; but if nothing should occur to realise my wishes with respect to the Church, I am prepared for the Independents. Yet in either case let me pray that the doctrine of the Gospel may be mine, unclouded by party principles, unobscured by the impious intrusion of man's own ignorant wishes and baneful speculations."

A letter to his grandmother, Mrs. Blackmore, dated March 21, 1831, gives an account of his journey from Devonport to Dartmouth, there to serve as an assistant in a school kept by Mr. Glubb, the incumbent of St. Petrox. He found himself in a country the beauty of which gave him great delight, in the company of men who were "very pleasant and agreeable, and, best of all, pious characters," and in a post which left him about two hours of leisure daily. But even this respite was obtained by dint of strictly economising scraps of time from the round of school work, which began at

six a.m. (he had himself to call the boys at five o'clock) and went on, with breaks amounting to only five and a half hours, to eight o'clock in the evening.

Seven months later (October 26, 1831), he writes expressing the hope that his grandmother may be able to give him favourable news of Pentuan, the family property, and asked whether she was "much surprised at or interested in the fate of the Reform Bill," which had just become law.

"We could not expect the Lords, I think, to do otherwise, bullied as they were by such a brawling set of ragamuffins as assembled at Liverpool, Manchester, and other places."

The cholera was now not far from England, and the approach of the pestilence leads to a review of his spiritual state, in which he remarks:—

"For the last two years instead of (as I thought myself repeatedly) being a humble and hungry follower of Jesus, I have made a god of myself, and an idol of my own soul."

He has found too much refreshment in "thoughts and feelings," "in prayers that he may feel more of his Saviour's love, enjoy more of His presence," while he should have

"Found his greatest happiness in *servi*ng God and in being made holy and like Him. The former without the latter I see to be mere enthusiasm, and not a spiritual worship of the Lord Almighty."

The great question of his life's work was thus already beginning to press upon him. The consciousness of the powers which were for him gifts from an all-wise and loving Father pointed in one direction: the straitened circumstances of his family seemed to point in another. If he looked in upon himself, everything called him to a university career. Must these hopes be dissipated, because the temporal means of his kinsfolk were not what they had been? Without some

help from them he knew that those hopes could never be realised: but he resolved at the outset that whatever they might do for him should be recompensed to them in full. The promise was nobly redeemed; but the years which must pass before he could redeem it were years of the hardest struggle, and seldom perhaps has such a struggle been faced and endured with so much patience, constancy, and cheerfulness, with so profound a sense of duty, and with a spirit so resigned to the will of One infinitely wiser and better than himself. But it was needful to provide for such outlay as on any calculation must be inevitable. From his grandmother he received an answer which held out little hope; and in a letter to his uncle, Mr. W. P. Blackmore (February 27, 1832), he expresses his trust that all his hopes may not be dashed by a refusal from him, his only stay in the present moment of difficulty.

“My object is to enter as a sizar at St. John’s—which if I can effect (and I do hope the education I have received, and redoubled diligence through the next seven months will enable me to do it) my expenses would be comparatively nothing. But I do not ask you to support me at college. Mr. Glubb, and all I can converse with on the subject, assure me there will be no difficulty in supporting myself by private pupils, and a thousand other aids which a studious man cannot help receiving, provided I can at once establish my entrance there. Will you then—this is my only and shall be my last request—will you in October next, if all things are well, advance me £20 to place me at college? For the repayment of this you shall have my most solemn promise, whenever God shall place it in my power—my books are worth that sum, but these I trust it will never be necessary to apply to. . . . Whichever way your resolution is fixed, do write me by return of post, as nothing can be of more consequence to me than an immediate acquaintance with it.”

The offer made by his uncle was that he would provide a sum of £33 for his second year of residence, if his other relations would furnish a like sum for the first year. Writing to his grandmother, with expressions of thankfulness for the "gleam of light" thus thrown "upon the darkness" of the prospect before him, he says in reference to these conditions :—

"It may be possible, may I not say probable, that I shall be put into such a situation as not to require your assistance the third year. At all events, believe me that no endeavours shall be wanting on my part to support myself or raise myself to a station which, under God's blessing, may enable me to provide for myself as well as for those who may perhaps hereafter become dependent on me.

"Can you then comply with dear uncle's request, or has the providence of God put it out of your power? At all events, please to give a speedy answer to this letter, as in the first case I shall instantly begin a course of reading and preparation for a foundation sizarship. . . . If, however, you cannot afford to comply with my wishes, why, I believe I must resign all thoughts of an university education. My best hours are fast fleeting—something must shortly be done. If, therefore, all my endeavours should prove fruitless, I shall turn my thoughts to some other profession; and in such case may the Lord preserve me from despondency and despair, for I candidly confess I am fit for nothing else but the university."

In a subsequent letter (April 16) to his grandmother, he enters more into the details of his probable expenditure at the university, referring to the advice and suggestions of Mr. Glubb, and also to the experience of Kirke White, who declared that he knew a fellow collegian who had only £20 a year.

Five months later (September 25) he writes again, announcing his immediate departure for Cambridge. Steam

from Falmouth to London was chosen as the cheapest mode of transit ; and the narrative of his journey shows the rigidity of the economy to which he conscientiously and cheerfully submitted himself. He found, however, that the sea passage scarcely saved him money ; nor, in spite of the unrelaxing bravery with which he fought the battle, was his yearly outlay at the first quite so small as he had hoped it might be. Writing from St. John's (October 28, 1832) he describes the general features of college life, speaks of his having cheerful and pleasant rooms, and mentions his having had to pay £2 for a Greek Lexicon and a book on conic sections. There were, further, for the first term, costs which would not come again, and some of which, as for furniture, he would recover at the end of his residence.

In a letter written towards the end of his first year, he speaks of the retrospect and the prospect as being both, on the whole, encouraging, and expresses the hope that the outlay for the next year may be met in part by his share in the half profits of two books which he had prepared for the publishers, the one consisting of some translations from Horace, the other of annotations on the Gospel of St. Matthew. These were followed by a translation of Plato's *Apology of Socrates*. His success in the Christmas examination had won for him an exhibition of £20 ; success in the great midsummer examination would, he hoped, obtain for him a Margaret sizarship, which, being worth £60, would with his exhibition put him "in a very comfortable situation." His first considerations are for his finances. They could not be otherwise. But although the need of stinting himself had never led him into meanness, the severity of the struggle could not fail to make itself felt.

"I have hardly eat or slept for the last week, and am afraid I am looking 'like a winnard,' as we say, through anxiety and fatigue."

To the future he looked forward in high hope ; but there were immediate expenses, the payment of which could not be postponed. His uncle Richard, who in the meantime had undergone the terrible loss of his eyesight, had not fulfilled his promise ; and he begs his grandmother to see him, if it be possible, and put the case before him. He did not write himself, because his uncle would be obliged to ask others to read the letter, and he particularly wished to keep everything private. Early in the following year (January 7, 1834) he has still to write on the same subject.

“ The plain truth is that, unless he can be induced to assist me once more, I cannot stay here ; if he can, my success is certain. And now I proceed to state my reasons for this assertion. I took tea the other day with my kind tutor, Mr. Hymers. It was the day I received from St. Austell the account of T——’s last vile injustice to us, by which all our hopes appeared utterly blasted, mine certainly among the rest ; since, had you received your due from the sale of Pentuan, I might have hoped for a little further assistance from you, which, of course, is now impossible. In the course of the evening I told him that I had had an application from a man of my year to take him as a pupil, and asked him whether he advised me to do it. He put a most decided veto upon it, and told me it was quite absurd for me with the prospects I had before me of success to waste my time, for which *no money* could afford me compensation. On this I hinted that I believed I should be obliged to do so, as I thought I should not be able to stay here without it. Explanation, &c., of course followed, and the result was that he forbade me positively to take pupils, told me that, if I could pay off my present bills, he would endeavour that my future college expenses should be absolutely nothing, and expressly said that I should not want while an undergraduate, if he himself paid for me.”

Mr. Hymers was as wise as he was kind. The need of waiting patiently for the great ordeal was manifest. A



mathematical work was added to the three from which he already expected some profit.<sup>1</sup> Through the efforts of his grandmother the present help was provided; and Mr. Hymers, writing (March 14, 1835) to that lady, says emphatically:—

“I never knew a young man of greater promise, or one more deserving the attention of his friends. He bids fair to be no less an honour to his relations than to his college and university.”

The great ordeal was passed with brilliant success. In 1836 he was Second Wrangler and Second Smith's Prizeman; and in March, 1837, he was elected Fellow of St. John's.

Two years later, on Sunday, June 9, 1839, he was admitted to deacon's orders by the Bishop of Ely. In the same year, Dr. Longley, then head master of Harrow, and afterwards Archbishop, first of York, then of Canterbury, applied to the University of Cambridge for a mathematical tutor; and Mr. Colenso was recommended for the post.<sup>2</sup> His sojourn at Harrow was marked by one heavy disaster and many misfortunes. A fire entirely destroyed his house, newly built and scarcely completed, while the depressed state of the school, which sank very low in general repute under the management of Dr. Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, left him at

<sup>1</sup> He also competed successfully three times for Hare's Exhibition; and also for Litherland's, at Christmas, 1833, and Dr. Reyner's in 1835. At Christmas, 1834, he obtained the Naden Divinity Studentship, and in November, 1835, was elected Scholar of his College.

<sup>2</sup> During the time of his mastership he was frequently invited by the vicar, Mr. Cunningham, to preach in Harrow Church. A colonist, Mr. Chilton, whose acquaintance with Mr. Colenso began in 1841, says that whenever he preached the church was crowded, not only with Churchmen but also with Nonconformists, and that men were known to walk from London, twelve miles, to hear him. He adds that “among the boys and young men at the school Mr. Colenso was held in the most unbounded esteem. With the townspeople of every class no man was a greater favourite. He was adviser of the troubled, a friend of the destitute, and an enemy to none.”

length so heavily in debt that a change became necessary. He returned to Cambridge at the end of 1841, and for four years worked as tutor at St. John's College, of which he was also Fellow. Four years later (1846) he resigned his Fellowship, having married Sarah Frances Bunyon, eldest daughter of the late Robert Bunyon, and accepted the rectory of Fornsett St. Mary, a small country village in the diocese of Norfolk, where he gave himself to the work of his parish and his private pupils. He had been engaged to Miss Bunyon for three years; and by a strange coincidence her family also had in the interval lost money heavily, and partly by mines, so that his marriage did not relieve him of any of his pecuniary difficulties.

TO HIS UNCLE, S. ROWSE, ESQ.

"May 29, 1839.

"You will be glad to hear that, instead of building, as I proposed, I am become 'Lord of the Manor' at Harrow, *i.e.* have been able to take the house formerly belonging to Lord Northwick, which has till now been in the occupation of Mr. Phelps, one of our masters, who has realised a fortune there in five or six years, more than sufficient to purchase the whole estate. The house is quite a mansion, with forty-seven acres of ground attached, and superb gardens. I enter the 13th of August. I hope to have an opportunity of thanking you for your kindness when I come down at Midsummer."

TO T. PATTINSON FERGUSON, ESQ.

"HARROW, February 4, 1840.

"At last I have secured, I hope, a really leisure hour to devote to you. If you knew the feelings of pleasure with which I read your letter, you would not be unwilling to receive my plea of occupation as a valid and sincere excuse for my not replying to it, for I could not consent to drop a hasty line only in return for such a memorial of your friendship, and such a source of real gratification to myself.

Indeed I do believe that you have decided on that course which by the blessing of God will tend to secure both your present and eternal happiness. I do think you have chosen that for which your natural talents and disposition in my own eyes peculiarly fit you, and I pray that you and I may yet, while life and strength are spared to us, glorify by our labours and patience upon earth the blessed Lord and Master to whose service it is our privilege to devote ourselves. Your description of your own feelings on the subject of your fitness (in point of religious knowledge and experience) for this glorious office I can most truly realise. Fearful I know, by sad remembrance of days not long elapsed in the progress of my own life, is the struggle of the 'strong man' to retain possession of the heart, and sometimes terrible and deadly are the falls with which he dashes his victim to the ground. Neither you nor I can expect to avoid this conflict—especially in our early days of religious life; but thanks be to God, who after all will give us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. May He in His infinite mercy preserve us from presumptuously resting on His promises of grace to the abandonment of our duties; but yet may we enjoy the happy privilege of looking forward with humble confidence to that day when, having led us safely, notwithstanding all our manifold infirmities, through this wilderness, He will land us on the other side of Jordan in the land of everlasting rest. My dear Ferguson, from the peculiar circumstances of my past life, this course of thought has been of late familiar to me, and forms almost the daily bread by which I have been supported. The providence of Almighty God has showed me troubles of late, has most justly laid on me the rod of chastisement, because in the hour of my prosperity I forgot Him, and sacrificed to devils.<sup>1</sup> My flesh will sometimes shrink under the burden of debt and difficulty and disappointment; but I trust I am not always forgetful of the

These expressions must be taken along with those in which he blames himself for extravagance. Of these something more will be said presently.

hand which has mingled honey in every cup of bitterness, and amidst much infirmity of purpose, and alas ! still more unworthiness of practice, can yet cling in the secret chambers of my heart to the belief that He hath done and ever will do all things well. I feel with you, however, how very little I really know of God, how very faint a conception I have learnt to entertain of His loving-kindness and faithfulness and majesty, how little especially, how scarcely at all, do I realise the wondrous love which brought our Saviour to the death of the cross for us. Nay, there are moments when I feel almost the cloud of infidelity between my soul's eyes and the Redeemer of the world ; and I am sensible that with my mouth indeed I may honour Him, with my heart's desire to do so, but with my mind I almost deny Him. Well, in this state of ignorance, and wretchedness, is it not a comfort to know that there is One above who has felt the power of temptation, who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, who is exalted for the very purpose of giving us *repentance* as well as remission ? Is it not a privilege to be encouraged to lay bare our hearts before our Heavenly Father, who knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are but dust ? ”

TO THE SAME.

“ HARROW, *March 24, 1840.*

. . . . “ Will you come and see me soon ? I am very solitary in the midst of a crowd. . . . My house is rated at a very high rent. The choice is not so much between ‘ this at this rent, or not at all,’ as between ‘ this at any rate or ruin,’ and that the consequence as much of my own extravagance and folly<sup>1</sup> as of the calamity I have suffered under. I trust I

<sup>1</sup> The extracts from the letters relating to this period of his life are given as indispensably necessary to enable the reader to form a true idea of his moral and spiritual growth. Every utterance in them is transparently sincere ; but one of the most remarkable features exhibited in them is a singular sensitiveness of conscience, and his self-accusations, whatever they may be, must be interpreted with a strict reference to this characteristic. Thus the supposition that he had at any time been guilty of what is commonly known as extravagance is really nothing less than

am now endeavouring to set about creeping slowly up the face of the cliff down which I have been all but precipitated, and have only saved myself for the present by snatching at a stump which, if it yields, will but accelerate my fall. I hope I see above me the points I may gain and the steps I may take, so as by patience and exertion to reach the free and open ground ; but I am not too sanguine, and can only believe that all will at last be well. At any rate, I must learn to wait patiently God's own good time for the decision of my future prospects ; and now enough, my dear Ferguson, of self ; but your own inquiries partly provoked this egotism. I hope, indeed, that we shall both realise in our hearts the truth of the great Principle which seems to breathe throughout our Scriptures that the Knowledge of God shall be revealed to those who obey His Will. Oftentimes when one is tempted through the absence of present distinct perception of the Love of God to us, and especially (I speak for myself) of the wonderful loving-kindness of our Saviour, and that astonishing mercy to us, which I cannot but acknowledge with my head indeed, when I consider His sufferings and death, but oh ! how very little feel reciprocated in my own heart—oftentimes, then, I find at such moments the recollection of these promises of great comfort to me, and sensible value in propping up my drooping faith. 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.' 'He that loveth me will keep my words,' and again on the other hand, 'He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that

ludicrous. His life, from his very childhood onwards, had been one of hard and rigorous self-denial, a battle with inadequate means to provide not only for his own absolute wants, but for the help which he longed always to give to others. His early and very intimate friend Mr. Ferguson says on this point (September 21, 1886): "I imagine that what he called extravagance may have been nothing more than a perfectly justifiable expenditure in the prospect of succeeding, as he was entitled to expect he should, at Harrow. The burning of his house, and the utter failure of the school under Wordsworth, brought him into difficulties which were for a long time a sore burden to him." A life more free from all that is commonly called extravagance can scarcely be imagined.

loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and *manifest myself* to him.' It can never be enthusiasm to believe that these words convey a distinct promise of a gradual growth in grace and in knowledge of our Lord, to those who are found waiting on Him in patient continuance in well-doing according to their present knowledge."

TO THE SAME.

" HARROW, *May 6, 1840.*

[After asking his friend whether he would like to have, as his first charge in holy orders, a chapelry near Twickenham, and suggesting that he might receive some Cambridge pupils there, he adds:—]

"I have spent two or three delightful days at a little vicarage near Maidenhead where a clergyman's life must, if faithfully devoted to his duties, be very happy. The vicar's garden opens into his churchyard, and both run along the banks of the Thames, surrounded by fine scenery. It is a spot I love at times to contemplate, even in the sketch-book of memory; and it would be to me a source of great enjoyment and, I should hope, no small instruction amidst the rich variety of life, and with the fresh twinkling waters at my feet, to

" 'Talk or think of Death, and play a while  
With his black locks.'

"It gives a solemn reality to the quiet labours of a pastor's life to be brought thus habitually into a connexion with the other world,—it may tend to banish transport and young enthusiasm,—to prevent, as Newman has it, our enjoying to the full God's gifts of Providence, of health and strength, and temporal happiness, by perceiving its instability and uncertainty; but then it secures to the Christian's mind the blessing of his Master's peace, which consists in feeling that every change is subject to His Gracious hand, and enables us to walk more humbly with

our God, in thankfulness but not in ecstasy, as those who are daily watching for themselves the coming of their Lord."

TO REV. J. P. FERGUSON.

"October 7, 1840.

'Do not think, my dear friend, that silence with me has originated in neglect. The fact is, that the state of my own affairs is such that I cannot at all times command that evenness and thankfulness of mind which a Christian should ever desire to exhibit. . . . And so you are numbered amongst the ministers of God (for I saw your ordination in the papers). I deeply rejoice at it, and earnestly pray that you may be led to see daily more and more the blessedness of a life devoted to the service of the Lord. The longer I live, the more do I become sensible of this truth, that to enjoy the happiness of religion, it must be deemed the one thing, the only thing needful—be admitted into all our thoughts, to preside over all our hours of ease and amusement as well as of exertion and actual labour in the work of God. It is not the attention to this or that particular duty, the abstinence from this or that indulgence, which constitutes the following of our blessed Master's steps : we must try to breathe the air of another world, to *live* upon the hopes of God's Word, and not merely allow them a place in our memories, while we make up the deficiency of supply for our daily comfort from the things of time and sense. It is a very noticeable feature of the present day, that this is the character gaining ground in the hearts of men as that of true piety. The entire devotedness of heart and life is the essence of Oxford Tract Divinity, as fresh from the original authors of that system ; but alas ! in what a wrong direction does the impulse of their creed hurry them !"

TO THE SAME.

"1840.

"My eyes, thanks to Fraser's advice, are again restored to their wonted power. . . . I have no longer the excuse I had for neglecting to thank you for the very happy hours I

spent at Wollerton. The night I left you was the happiest, I think, I have ever yet spent in my life, the happiest at least in its consequences. It was the last night of the old year, and not finding, as I expected (in my ignorance that Belper was ten miles from Derby), the Strutts' carriage waiting for me at the station (as it would have been perhaps in the daytime when some of the family happened to be in the town), I was obliged to take up my quarters in the solitary chamber of an hotel, and there I heard the old year depart and welcomed the new one in by the sound of the Derby bells. I thank God that I spent that night alone. It was the close of the first year of my life that I had by His mercy spent in His avowed service, with how much imperfection He knows, and I know how often He had saved mine eyes from tears and my feet from falling. However, the thought added greatly to the happiness and solemn joy of the evening, and I would not have exchanged that lonely room for the merriest family fireside that gathered round the birthday of the year."

TO THE SAME.

"HARROW, *March 25, 1841* (?).

... "The teetotallers may certainly produce very specious principles on which, as foundation, to rest their claim for union, viz. that it is the privilege at least, if not the duty, of any Christian to sacrifice an innocent indulgence, if by so doing he can promote his brethren's good. I do not say that this is the vulgar notion of the matter; but it is the argument used by the few good and devoted men who have joined the Society. My course would be, as was suggested by Goulburn, to point to the consequences of asceticism, and other combinations to refuse the gifts of God, though set on foot by excellent men and with the most laudable self-denying designs."

TO THE SAME.

"HARROW, *April 20, 1841.*

"There is a little mixture of Oxford opinions in the University, but not formidable. Collison, of St. John's, is the principal



advocate of them at present. Teetotalism has some partisans. Jeffreys, Senior Fellow of St. John's, and Boodle, an excellent man who is Vicar of the new church at Barnwell, have signed the pledge. We discussed it at Perry's rooms the other day, and decided, I imagine, against the system ; though I see they have arguments which go a great way with conscientious men, not *very* thoughtful, nor looking well *beneath* the surface, where the objections will be found."

TO THE SAME.

"HARROW, *September 11, 1841*

"Your last letters have been very grateful to me, and if the intercourse of Christian friends on earth be so pleasant, what will it be hereafter when all hearts will be filled with one holy desire to glorify the God of our salvation? O my dear friend, when our Saviour comes to visit us, will He really find faith upon earth, find us throwing our whole souls upon His work, and trusting fully to His faithful promise? Or will He find us still hampered with the entanglement of earth-love and earth-bound desires, and, like the nations of the world, seeking after food and raiment, ease and comfort, in our own ways, and after our own imaginations?"

TO THE SAME.

"1841.

"I am just in the position in which I last wrote, having been disappointed, day after day, of the receipt of the long-looked-for intelligence that cash had been deposited with my bankers by the kindness of that Providential friend [Mr. Freeth] to whom I have before now referred, as seemingly raised up by God for my help in the time of greatest distress. I will not, therefore, delay to communicate to you the main facts of the case touching my departure from Harrow. The pecuniary difficulties under which you heard me to be labouring were only increasing continuously as time advanced, and at length seemed brought to a crisis by the reduction of the number of my boarders, and the polite negative given to my application for renewal of a loan of £800 from my bankers.

. . . Thus, then, the hour was come, and apparently without hope of escape from the pressure of accumulated obligations, and certainly none in continuing my struggles at Harrow.

“In this conjuncture I laid the state of my affairs before my friend Freeth, who at once advised my resignation and retreat to Cambridge, and most generously undertook to advance me (or procure it for me) whatever sum I might need to pay my way out of Harrow. That sum was £2,600 (minus £750 of furniture), and with his former loan of £2,200 makes an amount of £4,800, which the marvellous liberality of this one individual, bound by no tie of relationship, and hardly of friendship before he first laid me under obligation to him, has consented to assist me with. It is this sum, £2,600, which through some delay in his own arrangements has not yet been finally placed to my credit, which has occasioned my continued delay.

“And now here am I, my dear friend, like a sailor on a rock in the midst of a rolling ocean, and, it may be, still to be swept off by some furious tide; yet, even if it be so, God is with us, and who shall be against us? . . . Meanwhile, He hath put gladness in my heart abundantly, and I am enabled to sing again in the secret chambers of my soul as in the days of my early youth when first the day-spring broke upon my spirit, and I tasted the first delicious draught of the water of life. O bless the Lord with me, dear friend, and let us exalt His name together. You can hardly conceive how blessed a state of things prevails here at this time, so much pure truth preached and practised on every side, Scholefield, Lane, Langshaw, Perry, Boodle, Spence, and several others, besides several pious Fellows of my own college, living and labouring as children of God in their day and generation.”

#### TO THE SAME.

“HARROW, *December 1, 1841.*

“I believe that my connexion with Harrow will (as a resident) close on Tuesday next; but there are so many difficulties

in making our arrangements that I can by no means at present rely on this being the case. . . . If I leave Harrow, it will be with some permanent sacrifice, I expect, of income, during the continuance of my lease, and with a debt of £5,000, which depends for liquidation solely on my personal exertions at Cambridge, or wherever my steps by God's merciful providence may be directed. However, blessed be His holy name, His promises have been fulfilled. He has not left me comfortless in this season of difficulty. . . . Believe me that I receive your little reports of your people with great interest. Do not fail to refer to them occasionally, as you have need or occasion."

TO THE SAME.

"March 31, 1842.

"As you wish to know what I have been doing, or expect to do in pecuniary matters, I will just say that God has mercifully given me all I needed in the way of pupils, as many, indeed, as I thought I should be justified in taking, and even more. But if you ask me whether I have any such hope or imagination as your old friend Paul's (a similar story by the way has more than once recurred to my own memory, in reference to a Welshman whose family estate came into his hands mortgaged to its full value, and in effect lost to him, and who laboured in penury and privation of every kind to recover its possession and then died), I may say that I have neither one nor the other—no *hope*, because I know that I am in the hands of One who will order everything for good for us, if we are enabled to leave everything in His own hands; and, therefore, if poverty and difficulty are desirable for His glory or our security and advancement in the knowledge and love of Himself, as I am sure they often or most frequently are, it would be monstrous folly and presumption to wish it otherwise. . . . Neither have I any thought of it as things stand at present, for my debt is enormous, and in point of fact, with all my pupils, I shall find, I believe, but very little surplus left towards discharge of the capital. I cannot take with comfort, I mean *religious*

comfort, . . . more than eight pupils, I think, for I have decided to give them their separate hour, as most profitable for them, and to my mind most satisfactory; and this, with my Fellowship, &c., will raise about £800 per annum, out of which I have nearly £550 to pay in interest and insurances, to provide also for personal expenses, and then to repay a capital debt of £6,500. But if God be for us, who shall be against us? If our religion be the Truth, what have we to fear? . . . One thing I have indeed been taught even within the last three months—nay, two within the last six—which have inexpressibly added to the strengthening and refreshing of my soul in the midst of this warfare. The one was a more complete insight into the utterly lost and helpless condition of our souls—that all is of God who hath also wrought all our works in us, and will still for the future have to work all in us. I thought I knew this truth before. I should have preached it, methinks, and taught it to others; but I had certainly never realised it in my own heart, but was imperceptibly to myself trying to repair and “patch up my house utterly gone to decay.” Daily was I labouring, though I hardly perceived what I was about, in this most unprofitable work of trying to plaster over my faults and deficiencies, and present myself clean and comely in the presence of my God; but it was all in vain. I mended this, and the repair itself disclosed more to be repaired behind it. Day after day was the same wearisome work to be repeated of sweeping and garnishing a tenement which the corruption of human nature would quickly restore to its previous defilement and wretchedness, dropping dank exudations from the walls, and covering the floor with decay. . . . And now, perceiving that the whole work of reparation was utterly out of my own power or comprehension, but that only the Holy Spirit of God, who had taught me to desire the renewal of my heart and sanctification of my nature, could carry on and complete the blessed work in His own time and in His own way, there, thanks be unto God, in His hands am I content to leave the work, entirely satisfied that, since it is His *will*, Θέλημα,

it is his *intention*, not merely His desire, that the children of God should indeed be altogether led and sanctified by the Spirit of God, and assured of that willingness by knowing that whereas once I was blind, now I see. We love Him because He first loved us.

“The other blessing for which I desire most humbly to thank our gracious Father, and to tell to those I love upon earth, if perchance our hearts may rejoice together in the enjoyment of one common lesson of His love, is the inestimable privilege of prayer and secret communion with God. . . . It is only since my residence in Cambridge that the mercy of the Lord has opened to me more abundantly the fulness of that blessing which is given to His children in the encouragement to pray. I see in it now the secret of all growth in grace and love and holiness—continual, frequent unfainting prayer.”

TO THE SAME.

“April 10, 1843.

“I could wish indeed to see you for a while, and share with you the thoughts of the past lines of our spiritual life, for my own views have wonderfully changed, not in character, I trust, but in complexion, since last I parted from you. I had then seen nothing of religion but in the writings of the Evangelical School, or of their opposite, the Oxford; and while I saw in the principles of both some portions of God’s truth, I felt a want of cordial agreement with the practice at least, and often with the teaching of either. The last few months have brought me into contact with Coleridge and Maurice, and I was truly rejoiced to find by your reply, what *now* I might have imagined from your previous letters, that you have also been drawing water with them from the deep well of Truth.”

TO THE SAME.

“ST. JOHN’S COLLEGE, September 14, 1843.

“What have you been reading or doing lately? My only, or almost only, occupation (except that of my calling, and this includes an Arithmetic for Schools, which I have just pub-

lished) has been to read the first edition of Maurice's [*Kingdom of Christ*], which, especially in the first volume, is, for its freshness and vigour, apparently far superior to the second, which I had previously read. O what glorious missionary principles are there, the only ones as it seems to me which can give real life and energy to the messenger of Truth, who comes, not as if from the clouds above, or the deeps beneath, but a fellowman among his brethren, all of whom have the same Heaven above them that he has made, and every daily mercy, rain and sunshine, life and breath and all things, speaking to them as to all as tokens that they have a *Father there*, that they are living in a world from which the *cause* of disobedience has been removed, that they too may look upward, and fear, and put their trust in the mercy of Him that made them. . . . I dare not look towards that hallowed work myself, for my way is, for the present at least, effectually barred against it: and it seems to be the will of God that I should remain at home, and fill up my part and station here. . . . Did you read that very beautiful note of Whytehead's, where he spoke of these being as it were in the far chantry of some vast cathedral, while those at home would be worshipping in the choir, but that there was still the same roof of the Catholic Church extended over all?

“I am much taken up at present with thoughts of the fearful state of our Universities in which prevails such an utter disregard of the statutes on which we are founded, and not of the letter only but of the spirit and first principles of these institutions. Surely we need a great revival here, amidst such long continued indolence and unconcern for the solemn duties attached to our positions. It seems to have been an evil step of an idle and self-indulgent age when the present tutorial system was established, and the Fellows have generally no connexion with the youths around them but that of mere accident and self-interest; but, indeed, the evils are very great, when calmly considered, of our present circumstances, and they will end, possibly, if not corrected, in our ruin.”

## TO THE SAME.

"CAMBRIDGE,

"October 23, 1843.

"I have just had my C. Missionary Report brought me : and when I look on its pages and appeals, how one longs for a Missionary spirit in this University. How very unworthy is it of our calling and privileges that out of such a mass of men, who yearly leave us, the attractions of home and comfort should prevail over the summons to go forth among the multitudes that perish,—I say not *eternally*—which is in the hands of Infinite Truth and Love,—but temporally, in the loss of that light and joy and glorious hope, which quicken by the Grace of God our own hearts. O that some plan could be devised for stirring up under God such a yearning for the souls of men among us. Surely among so many there must be *some* who are at liberty and have power to obey the call. But parents must learn to train up their children for missionaries from the womb, to give them up to God's service from the first, not for comfort and their own solace and pride, but for the sacrifice of all earthly ties, if needful, for the service of the Cross."

## TO W. N. RIPLEY, ESQ.

"ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

"November 1, 1843.

"Although you may not be making as rapid advancement in actual study as might be possible under other circumstances, yet your time of preparation will be profitably spent, if it sends you up to us furnished with those habits of order, industry, and obedience, which will secure you from so much of the danger and evil which must surround you when you leave finally your parents' roof, and enter upon the solemn duties of self-government. I have a great desire (one day, I trust, to be fulfilled) of knowing personally Mr. Nottidge, whom I have long learnt to revere, and from whom I am sure you and I may learn many precious lessons of true wisdom. Let us not lose the opportunities given us in our

several paths of life, of profiting by the experience, and studying the examples of those who have gone before us. They are great talents committed to us, for the due improvement of which we must be held responsible. I fully believe, indeed, that there is no truth more fearfully neglected in these days than that to whom much is given, of them shall the more be required. We are so ready to measure ourselves by others who have had far less of light and advantages, and, judging our own case better than theirs, to rest satisfied therewith. But doubtless there were none of the grosser sins of Sodom and Gomorrah practised, openly at least, in Chorazin and Bethsaida in the time of our Saviour, and yet it will be more tolerable for the former in the day of God than for the latter; and Christian England may find her state, amidst neglected privileges and abused power and wealth and influence, far more miserable and guilty in His sight than that of the heathen, who have had a very little light and have not quenched it; and some such I daresay you will have met with in your classical studies. And, at any rate, when you next read Plato or Sophocles, or even your present true-hearted writer Thucydides, bear in mind that, wherever Truth is spoken by their lips, it cannot be from the corrupt part of man, nor the prompting of an evil spirit, but from the Divinity itself, which dealt with them, stirring their spirits deeply within and giving them glimpses of that great light which the Gospel of Christ has poured upon our eyes. Try to get the habit of reading the classics as the writings of brother-men, thinking and moved just as you and I are."

TO THE SAME.

[*No date (probably the same year)*]

"It is one of my greatest trials that my necessary occupations so engross my time at present as to allow me only to write (for the most part at least) in haste and hurry, if I write at all, to my friends, and I therefore often am in danger of saying too much upon subjects on which I touch, by saying



too little. Such is in a measure the case with reference to the remarks I made in my last, and to which you have referred: and I rejoice to see that you have thought sincerely, though you will doubtless have to think much more, upon the subject in question, which in fact is simply this, whether we should address the heathen in our missionary capacity as, until we come to them, aliens altogether from the *Family of God*—I mean, the creatures whom He has made upon this earth, or whether we shall believe, as I am satisfied the Scriptures teach us—as I am sure the daily mercies poured on them as well as on ourselves should teach us—that they too have a Father in heaven, whose will may have suffered them to be a while in ignorance, whilst His great mystery is going forward, but whose Love has not cut them off from His present mercy, and from the benefit of the promises of which *we* have the *revealed* assurance, that they who seek the Lord shall surely find Him. . . . Such is the statement of the Apostle in that wonderfully striking chapter, Rom. ii., which to me so clearly sets forth the fact, that none of God's reasonable creatures are left without sufficient guide of Life, but will find that using faithfully their one small talent (small compared with ours, and yet not small perhaps in itself), they too will share the mercies of the Most High, proclaimed to the race of man through the coming of the Son of God, and to be published to all the world, as soon as Christian feet shall carry them. But then, you say, were there any such—were they not all seeking the praise of men and not that which cometh of God only? In the sense in which it may be said that we are altogether become unprofitable by reason of the sin and corruption mingled with our best acts, of course I know they too will stand condemned in the sight of a most Holy Being; but in the sense in which we men speak of righteousness, I think you have judged them too severely. Examine, my dear Ripley, the real influencing motives of men in the present day, I do not mean ungodly and professedly worldly men, but of those who acknowledge, and for aught we can judge to the contrary do, in sincerity

and in the main, desire to obey the truth,—and how much of secret self-love and love of human applause will be found mingled with their most religious acts—yes, often intruding its unhallowed presence into their acts of devotion and their very secret hours of prayer before God. . . . I dare not with this conviction venture to charge home upon the ancient heathen the evil which I see prevailing so extremely, and often among pious, and in many respects true Christians of the present day. . . . As far as I know, I could not think so of Æschylus, Sophocles, Thucydides, Virgil, Cicero, and many others. I do not mean that they were *never* moved by vanity and love of human applause. We know, for instance, that Cicero was very faulty in this ; but look then at his life, at his self-sacrificing earnestness for the public good, his pure morality, and the deeply devotional spirit of many of his writings . . . and then in Christian charity let us say whether we should not in a *Christian* judge this sin a *failing* rather than attach to it the stamp of wilful guilt. But I will go yet further, and say that many of the ancients (and I know not why I should not say also of modern heathens, but that I do not know so much of them) will stand up in the judgment with the men of this generation and condemn them. One such example is enough,—as good as a thousand for my purpose ; and that one shall be Socrates, who surely was not a seeker of human applause, despised, mocked, evil-entreated, martyred for the cause of truth, which by many questionings of heart and communings of spirit with his unseen Creator he had been permitted to obtain a glimpse of—and with all the zeal of a missionary, as you very truly observe, longed and laboured to convey it to the hearts of others. But the true missionary spirit cannot be wanting where there is any glimpse vouchsafed of the *real* Truth,—cannot be wanting in *kind*, though its degree depends upon the earnestness with which we carry out, by God's grace, the knowledge which we have already attained. . . . Once more, I do find great joy and refreshment of spirit in looking upon the Greek poet and philosopher as our brother man, and there-

fore sharing with us, and we with him, in all the sympathies of our humanity ; and the same I experience even in turning to the far-off heathen, dark and benighted as they are, yet not given over as a prey to destruction, but having still tokens around, and voices within, which are speaking to *them* of a Father in Heaven, and to *us* of their connexion (we do not presume to analyse or comprehend it) with Him who is the Head of the whole race, the Son of Man, the Saviour of the world."

TO THE REV. T. P. FERGUSON.

"CAMBRIDGE, December 19, 1845.

"I am now writing with my rooms littered and half emptied, the term being ended, and myself still detained here, long after I had expected to have left College, by the long delays which have attended the severance of the Norfolk living. That act, however, was completed at the last Privy Council, and I am now in daily expectation of receiving the presentation of my portion of it, St. Mary's, from Lord Effingham. The income, as you know, is about £450 with a house *to be built*,—otherwise a desirable living, and from the smallness of population, under 300, well suited for my purpose of tuition. . . . Having been so long in expectation of this event, and with every reasonable ground for supposing that it would long ago, as indeed it ought to, have been completed, you will not be surprised if I take also, should God permit, another and much more solemn step in life very shortly—within a week perhaps of my presentation. I shall *exceedingly* desire that you might be present on the occasion, if you happened to be in London, and so would the lady and her family, who (the former at least) know you sufficiently as one of my dearest and most valued friends."

In this letter Mr. Colenso refers to his approaching marriage with Miss Sarah Frances Bunyon. The following extracts from letters addressed to her will show how completely he

could share with her all his thoughts, his motives, his aims and purpose in life. They will also show, more clearly perhaps than any letters addressed to others, the direction in which his mind and heart were working, and the depth and fervency of his spiritual convictions.

“ST. JOHN’S COLLEGE,

“October 25, 1842.

. . . . “I have had an application to take a pupil in Divinity, and am half disposed to accede to it—but for my present almost entire ignorance of all that comes under that designation, except the English Scriptures of the Old and the Greek of the New Testament. I am not sure, however, that I may not be able to trace the finger of God’s Providence in this request, which comes from an eminent Christian minister, for a gentle affectionate son, whose acquaintance I already value; and I believe my best course will be to tell him of my present incompetency for aught but, I would hope, by the merciful help of God’s Holy Spirit, the spiritual study of the New Testament and the formation of mind and temper which close intimacy of this kind would enable me, under His blessing, to forward.

“I have had a walk to-day with my dear friend Dr. —, and a long and interesting talk with him, but he does not yet know, I think, the full value of a Christian’s life; and I am ready to smile within when I hear his kind and affectionate condolence with my future prospects, so dark and cloudy and cheerless as they seem to his eyes—so destitute of all promise of what the world deems happiness or comfort. Blessed be God, we have, as Hare says, ‘the rays of a sun warming our hearts, and enlightening our eyes, in the most gloomy day of this our earthly pilgrimage’—and even at this very hour, is my heart ready to dance with joy in the conscious sense of innumerable blessings, which the treasures of the world could neither give nor take away. Is it not blissful beyond compare, thus to be taught to live by faith and not by sight—to see Him that is invisible, and know Him as our merciful Friend and loving Father—to

receive the Lord Jesus Christ, as our only ever blessed Lord and Master—to read, and read with clear eye and quickened heart, that His *will* is our sanctification—and since it is His will, that He will surely give His Holy Spirit abundantly to those who ask Him.”

“ST. JOHN’S COLLEGE, *March 5, 1843.*

.. . . “I have often been almost afraid to register a just thought or worthy sentiment, to which in conversation or reflexion I may have been led, lest, so doing, I should be harbouring vanity and self-conceit ; not seeing all the while, that the most corrupt form of pride and self-confidence was that which called such thought ‘my own,’ and did not instantly acknowledge it, so far as it was not false and evil, as the gift of God. In *words* perhaps I should have done so ; but, in point of fact, I did not, but was always haunted by the feeling that *I* had found this or that, and, blessed be God, hating such feeling, while it still clung to me, the only remedy I could think of was resolutely to stamp it under foot, and with it to bless the Giver of all good and perfect gifts, in the use of the powers of mind and enjoyment of the faculties which He has intrusted to me, and has promised to sanctify, strengthen, and enlighten for those who fear and seek Him. . . .

“I now see therefore that my thoughts, my words, my actions, so far as they are not corrupt and evil, are not mine, but God’s ; that I must be very careful not to *waste* them, or forget to cherish them ; that I must be thankful to have received any the least of such mercies ; and humbled that pride and selfishness are still seeking to hold back my spirit from His praise. I perceive now wherein I erred before. I shrunk then from the *abuse* of these things ; I now, blessed be God, see *partly* how I may *use* them to His glory. And I see also that the same change must pass over the whole character of my Christian practice. It is a much more difficult lesson perhaps to learn to use, than not to abuse. The one may be attained by practising a few stern resolutions—touch not,

taste not, handle not—and when the first throes of the mutilated limb are over, there will be no more trouble about it, though sometimes (as they say) an indistinct feeling, as if the hand were still in its place, or a craving of the system for its absent member, unnaturally lost to it: but it is a work of watchfulness and industry for life to employ those fingers rightly in the duties which become it; and yet we do not question which is the happier state of the two. The parallel is obvious; and I have too much been accustomed to take the Stoical view of religious truth, undisturbed, it may have been, by many severe checks to it, through the solitary nature of my life at Harrow, perhaps partly led to it by these circumstances. Thanks be to God that I no longer see things thus!

“ . . . . I think that you have exactly pointed to your want, when you said that you believed it would be well for you to be employed in the labour of active love for others. . . . I have found it a source of unspeakable benefit to me—at least, I think so—and seem to miss, at present, the cheering, humanizing, satisfying, feeling for the *actual* wants and sorrows of my fellow men, which my acquaintance with them at Harrow was the means of fostering. . . . We are not required, indeed, to step presumptuously into the path of unappointed difficulty or danger, nor to trample under foot the pleasant things of God—which He has given to be used with thankfulness and prayer—nor to tax our strength beyond the claims of health, and court wantonly sickness or sorrow; but we *are* to stand, with loins girded and lights burning, as servants ready for their Master’s work—watching with quick eye, with nimble foot, with ready heart in his service—listening in all directions for the sound of His voice in the events of His Providence, calling gently, in the tone which none but Love will hear, for the presence of His *Friends*, for one whom He loveth, who is sick, or in prison, or sorrowful, or needy, or suffering—and blessed indeed is that servant whom His Lord when He calleth shall find thus meekly waiting, and prepared for His work.”

In the following passages he speaks of Mr. Maurice, when he was beginning to know him by his books alone.

1843

. . . . "How truly do I love Maurice! Daily more and more of truth appears to me in his book." . . . .

1843.

. . . . "I have procured to-day (by purchase, after much hesitation on the ground of economy, the necessity for which limits my expenditure in all directions) Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ*—and have read the first chapter of the second volume, which I hope to peruse regularly, day by day.

. . . . "I was told to-day that one of our Fellows — is a 'Maurician.' I am not quite sure that my informant, whose opinions are very 'high' indeed, quite understood the character he assigned him. . . . If a *true* Maurician, he must have all avenues open, I should suppose, for an inquirer after truth to reach his heart."

"What I meant in reference to Mr. Maurice's principle was this—that there are *very very* few who discern the *very great* distinction between the two endeavours—*to be loved*, and *to love*, and therefore very few who really set themselves to labour for the grace which shall enable them to *love*, as Christians. I met the other day with a poor young fellow, who has come here for study, a weak, helpless being he seems to be—in mind, I mean—his conversation painfully slow and indistinct, and his ideas scarcely sufficient to procure an intelligible reply to an ordinary question. Now it was my duty as a Christian to love him. So far, I hope the recollection that 'I am not my own' did prevail over my natural tendency to impatience that I did not exhibit any in my own manner or language, and even strove to be pleasant with him, and proposed to walk with him, which brought me into continual contact with a very trying description of character. (This is, of course, just what any Christian would have done in similar circumstances—who felt as such—I only mention the details for the sake of my argument.) But all the while how bitterly was I conscious of

the want of the principle of love within! I did *not* truly love him, because I did not *deeply* feel my own insignificance and unworthiness, and the unspeakable mercies I had myself received at His hands, who, for our sakes, became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich. Well, my belief is that theoretical love requires to be greatly modified before it becomes *Christian*: and that this will only be through the pressure of severe affliction, which in a very short time will often draw the soul nearer to its God and Saviour, and subdue it to his will; or else by actual labour and exertion, in act, in word, or else in thought and prayer for others—by *obedience* of the truth, by practising to love, before even we have learnt to take pleasure in it. See 1 St. Peter i. 22.”

“ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,  
“ *Wednesday Evening, October 25, 1843.*

“The above date must long be a memorable one for Cambridge. . . . Yesterday was a day of rain and storm, and we looked ominously at each other, as we began to presage a wet and boisterous morrow. But, thanks be to God, not so. The air was dry this morning, and the sky hopeful, and by and by, as the day grew, there was every assurance that our best desires would be realised. And indeed the weather has been exquisite—nothing could have been more charming. We could stand for hours in the open air without the least inconvenience or wish to go in. . . . The streets were, of course, filled with the peasants of the neighbourhood, and townspeople, and it was enough to fill one's eyes with tears to look at them, and behold the blessed triumph of ‘Majesty’ in their hearts. . . . However, we, the University, were soon gathered all within the great Court of Trinity, there to await the Queen's arrival; and here I had an excellent opportunity of seeing that marvellous person, Lord Lyndhurst, with his keen eye, and his face full of history. At last the hour came, and the Queen was among us. I cannot write you a long detail of these proceedings (and I know very well you do not much care to hear it). . . . I may



just say that from my office as Taxer I had a very good position in the procession to present the address, which the Queen received in Trinity College Hall. The enthusiasm of the men, when Her Majesty entered the gates (the Royal carriages are the only ones that ever do enter in this manner, I believe) was magnificent, and evidently pleased her. After she had gone up into the Lodge, and presented herself at the window, we were formed around the Quadrangle, all the members of the University, in proper order; and in due course we advanced to the Hall, and I got a very good position in the second or third rank to hear the Queen's and Prince's replies to the addresses. After this the Queen went to King's College Chapel, where we were all admitted to the Ante-chapel (the favoured ones, not including myself, to the Choir). In such a position, and outside the real chapel, it was necessary and right, I trust, to consider, in some degree, that the true worship and recognition of Majesty is religion. This evening we have (all down to M.A.'s, Fellows of Colleges) attended a *levée* at half-past nine, and been presented in due form one by one. The Queen has dispensed generally I believe, with 'kissing hands': but I suppose this presentation has all the efficacy of a Court affair, and would entitle us to be presented at a foreign Court. Once more, let me desire to be thankful for the blessed day we have had, so bright and beautiful; and now we wait for the events of to-morrow. Excuse, dear—, this hasty line, and the emptiness of it, by the nature of the occasion." . . .

" *Sunday Evening, November 19, 1843.*

. . . "What, I thought to-day, looking into Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, were these things which St. Paul saw, but could not utter? The thought glanced across me for the moment (but I have not yet considered the context), did he really refer to the *mysteries* of Heaven, as I have usually imagined, or not rather to the new views of the Divine truth which broke in upon his soul—when, after years of a rigid and hard service in ignorance and unbelief, the great secret burst upon him of the *Love of God*, of that Love declared on every

side in every way, but specially manifested in the giving of His Son—and was it the joy which swelled his own heart, in the full perception of this long-hidden Wisdom, which was too big for him to utter—which none can impart by words, but the Spirit of God, by breathings ‘which are not uttered’?”

“December 9, 1843.

. . . . “Last evening I dined at Trinity Lodge with the American Minister, Mr. Everett. The conversation turned principally on Shakespeare, and one or two points of it were interesting, though on the whole the Minister was not *brilliant*. The question was whether Shakespeare intended all the meaning which others found in his words. Everett thought *not*; that words were capable of several constructions—and different persons would take the same in different senses and with different effect; and told us an anecdote of Mathews, who, when in America, gave among his theatrical exhibitions (public or private) a speech of Grattan’s, in a saddened and mournful tone, which he himself (Everett) and most other boys had been used to spout with great fire and energy. Archdeacon Sharp protested against getting double senses out of his poetry; it was not always certain that he knew his own meaning (we had a little laugh at the Archdeacon for this; though, of course, he did not intend it in its full extent); but certainly no true man, as Shakespeare, would have had more than *one meaning*, and that we were bound to search for and maintain, if we would do justice to the poet. The Master of Trinity, Whewell, thought that ideas were often latent in the minds of great, or even of most, men, which they often were unable distinctly to express, but sparkles of which glimpsed out now and then in their writings: and it would therefore be hard to say that those meanings which seem true and forcible, and really drawn from Shakespeare’s words, were not in an embryo or indistinct shape present to his own mind; and Professor Willis confirmed this view, which I take not to be very far from the truth, by calling attention to the fact that such is certainly the case in scientific matters—where we find hints

among the older writers of discoveries made centuries after, and only *not* made, because not distinctly realised by themselves. So I have given you the table-talk, and now my pupil is coming and the clock is striking."

"ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,  
"July 9, 1844.

. . . "Arnold's Life is such a solemn book. The thought of so much intellectual might in a moment brought low—a voice so full of truth and tenderness silenced in the midst of its joyful utterances—a heart so manly and ardent, in the fulness of its warmth and affection, touched by the cold hand of Death—is very awful, and humbling, and, would to God it may be with me, quickening—that we do the Master's work, not minding our own will, while it is called to-day. Strange that the night before his death (he went to bed healthy, to all appearances, and happy; but in the morning two short hours of pain removed him to his rest) he wrote in his diary: 'I might almost say, "Vixi" (I have lived my life), ambition is completely mortified, I would only retire from the public eye, instead of coming forward.' Blessed be God, who gives us power to discern the reality of things, the sure presence of things unseen; and thanks be to Him who has filled the air with melody and covered the earth, as I see from my window, with loveliness, that the strength of present evil may not prevail to tempt our poor feeble spirits to forget that He is good—our Father—our Everlasting Friend. Oh let us drink in, when we can, the joy of God's Creation around us, and look cheerfully upward in our sorrows. We are prisoners of hope, and our sighings will reach Him, and He will give us of His peace at last. Think of life as a glorious struggle for immortality, beneath the word and with the presence of our God."

"ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,  
"July 29, 1844.

. . . "How the recollection of a parent's presence—though, like my own dear mother, gathered with those who rest—should

hallow our solitude, and subdue our spirits in thoughtfulness and reverential fear, such as shall fulfil for us that blessed ministry, which they were commissioned to discharge for us, even when their bodily form is no more visibly present with us, and help to keep our hearts in sober thought of the spiritual world, and in the holy fear of our Father in Heaven. It is a beautiful passage of Martineau: 'Often does the friend or parent then first live for us, when death has withdrawn him from our *eyes*, and given him over exclusively to our *hearts*; at least I have known a mother among the sainted blest sway the will of a thoughtful child far more than her living voice—brood with a kind of serene omnipresence over his affections, and sanctify his passing thought by the mild vigilance of her pure and loving eye; and what better life could she have for him than this?' . . . .

"ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,  
"August 24, 1844.

. . . . "I don't know any thought which quiets me more, when disposed to complain of my own lot, than that of *servants*—domestic, I mean—so completely (the greater and best part of them) without hope of settlement for themselves in life; without friends, to live and love with them, except (perhaps) a Christian master and mistress; without time at their own command, or opportunity of study—in fact, I look on them with some feeling of pity and sympathy, but knowing that He giveth more grace, and, doubtless, supplies them with peace and comfort by the way. . . .

"I have detained my letter a post, in order that I may be able to communicate by it the contents of a letter which lay upon my table this morning from Lord Effingham, with one beside it from your uncle Bickersteth. I have not yet read either of them, nor shall I till the morning; though I have just caught a glimpse of Lady E.'s name in your uncle's, which I opened and found within it an enclosure of an Appendix to his book on Prophecy, certainly very interesting as it contains some extracts from a correspondence very recently laid before the House from our and

other Christian Governments with the Ottoman Porte, the result of which was, after a great deal of most determined opposition through the decisive character of the Moham-medan Law, but after a magnificent letter from Lord Aberdeen, strong and straightforward in requiring licence for the profession of Christianity in the Turkish dominions—that on the 21st of last April, an official declaration was made that henceforward the punishment of death should cease to be inflicted on those forsaking Islamism, the inevitable consequence, if detected, of such a step before this time. This your uncle justly considers a very momentous step. . . .

“Lord Effingham writes to say that the severance of the Livings is going on (your uncle says is almost completed) and that he intends to offer me the presentation of St. Mary’s—£492 per annum without house.” . . .

The alternative to his acceptance of Forncett was the Headmastership of a “College” at Putney, of which he wrote :—

“September 2, 1844.

“— is misled by the title of the College, which must be changed, it deceives everyone. The College is not intended to *educate Civil Engineers*, but to give a general *practical* education, in contradistinction from the exclusively classical and Literary [one] of Public Schools. This will certainly be an excellent preparation for Engineering, but will serve the purposes of any gentleman not intended for one of the three Professions—especially for colonists. It embraces Classics, but more decidedly Mathematics, and Practical Science. I quite enter into —’s views about the labour it would entail—it would be immense, I know: and though in some respects I do feel myself qualified for the charge, I know that I am deficient in others. . . . I propose to go down to Forncett about the 14th, and see the place—there may be a nice cottage to be secured in the village. . . I hear that it is a pretty place—my church a nice one for its small population of 300—with a *thatched* roof. I sometimes

think how I shall like the quiet and solitude after all the bustle of my life: but then Hooker and Herbert were happy in their country cures, and by the grace of God so may we be. It will be—I feel it—a little trial to leave my College—as it was to leave Harrow—as it will EVER be to leave places and persons dear to us—but God sends us solace for all such sorrowing, and sweetens our cup with mercy.”

“ST. JOHN’S COLLEGE,  
“September 10, 1844.

. . . “I am very thankful that the decision [which he himself had made] is on the side of the *living*. With all its allurements and promises, I have great reason to bless God that I did not accept the Putney offer, as I feel more distinctly that the duties of the place were far less suited to my own gifts and temper than to Mr. C——, the present Principal. Strange that it should be the same to whom I transferred the Moderatorship.” . . .

“ST. JOHN’S COLLEGE,  
“November 3, 1844, *Sunday Evening*.

. . . “You know what I think about ‘analysing our lives and souls.’ I think, in the perfection of Christianity we *ought* to do so—and bear to look, even upon all the evil which we must find there—just as your theory with regard to persons’ character and conduct (and in which for a true Christian I very much agree) is that we ought to look at them in the light of the Truth, and not close our eyes to what is faulty, though we may in charity cover up the fault from others—and *yet*, if we agree to do this, as I think we may and must, we can only do so with the hope, and in God’s strength, the resolution *to love them no less*, as Christians should love their brethren and fellowmen, for the discovery: so I believe we must watch closely our hearts—our motives and springs of action—and finding, as we shall, too many of them faulty and evil, we must not therefore be vexed and fretful—this would come of pride and self-complacency—nor yet cast down and discouraged: but we

must *expect* to find much that is defective—much to be corrected—we must make the discovery with humiliation and the increased sense of our need of that cleansing blood and sanctifying Spirit—and we must the more diligently use the means of Grace and put ourselves in the way of God's Gracious Influences in the path of our duties, so that we may be purged and sanctified to His Will. 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'"

. . . . "I send the Latin Sermon which was duly preached this morning, though not without some little confusion as to the time of delivery—from the interesting fact that (as the Esquire Bedell informed me) everybody 'had forgotten all about it.' He said 'everybody' including probably the 'Esquire' himself, the V.C. and Professor, the University Marshal and the *Bellringer*—upon which last functionary the movements of the University seem in a measure to depend in these days of skeleton forms and withered representatives of antique usages—for my sermon should, I suppose, have been introductory to the labours of the Term—a stirring up of the 'Clerici' and Educators of our body to discharge faithfully their parts in the progress of it—or some such laudable end it should have aimed at, and not merely the keeping the *five* aforesaid individuals, who composed my congregation, upon the tenterhooks of cold and discomfort, for some 15 minutes. I have omitted the Clerk however, who, having a fee of 4/- depending on the occasion, probably *did* recollect the little matter—and I wonder he did not give the Sexton a remembrancer. I omitted, with due regard to the weather and auditory, the part included between brackets."

. . . . "'Human nature, trained in the School of Christianity throws away as false the delineation of piety in the disguise of Hebe, and declares that there is something higher than happiness—that thought which is ever full of care and truth is better far—that all true and disinterested affection, which often is called to mourn, is better still—that the devoted

allegiance of conscience to duty and to God—which ever has in it more of penitence than of joy—is noblest of all.’ But I must not go on in this way filling up my sheet with other men’s words, however good and precious, though, in truth, I have few thoughts of my own, now that I have so little exercise of mind in writing and meditation, with which to supply their place. I have never seen a book—I think I may say—so full of *brilliant* and truthful passages as this little work (not excepting even Maurice—as to the former epithet) I have given you indeed but a most feeble and unworthy idea of him—but hope to bring it with me when I see you next—but—he is James Martineau, the Unitarian!—and every now and then, the most splendid passages are followed by the statement of the familiar tenets of his sect—I do earnestly hope that I can bless God, and give Glory to Him for what He has enabled our brother to write, and to feel moreover that the great truths of Christianity are the very ones that are wanted to give coherence and unity to his own, to convert the ‘sorrow’ of which he spoke so truly into rejoicing, to bring the warm, cheering and genial rays of the sun to shine upon the clear, cold air, which he would have us breathe in. Alas! we could not, and live: but now have we Christ in us—not merely *before* us, or, metaphorically within us, but dwelling in us by His Spirit, and we in Him. Macmillan (the bookseller) named it to me, and said he was so moved by reading it, that, though knowing nothing of the author, he wrote to recommend to him Maurice’s *Kingdom of Christ* and he has since thanked him very warmly for the suggestion. I think Mr. Maurice would like to read the book, *Martineau’s Discourses.*”

Immediately after his marriage, which took place on the 8th of January, 1846, Mr. Colenso began his work at Forncett. It was not without its difficulties, arising chiefly from the changes rendered necessary by the division of the parishes.

In a letter dated May 6, 1846, to Mr. Ferguson, he men-



tions, first, that till his house at Forncett could be built he has been obliged to take a country house, distant about two miles from his church, and speaks of the serious inconvenience thus added to the division of work between parish and pupils, which he had already felt to be a great drawback to his usefulness. Speaking, next, of the duties of sponsors in baptism, he confesses his inability to see how a Christian man can take that responsibility upon himself, or make the required promises for the child of parents neither of whom is a communicant, or perhaps even a church-goer.

“It does appear to me that the Dissenters have just cause to complain of Church baptism if it is so prostituted,—at any rate that we, ministers, are bound to set forward the Truth that, however charitable a work it is to bring the little ones to Holy Baptism (thank God, we do not believe them to be then only first taken under the love of God in Christ, though formally taken into the Christian Covenant and admitted to all its hopes and promises), still it is but a mockery of God for careless parents to bring their children to the font, or to get others to bring them, and that a true Christian cannot become a sponsor, except on these conditions, (1) that he shall have reasonable ground of charitable hope that the child will be Christianly brought up, (2) have the permission of free access to the family, when opportunities permit, for observation and instruction of the child, and (3) have himself a fixed and hearty resolution by God’s help to discharge his duty towards it.”

TO THE REV. T. P. FERGUSON.

“*May 10, 1847.*”

“Should you be willing, or able, if asked, to go as superintendent of the proposed mission to Borneo? At present my brother-in-law is going, and I am sure will go with his wife and two children, unless a better person than himself offers to take his place. He is in many respects admirably suited for the post; but you, I think, are more so, if the

Providence of God permits your own mind to look consentingly upon the proposition. I take it for granted that you know the circumstances under which this mission is sent out. If not, and if you desire to become acquainted with one of the most interesting narratives of our times, you must read Keppel's account of the anti-pirate expedition to Borneo, and of Mr. Brooke, who has in a most extraordinary manner been placed in the supreme authority as Rajah of a large district of the island, and is under the most promising auspices desiring to introduce education and the truth among the people.

"Now should you and your wife be willing or able to go? For myself I would joyfully go to-morrow, but that the iron grasp of a large '*as alienum*' compels me to forego the wish: it is a sore punishment for past improvidence."<sup>1</sup>

It was not long after this time that the earthly life of his younger brother Thomas was cut short. Not deterred by his other heavy obligations, Mr. Colenso had provided for this brother's education first at Harrow, then at Cambridge, which at his own wish was afterwards exchanged for Oxford. Of Thomas Colenso I can speak from personal recollection as a young man of very high promise. We were fellow-collegians, at Oxford, and I have a pleasant memory of our intercourse in those our undergraduate days. All who had the privilege of his friendship or of his acquaintance felt for him the respect which is never accorded except where there is thorough conscientiousness and trustworthiness. Indeed, he was strikingly like his elder brother, not merely in appearance, but in the beauty of his character.

TO THE REV. T. H. STEEL.

"FORNCETT, *October 19, 1849.*

"I never saw my dear brother during his last illness: and this is my greatest source of grief. He returned from Madeira

<sup>1</sup> See the note, page 13.

in June, apparently quite refreshed and revived, having had a most pleasant ramble in Spain. After parting with his pupil (the Duke of Buccleuch's son), he came to visit us and spent a very happy week at Forncett, then went into Cornwall to spend a fortnight with his Father, and returned on his way eastward to pay another visit. He wrote me a line, however, upon his way to say that he was detained at Exeter by an attack of hæmorrhage, of which he made so light a matter that we entertained no serious apprehensions about him, till his sister called to see him on her way down, and found that he was much worse than we feared, and, as soon as could be, carried him home to his father at Lostwithiel. Here he seemed to rally and one day took a walk of a mile; but that night my sister, while writing after all were in bed, heard him coughing a good deal, and after waiting some time went up to see how he was, and found him on his knees with a bason before him half full of blood. From that time he began to sink under all the usual signs of consumption. . . . I was at Lostwithiel on Monday, at noon, but too late to look upon his face again. So that I have now only the recollection of his cheerful calm face in life, and apparent health; and he seems but to have gone to some far-off land, to be absent for a season. It does not seem that he really anticipated so speedy a removal until the very last day. About evening he asked the surgeon if the sound he heard in breathing was from the discharge of tubercles, or from water in the chest. Being told 'perhaps from both causes,' 'Then,' said he, speaking in a loud full voice, such as he had never used in all his illness, 'there is no more hope for me in this world,' and calling for his father and sister Sophie, he bade them 'Good-bye,' repeating again and again 'I am going to my glorious rest' After this delirium came on him for about six hours, and then he sank into a quiet sleep from which he never woke again, his passage into eternity being so gentle that none could mark exactly the moment of his last breath. Altogether we have most abundant comfort in our bereavement. His peculiar form of illness, by the

rupture of blood-vessels, prevented his speaking much, till those last few hours, when he spoke loudly and incessantly; but it was plain 'that he was gently reposing all the while his weary head upon the very bosom of his Lord, and so fell asleep in Jesus. If we wanted confirmation of that which his whole life had been teaching us, it was to be abundantly supplied by his private papers and journals, which show how for many years past he had been living a life of faith in the Son of God and hungering and thirsting after righteousness. . . . You have asked me to tell you something of his last hours, and I have done it, I fear at too great a length; but indeed it is pleasant to think and write of him, and you, I am sure, will permit me this consolation.

“To turn now to matters of another kind. . . . Large as was the sum I got for my Arithmetic, it is all gone, and has left me very little better off than before. The reason is principally the neglect and mismanagement of my architect who, though a private friend, and most fully aware of my difficulties, and my desire to limit the expense of the new house to the sum I borrowed from the Bounty, has laid upon me an additional amount of debt to the amount (I suppose) of about £1000. Besides this, I have had serious amounts to pay for my poor father, and now it has pleased God to take from us him on whom I had reckoned as one who would bear half the burden with me.”

TO THE REV. T. P. FERGUSON.

“(?) 1850.

“It always does me good to hear from you, and would do me more good, I am sure, to see you. If it please God, I shall *try* to spend a day with you during my holidays. But I must go into Cornwall to see my father, who is now far advanced in years, and has of late been seriously ailing. And if I cannot get more help for my parish than I have as yet been able to secure, I fear my time of absence from Fornsett will be very much limited. . . . The High Church party have (some of them) grossly maligned the character

of Mr. Gorham. I know him personally, and whenever you think of him, put before your mind a *gentleman* and a true devout Christian, of a quiet unobtrusive spirit, and a truly amiable affectionate character, who has been driven forward by the force of circumstances and the violence of his adversary to a position of prominence and conflict, which he would not have desired for himself and would be most heartily glad to retire from, into the calm and holy duties of his ministry. Such is my own impression of him. I do *not* AT ALL agree with his views of Divine Truth, so far as they are Calvinistic ; but I question if he would have wished to have been compelled to speak out his own mind so freely. . . . I feel persuaded that he is not a man to bring forth Calvinistic doctrines prominently in the pulpit, and I do not doubt that his sermons are as mild and good as those of any of his opponents. In fact he would preach probably as Leighton did. I repeat that I have no sympathy with his doctrinal views ; but I love and esteem the man for his meek and guileless simplicity, and I detest the malice and spite and slander of his enemies."

TO THE SAME.

" February 22, 1852.

[On the serious illness of his wife.]

"Our worst forebodings are confirmed by your letter. And yet it was plain to all, I think, that the disease had a strong hold on your dear wife, a hold that could hardly be shaken off. We felt to have seen her for the first and last time in this earthly state of being. But thank God it is possible so to realise the glorious hope which is given us as to feel that the separations made by death are often all but momentary, the midnight partings of friends who shall meet in joy again to-morrow. I pray God that you may both be sustained with this blessed consolation, or rather that you may both be able to lean with a simple childlike trust upon the love of God our heavenly Father manifested to us in a thousand gifts of His mercy and goodness—above

all by the witness of his Spirit in our hearts, teaching us to cry Abba, father. O dear friend! what a comfort at such a time to be able to use our Saviour's prayer, to know that He bids us say 'Our Father, who art in heaven.'

TO THE REV. T. H. STEEL.

"FORNCETT, *January 3, 1853.*

[Speaking of the religious education of children.]

"My two boys are too small for consideration at present in the matter of study; but the two little girls are making a little progress, at least the elder ( $5\frac{1}{2}$ ). On one point her knowledge, I am afraid, would be considered by some defective. I should like to know what your feeling and practice is upon the point in question. She knows nothing yet of *Hell* except as Hades, the place of departed spirits, and very naturally assures us that we shall all go to it when we die. The truth is, I cannot bring myself to set before her little mind the terrifying doctrines, which are to be found inculcated in some of Watts's Hymns for little children. I *think* you will agree with me that to teach a child to love its heavenly Father and to dread His displeasure, the loss of His favour, and separation from His presence, as the most painful of all punishments, is the true Christian way of training it for His service here and His glory hereafter."

TO THE REV. T. P. FERGUSON.

"*April 25, 1853.*

"You will wonder at not having once heard from me since you left England. It will require all your faith in my friendship and affection to believe that, notwithstanding, I have been daily mindful of you, and have had you much in my thoughts and prayers. But so it is; and perhaps when you have finished this note, you will be able to enter more fully into my feelings, and acquit me of any real fault in the matter.

"A great change has come over my circumstances and prospects within the last few months. Possibly hints may have

reached you from other quarters, but not all that has occurred. In the first place you will rejoice to hear that by the mercy of God I have got rid of my chain of debt. Like Peter in the prison, my bonds have literally dropped off: I have completed the National School Arithmetic; and for this, and my other remaining copyrights Longmans have paid me down £2,400, which has enabled me to arrange for the complete discharge of my obligations, principal and interest, except for a payment of about £100 a year during my aged father's life time.

“In the second place I have been offered, and have accepted, the bishopric of Natal, and I *earnestly* hope that, if it please God, it may be put into your heart to go with me in some capacity or other, you may be sure the best, and most congenial to your wishes that I can offer. . . . There is, I trust, a great missionary work to be set on foot there, with decided support from Government, and I do not hesitate to say, it is the noblest field ever yet opened to the missionary labours of the Church in any part of the world.”

Writing some weeks later, June 3, he says:—

“I want you as a friend and counsellor and supporter, for everything. I cannot conceive of any real difference of opinion on any point of importance existing or arising between us. I think I know too well both your heart and my own to fear that we should quarrel about matters of no consequence.”

Not many weeks before his consecration, Mr. Colenso dedicated a volume of sermons to Mr. Maurice. He did so partly as an expression of deep friendship for the man, but more especially as a protest against the attacks made upon him by the *Record* newspaper. At this time he still thought, as he had always thought, that the term “eternal punishment” must mean not only the lasting and undying hatred of God

for all sin, but a perpetual retention in that state of all who should once be subjected to it. But he shrank with an instinctive repulsion from language such as that of Augustine and Fulgentius, and of the modern writers who like them seemed to regard the state of the lost as a matter for triumphant exultation.<sup>1</sup>

Thanking his friend for this dedication, Mr. Maurice at the same time admitted frankly that he scarcely knew what to say about it.

“If I told you that it delighted me beyond any praise I almost ever received, I should express but half the truth. I should convey a very inadequate expression of my own feelings of the generosity and courage which your words manifest, and the strength and hope which they imparted to me. But I should also not let you see the real fear and distress which your kindness occasioned me. When I consider the great work to which you are called, and the troubles which must, at all events, await you in it, I could not but tremble lest I had been the means of causing you new and unnecessary ones. I am afraid the English bishops—to say nothing of the religious press—will visit upon you the offences which a large portion of them is willing to charge upon me. And I could have wished that you had stifled all your regard for me rather than run this risk. Nevertheless, I do so thoroughly and inwardly believe that courage is the quality most needed in a bishop, and especially a missionary bishop, that I did at the same time give hearty thanks to God that He had bestowed such a measure of it upon you.

“You see I am very contradictory in my thoughts about your letter. But I am most harmonious in my thoughts and wishes about you. I am sure God is sending you forth to a mighty work, in which you will be able wonderfully to help those who are toiling in poor old England. . . . May God bless you abundantly; so prays one upon whom you

<sup>1</sup> A few months later he published a small volume of extracts from the writings of Mr. Maurice, with an Introduction.



have conferred a greater kindness than you can estimate,—for it has come to me when I needed it most.”<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Maurice was perfectly right in thinking that writers would not be lacking in the public journals to visit on the Bishop designate of Natal the faults which they laid to the charge of his friend. The note of warning was sounded by the “Record,” which pronounced his sermons “singularly deficient in the clear exposition of definitive Christian doctrine.” Looked at after an interval of more than thirty years these sermons show an instinctive reluctance to the use of party shibboleths. They point to the future growth of a wider theology, and above all they are evidence that the man’s heart was set upon the search after truth, and that wherever it might be revealed to him, he would acknowledge it. He could not bring himself to believe that the falling of the tower in Siloam implied any judgment on the character of those who were crushed beneath its ruins.

“Modern Science,” Mr. Colenso urged in the very temperate remarks on this article addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, “teaches us that the convulsions and apparent disorders of nature, floods and thunderstorms, whirlwinds and earthquakes, are workings of the great Creator’s skill and wisdom for the good of His creatures, are therefore signs of His beneficence. The Reviewer sees in them the ‘consequences of man’s fall, traces of the corruption which from man’s heart has overflowed upon the world around him.’”

The Reviewer, again, wished to “uproot altogether the old religion of the heathen mind,” and Mr. Colenso merely noted his unwillingness to take a lesson from the great Apostle of the Gentiles

“who, when he preached among the learned at Athens, or the ignorant at Lystra, on both occasions used the knowledge

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Maurice*, ii. 186.