The Emigrant and the Heathen;

or,

Sketches of Missionary Life.

EDITED BY

THE REV. J. J. HALCOMBE, M.A.

Rector of Balsam, Linton, Cambridgeshire.

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It was a bright Sunday morning, on the 16th of January, 1848, when the ship "Medway" entered the heads of Port Jackson, having on board the Right Rev. William Tyrrell, the first Bishop of Newcastle.

His party consisted of two clergymen, seven candidates for the ministry, a schoolmaster and mistress, and some servants from the Bishop's Hampshire parish of Beaulieu.

Our voyage had been a long one, 120 days from Gravesend, but the delay had not been unprofitable. A sudden change from English to Australian work would have been like an abrupt transition from a dense to a rare atmosphere. The mental and spiritual constitution would not have been fitted for it. The pause gave time to prepare for the change; and the opportunity thus afforded of reviewing our past work in England, and considering the duties which were awaiting us in our new sphere, full as they were to be of untried and novel circumstances, helped us, by God's grace, to enter upon our mission with greater
calmness and circumspection, and not, I trust, with less
determination, than if we could have passed suddenly from
the one part of Christ's vineyard to the other.
The two daily services, the Sunday congregations on
the main-deck or in the cuddy, and the monthly celebra-
tions of the Holy Eucharist—began as soon as the sea-
sickness was over, and continued down the Atlantic, across
the Southern Ocean, and up the Pacific—had joined us in
imagination, as they kept us united in soul and spirit, with
our blessed English Mother Church.
The tedium of our ocean-life had been relieved by the
regularity of our daily lectures to the candidates for the
ministry, and our own studies; as well as by the various
little incidents of catching sharks in a calm, and dolphins
in a breeze; watching an occasional whale, or the shoals
of flying-fish in the tropics, as they sprang glistening
out of the water, and, after their few hundred yards' flight,
darted again, like a discharge of rifle-balls, into their
proper element.
Our first view of Australia had been at Cape Otway,
near Port Philip, the chief inlet to the rapidly growing
colony of Victoria.
I need not say what interest we had scanned it,
nor how eagerly, after passing Ninety-mile Beach on the
south, and doubling Cape Howe, we had asked the name
of each bay, or hill, or green spot, as we sailed up the
eastern coast.
Contrary winds had retarded us almost to the last
but at length, having passed the heads of Botany Bay, and
having, a few miles further north, taken the pilot on
board, we passed between those tall stern cliffs of sand-
stone which look down upon the chafing waters of the
Pacific, and guard the entrance of one of the most lovely
harbours in the world.
A long, disastrous drought had lately been relieved by
abundance of rain, and the headlands and islands which
rested on the blue waters were looking bright with fresh
green.
Seven miles up the harbour lay Sydney, with her
beautiful wooded promontories and sand-fringed coves,
basking in the early sun. And as we glided up towards
our anchorage on that calm summer morning, and saw the
tall spire of St. James's Church rising out of the buildings
that were each minute growing more distinct, we felt that
the dearest part of old England—her Church—made even
a strange land home.
About 9 A.M., the last bit of canvas was taken in, the
anchor let go, and the ship at rest.
What a feeling of security passes over you at that
moment, as you find yourself fast by the ground, after four
long months of perpetual motion; and how near seems the
realisation of all the hopes, trials, and, if God please,
successes, to which the heart has long been looking
forward!
The venerable Bishop Broughton, whose body now
sleeps under the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral, was, at
the time of our arrival, absent from Sydney on a visitation;
but one of his clergy came on board to greet us. Under
his guidance, the Bishop, with some of our party, landed,
and proceeded to the temporary Cathedral of St. Andrew,
while I was conducted with the rest to St. James's
Church.
We publicly returned thanks for the mercies of our
safe voyage, and received our first Communion with our
Australian brethren.
It was a happy thing to kneel once more within the
walls of a church; and I might have believed myself in
old England, but for the shrill noise of the tettigonia or
locust, whose continuous chirr, like that of a scissor-
grinder's wheel driven by strong steam power, seemed to
fill the whole air during the hot hours of the day.
In the evening, the mosquitoes awoke with their hum at
the top of the room; and a few skirmishers attacked our hands and faces before making their descent upon us in force.

I can never forget the open-hearted hospitality with which we were received by our Sydney brethren. Australian hospitality is not confined to new arrivals from England; through the whole of a sojourn of thirteen years I found it unvarying. But it is especially cheering when you land upon a strange shore, and have everything to learn as to the details of living, to be received, as you are, like an old friend, with liberty to go in and out as you please, and every one ready to help you.

The new diocese having, up to this time, been a part of Bishop Broughton's vast see, we learnt from his secretary what cures especially needed filling up.

There were three to begin with:—Morpeth, twenty miles up the Hunter, where the navigable part of the river ends; Singleton, thirty-five miles further up; and Muswell Brook, thirty miles farther inland on the same river, beyond which, toward the west, there was no clergyman, but sheep without a shepherd.

The Bishop himself determined to go to Morpeth, to live at first in the parsonage, and to take the duties until he could ordain one of the candidates, and place him there under his own eye. He kindly gave me my choice of the other two, and I fixed upon Muswell Brook. My dear friend the Rev. H. O. Irwin took Singleton as his work; each of us having candidates for the ministry to reside with us.

The first movement was to despatch Mr. Irwin in charge of some of the candidates and all the servants to Morpeth, to await the Bishop's arrival, it being an object to remove them from the port and to give them something to do.

The Bishop wished me to remain with him, to see the Bishop of Sydney, our Metropolitan, as soon as he should return, and to have the benefit of his advice.
tied to the little pier, heaved up and down in the waves made by the passing vessel.

On our right, a few villas at long intervals, with their verandahs, tasteful gardens, vines and orange-trees, showed a higher kind of civilisation.

After passing on the same side the "townships" or villages of Raymond Terrace at the mouth of the Williams River, and Hinton at the mouth of the Paterson, we rejoiced to find ourselves at last alongside the wharf at Morpeth, and some of our party waiting for us, ready to escort us to the parsonage.

MORPETH, or, as it was originally called, "The Green Hills," lies along a sandstone ridge, which rises from the south bank of the Hunter, and runs in a westerly direction two miles to the town of East Maitland.

On the opposite side of the river stretches a fertile flat about a mile in width, extending many miles up and down the river: where English, Scotch, and Irish settlers exhibit their respective national characteristics and differences of religion.

In most places a furrow alone divides one farm from another; but here and there a small piece of land is enclosed by a post and rail fence for the milch cows, or for the working bullocks which plough the land, carry off the produce, and fetch the supplies.

Around most of the wooden houses of the settlers are a few young standard peach and nectarine trees, bending about Christmas time under the abundance of their delicious fruit. Melons and pumpkins spread in wild luxuriance over the ground. And, along the verandahs of some of the more careful and industrious, vines keep off the fierceness of the summer heat, or, tied to stakes, like raspberries in England, bear grapes, which in our English climate could only be produced in a hot-house.

Beyond these rich lowlands, hills of moderate elevation bound the view towards the north, rising to a bold outline, where the River Paterson cleaves them, and opens up a vista, along which ridge rises above ridge distinct and
clear, under a sky exquisitely blue; and among these picturesque hills lie the little townships of Paterson and Gresford.

Only twenty-seven years before the arrival of the Bishop's party at Morpeth, this neighbourhood showed no sign of civilisation.

Not a human habitation had been built; not a spade, or plough, or implement, however rough, had ever broken the surface of the forest-covered ground. Not a herb, or tree, or seed, had ever been grown, which did not spring of itself.

The poor black natives, who had roamed over the country and fished the waters from times unknown, had left absolutely no memorial to show that social reasoning beings had ever shared the land with the opossum and the kangaroo.

In the twenty-seven years before 1848 a great stride had been made in fulfilment of the command to "replenish the earth and subdue it."

The valley had been cleared, and brought into luxuriant cultivation. Two wharves received the imports from the Sydney steamers for the inland towns and settlers, and shipped off, not merely the agricultural produce of the neighbouring farms, but the still more valuable cargoes of wool, tallow, and hides, sent down from the large grazing districts, which were being taken up into the interior.

Three long lines of straggling streets had grown up on the eastern end of "The Green Hills," containing a population of some 700 persons; among whom were found the ordinary elements of a rising colonial town.

Edward C. Close, Esq., the father and founder of this little community, who was only lately called to his rest, full of years, was one of those men who are so valuable among the heterogeneous elements of a young colony. Firm enough in Christian principle to stand alone in doing right, and to give those who are weaker an example to follow, without any censoriousness or self-assertion, but ever ready to do good to all classes; he was a considerate Christian gentleman, and a sincere Churchman.

In early life he had served under the Duke of Wellington in India and in the Peninsula.

At one of the seven engagements in Spain named on the seven clasps of his medal, while lying down with his regiment under heavy fire—himself untouched among his dead or wounded comrades—he had made a promise to God that, if spared, he would build a church as soon as he should have the means of doing so.

In the year 1817 Mr. Close arrived in New South Wales with his regiment—the 48th.

A contemporary of his, himself a valuable and highly respected Churchman, mentioned to me a few years ago how remarkable Mr. Close was for steadiness and Christian principle from his first years in the colony, when considerable licence was the too general rule, and holy laymen were scarce indeed.

He would often withdraw from the carousing of the mess-room to enjoy a quiet evening with his steady-minded friend; and on Sundays the two young men would not unfrequently read the Holy Scriptures together, and thus strengthen those high principles, of which Mr. Close to the end of his life, and his friend to the present day, have been eminent examples.

In the year 1821, at the time of his marriage, Mr. Close received from the Government a grant of land, which he had selected on and about the present site of Morpeth.

He had not forgotten his vow made in the hour of his danger on the other side of the world. "Whether for good or for evil, it is still true, "Caelum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

For a while he had not the means necessary for building
a church without assistance. But he was not idle in Christ's service; there was plenty of preparatory work to be done. There was not a clergyman in the whole Hunter district.*

In his own service, and all around him, were convicts, or, as they were called, "assigned servants," working out their sentences. He did much to humanise these men by the kindness, as well as by the justice and firmness, with which he treated them.

The importance of keeping large numbers of men, who had already broken through the laws, from insubordination and rebellion, made it necessary to arm their masters, who were generally magistrates, with very summary powers. A great amount of restraint, which could easily be made very oppressive and irritating, was left to their discretion. And although masters could not at their own will order their servants to be flogged, it was easy for brother magistrates, sitting on the bench together, to order the flogging of each other's servants on insufficient grounds or with undue severity. There is no reasonable doubt that this was not unfrequently done in the early times. And if anything was likely to turn transportation from a reformatory punishment into a means of completing the hardening of a man's heart, it was such absence of fellow-feeling and perversion of justice under cloak of legal power.

Mr. Close was too conscientious a man ever to be unjust, and too sincere a Christian to be harsh and tyrannical to those who were in his power. As a magistrate he held the balance justly between masters and their convict servants. As a master and a neighbour he acted with consideration, always ready to encourage those who showed signs of improving habits. And when there was no medical man near, which was long the case, he was constantly found at the bedside of the convict or of the free settler, acting as the doctor and Christian friend, where both body and mind wanted relief.

But he did more. Before any clergyman visited the district, he used to call around him his convict labourers, and any others who would come, for prayers on Sunday, using, as far as a layman could do so, the Book of Common Prayer, and reading a printed sermon to the people assembled. And this he continued to do for years, whenever a clergyman was unable to be present.

He opened also a Sunday-school, as the increasing population caused the need of one, and taught in it, with the members of his family.

It need hardly be said that Bishop Broughton warmly approved and seconded one, who so truly "laboured much in the Lord."

Of his character as a Christian host the Bishop of Newcastle says, in a sermon preached on the Sunday after his funeral, "Those who have traversed all parts of this northern district of the colony, as I have done, have often heard the squatter and the settler living hundreds of miles from hence, describe with grateful feelings how, years ago, they rested for the night under that roof, when not only every want was supplied and every comfort provided for the body, but they had felt years afterwards it was good for them as men and as Christians to have enjoyed the hospitality of that home."

In the earlier days of the colony, when churches were required, the Government not only gave the site, but met the contributions of the subscribers with an equal sum for the building of the church.

Mr. Close might have availed himself of this assistance, but he would not allow himself thus to be deprived of rendering the full tribute which he had vowed.

* The first clergyman appointed to the Hunter was the Rev. C. P. N. Wilton, who was placed at Newcastle in 1831. He remained single-handed for three years, riding sometimes, as he has told me, to Murru-rundi, 130 miles inland. In 1834 the Rev. G. K. Rusden arrived from England, and was sent to East Maitland.
Having given the land for the church and parsonage, with garden and paddock attached, he built a substantial stone church with a tower; which, though not up to our present improved knowledge of church architecture, was in every way vastly superior to anything which the colony could then show. The colonial architect of that day turned out such sorry specimens of churches, that it was well that Mr. Close drew his own plan, and himself superintended its erection. He was also the means of getting the parsonage built, which is one of the best and most convenient in the diocese.

Thus had this good layman prepared the way for the work which was to follow.

Up to the time of the arrival of the Bishop of Newcastle, good Bishop Broughton, having the enormous area of the whole of Australia to provide for, had been unable to supply a separate clergyman to Morpeth. But from this date, not only were its spiritual wants supplied by the occupant of its own parsonage, but it became the centre of the diocese, and the source from which the chief Church movements proceeded.

Bishop Tyrrell, having obtained from the Bishop of Sydney such information as would enable him to enter upon the work before him, proceeded to Newcastle; and in Christ Church, of which the Rev. C. P. N. Wilton was incumbent, he was formally installed as Bishop of the diocese, on Sunday, January 30, a fortnight after his landing in the colony.

The less said about the architecture of that beautifully-placed church the better. It was built in the early days of the colony, on the hill above the town, looking from its east end, where the low tower stands, down upon the broad blue Pacific; and from the west, where theapse strangely projects, upon the river and the wooded inland flats and hills.

As this is the cathedral of the diocese, and as many essential Church works have already been accomplished, it is earnestly to be hoped that a building more worthy of bearing the name it does, may be raised on that beautiful site—erected, not by the Churchmen of Newcastle alone, but by the united efforts of the diocese. And may I express one fervent hope besides,—that the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise may there be offered, and aid the growing religious life of the Hunter River district?

But we must move up again to Morpeth. The Bishop was soon there, settled in the parsonage, with the two senior candidates for the ministry, whom he purposed to ordain on the second Sunday in Lent. He set himself vigorously to work as parish priest of Morpeth, having under his charge the little hamlet of Hinton, one mile off, across the river, and a considerable district around.

Even when he had ordained one of these candidates as deacon, to minister in Morpeth and its district, he himself discharged the priestly, and shared to a large extent the other ministerial duties of the parish, besides often aiding the clergy of East and West Maitland, and of the parishes within a radius of some fifteen miles.

Settlers had located themselves, not in reference to the proximity of a church, but according as the land was better suited for agriculture, or more accessible to means of transport. Hence, even in the Hunter Valley, little clusters of slab-built houses were often built six or eight miles from the nearest church; and, unless they were to be left uncared for on a Sunday, the clergyman of the district was obliged to leave his larger congregations for their sakes.

To meet these wants, the Bishop, whom no fatigue or heat withheld from work, was ubiquitous; now at Morpeth, or in some portion of its district; now taking the ordinary service for one or other of the neighbouring clergy, that they might gather in some school-room or settler’s hut
those who were too distant to come in to the church, and at other times taking his own turn in ministering to those small outlying congregations.

I remember, on one occasion, when I had come down the country to Morpeth for an ordination, riding over with the Bishop to Miller’s Forest, some six miles off, for such a service. Our route, not road, lay sometimes among tall dead trees, with rich crops of maize growing among them; sometimes through a bit of swamp, which let our horses in to the knees; and then over rough log bridges covered with loose saplings, from which much of the earth had been washed or worn off, and care was needed to avoid getting your horse’s leg into some awkward hole, where the sapling had been broken or thrust aside.

The population, with the exception of some Irish Roman Catholics or Scotch Presbyterians, consisted chiefly of Wesleyans, or “Primitive Methodists.” But they assembled, filling the little building as full as it could hold, and were reverently attentive during the service, and grateful for it afterwards.

For the first few months after his arrival, the Bishop was uncertain where he should buy or build a house for his permanent residence. It was not an unimportant matter; for a place badly chosen would have greatly interfered with the usefulness of the Bishop and his successors. Obviously the great desiderata were, that he should be at the place most easily accessible to clergy or others coming from the different parts of his enormous diocese, and where the post from these and from Sydney was most regular and frequent.

Morpeth possessed nearly all the requirements of the centre of the diocese. Placed at the head of the navigable part of the Hunter, it was easily reached by sea from all the northern parts of the colony. With Sydney, the seat of government, from which it is distant about ninety miles, the communication was daily; and for travellers or letters from the interior, it was almost as convenient as Maitland, and far more so than Newcastle.

The only drawback was, that it was not, nor hitherto has it become, populous enough to develop, under the Bishop’s eye, those diocesan institutions which need numbers in order to make them successful. This, however, is of minor importance. Whatever institutions are started at West Maitland or at Newcastle, the distance of four miles in the one case, and twenty-two by rail in the other, is not enough to interfere with the Bishop’s complete supervision. That he himself should work them would, of course, be out of the question anywhere.

At first, there was no available house at Morpeth, and the Bishop had some thoughts of buying a large unfinished place beyond Maitland, ambitiously begun in earlier days of unhealthy speculation, and never made habitable. But this idea was soon rejected. Besides requiring too large an outlay to finish it, the capital objection to Aberghslyn was, that it was too much out of the way for ready communication with the Bishop.

Mr. Close solved this difficulty by selling his own house as the Bishop’s residence. For this it was very well adapted. It is placed on some of the highest ground at the west end of Morpeth, and within two hundred yards of the church and parsonage.

Since changing its owner, that house has witnessed many an anxious consultation for the good of the diocese, prolonged far into the night. It has welcomed the clergy and schoolmasters on their first arrival from England, for which it is particularly convenient, being distant but five minutes’ walk from the wharf. It has been the centre to which the wants, difficulties, and troubles of the various districts have found their way, and from which has flowed out comfort, or advice, or help, or, it may be, needed monition. Thither hard-worked clergy have ridden, to pour all their plans, their successes, into a sympathising
ear; and, if they were worth anything, they have gone away refreshed and inspired, and nerfed for fresh exertion by the example of the untiring energy which they had witnessed in their Bishop.—at once an indefatigable worker and a diligent student. Sometimes those who were staying with him, or had dropped in from some neighbouring parsonage, would be asked to join him in his favourite walk up and down the path between his garden gate and that which opens into the road opposite to the church tower. And, as the last phase of the Education question was discussed (for Mr. Lowe was in the Parliament of New South Wales), or the Synod question, or the means of supporting the clergy, or some special parish matters, needed a few more words, the pace became quicker, and the dinner hour was forgotten, to the no small displeasure of the good old housekeeper, whose cap might be seen from time to time peering impatiently between the pillars of the Bishop's verandah.

Often has the large paddock in which the house and garden stand resounded with the merry voices of the school children, on their annual feast day. And at the garden gate the Bishop would stand with large baskets of oranges, from the orangery at the back of the house, to scramble them among the children, or with barrows full of grapes from the vineyard, to give each child a bunch or two before the end of the day's pleasure.

The school, with master's house attached, was built by the Bishop in 1849, on a block of land separated by a road from the church enclosure. Since then the Bishop built on the south, or left side of the school, an infant school, a dwelling for the mistress, and a room for the use of the clergy; and a well-designed and well-built chancel has been added to the church by a relative of the venerable founder.

Mr. Close retired for a while, after selling his house, to a large, wood-built bungalow, which he had built when he...
CHAPTER III.

ENTERING ON WORK.

Whatever traits of old England may be found in her colonies, yet the circumstances of the young progeny differ so materially from those of the parent kingdom—rich, populous, and fettered as well as adorned by the labours and precedents of centuries—that a fresh immigrant has much to learn before he can act vigorously and effectively in his new country.

Hence every sensible settler, however many improvements he may have in his brain, follows the routine which he finds around him for a while, until he has become accustomed to the peculiarities of the climate and soil, the value of labour, and the means of transit. A self-willed theorist soon finds himself losing his capital, instead of gaining interest for it.

The same holds good with Church work. The Catholic faith and the essential principles of the Church are the same everywhere; but a bishop or clergyman, transplanted from English to Australian soil, finds the circumstances of the Church to which he is introduced very different from those to which he has been accustomed in the old country; and time is required to enable him to understand what things he may hope to reproduce after a while, what he must be content to let go altogether, and what new modes of working he must adopt in order to meet the new state of things in which he finds himself.

In the meantime there is abundance of important work on which he may zealously begin, and through which he becomes acquainted with the people and they with him; and when he has learnt to understand the nature of the material on which he has to work, he may, under God's blessing, apply his former experience with good effect.

It was, therefore, resolved that we should begin to work with things as we found them, learning by observation the existing needs, supplying them as we were able, introducing improvements in detail as our experience increased, and so preparing ourselves and the people for any new plans and more general efforts.

The first scheme postponed was that which we had cherished in England and talked of on the voyage—the commencement of a theological college for training candidates for the ministry; and this has continued in abeyance up to the present moment. Neither at the time of our arrival nor since has there appeared the prospect of a sufficient number of candidates to make it worth while to establish and keep up a separate college for their training.

Instead of establishing a distinct clerical college, which would have been weak from paucity of pupils, those who were candidates for the ministry were placed by the Bishop under some clergyman, from whom they received assistance in their reading; and by working in his school and visiting in the parish under his direction they gained experience of parochial work. When he was absent at some of his many places of service, they read the prayers and a sermon appointed by him to any congregation to which he sent them.

This is, no doubt, a state of things far from satisfactory. A hard-worked parish priest has not time, and scarcely strength, to devote to keeping up in himself and imparting to his pupils a thorough knowledge of theology; and the beneficial training which numbers give to each other is wanting. But we were obliged to adopt it as the best course which the circumstances admitted. Some very

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good and useful men, who have now for some years been ordained to the priesthood, have been trained in this way. As to the lay services, the congregations had by this means the opportunity afforded them of hallowing the Lord's day; and while they were habituated to the regularity of assembling for prayer, praise, and teaching, they never confounded the office of the lay assistant with that of the ordained clergyman.

At the time of our arrival, there was nothing like any regular offering from the people towards the maintenance of their ministers. The English Churchman, accustomed at that day more than now to see his clergyman in the old country maintained, without his aid, by tithes or pew-rents, or living on his own private means, or on the profits of pupils, with a mere nominal income from his parish, carried to the colony, almost as a part of his Churchmanship, the idea that the voluntary support of the pastor by his flock was a burden to the flock and a degradation to the pastor; and seeing that the ancient offering of tithes had been enforced by the law of the land, he looked to the Government to provide for his clergyman from the public funds; and where the sum provided by the State was insufficient, the Church societies of the mother country were expected to come to the aid of the colonial Church.

In the early days of the colony, when the convicts were many and the free settlers thinly scattered over the country, such extraneous aid was necessary. But the more the free population increased in numbers and in wealth, and the more largely the powers of self-government were conceded to the colony, the more evident it became that the Church must look for her maintenance and growth to her own inherent vitality,—in full accordance with the apostolic rule, "Let him that is taught in the Word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things." *

The necessity of ceasing to rely on the Government and

* Gal. vi. 6.

on the English societies was but dimly before the minds of the Bishop and clergy at first: the laity of the Church had no better perception of it. It was therefore resolved that working among and for the people, under the existing state of things, must precede any organised attempt to obtain from them support for the maintenance or extension of the Church's work.

But though the principle of the support of the ministry by the offerings of the laity was not rightly understood, pecuniary aid for any Church work was expected through the medium of the Bishop. A bishop, as being in connection with the Church societies at home, and as an influential person with the members of the colonial Government, was apt to be looked on as an inexhaustible source of revenue. Hence the Bishop of Newcastle, soon after his arrival, had requests poured in upon him on every side for aid in building new churches, schools, and parsonages.

He had, no doubt, some means at his disposal. But a little inquiry soon revealed the fact that many of the existing Church buildings were considerably in debt, and that the churchwardens and trustees were contentedly acquiescing in this state of things, paying year after year out of that miserable source of income, pew-rents, the interest due on the debts, but making no endeavour to wipe out the principal by fresh subscriptions. Only a few days after his arrival at Morpeth, I received a letter from him, dated Feb. 6, 1848, in which he says, "Certainly the state of our church is most unsatisfactory. Every church and building belonging to the Church down here is encumbered with debt." The Bishop therefore preferred the less showy course of getting the existing debts cleared off, to the more pleasant one of at once beginning new buildings.

I believe I am correct in saying that he in no case paid off all the debt for the people, but that he promised them a certain amount of aid, on condition that they raised the
rest, either at once or within a specified reasonable period. A little persuasion, backed by a conditional promise of £10, £30, or £50, inspired many who had for some time been sitting down hopelessly under their burdens. Fresh subscription lists were opened, and within a short time the Church buildings were free.

It is but fair to say that many of these debts had been contracted during the times of prosperity, and that the sudden and deep reverses which the colony had suffered, and from which it was only slowly emerging when we arrived, had prevented many who had put down their names for large sums from fulfilling their promises. In the meantime many had been forced to sell their properties at a great sacrifice, and to make a fresh start on a more humble scale in some other part of the wide unoccupied territory. Some had migrated to California, in order to retrieve their fortunes, little thinking that the feet of many Australian flocks and herds were wandering over mines of gold, which, in three years more, would attract shiploads of energetic men from Europe, and give a vast impetus to the prosperity of the country.

The coming outburst of such prosperity was at that time hidden from us; and I remember the Bishop expressing to me his disappointment that he could not use the means at his disposal in forwarding new works, which he saw were urgently needed. But he rightly considered it most important to begin with the humbler work of honestly for the past. And he was content to seem to be doing little, and to bide his time, until he could begin fresh works on a clear foundation. His was a species of self-denial little known and not much appreciated, but very genuine.

The pressure of business which came upon the Bishop’s shoulders on his first arrival at Morpeth may be imagined by those who consider what the arrival of one who was both head of a large party and Bishop of a new see implies. I had started for my cure at Murwell Brook within a few days after my arrival at Morpeth, as my predecessor had left the parish a fortnight before we landed. Mr. Irwin went up to Singleton the week after the Bishop came from Sydney. The Bishop therefore kindly undertook the small details of receiving all our goods from the ship, as well as his own, and forwarding them to us. At the same time he was settling himself and his household in the parsonage at Morpeth, looking after carpenters and other workmen, and seeing clergy, churchwardens, or settlers who desired to pay their respects to the new Bishop, and to make known to him their wants. Letters began to come in upon him from distant parts of his diocese, so that it is not to be wondered at that in his first letter to me from Morpeth he says, “I am here in a perfect whirl of business, with scarcely a moment free from intruders.” Two days later, Feb. 7, he wrote, “My head is nearly splitting, from the number of things I have to think of. It will be a great treat to me to pay you a visit.”

The same letter mentions that one of his episcopal troubles found him out on the threshold of his work in the loss of one of his clergy, and the need of supplying his place by another. The important district of Moreton Bay, which has since grown up into the colony of Queensland and the bishopric of Brisbane, stretching northward from about the 28th parallel of latitude, had but one clergyman in its whole extent. Of this he writes, “There is another district now vacant, Moreton Bay, the Rev. Mr. Gregor having been unfortunately drowned last week while bathing.”

The Bishop had never seen him, nor had there been time as yet even to communicate with him by letter. This loss could not therefore be felt as that of a friend; but in our little band, which we desired to stretch as widely as possible to tend Christ’s scattered flock, it made a perceptible gap. The death of one clergyman in an English diocese,
unless he be a man of great eminence, is not felt beyond
the sphere of his own parish and personal friends, but in
an Australian diocese one loss is felt through the whole.
The whole number of clergy whom the Bishop, on his
arrival, found in his vast see was but twelve.* His two
new clergy were at once needed for two vacant cures,
and now one of the most extensive and distant districts,
which had no neighbouring clergyman to bestow on its
people even an occasional service, was suddenly left
destitute.

To meet this great need the Bishop was obliged to arrange
with the clergyman who was vacating Singleton, and had
intended to leave the diocese, to go up to Moreton Bay.
He was only too thankful to be able in any way to
supply so serious a vacancy. The arrangement was but
temporary, yet, by God's blessing, the present need
was met, and the Bishop turned to work vigorously upon
the duties which, thick and increasing, were claiming his
energies.

I have seen Bishop Tyrrell, during the thirteen years I
enjoyed the privilege of working with him, under many
heavy trials and disappointments. He has sometimes
written to me, mentioning how sharply for the moment he
has felt the seeming blighting of some cherished scheme
for the Church's good. But he has a happy disposition,
or rather a clear faith and buoyant hope, which enable
him quickly to perceive God's overruling wisdom in such
crosses; and he has set himself cheerfully to the task of
repairing the loss, and of doing the work next before him,
instead of fretting over the vanished hope, or fearing idly

* The cures which Bishop Tyrrell found provided with clergy were,
on the coast line, Newcastle, Port Stephens, Port Macquarie, Moreton
Bay; on the Hunter River, Raymond Terrace, Hexham, Paterson, East
Maitland, West Maitland, Jerry's Plains; above it, Scone and Armidale.
But the clergyman of Port Macquarie was, from the infirmities
of age, able to do very little duty. And before long the Bishop ordained
a clergyman to take the great work of the district.

for the future. He has seemed to have learned the lesson
which our Keble puts so beautifully:—

"Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless."*

In the midst of these busy weeks, which claimed his
attention and care on every side, he was preparing for the
solemn time of his first ordination. The letter is before
me in which he announced that it was to be on the second
Sunday in Lent, March 19. And the dates at three dif­
ferent parts of the letter, with several days' interval between
them, will illustrate his words in it: "I really am in­
cessantly occupied. Last night I was writing till 1.30, and
was up again at six this morning;"—not an unusual event,
I may remark, when work was pressing him, only that some­
times the hours of rest on the narrow iron bedstead were
still fewer.

That first ordination, like all the subsequent ones, was
held at Morpeth, and the church was crowded with those
who came from the neighbourhood to be present at the
service. Mr. Irwin said the morning prayer; it was my
duty to present the candidates; and the Bishop preached
a sermon, of which I have now no record, but can only
remember that it was an earnest and valuable one, addressed
to the congregation as well as to the candidates.

With what thankful hearts and solemn hopes did we
leave St. James's Church that morning! Who can foresee
at such a time the mighty possibilities of success in Christ's
service, which open out before him? Who can forecast
the enemies and battles, and alas! perhaps the failures,
that lie before those who then have girded their armour on?

One of these deacons, since made priests, was sent before

* Christian Year. 15th Sunday after Trinity.
long to the Darling Downs, in what is now the diocese of Brisbane: where, in spite of weak health, he has laboured on faithfully, and has been made archdeacon by the Bishop of Brisbane. The other was placed at Morpeth, where he remained for about two years, and then returned to England. The duties of Morpeth being thus provided for, the Bishop was enabled to assist the clergy in the neighbouring districts of the Hunter Valley; and so to work toward the object which he had proposed in a letter written some weeks previously, in which he said, "It is my purpose to work well this line of country, that all may see in some degree what our Church is when fairly and efficiently carried out into practice."

In the course of this first year a second ordination was held in September, at which three deacons were ordained. Two of them candidates brought with us from England, and one who had been for many years residing in the colony.

On looking back to that first year it seems marvellous how much of his diocese the Bishop was enabled to visit, holding confirmations whenever he found candidates prepared for him; and gaining that general view of the wants, and acquaintance with the chief inhabitants of the diocese, which would enable him to lay his plans for the future.

The Lent ordination, and Lenten work in and around Morpeth, occupied him well through March, and nearly to the end of April.

About the middle of May he went through the district of the Upper Hunter for about eighty miles, visiting Singleton, Muswell Brook, Scone, and Jerry's Plains, where clergy were stationed, as well as the smaller intermediate townships.

In June he went by sea to Brisbane, and visited the distant northern portion of his diocese, where settlers had gone out, and clergymen were greatly needed to follow them. This visitation occupied about a month.

In September he rode down almost, if not quite, to the southern extremity of the diocese; and visited Brisbane Water* and its beautiful neighbourhood, where the population chiefly consists of sawyers, and those connected with the timber trade. Tall thick forests cover the hill-sides, and in the deep valleys the dense glossy foliage, the festoons of creepers, and the cabbage-tree palms, with occasionally a tall ant-hill, three or four feet high, give a semi-tropical character to the shady tracks through which you ride.

Soon after the ordination in September, the Bishop passed up the Hunter to the rich western grazing districts of Merriwa and Cassilis, and, having visited these, rode northward across the Liverpool range to the towns of Tamworth and Armidale. Thence he worked his way eastward down the rugged hills, which fall from the table-land of New England towards the coast line; returning by Port Macquarie and Port Stephens to Morpeth.

I am not aware that he had visited the districts of the Clarence and the Richmond rivers; but by the end of his first year far the larger portion of his huge diocese could be realised in his own study at Morpeth. Besides these long journeyings, he was continually riding to places ten, fifteen, or twenty miles off, to give those who were remote from their clergyman opportunities of Divine service.

Of course, plenty of work awaited his return, and his correspondence grew in proportion to the places he had visited. But in the midst of this, his reading was never forgotten. He wrote, shortly after his return from his last long visitation: "I have just been under severe discipline, not of illness, thank the Lord, but self-discipline, changing the habit of ten hours' daily riding to the same period of daily reading and writing."

* Brisbane Water in the south must not be confounded with Brisbane in the north. They are separated by some six degrees of latitude, or rather more than 400 miles.
There are always dark shades in every picture, and some of these appeared in the midst of our first year's work.

Two out of the candidates for the ministry were instances of what is too often found,—men who from their own hypocrisy, or the carelessness of those who professed to know them, obtained recommendations which they did not deserve, and whom it was found impossible to make anything of. It was so far well that partly on the voyage, and partly soon after their arrival, their entire unfitness was discovered. The passage of both was paid to England; and one, the least unfit, sailed. Of the other, who had been intrusted to me, and had for some time caused me deep anxiety, I can say no more than that to my bitter sorrow I followed him to his grave in Sydney four months after our landing.

One more, a gentle, holy-spirited youth, who doubtless would have done good work had he been spared, was diseased in the lungs when he sailed, and he only drooped and died. In the September of our first year, I received the following account from the Bishop: "Poor Mr. Ison was released most easily and happily on Monday evening, and I followed him to the grave as chief mourner yesterday. It was a melancholy scene."

Such was our beginning—"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing."

CHAPTER IV.
UP THE COUNTRY.

What strikes most new-comers, when they really get up into the Australian "Bush," is the unfenced and apparently unappropriated land through which they travel. And I may add that those who return to England, after a long familiarity with Australian scenery, are equally struck by the entire enclosing and minute subdivisions of far the greatest part of the old country. In New South Wales the feeling is, as a gentleman once said to me, "Here's a land where one has plenty of elbow-room." In England you have hedge-bordered roads, and paths to which you are confined, however circuitous they may be. In the Australian Bush you leave or follow the track at pleasure; and no one complains of your riding or driving over his grass for a few furlongs, or for twenty miles.

When I started on my first journey to my appointed district of Muswell Brook, taking with me two candidates for the ministry, and two servants, there was very little fencing to be seen after the first two miles above West Maitland. I had engaged the whole of the mail—a two-wheeled car, carrying one on the box with the driver, and four behind, with a modicum of luggage for each—and in a short time we came upon parts of the road where the ground was so saturated with water, or the ruts in the native soil so deep and wide, from the heavy rains, that our driver would frequently strike off among the trees, and, after many a winding, bring us back again into the worn and beaten track.
Our journey that day was but thirty miles, from Maitland to Singleton. The greater part of it was through tall gum* and iron-bark trees, growing thickly together, with but little underwood or scrub; but occasionally we came to a place where the timber was thinner, and the appearance not unlike that of an extensive park.

Along the whole route there was but one apology for a bridge, consisting of some trees thrown across the little creek, one over another, and covered with earth; and bad enough it was. At all the other “creeks” — as the brooks or water-courses are called — the banks were cut down, sometimes to the depth of twenty feet; and we drove down one side, through the bed of the creek, and up the opposite side. Probably in the one exception, at Anvil Creek, the creek bed may have been too soft to bear wheels at all. As might be expected, traffic was often stopped after heavy rains. Impatient horsemen might swim across;

* The trees which are most common in New South Wales are known by the names of white gum, blue gum, spotted gum, red gum, apple-tree, box, stringy bark, and iron bark. They differ very little in the colour or shape of their foliage. In common with nearly all the trees of the country, they are evergreens, of a dull bluish green. The leaves are shaped like the willow, but are so thick that the ribs and fibres neither project on one side, nor are indented on the other, as in English leaves. They hang on their stems, not with their face, but their edge, turned to the sky; and being few in number, and long up, they cast but little shade. On one occasion, being exhausted and unwell, in an intensely hot day, I wished to get into shade and, though riding through thinly timbered country, was obliged to sit against the stem of the tree; the leaves afforded no shade. The iron bark and red gum are the hardest of the woods mentioned. The former is so heavy that I have seen a block of it used to sink the slack of a punt rope. The stringy bark is the best for sawing into flooring boards. The hard woods work well, when fresh; but if long dried, turn or break the edge of an axe, break a gimlet, and will not admit a nail. Several of these trees shed the outer skin of their bark periodically; and you may see strips hanging from them twelve feet or fifteen feet long, and from one to three inches wide, and as thick as brown paper. These thin strips of bark, and the dry leaves, are of service to the bushman who wants to light a fire to boil his “pot o’ tea,” but they add to the readiness with which a bush fire often sets miles of country in flames.

but vehicles were detained until the water had run off. The traveller of the present day would find not only a wide road with bridges over most of the creeks, but a railroad in use as far as Singleton, and nearly finished to Muswell Brook. On our way, we passed through the two small townships or villages of Lochinvar and Black Creek; distant from Maitland seven and fifteen miles. At the former there was no outward mark of worship; at the latter there was a small Roman Catholic chapel, to which a priest came at intervals. Soon after the arrival of the Bishop, a wooden church was built at Black Creek; and after a while at Lochinvar a church and parsonage were built, and a clergyman settled there.

Singleton, which had then a population of about five hundred, now more than doubled, is built on the banks of the Hunter, on a wide alluvial flat called Patrick’s Plains, from which most of the forest trees had been cleared; and good crops of wheat, barley, or maize were raised on the rich lands. It is in itself singularly devoid of beauty, as it is built on a dead level. But hills rise all around; and, to the north, Mount Royal stands well among the broken ridges, from which the Paterson, Fallbrook, and the Roucel flow. The little town had a brick parsonage, and a school used as a church; but in about a year from the time we first saw it, the foundation of a stone church was laid, which has since been considerably enlarged, and the windows have been enriched with stained glass.

We were detained here one day, as the mail, which started on the following morning, had not room for us. And as it at that time went on to Muswell Brook only two days in the week, we must have remained until the week following, had not the proprietor sent down especially to fetch us. The river being unfordable, we were put across in a boat, and found the vehicle awaiting us at the other side.

We had hardly started, when, after pulling through some
heavy black soil, we came to a shallow gully crossing our road, into which we sank with a bump; and one of the horses refused to pull us out of it. He looked the very picture of sulk and obstinacy, and probably remembered that soon after the gully a long stiff hill awaited him. The driver gave him a little time, and then tried him again. The other horse was willing, but could not move us by himself; and, when the whip was applied, the only indication our sulky friend gave of movement was to crop his ears, and show signs of resenting with his heels any further use of the whip. Fortunately, I had a piece of bread in my hand, the remains of my breakfast; so I jumped out, and after patting and talking to the rebel a little, held the bread to his nose. The sulks were still strong upon him; but at length his ears came forward, he began to sniff at the bread, lifted his upper lip once or twice, and then fairly took the bait. The victory was nearly won: a few pats on the neck, and rubbing the nose, completed it. I took his head with my right hand, and still patted him with my left. The driver started the near horse; both took the collar; and with a good jump, that nearly shook the three inside passengers into each other's laps, the wheels got out of the hollow, and we were off again. I ran on, holding the rein for a short distance, till I saw that all was right, and then jumped into my place.

Much of our drive was through tall white-stemmed gum-trees, which shut in our view, and enabled us to appreciate to the full the badness of the road, as we bumped sometimes into a deep rut, sometimes over a large fallen bough; occasionally passing the carcase of a dead working bullock, which told of the severity of the late drought, when the ground, which was now covered with bright green grass, had been bare as the road itself. Pleasanter and more amusing sights were frequently afforded us, as from time to time flights of the lowry, or rosella, or ground parrots, with their gorgeous crimson, green, and blue plumage,
UP THE COUNTRY.

rushed screaming over our heads; or that solemn-looking kingfisher, the great "laughing jackass," made the wood ring with his merry peals of laughter; or a black and yellow iguana, three or four feet long, waddled along the ground, made for the first tree, and scrambled up out of reach.

The road was more hilly than before we reached Singleton; and sometimes from the top of a hill we obtained a fine view of valleys and hills in endless undulations, clothed universally with forest. At the several creeks which we passed, the view was more open, the grass more abundant; and the graceful casuarina, with its rich dark foliage and tapering branches, kept up a pleasant whispering sound over the streams or pools which it shaded.

On our way we had passed but one small township, called Camberwell, nine miles from Singleton, on the banks of Fallbrook. It consisted of a few wood-built houses, and a brick inn; but represented a district, in which a few years before there were several establishments of considerable size. On the opposite side of the brook was an unfinished stone church, with three lancet lights at the east end, and single-pointed windows at the sides. Bishop Broughton, who laid the first stone, said that several among those present on that occasion could easily have provided the whole expense. Soon afterwards the reverses which overtook the colony so impoverished the principal men of the district, that most of them were scattered to distant places, and the work was stopped. The church remained roofless until about the year 1856; when it was so far finished that the Bishop of Newcastle consecrated it. But the original design, which included a tower, has not yet been carried out.

From Fallbrook to Muswell Brook the drive was more pleasant, but in that twenty miles we passed but two dwellings—one being a good stone-built inn in an open space, crossed by a watercourse, which had given it the
name of "The Chain-of-Ponds Inn;" the other a shepherd's hut, one of the humble-looking sources of the wealth of the country. To our right and left there were, no doubt, huts or larger houses a mile or two off the track; but they were out of our sight, and scattered very widely from each other.

We were now fairly reaching the sheep-farming part of the country. And it may be as well to describe the dwellings of the shepherds at once. The simplest kind is the bark hut; which is thus made. A framework of posts and saplings is first fixed in the ground, and to this sheets of bark from the eucalyptus, three or four feet wide, half-an-inch thick, and from four to seven feet long, are tied with strips of undressed bullock-hide, usually called "green hide." The ridge piece is dried in a curve, laid over the top, and weighted down by heavy saplings slung across with green hides. The door and window-shutters, for there is no glass, are often of bark fastened to frames of wood; and the tables and bedsteads are not unfrequently made in the same manner. The floor is the native earth; and inside the bark chimney boulders from the creeks are piled up, to prevent the fire from setting all in a blaze. Sometimes there is a skillen at the back of the hut; and now and then some sheets of bark in front form a verandah, and add much to the comfort of the inmates.

Slab huts are built much on the same plan; only that slabs, split from the gum or iron-bark, set into the ground and nailed to the wall-plates, form the sides and ends instead of bark.

A watch-box is often used when lambing is going on, or when the native dogs are troublesome; and the shepherd or hut-keeper has to lie near the sheep-yard, to be ready to render any help that may be needed through the night. It is a kind of barrow-frame, long enough for a man to lie in, and covered with bark, as a protection against cold and rain.

There are usually two flocks, of a thousand each, at a sheep station, with a shepherd to each flock, who leads them out to feed by day; and there is a hut-keeper, whose duties are to clean the sheep-yards, take care of the hut, and act as cook. If there is a family at the station, the wife acts as hut-keeper; and if there is a boy big enough, he takes charge, under his father's direction, of the second flock.

On our way up the country, we had seen something of another class of men. Many drays had met us, carrying down wool, tallow, or hides to the coast; others we had passed on their way up the country, loaded with supplies of all sorts for the establishments of the large sheep and cattle masters, for the "stores" in the inland towns, or for the publicans. One dray, which we passed the first day, was bringing up the furniture which I had purchased at Maitland. The drays are large two-wheeled carts, very strongly built, with low sides, and made to open, if necessary, before and behind. Those drawn by horses have shafts, and carry from twelve to fifteen hundred-weight. The bullock-drays, which are drawn by eight or ten oxen, carry two tons. They have a strong pole, to which the yokes of the pole-bullocks, and the chain of the leaders, are fastened. Each night a halt is made, near water, if possible; the horses are unharnessed, and the bullocks unyoked, and turned to feed in the bush, with hobbles on their fetlocks. This being done, a fire is made of the dead wood, which is lying about in all directions. The quart tin pots are put on to boil, ready for the tea to be thrown in; and the salt beef and "damper," which is made of flour, water, and salt, kneaded on a sheet of bark, and baked in hot ashes, are drawn out of their bag for the evening meal. If several drays camp together, the men usually sit talking over their camp-fire until it is time to turn in for the night. They commonly carry a piece of sacking stuffed with dry grass; this they lay under their
dry and lie on it, wrapped in a blanket or in a rug made of opossum skins.

If the stopping place is near a township or one of the inns which are scattered along the chief lines of road, the evening is too often spent in the tap-room, and rum takes the place of tea, to the mischief of the poor fellows, who are very apt to drink. A few of the draymen, however, entirely avoid this temptation, and stick to their tea.

A midday halt is also necessary to refresh both man and beast.

These draymen are a considerable class, and need special treatment, if the pastor will really try to perform the duties imposed on him at his ordination, and will "seek for Christ’s flock that are dispersed abroad."* They spend most of their time on the road, seldom remaining at their homes longer than to rest their horses or bullocks; and many live in the bush, far from any place of Divine service. A few, but few indeed, take their best clothes with them, so as to be able to go to church, if they stop at a town on Sunday. Therefore, if one does not minister to them on chance occasions, they probably go almost without any ministrations at all.

I soon felt it to be my duty to walk by their side, if not pressed for time, and to converse with them; and if I found any encamped at midday or in the evening, having my Bible and Prayer-book strapped in a kind of ecclesiastical holster before me, I offered to read and pray with them, and never found my offer rejected. As they were such complete wanderers, I did not consider myself to be trenching upon any brother clergyman’s sphere of duty by offering them such a short service, when I fell in with them by the road-side, even out of my own district.

On one occasion, as I was riding down to Morpeth for an ordination, I came upon some six or seven encamped among the tall gum-trees, five miles short of Singleton.

* Service for the Ordering of Priests.

It had been dark some time, and they were sitting on fallen trees round their fire before turning in for the night.

I rode up to them, and said, "My friends, I am a clergyman riding down the country; and as I am accustomed to have prayers with my household when at home, I shall be glad, if you like, to read you a chapter of Holy Scripture and pray with you before I go on." They assented at once, took my horse, and tied him to one of their dray-wheels, and threw on some fresh wood to enable me to read. I was rather too tired to stand, so they set an empty water-keg on end, and, putting their cabbage-tree hats beside them, listened attentively to a chapter from one of the Gospels, and to my comments upon it. We then knelt down on the ground, and prayed from the Book of Common Prayer. And as I left them with a "God bless you, my friends," they thanked me with apparent heartiness, and I rode on in the delicious air of the calm starry night.

I can still see that crackling bush-fire, with its curling smoke leaping up into the darkness, and the bent figures of my brethren, the tall white stems of the gum-trees rising around, and the dim shapes of the loaded drays in the background. Probably we never saw each other again. The effect of that night may have been transient or not, God knows; but a bush clergyman who would do his Master’s work must thus continually cast his bread on the waters, and leave the seed to be nurtured by Him to Whom it belongs.

But we must return to the conclusion of our first journey up the country.

After toiling over some very bad road, we reached the top of a high ridge, with the ground sloping down before us, and more thinly timbered than we had seen for many miles. And there, to our delight, the driver pointed out the snug little village of Muswell Brook. It lay below us about two miles off. We could not see much of the
buildings; but the general view from the hill was very fine, and we longed for some of our dear English friends to share it with us. There was no lack of hill and valley, covered with wood as usual; except where, along the courses of the brook and the River Hunter, which here we saw again for the first time since leaving Singleton, man's hand had made clearings for the town, and for small patches of cultivation on the alluvial soil.

To the north, some thirty-five miles distant, stood the bold rugged outline of the Murulla, a portion of the Liverpool range, with its attendant crags. And these were followed, all round to the right, by lower ridges, varying in elevation; while, about five miles east of the little town, a fine abrupt hill, called Bell's Mountain, lifted himself head and shoulders above his neighbours, as if looking patronisingly down on the civilisation that, after so many centuries, was beginning to spring up around him, and exchanging glances with his cone-shaped brother Mount Warrendie, usually called Mount Dangar, who, thirty miles to the south-west, stands over the River Goulburn, which winds round his feet, in the midst of the sandstone cliffs and peaks which fill that part of the picture.

I could not but feel thankful that my lot had fallen in a part of the country where God's hand had made the objects around so pleasant to look at.

We were now rapidly approaching our destination. But before we reached the wooden houses of the white-skins, we were reminded in whose land we were, by seeing some dozen of those houseless, homeless children of the bush, the black natives, who had happened to camp close to the township, and were lying or squatting on the ground, with their curly heads uncovered; the elders with a blanket skewered at the neck by a piece of sharpened stick, or with merely a small girdle round their loins. Two or three little children were playing round them, clothed simply in their own black skins, which, by the way, even in the case of adults, is almost of itself a clothing, and takes away the idea of nudity. They had evidently passed the night there, as there were several sheets of bark resting with one edge on the ground, and propped up in a slanting direction, so as to make a slight shelter from the windward. Some smouldering ashes, the remains of last night's fire, were before them; and under one piece of bark an old grey-haired aboriginal was lying on his blankets asleep. They turned to look at us; but we were passing on, and at about two o'clock we entered the south part of the town, for it is divided into two parts by the deep creek from which it derives its name; and, driving over a very substantially-built wooden bridge, we drew up in a few minutes at the Royal Hotel. Nine years before this had been the only building in the place, a mere bush inn, surrounded by forest. And, in spite of its name, it was only a weather-board cottage, with the royal arms standing, not very conspicuously, against the front, and containing two sitting-rooms and two small bedrooms, entered from the verandah, besides those commonly used by the publican's family.

The first business of hungry travellers, who had breakfasted more than seven hours before, and had had a long bush-drive since, was to get something to eat. And then, as the Royal Arms could only accommodate two, I left the candidates for the ministry in possession, and went with the servants to the next small inn, about two hundred yards farther on.

Having thus fixed our abode till the furniture should arrive, we went down to look over the empty parsonage and the church. They were both within one fence, and the school about a bow-shot beyond. I found the sexton preparing the church, for it was Saturday, and it was known that we should arrive that day. From him I heard of one poor woman who was drawing near her end; so,
CHAPTER V.

WORK IN A PASTORAL DISTRICT.

The township of Muswell Brook, which was to be my headquarters, is situated on the north-western road leading from Morpeth and Maitland to the great squatting districts of the Liverpool Plains and New England. The southern road to Sydney, surveyed by Sir Thomas Mitchell, joins the mainland road here. But while the north-western road is the great line of traffic to the coast from Tamworth and Armidale and the surrounding country, the southern road is unused, except for some small intermediate townships, as Jerry's Plains and Wollombi. The formidable ranges, which have to be crossed near the River Hawkesbury, have always been a barrier to dray traffic; and even horsemen prefer riding to Morpeth, and taking the steamer to Sydney, instead of toiling along the rugged and weary southern line.

In 1848 Muswell Brook had a population of about 300, including a doctor and a clerk of petty sessions. There were four or five storekeepers—most useful men in a colonial town—who kept in stock nearly every article you could need, except books; and five publicans, largely supported by travellers, draymen, and shepherds from the neighbourhood, as well as by some of the residents in the town. At one end there was a steam flour-mill, with machinery attached to it, which has at times been used in a small way for making cloth. And at the other end was a "boiling-down establishment," where, before the influx of the popula-
tion caused by the gold discovery, the surplus fat stock of the settlers was killed, and reduced to tallow for export. Blacksmiths, wheelwrights, rough bush-carpenters, joiners, masons, bricklayers, and the other small tradesmen and labourers necessary to supply the wants of their neighbours, some six or eight carriers, and the police force, consisting of a chief and three constables, were the elements of the little community.

Like all young colonial townships, it was laid out in good broad streets, which bore their names on the Government chart, but, except in the best situations, were scantily built over. Here and there, in the middle of the roadways, might still be seen the stumps of the old forest trees standing, as the cross-cut saw of the first clearing had left them, obliging all drivers to keep their eyes about them for fear of an overturn.

Of the houses only about twenty were built of brick; the rest, including the little, low, four-roomed cottage, dignified by the name of "the court-house," were built of slabs split from the surrounding trees, or of weatherboards. On the hill to the east of the town stood a Presbyterian kirk, served at intervals from Singleton, and on a twin hill were the foundations of a Roman Catholic chapel.

Almost in the centre of the township there was an allotment of two acres, on which had been built, only a few years before, a brick school, with a master's dwelling, a parsonage, and a church, consisting of a nave, with a somewhat pretentious porch and vestry, built transept-wise, and a small tower at the west end. There was no chancel, but in the east end were three quasi-lancet lights, each with a thin stone moulding over it, and glazed with square panes in wooden sashes, Gothicised at the top. Within were high pews of red cedar, the top moulding of which came well up to the back of the head of the sitter; and when the congregation was kneeling the church seemed to be empty. In my journal I have recorded that I was "disappointed" at the first view. But this was perhaps unreasonable, as mine was the westernmost church in the new diocese. Not a building for any kind of worship was to be found between it and Western Australia. Besides, there was something in the central position and grouping of the buildings which gave the idea that the Church had rooted itself among the people, and offered to be their true mother in God. When, in about eighteen months after, a chancel was added, with a triple lancet in stone, and two of the nave windows were replaced by stone-worked and mullioned lights! and after a while the seats became low and open, the general view, with all its faults, brought to mind "the old country," to which all colonists look back with affection.

The history of that little church is characteristic of the colony in those days. Before a resident clergyman was appointed, subscriptions had been raised, and Government money promised for the building. A captain in the army, then a settler, living about four miles off, took the contract for building the nave, with the porch and vestry. The plan was said to have been drawn from the sketch of a chapel in Barbados, given in a quarterly report of the S. P. G. But whatever was the original of the plan, its execution was intrusted to a convict overseer, and convict labourers. These men, acting upon a well-known principle of convict morality, no sooner saw the master off to Sydney than they neglected their work, for which, as convicts, they would receive no payment, and worked for any one who would employ them, spending their earnings in drink. At length they heard that their master was shortly coming up the country, and, knocking off their extra jobs, which might have brought them under the lash, they turned to their neglected task. But, in the meantime, there had been heavy rains, and the trench was half-filled with water. Some of this was dipped up; at one corner
the foundation was solidly built, the rest was thrown in with careless haste—the stones, small and large, alike unsquared, being left, as I was told, to bed themselves; and over all a cut base-course was placed, and the brickwork carried up above. In due time a surveyor was sent to inspect the work, in order to report whether it was executed in such a way as to entitle the trustees to the payment of the Government grant. On the day of inspection the overseer contrived to open that corner of the foundations which he had built up well. The fraud answered, and the money was paid. But before Bishop Broughton came up for the consecration, the faulty foundation had betrayed itself, and the walls were so cracked that the whole building was nearly coming down again. With much trouble the walls were secured; and the Rev. W. T. Gore, who had a little before that time been appointed to the parish, got the tower built at the west end, which both improved the look of the church externally, and acted as a buttress to keep it up.

It was discovered, however, by painful experience, that even good building, with well-laid foundations, would not stand. The foundations of the tower and of the chancel, which was afterwards built, were laid four feet deep on what seemed a dry, impenetrable soil; but the drought and heat penetrated so deeply during the fierce summer months that they have cracked them and other buildings, in all directions. And a noble stone church, which is now being built in place of the smaller one of brick, through the exertions, and mainly by the friends, of the present clergyman, the Rev. W. E. White, and his family, from plans by Gilbert Scott, of London, is, by order of the architect, placed on a thick bed of concrete, as the only safe foundation.

The day after our arrival being the fourth Sunday after the Epiphany, the gospel for the day furnished the morning sermon from Matt. viii. 28—32, on the power and readiness of Jesus to cast out evil, and to restore Satan’s thrall to his right mind: a message with which I was thankful to be able to begin my ministry in a land where, by the confession of all, Satan had held terrible sway. In the evening the words of Isaiah lviii. 13, 14, at the end of the first lesson, were a not inappropriate text, where, in the absence of clergymen, many a Christian man had realised at his “station,” and on his sheep and cattle “run,” the sad but expressive saying, “There’s no Sunday in the bush.”

Two days afterwards I had an instance of that change of customs which a change to a hot climate necessitates. My poor sick parishioner died on Monday morning, and on Tuesday afternoon we laid her in the grave. A funeral thirty-three hours after death would in England be revolting to the feelings of the friends. In New South Wales it is sometimes necessary to bury within twenty-four hours; indeed, in an extreme case, I have buried a corpse within twelve. In the case of this poor woman, I was glad that I had reached the parish in time to administer the Holy Communion to her while, though in extreme weakness, her mind was perfectly clear.

What was at that time considered the extent of my parish, and the Church services in it, I learned from a memorandum left by my predecessor. There were three places at which Divine service was held: St. Alban’s Church, Muswell Brook, of which I have spoken; the little wooden court-house at Merriwa, a township of about thirty people, eleven miles down the Hunter Valley; and a room in a public-house at Merriwa, a township with a population of sixty or seventy people, across the ranges to the west, forty-five miles off. Around these townships, at distances varying from two to nine miles, a few gentlemen settlers were living—the owners of sheep and cattle, who had a few dependants close to them, besides their households. These could assemble at the places where
Divine service was held, and were always considered parts of the congregation.

At Muswell Brook there were two services on one Sunday and one on the next, which allowed one Sunday service a fortnight at Merton. Merriwa had but one service a quarter, held on a week-day. Holy Communion was celebrated at Muswell Brook only four times in the year; and a glass tumoler, and a common plate, not appropriated to the purpose, had been used as a chalice and paten.

The good-will of the people was immediately tested for the supply of the last-mentioned want. They readily responded to the call, and within a few weeks a set of silver Communion vessels and a linen cloth for the altar were procured from Sydney, and we began monthly Communions. The Bishop having authorised the candidates for the ministry to read the service in my absence, I was enabled to give two services each Sunday at Muswell Brook, keeping to the Sunday service once a week at Merton. On the alternate Sundays I sent one of the candidates over to have prayers, and to read a printed sermon selected by me. And I myself went every other Friday for a service, and to teach the children for an hour before the service began.

We were not well off for music, but within three weeks several of the mechanics and a storekeeper in Muswell Brook expressed a wish to join a weekly practice of Church music. And though our attempts were of a very humble description, they improved the singing; and by the kind aid of Mr. John Cox and his wife, whose house was two miles off, we advanced to a piano, and thence eventually to an organ. Our English friends may smile at a piano, but they will not smile at the loving zeal which, in the bush, did the best it could, giving such an instrument as was at hand, and bringing over a fully occupied mother to play at the weekly practice, as well as on Sunday. We

all know Who it was that commanded an offering with the words, "She hath done what she could."

Ash-Wednesday came that year on the 8th of March, and on Monday the 6th I had the privilege of beginning the daily service. Foreseeing that the distant parts of my district and other duties would often call me away, I gave notice that when I was at home the service would be regular; but that when the bell did not ring it might be understood that I was absent. We began with prayers twice a day, at seven A.M. and at five P.M. But after Lent, by the advice of the Bishop, we only had daily morning service, a service with a sermon at seven P.M. every Wednesday, and two services with a sermon during Holy Week, and on all holy days. It was so often necessary to ride out five or twelve miles to visit sheep stations, that the daily evening prayer would have been frequently interrupted; but, except when I was absent on long journeys, the daily morning prayer could be regularly said. To the present day those services are still continued, and with fewer interruptions than I found possible.

Merriwa I first visited on March 14th, and spent part of two days there, visiting all the houses, and having a service in the evening of the first day and the morning of the second. From that time their service was always once a month at least.

I will at present speak of a part of the country, not so far off as Merriwa, where, before long, I established a monthly service, and usually passed the night. The River Goulbourn, which must not be confounded with the town and diocese of that name, far to the south, rises on the eastern slope of the dividing range of the colony, which is of volcanic formation, but almost immediately enters sandstone ranges, and, flowing through a narrow winding valley for sixty or seventy miles, empties itself into the Hunter fifteen miles below Muswell Brook.

It is a lovely ride up the Goulbourn, and has delighted
rugged as to not have been fixed. The river and its tributary protection, as sheep do, from the wooden fence. It is situated off the direct track, which runs along the rocky ridges. The Church was at that time only feeling its way into the country from the coast; and this valley had never seen a clergyman, and the poor people were living without any attempt at Divine service or teaching. I was first told of them; and said I should look after them, and the reply was that the trouble might be spared, for they would never attend to a parson; and some things which might have been true of some to them generally. Of course this was no duty, so I rode up and visited each house. I was most civilly received everywhere; at each place I had service, though my coming was unexpected, as I had appointed a day and hour for it. On my next visit, at the appointed time, I found in each case that I was not expected, and that no preparation had been made. At one house they thought my appointed day was in the week following; at another, they had quite forgotten what day it was; at a third, they supposed that some heavy rain, and the threat of a thunderstorm, would have
more than 2,500 square miles—that, coming from an English parish of about 1,800 acres, I could not for a while lay out my plans clearly to visit it all with the least amount of waste. At first I used to ride out one month by the Goulbourn, which was on the south of the district; and, after going to Merriwa to the western extremity, work homeward under the Liverpool range on the north side; and the next month I used to ride in the contrary direction. But after gaining a knowledge of the whole work, I found it best to keep the same direction always, and then I took Mount Dangar first. Either way, I generally slept there; and by degrees all the families within four miles came regularly to the service; and sometimes the Richmond Grove people came up and joined. We assembled in the sitting-room, into which the left of the two front doors opened, and which was lighted by an unglazed window on the left of the door. Often the room has been as full of fathers, mothers, and children as it could hold; and at times we had baptisms and churchings during the service. After which the outlying families found their way through the bush-tracks by starlight, some of them having to cross the river several times. Three different families in succession occupied Mount Dangar Farm while I ministered there, and from all of them I received a cordial welcome. Occasionally I stopped at the house of Mr. Hungerford, on a creek four miles off; but Mount Dangar, being the most central, suited the congregation best.

Several of those adventures, common to a clergyman's bush experience, are connected with my recollections of this place. On one occasion, after working my way down the country, I had stopped for a service at a wayside inn, at that part of the Merriwa road lately mentioned. I delayed some time after the service to give instruction to a very nice family of children, whose circumstances required all the spiritual help I could give them. By the time I was in the saddle, twilight, which only lasts half-

THE EMIGRANT AND THE HEATHEN.

an-hour, was nearly gone, and heavy black clouds were arching over the narrow valley. Before I had gone a mile the inky black clouds had shut out every ray of light, and were pouring down a steady and very heavy rain, without a flash of lightning to show me the way. Though I had good sight, I could not see anything, and rode on only by the sound, listening when my horse stepped off the narrow track on the grass or sticks at the side. After two miles, when we had just passed through a narrow gorge in the rocks, my horse lost his track; and after some wanderings, in which he was more disposed to pick the grass than to find the way, he brought me up among some acacia-trees, at the foot of a bluff rock. I could not afford to wander on carelessly, for at my right was a deep creek, into which it would be most unpleasant to fall, but through which, at two different crossing-places, the track lay. The pouring rain quite prevented any idea of camping out, so if it could be avoided; so by taking my direction from the rock, and feeling the ground, sometimes with hands, sometimes with feet, I found the track at last; and in time, after several other losings and findings, reached Mount Dangar Farm, where the good people had given me up.

On another occasion, when a confirmation was approaching, there were candidates at Richmond Grove, Mount Dangar, and at the inn just mentioned. I had too much to do at home to be absent longer than duty rendered necessary. I therefore started at daybreak, took each class in its order, spending between one and two hours with each, and reached home at ten P.M., after a ride of sixty miles, which, I must confess, tired me; but I was all right the next day.

Towards the end of the first year, I had, in this part, one of those misfortunes which horsemen must always be prepared for. I left home on a fine, handsome iron-grey horse, which I had lately purchased, and seemed to be in perfect health. During the service at Richmond Grove he was enjoying some green rye, which the good people had given him. I fear he had eaten rather greedily, as during the eight miles' ride between that place and Mount Dangar Farm he became very sluggish, and on arriving we found him suffering from a bad attack of colic. We did all we could for him; but as after some hours he became much worse, I determined to go to the inn I have before spoken of, six miles off, where better remedies could be procured. The son of my host, whose name was Hewitt, kindly lent me a horse, and, riding another, led my poor grey. He could but walk, and with increasing slowness; and after passing four miles up the creek by Mount Warrendie, came to a stop at the narrow pass in the rocks before-mentioned, and could go no further. Young Hewitt galloped on to the inn to get something for his benefit, and I stood by the poor animal, who was by this time bathed in a cold sweat, and trembling all over. The sun had set, and the twilight had faded, but there was a glorious moon overhead, and the stars were shining, as only in such a clear, dry atmosphere they can shine. I kept rubbing my poor horse, and talking to him, but he was failing fast, and found it difficult to keep on his legs. At length he languidly pricked up his ears—for he heard, before I did, the hoofs of the returning horse—and gave a feeble neigh. It was his last, for the exertion seemed too much for him, and he staggered and fell. He tried to rise, but could not; and by the time Hewitt had reached us, his head was flat on the ground. A vein was opened to no purpose, and in a few minutes all was over.

Two months afterwards, as I rode through the same pass, I saw the bones of my poor steed picked clean. The eagles, hawks, crows, and ants had done their part to help the more voracious jaws of the native dogs, and in a few months more no two bones were left together. But eight years later, when I drove my wife up there, I showed her the skull.
I cannot help adding that this loss gave occasion for one of the many kind acts by which the Bishop lightened the difficulties of the clergy and others. Just after Christmas, 1848, I received a kind letter, in which, after expressing his sorrow for the loss of my grey, he made the value of him a New Year's gift, accompanied with his blessing.

One service, which I held at Mount Dangar Farm, I shall not easily forget, from the painful sense of weariness which oppressed me. I had left Cassilis, the westernmost town in my district, early one morning—had visited, as I rode, eight shepherds and hut-keepers, the former on their "runs," the latter in their huts—and had had a short service with each. At Merriwa, through which I passed, I had presided for an hour at the last meeting before giving the contract for building a church there; and at the meeting there were not a few difficulties to get over. In the evening, at the end of a fifty miles' ride, I dismounted at the verandah of Mount Dangar Farm. It was just service time, and the people were assembled. I had therefore time for nothing more than to wash my hands and face, drink a refreshing glass of milk, and, after putting on my surplice, come out of my room and begin the service. The feeling of sleepiness from sheer bodily exhaustion was overpowering, and I earnestly hope that, if the sense of shame at the exertions I was obliged to make to keep myself awake was distressing to me, the service may not have been unprofitable to the congregation.

One of my last acts before leaving the colony, early in 1861, was to draw for Mr. Hungerford, at his request, a plan for a wooden church, which I have since heard has been built on a piece of land close to Mount Dangar Farm. The Rev. W. E. White, the present clergyman, has informed me that a few fresh settlers have added to the population of that neighbourhood; and he sent me an interesting account of the opening of the little church, and of his celebrating, for the first time, the Holy Communion within its walls.

O Lord—

"Wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,
There is Thy presence, there Thy holy land—
Thou, Thou art there."

From the Author of the "Three Wakeings."

I have previously mentioned that, when appointed to the district of Muswell Brook, my farthest limit to the west was the little township of Merriwa, forty-five miles distant. But after a few months our eyes opened to the country beyond, and the Bishop gave into my charge Cassilis, another small town twenty-five miles still farther towards the west. This place had, before the formation of the diocese of Newcastle, been served by Mr. Gunther, the clergyman of Mudgee; but Mudgee being now in the diocese of Sydney, Mr. Gunther only continued his services at Cassilis until the Bishop of Newcastle provided for it.

In colonial Church work one step generally leads to another in the endeavour to supply urgent wants which lie around you on every side. And thus, the district having no definite limits, I soon heard of some stations beyond Cassilis, some of them with large families of children; and occasionally extended my rides to the stations of Uarby, on the Talbragar, and Coolah, on the Coola-burrungundy, lying on different lines, fourteen and twenty miles off towards the west.

The necessity of attending with regularity to the larger population of Muswell Brook and its neighbourhood, and reading as steadily as I could with the candidates for the ministry, determined me not to increase my district farther to the westward. Thus it was, before long, roughly defined in breadth by the line of the Liverpool
range to the north, and the Goulbourn River to the south, where they run parallel to each other, about thirty-five miles apart; and, in length, from Muswell Brook at the east to Urabry or Coolah at the west end, eighty-four or ninety miles: not to mention some twelve miles of country east of Muswell Brook, where shepherds' huts were dotted on the sides of the bold hills, and near the bottom of deep narrow valleys, which seemed to close in on every side. I have before roughly estimated the area of the district as "more than 2,500 square miles;" it was really about 3,000; or, to compare it with English measurements, about the size of the counties of Somerset and Wilts together, which are respectively 1,642 and 1,595 square miles.

The geological characteristics of the district are remarkable, even to one who, like myself, can make no pretence to geological accuracy.

The Liverpool range, which divides the waters which flow to the Pacific from those which join the Darling, and empty themselves through South Australia, is entirely volcanic. Its outline is broken by bold cones and bluffs, and it descends to the low lands by the successive steps which mark the "trap" formation. The hills through which the Goulbourn flows, as already mentioned, are sandstone, and show many a precipitous face of rock along the lines of the valleys. Six main creeks or rivulets, known by the names of the Wybong, Hall's Creek, Smith's Rivulet, Bow Creek, Krui Creek, and the Munmurra, rise on the southern slope of the Liverpool range, and empty themselves into the Goulbourn; besides others, with which we are not now concerned, which flow into the upper part of the Hunter. And between these creeks lie, in succession, large undulating hills, with their spurs and smaller valleys. These, for the greater portion of their length, follow the volcanic formation of the parent range, from which they spring like ribs from some gigantic backbone. But as they approach the Goulbourn, in some cases for the last ten or fifteen miles, the sandstone cliffs succeed the volcanic hills. In one part of a range, called the Dartbrook range, the trap may be seen overlapping the sandstone. In some of the ranges conglomerate rocks appear.

In some places the road is deep with sand, in others it is a dry hard gravel; while the decomposed "trap" makes a rich black soil, which in wet weather is most tenacious. About twelve miles east of Merriwa there is a deep sand, which was the very plague of the draymen, and within a hundred yards of it is a treeless or bald hill, from which a large fragment has been torn by some convulsion. The two portions are about five yards apart; and as you walk down the small watercourse which divides them, you see the ends of pentagonal basaltic columns on each side, lying at about an angle of fifteen degrees. Within a mile and a half from this hill is the only pool fed by its own springs which I have met with in any part of the country which I have visited. Bubbles are constantly rising to the surface, and the water, though usually fouled by cattle, is strongly mineral. The pool is known by the name of the Gingerbeer Springs.

In several parts there is a great deal of fossil wood, not imbedded in stone, but in loose earth or clay. It occurs near the surface, and appears where the heavy rains have washed off the soil. I have found several trunks of fossilised trees nearly whole, besides considerable quantities of fragments. In the neighbourhood of Muswell Brook, in a clayey soil, they are largely impregnated with iron. About ten miles from Merriwa, near the division of the volcanic and the sandstone formations, I have seen several large pieces almost white, and very hard. Some in
part crystallised, and others, by their different colours, show very distinctly the rings of the wood.

When speaking of the district of the Goulburn River I mentioned some of the varieties of ornamental and flowering shrubs, which make the sandstone country, though poor in soil, so picturesque. The volcanic districts have not the same variety. The timber most prevalent on that soil is a small kind of eucalyptus, popularly called the box-tree, from the colour and grain of the wood; and the chief variety in the foliage is made by the currajong, which, in bark, and in the colour and shape of its leaves, is very like the pear-tree. The black soil is thinly timbered; but what it loses in shrub and tree, it much more than gains in the richness and abundance of its grasses, which make it admirably adapted to the support of large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and horses. On this soil there are three principal grasses, popularly called barley grass, kangaroo grass, and oaten grass; and the last, unlike most of the things in the colony which have a popular name, really bears an oat, as it professes to do, in a rich brown sheath. All these grasses grow in tufts, like small specimens of the Pampas grass, and from their centre the seed-stems spring. The former two grow about two feet six inches in height; but the oaten grass, in favourable seasons, throws up a seed-stem from six to eight feet long.

In the midst of these rich pasture grounds a few large flock-masters had taken up their stations. And their families, the few men employed about their head stations, and the shepherds and hut-keepers belonging to them, scattered thinly over the face of the country, claimed the especial attention of the clergyman of a pastoral district.

Among the owners of these bush establishments men of good family are often found, and some who have graduated with honours at Oxford or Cambridge. Many of their men, when I first knew the colony, and some of the inhabitants of the small townships, were old convicts, the terms of whose sentences had expired, or who were still holding tickets of leave. There were, particularly among the cattle-stations, some natives of the colony, born of British parents; and there was also a considerable element of the emigrant class, which year by year increased, while the convict class, not being replenished by fresh arrivals from England, steadily diminished.

The religious condition of the district assigned to me, with some most pleasing exceptions, was, generally speaking, very low. Could it have been expected to be otherwise, when the deteriorating influences at work, and the scarcity of good ones, are considered? In the first place, the colony was founded upon England's convicts, with a few men who came out to make money by their labour. The former brought with them habits of evil, often deeply ingrained, and a good many of the latter were men who would rather live below a high Christian standard, even if it were customary around them, than strive to raise the standard in the midst of surrounding difficulties. From time to time not a few wild sons, whom their friends could make nothing of at home, were sent out to try their fortune. Many of the emigrants of the labouring classes were badly selected, and some of the unthrifty and useless in various English parishes were encouraged to go out, not because they were adapted by their habits and characters to help the new country, but because they could not get on in the old one, and to be rid of them was a benefit to the employers of labour and to the ratepayers. Even some who had been steady while they were surrounded by the opinion and advice of friends and the regularity of Church services, their entire uprooting from all accustomed influences, and the unsettling idleness of a long voyage, proved too great a trial of their faith. Habits of prayer and reading Holy Scripture had been broken in upon; and the excitement of settling in a new country, new faces, and new circumstances, and the want of any one near them who cared how
they lived, often made sad havoc of what had been good in them.

In the townships there were frequent examples among all classes of impurity and drunkenness, not sufficiently branded by any public opinion, which acts as so useful a police on the outskirts of morality. And in the shepherds' huts, where three men usually lived together, the constant companionship, night and morning, of one corrupt "mate," if only one, exerted a very deteriorating influence upon the one or two who might have been of a better mind. There was some compensating power in the long solitude of the day, when each shepherd was following his flock under the brilliant blue sky, and the hut-keeper was left at home to do the easy duties of preparing the hut and the sheepyards. Each had then abundant time for reflection, and for any teaching of good in past days to rise up in the mind. But the ever-recurring unchaining of the tongue, when evening and morning brought the hut-mates together again, gave the bad a terrible power of suggesting thoughts of evil, which were only too ready to germinate.

Add to this the grievous deficiency of clergy, and the consequent impossibility of meeting evil, or strengthening weakness, by a sufficiency of holy influences; and it is not to be wondered at, though it is most distressing, that many Christian men never said a prayer, and had no thought for anything but self and sin, and that even among the more decent there were so few who had any idea of earnestness in following God.

The shepherds were especially destitute. Services held in the small townships were useless to them. The residents might attend, and even the stockmen, who looked after the cattle and horses, might easily find time to ride in from the bush to join. But the shepherd must lead his sheep out of the sheep-yard early on each of the seven mornings of the week, remain with them all the day, while they were feeding or lying down, lest the native dog should fall upon them, and lead them back to the yard again only a little before sundown. Even a service held in the evening would, in most cases, be quite unavailable to the shepherd; for the greater number of huts were many miles away from the nearest place where a small congregation could be assembled. And yet all these, wanderers though they may have been, were Christ's sheep, for whom He shed His Blood.

The problem of ministering to men scattered over so wide an area was a very difficult one. They were scattered, one here, and another three or four miles off, along the banks of the "creeks," and near hollows on the higher lands, where wells might be sunk; from the Liverpool range to the Goulbourn, and from Muswell Brook to Coolah. And yet, as soon as I saw the district, I saw that some visitation of these poor fellows must be attempted. If the manner of doing it were ever so imperfect, it would be better than leaving them quite uncared for.

It took me some months to feel my way along, and to learn the different features of so large a district, and where each little obscure hut was placed. But by information afforded by the proprietors as to their huts; by the kindness of an overseer now and then conducting me; by following the tracks of the ration carts, which each week took the supplies for the men; and sometimes by stumbling on a remote hut by chance, as I might be riding across the country without a track, I gradually became acquainted with far the greater number of the huts.

Soon after the whole district, which I have mentioned, was assigned to me, I was enabled to lay out a general plan of the work, with the object of spreading Church ministrations over as large a surface as possible. Every fourth week, including a Sunday, I was absent from Muswell Brook, leaving one of the candidates for the ministry to read the prayers and a sermon which I had
selected. When at any time no candidate was with me, the Bishop authorised John H. Cox, Esq.–a thoroughly conscientious and zealous Churchman, who was in very many ways "a comfort to me"—to keep the congregation together in the same manner. That Sunday I spent at Morriwa or Cassilis on alternate months, having a morning and afternoon service, teaching the children, and, between the evenings of Saturday and Monday mornings, visiting the houses in the township. Whichever had not the Sunday services had one service, or sometimes two, on a week-day; and the rest of the day was spent with the children, and in the houses. On each other night during the week's journey I stopped at some station, which had previous notice of my coming. In some cases as many as twenty people assembled, in others only five or six. Each morning, before leaving, I had prayers, and spent the time from nine till sunset in making my way to the next halt for the night. During the day I took sometimes one line of country, sometimes another, so as to visit in turn all the huts which I had been able to discover.

But this would not do the work that was needed; for the hut-keepers were the only persons to be found at home during the day. To get at the shepherds it was necessary to find them on their runs. A sharp look-out would often detect a flock in the distance, or perhaps a few of the sheep just appearing above a ridge; they might be a mile to the right or left of the direct route, but with them was a shepherd, and he must be sought. On reaching him, the rein was thrown over the horse's head, and he was left, nothing loth, to rest and feed among the rich grass. A little ordinary conversation followed, often about the old country, which both of us remembered with affection; and then, upon the offer to read to him and join in prayer, he sent his dog round to bring closer the scattering sheep, and to sit on the farther side to watch them, while we drew under the best shade we could find—generally little enough; and, without answering for others, I often felt how lovingly our Lord had provided for our wants, by promising His Presence "in the midst," "where two," as well as "three," should be "gathered together." Some part of Holy Scripture was read; such teaching given as appeared most suitable; and then we knelt side by side, and prayed in the words of the Confession, or part of the Litany, and some of the collects of the Book of Common Prayer.

On one such occasion I had fallen in with a weather-beaten shepherd, who had been a soldier. It was by the side of the old Cassilis track, three miles from Morriwa. When our short service was over, and I was shaking him by the hand, before riding on my way, the poor fellow, who had been very attentive throughout, said, with tears in his eyes, "Thank you, sir: you are the first clergyman I've seen for sixteen years." For so long had this poor fellow been without the help of any service. And his was no uncommon case. For some time after I began my bush work, I frequently found men, and sometimes women too, to whom the sight of a clergyman, or any approach to a service, were events of long-past years.

Not a few of the men whom I met were Roman Catholics; and some were Presbyterians: to all I offered reading and prayer; and in very few instances was the offer declined. Most persons accepted it gratefully, and looked out for the next visit. This was especially the case where there were children. The mothers would gladly sit and listen, while the little ones were being taught; glad that their children should receive instruction, and welcoming the old, simple teaching, which in some form or other they had themselves received in their early days. I generally found that, though the short teaching which such a visit allowed hardly elicited an answer, and the little things at first seemed shy and inattentive, what was said was remembered afterwards.
With young and old there was this advantage to balance their many disadvantages, that whatever was said or done was impressed on them by the rare circumstance of a clergyman's visit to their bush home. And there were not, as in our towns and villages, a number of persons and events rapidly succeeding each other, to efface impressions which the teaching had left upon their minds.

Before leaving, I nearly always drew from my saddle-bags some book or tract to be kept till the next visit. And as the visits were repeated from time to time, the number of Bibles and Prayer-books, which my bush people asked me to bring up for them to purchase, increased.

One thing which I always endeavoured to impress upon them, was to do their best to hallow the Lord's Day by especial prayer and reading, joining with each other in the services of the day, if they could find those with them willing to do so, with the especial view of maintaining their union with the body of Christ's Church, into which they had been ingrafted. I found it often useful, when I met a man in the bush, to connect our prayer with the Church's hours, the third, sixth, or ninth, as it might be, and with the Divine acts which had hallowed those hours. There was this great advantage in this practice, that it hallowed something definitely. One of the great difficulties of religion in the bush is, that there is nothing externally hallowed: no church, nothing outward to remind the people that God has a claim upon this world, and that He bestows His blessing where His claim is duly acknowledged. But wherever shepherds may be, they know by the height of the sun what is the hour; and to make them feel that certain hours are consecrated by particular acts of God's mercy to man, and to teach them how to put up a short prayer from time to time under the "shadow" of those "great rocks in a weary land," was one means of reminding them that even in the wild bush God's own sun continually witnessed to His Presence and gracious acts. If they had no recognised places, where the springs of living waters gushed forth, the Church's "hours," if they would use them faithfully, seemed to bring to them, as to Israel in the wilderness, the "Spiritual Rock" following them, from which they might drink.

No doubt a good deal of seed was sown "by the wayside," or "among thorns;" and apparently came to nothing. And the very extent of the surface over which the work had to be done, hardly allowed it to be deep. But in the famine of the Word of God it seemed better to labour to give a small portion to all, if possible, rather than to leave the scattered ones, who could not help themselves, to starve, while providing fully for those who could be gathered together.

Thank God! better times have dawned since then; the district has been divided, and two hard-working clergymen, the Rev. W. E. White and the Rev. W. S. Wilson, are zealously and lovingly labouring there; the former fixed at Muswell Brook, the latter at Cassilis. But there is still need of more labourers to do that work aright.

Work among sheep and cattle stations is for the most part a simple work of faith—casting "bread upon the waters"—for not only is it impossible to watch growth, as in a parish where you may see your people frequently, but shepherds and stockmen are very apt to migrate. They generally engage with a master for a year, and when their time is up many leave, and either go to another part of the country, or turn to some other employment. Yet some appeared to do their best with the opportunities they had.

There was a cattle-station twenty miles from Muswell Brook, on the Wybong Creek, where, at one time, I used, every alternate month, to stop for the first night on my journeys. The stockman was the chief man at the station, and with him was a hut-keeper, besides two or three occasional helpers. A few hundred yards off, on
the opposite side of the creek, was a sheep-hut belonging to another owner, with its three inmates.

When the work of the day was done, and the supper at about six o'clock over, the shepherds came across, and we had service, in which most of the men took their part and made the responses. Service ended, we used to sit round, and talk on various subjects till we went to bed.

On the first evening, during our conversation, I asked, "What do you do, my friends, to try to keep Sunday?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," was the reply. "What can we do? You know we have neither church nor clergyman nearer than the Brook." "I know your wants too well," said I, "and am sorry for them. Still, even as you are, you could do more than you think." I then pointed out that although they could not enjoy the peculiar blessings which Christ's minister could impart to them, they might at all events, as Christian men, enjoy the blessings of united prayer and praise in the words of the Prayer-book; and the stockman, being the chief man there, might read the lessons and the epistle and gospel to the rest. And I suggested that the men from the opposite hut might well come over and join with them.

"There are," I said, "two reasons which might prevent men from doing this. First, they may fancy that he who took the lead was assuming the office of Christ's ministers, like the teachers of the sects. But this is not the case. You could not come to the church on Sunday if you wished to do so, and, in taking the lead in the prayers, would be doing no more than any parents might do, if obliged to stay from church with some of their family that were sick, or than every good captain of a merchantman does every Sunday, when he is at sea, if he has no clergyman on board. Any Christians may thus pray and read together most profitably, and without doing anything but what is strictly right. The other difficulty which men may feel is, that it would be hypocrisy to join in prayer together, and then to go out and swear and drink together. It comes, then, to this, that either the drinking and swearing, or the praying and reading Holy Scripture, must be given up. Which would be your greatest loss? Don't wait until you have overcome your evil habits before you begin the prayers. If you desire to overcome them, your prayers and reading together, with that desire, will not be hypocrisy, and will help your endeavours."

After removing what I thought their chief obstacles, I did not attempt to bind them to any promise, nor did I urge them. We then went off to bed. The men had listened very attentively; but I cannot say that I felt very sanguine, as I rode away the next morning, that they would follow my counsel. But I wronged them.

Two months later, as we were sitting round after our evening service, I said, with some misgiving, "Well, John, what have you tried to do about the Sunday prayers?" "Why, sir," said John, "we thought what you said was nothing but reasonable, and the men were agreeable, and so we began the next Sunday evening, and Cox's men came over, and we've gone on with it ever since." And they continued as they had begun.

In about nine months after this, John, the stockman, was out of his time of service; and, to my great regret, went off to Moreton Bay, and I have never heard of him since. The next month after his departure I met the hut-keeper getting water at the creek, and asked him, "What have you done about the Sunday prayers since John left you?" "Oh, sir," he answered, "we all liked them, so when the new stockman came, we told him what John used to do, and he fell in with it; so it goes on as before."

This was indeed good news to me; but in a year after this all the men left, and a Roman Catholic and his wife came to the place, and these, though civil enough, would not be guided by me. However, after another year or two, a married Churchman succeeded, and the Church's
prayers were again used by the inmates of the hut, when they could not, like their more fortunate brethren, be present at a service.

Many a time, in hot weary days, I rejoiced to be among those poor destitute brethren in the bush, for it is a happy thing to be able to bring a cup to parched lips; and often, thank God! I was enabled to suggest some help for their souls, which seemed very obvious, but had not occurred to them, simply from want of a suggestion.

Within sight of the shepherd's hut just mentioned, is a fine gap in sandstone cliffs, through which the road goes towards Muswell Brook. Will the reader forgive me if I introduce here a few stanzas which I wrote one day on horseback after passing it, when the sweet yellow acacias which studded it, and were relieved by a background of cypress, were out in full beauty?

DUTY'S BLESSINGS.

Sept. 14, 1852.

There are flowers round beauty's pathway,
Where'er we toil along:
And the perfumed air
Is vocal
With the bell-bird's liquid song.

The visionless breezes whisper
To the tall trees as they go,
And fan the wanderer's weary cheek
With their balmy breath below.

And standing round, on either side,
The tall cliffs' giant forms
Bend their calm grey heads, which have braved
The wrath
Of a thousand lightning-storms.

They speak of bygone ages,
Of the days when Earth was young,
And upheaving Nature's tossing throes
On her Maker's accents hung.

And oh! the clear blue heaven,
With its fathomless abyss!
Its still calmness seems to tell us
Of the realms beyond of bliss.

From our Father's hand, on every side,
There are blessings strewn around:
Duty's path still leads our footsteps
Over hallowed Eden-ground.

Yet seek them not, these joyous things,—
They wither as we gaze,
And leave us still, with a yearning heart,
To tread deserted ways.

To cheer thee on thy pilgrim path,
From thy Father's love they're given:
To gladden, not to stay thy steps,
On thy forward road to Heaven.

Seek the kingdom of thy God: 'tis found
Through meek and lowly ways;
Where calm-check'd duty guides thee far
From the siren voice of praise.

Cheer the lonely, soothe the broken heart:
And, where the earth-turn'd eye
Is dazzled by sin's flickering glare,
Point to Heaven's pure joys on high.

See a brother in each human form:
And thy toil will gladness be:
Even the Cross itself is a blessed thing,
Since thy Saviour died for thee.

Seek duty thus: along its course
Thy Lord will joys provide;
And in thy sorrows thou shalt find
Thy Saviour by thy side.

Bless His mercy for all gifts of love:
Yet on this world's mouldering clod,
One only fills thy craving soul,—
Thy Saviour and thy God.

Church work in a remote bush township has much to contend with, where a clergyman's visits are few and far between.
From one week's end to another the inhabitants meet each other without anything occurring to remind them that they are united by any other tie than those of neighbourhood, or business, or subjection to the same laws. That they are Christian brethren is kept out of sight, not only by the petty squabbles and contending interests which are always rife in small communities left much to themselves, but by that powerful engine of evil, religious division. A tolerably strong infusion of Irish Roman Catholics is generally found among them; there are a few Irish or Scotch Presbyterians, and usually a small sprinkling of followers of some of the sects which flourish on English soil. These altogether make about one-half of the community, the other half being members of the Church of England.

Separated from each other by differing ideas of religion, they usually ignore the subject of religion in their intercourse with each other; and thus, at each short period of his visits, the clergyman has to lift up the hearts that have been turned to the world during week-days and Sundays since the last time of service.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if the seed sown on soil so unprepared for it brings forth little fruit. Still, the alternative of neglecting to do what one can do, because it is impossible to do more, is not to be thought of. People are better for having even infrequent ministrations than for being left almost absolutely without any; and Christ's truths, even when rarely heard, leave a blessing behind them, and prepare the way for happier times. In all ministerial working—but especially in places where the services are unavoidably rare—the only way to prevent throwing all up in disappointment, or going on in cold formality, is to labour carefully, because Christ has sent us to take disappointments as part of our allotted cross; and to leave the issue to Him Who, when hope seemed extinguished, rose from the dead in triumph.

"One soweth, and another reapeth," and so our faith is tried. The people are Christ's, the work is His; it will prosper, if we do not mar it by our unfaithfulness and mismanagement. And the anxious burden of a weight beyond our strength, and the sight of Christian souls, who need the Church's work if they do not desire it, stir up the fervent prayers of many a toiling bush clergyman, that "the Lord of the harvest would send forth more labourers into His harvest."

It was up-hill work for some time at Merriwa, with only thirteen visits in the year that could be paid to it, supplemented by occasional letter-writing. The great want was the presence of some earnest layman, who would in some way make his influence felt for good during the absence of the clergyman; and several years elapsed before one was raised up.

It has been mentioned before that the place where Divine Service was first held was a room in a public-house. One of my first endeavours was to procure another place. At each fresh visit I felt a greater repugnance to assemble the congregation at a house where, at almost all other times, there were scenes of gross drunkenness. The publican was very accommodating. He took what care he could to prevent drinking at the bar during the time of service, even on a week-day; and if I slept at his house, which on some occasions I did, I could rarely induce him to take any payment for either my bed or meals. But his civility could not reconcile me to use a place, surrounded by such associations, for the holy rites of Christ's faith; and I chafed to see that, when each man could get up a building for his own use, as a dwelling or an improvement to his establishment, we could not all join together to erect a building, however humble, for the worship of God.

There were certainly legitimate hindrances to under-
taking anything very costly at that time—the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, which has already been mentioned, and the small number of inhabitants in the township, not a few of whom were Roman Catholics. But there were means sufficient, had faith been clearer and love warmer, to erect a small, simple church, which would have rescued the services of Christ's holy Church from the loathsome associations of a public-house. Had the chief settlers consented to do their part, every poorer Churchman in the district was prepared to follow; and it was always found that when any district took up its burden their brethren in other districts helped them. We found this the case afterwards; but then there was an indisposition to move, which nothing apparently could overcome; and my infrequent visits could not stir the vis inertia. One alternative which was proposed to me was to erect a room to be used in turn by the ministers of all denominations, as each might require it—a proposal which was urged upon me some years afterwards, when I resided at Morpeth, and was endeavouring—and, thank God! successfully—to get a small stone church built at Seaham, on the Williams River.

It need hardly be said that I could not accept this solution of the difficulty; and we still assembled at the public-house, though several of the congregation felt the incongruity of our using such a place. The early Christians could worship among the dead in the Catacombs, for fear of persecution. At Philippi, * St. Paul could go out "by a river-side, where prayer was wont to be made." Even in the rhetorical "school of one Tyrannus," † St. Paul disputed daily with the Ephesians, to lead them to the faith of Christ. But when, though ministering among Christians, who were not badly off, we were driven by sheer necessity to the room of an inn, we were forced to feel humbled, and to remember that Jesus, Who sat at meat with sinners, could be with us, and rescue from sin those of His flock who were living in the midst of it. I may mention with thankfulness that I have lately heard from the clergyman of that district, that the publican's step-children, whom I have catechised in that house, and who are now grown up, are active and earnest Sunday-school teachers.

After a few years, I was, thank God! enabled to get up a wooden church, but I was to be exercised by many a disappointment first. Doubtless it was well, in the very low state of Christian faith and practice then prevailing, that we should have many a check, and that the cross, which was eventually reared on the little hill that overlooks the town, should in its measure be like Him for Whose sheep it was erected, "a root out of a dry ground," stunted in growth, for want of the moisture which the worldly means which God gave ought to have supplied.

Failing during our early days to get aid for a church, I tried to induce those who were able to join me in subscribing for a school. The Bishop would have provided a master; and at his request, the "Denominational Board of Education" had appropriated a salary to supplement the payments of the parents. In this school we should have held our services until the time came for building a church. After some delays, the manager of one of the sheep establishments agreed to assist in raising a subscription for the school-house; and on my next visit we were to meet, and set the plan at work. The next month, on my arrival, I found that, in concert with others, he had already made application to the secular board of education, which at the end of 1848 was formed by the Colonial Government. That board had promised a master, and the school was to be built forthwith. One of the regulations of the secular board, miscalled the National Board of Education, provided that the school should never be used for religious services. Thus my hope was again frustrated; and the

* Acts xvi. 12, 13. † Acts xix. 9.
sound moral and religious progress of the poor little township was indefinitely retarded by the exclusion of a school, in which the training and discipline should be founded upon God's truth.

There is no need of dwelling at length upon the various obstacles in the way of building the church. The endeavour was often repeated, and as often resulted in nothing. However, we left the public-house.

Small as the houses in the township were, being little better than huts, some of them roofed with bark, and with earth floors, we met sometimes in the little room of the widow who kept the post-office; sometimes in the huts of two or three others, as it was convenient for them to receive us; for a while, in a wool-shed belonging to a sheep establishment a mile above the township; and for a few times at a new, untenanted hut, from which we were fairly driven by fleas and bugs, which in that warm climate always swarm in such places. This wandering was, however, productive of good: the discomfort it caused enforced my arguments for building a church.

Towards the end of 1849 I had, with one of the township people, selected a piece of land; and the Government, upon application being made in the usual form, granted the allotment to the Church.

It was on a rising ground composed of sandstone, about thirty feet above the black trap soil, on which the greater portion of the little town was built. As you stood on it looking towards the town, the ground rose gently behind you moderately covered with trees. To the west, on your left hand, it sloped down towards Smith's Rivulet, which ran over its rocky bed between deep black banks; and beyond this rose, step after step, the high line of hills over which lay several tracks to Cassilis, and thence into the interior. Towards the north, the eye looked over the little town to another low hill, half sandstone, half trap, which bounded it on that side. And over this, and up the valley that stretched away on the left of it, the fine bold outline of the Liverpool range, twenty miles distant as the crow flies, bounded the view. But that fine range of hills was not dim and hazy, as it would be at such a distance in our English climate, but clear and distinct, marking well the lights and shadows on its rugged sides. If you could climb to the top of that range and look down on the other side, you would see the vast treeless level of the Liverpool Plains extended before you as far as the eye could reach, rich with luxuriant grass, a perfect ocean of pasturage. And you would be standing on the line that divides what is, at the time when I am writing, the newly-formed diocese of Grafton and Armidale, from the parent see of Newcastle.

From different parts of this range issued four small creeks, which, uniting three miles above the township, flowed past it to the Goulburn in one channel, which bore the names of Smith's Rivulet and Gumum, corrupted into Gannum, Creek.

Having secured a beautiful site for the church, I was desirous of putting up the most temporary building, which would cost only the labour. I proposed merely a sapling frame, with a bark covering, and subscribing month by month until we had enough to build a stone church. This, I am convinced, might have been accomplished, if the people had agreed to the plan; but it is necessary to work with the means at one's disposal, and several of our small number had not patience to wait for this: if anything was to be done, they must see it at once, so it was agreed about May, 1850, to put up as good a slab building as possible for £60. Even that was thought by a few an unattainable sum. To save expense, I drew out the plan, as much like Early English as I could in wood; the timber being of stout iron-bark. One gentleman gave the hauling, small subscriptions were collected in the township, and on October 17th, 1850, in the presence of Mr. Thomas Perry
member of the Church of England in the town and its
neighbourhood came to take part in the service. About
five years ago an effort was made to commence a church.
It was found impossible to erect one of stone or brick at
that time, but the best was done in the way of a slab
building which the material admitted. It has simply
a nave and vestry attached; the roof is high-pitched, with
a small bell turret at the west end. There are three lancet
windows in the east end, and two in the west, with two
single lancet lights in each side, and one in the vestry.
The woodwork inside is relieved by a stone floor; and the
interior and exterior of the building, with the fittings-up,
though simple, have a church-like appearance, which mllY
lead some minds to think that what we do, eyen ina humble
way, to the honour of God, ought to be taken pains with."

In a letter I have lately received from the present
clergyman, he says that it will be necessary to enlarge the
church, as there is no longer room for the congregation
which assembles in it.

I can never think of that church without calling to
mind him who gave me the first subscription towards it­
a poor man, and a shepherd. It is uow some years since
I heard
what the building was brought up on the top of a loaded dray; and, at some
peculiarly bad part of the road, the bullock-driver turned
asile into the bush, when the limb of a tree, under which
he was passing, caught two of the legs, and they were
torn off with about as much ease as you would snap a twig.

When our seats came up, we were still for some time
longer without flooring, and sometimes, as I stood at the
altar, I sank into the sound up to my ankles.

By this time a gentleman had been appointed to super­
intend one of the sheep establishments, who was heartily
desirous to aid in Church work. Wishing to have some­
thing permanent among so much wood, we had the floor
paved with stone, with steps up to the altar; and my good
friend Mr. Marlay presented a harmonium to the church,
which he played himself.

At length, when in 1855 all was as far prepared as our
small means would allow, the Bishop crowned the work by
consecration. A notice appeared in one of the colonial
newspapers at the time, from which the following is an
extract:­

"On Monday, March 19th, the Lord Bishop of Newcastle
visited this township, for the double purpose of consecrating
the church and holding a confirmation, and nearly every
were cabbages, quickly grown and excellent when the season was wet, but in dry hot weather hanging exhausted and flaccid, and in colour and toughness like "blue cotton umbrellas," as a friend used to call them. Not far off were a couple of cows; for where the master encourages the men, calves are cheaply bought, and easily reared. In a small log pigsty, under the shade of a leafy kind of eucalyptus, called the apple-tree, were two or three pigs, or sometimes a litter. A few fowls were foraging about, picking up grass-seeds, and running after grasshoppers and insects of various kinds that swarmed everywhere.

Baird appeared to be thirty-five or forty years old, and had a wife and several young children—three boys and, I think, two girls. I had heard at Merriwa that there were sheep-stations up Coulson's Creek; and, while hunting them up, fell in with Baird and his family in their retired nook, about eighteen months before there was any prospect of building a church.

They had never before been visited by a clergyman, as, indeed, was the case with all the stations on that creek; and they seemed genuinely grateful for anything approaching to Christian worship and Christian teaching. From this time I made a point of going round by that line of country as often as possible; taking it on my way between the upper part of the Wybong Creek and Merriwa. Sometimes I visited it for several months in succession. Sometimes, when I took another line of stations, there was an interval between my visits of two or three months.

One thing that distressed me was that, when the good woman knew I was coming, there was always a fowl or something dressed especially for me. All my entreaties that she would spare herself this trouble were unheeded. Guisewives in all ranks, all the world over, will have their way; so, although I should have much preferred riding on to the next station as soon as my work was finished, taking perhaps a bit of damper and some tea or milk, I could not decline to take what she had so thoughtfully provided for my refreshment.

We always had a short service: some of the prayers and collects of the Prayer-book, a psalm or two (generally those for the day); and some short part of Holy Scripture was read and explained. Before leaving them I always gave the little ones some especial teaching. Little, gentle, shy things they were—those children of the bush—very respectful in manner; but for many a month not a word could I get out of them. Sometimes I told them Bible stories, with the youngest standing between my knees; sometimes I asked them questions, and answered them myself; and when I had patted them on the head and blessed them, they would run out, and leave me to say my last words to their parents. And as I mounted my horse, I could see them clinging together, and peeping round the end of the hut at me with timid, roguish smiles, coming out from their shelter and having a good stare at me as I rode away.

Their mother told me that, when she questioned them afterwards, they remembered much of what I had said to them; but she could not get them to give their attention to the simple books in monosyllables which I left for their use. The first book which seemed really to get into their minds was "First Steps to the Catechism." That gave them the end of the clue, and they gradually got out of what had appeared to them an insuperable difficulty. On my next visit after leaving the book, their mother said that they were beginning to try to read their letters, as well as to learn the answers to the questions in the little book.

A year or two after this, when they had really begun to make some progress with the teaching which their father gave them in the evening, Baird told me that he was anxious to remove to some place where he could send them to school. He could not put his plan into effect immediately; and in the meantime heard of our intention
of building a church at Merriwa. He did not wait to be asked, and did not hesitate from the knowledge that he should need his money when he moved. He came forward before any subscription list was opened, and begged me to take charge of £10s. for the church, to which, some time after, he added another £10.

Does not this poor man's ready and unsolicited offering to the service of God, which he would seldom be able to attend, shame many Christians, who, having the talent of abundance, spend it readily upon some self-indulgence, some showy dinner-party or ball, some jewelry or dress; and become suddenly fearful of expense when an appeal is made to their charity? They who have squandered money by tens, or it may be by hundreds, give some poor pound or half-a-crown at a collection, and often evade giving at all in the aid of the work of Christ at home or abroad.

That poor man's offering always made me look on the little church at Merriwa with hope. I cannot but trust that God's eye will be over that house of His, towards which He moved His humble servant's love to contribute so readily out of the little that he had.

Baird sold off his cattle, took his wife and family to Maitland, and while he put his children to school his wife endeavoured to make their small savings last longer by keeping a little shop, while he earned money in any way he could.

The shop was not successful, for bush-life had not made his wife a good shopkeeper. And after two years he came back to his old employer as a shepherd; and now his two eldest boys were able to take turns with a second flock of sheep. I had lost sight of him most of the time when he was in Maitland, and for some months was not aware that he had returned to my district. He had been sent to a station some few miles off, which I had never heard of.

At length, to my surprise and pleasure, I saw him one Sunday in the church at Merriwa. He had left his own flock for a few hours in charge of one of his sons, while the second son was tending the other flock. After service we were mutually glad to meet; and he told me he had been wondering, poor man, at my not having found him out. He described where his station was, on a creek called Middle Creek; and the next month I rode up from Merriwa to look after him and his family.

After some six or seven miles' riding, keeping a good look-out, I caught sight in the distance of some sheep; and looking carefully, soon made out the figure of a man sitting down at the foot of a tree by the bank of the creek. As it was about midday, I thought he might be taking his dinner, but soon saw a boy by his side; and when I reached him, I found that he was hearing one of his sons read in the New Testament. I heard the boy read, and questioned him, and found him much improved by his schooling.

Baird then told me that, besides keeping school at home every evening, with much better success than in former days, he made it his practice to take one of his boys with him each day in turn, to read, while one of the others tended the second flock.

He continued to come down to the service at the church while I ministered in the district. A few years after, when I was at Morpeth, I heard that his work on earth was ended.

"Go, to the world return, nor fear to cast Thy bread upon the waters, sure at last In joy to find it after many days. The work be thine, the fruit thy children's part; Choose to believe, not see; sight tempts the heart From sober walking in true Gospel ways."

Ennis's Christian Year. Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
CHAPTER VI.

A BUSH TOWNSHIP AND ITS SCHOOL.

The westernmost township in my district, as has been already mentioned, was Cassilis. It was seventy miles from my residence at Muswell Brook, and twenty-five miles beyond Morriwa. Its Scotch name betokened the love of its founder for the "land of the mountain and the flood." Two miles above it was a place called Llangollen, so that Scotch and Welsh memories came close together.

I must say that, in a new country, I prefer using the native names, which, as in North America, are often very euphonious, and serve to keep in memory the old and, alas! rapidly fading races which have preceded the white man. Still, it is a pardonable attachment to old associations, which makes a colonist give to his new home a name that reminds him of his native village or county. A Government surveyor is hardly so pardonable when he fixes on some old-world name, taken without reference to any connection. To a stranger the jumble of old associations is sometimes a little perplexing; and makes him think he has got hold of a dissected map, the pieces of which have been shaken up and spread out at haphazard.

I had a good illustration of this when, in 1857, being ordered off by my doctor for coolness and rest, I paid a very pleasant visit of a month to Tasmania. On a stage-coach journey across the island from Hobart Town I crossed the River Jordan running into the Derwent, and passed in succession Bridgewater, Brighton, Bagdad, and Jerusalem Plains. Jericho, York Plains, Tunbridge, Ross, and Campbell Town followed in the county of Somerset; and in a few miles I got off the coach at Perth, being only a short distance from Longford, Launceston, Hadspen, and Westbury.

However, such has been the fashion of colonists all the world over. Portuguese and Dutch have given way to it in some degree; but British settlers, whether in North America or in Australasia, have sowed the seeds of old names broadcast; and a name once given is soon fixed by use, and is rarely changed.

The creek on which Cassilis lies keeps its native name, the Munmurra: it is the last creek deserving a name which flows from the Liverpool range to the Goulburn, and so on to the Pacific. About eight miles farther towards the west, the range, which has been growing less bold in outline, turns sharply round, and, becoming a ridge of moderate elevation, stretches towards the south: continuing to be here, as it is in its more mountainous form, the division between the eastern and western waters.

The valley of the Munmurra is much narrower than that on which Merriwa lies; and, not having a bold broken outline to head it, is less picturesque. But Cassilis is not without its pleasing views, and the richness of the pasture makes it and its neighbourhood of great value to the flock and herd-master.

It was early in October, 1848, when I first visited it. As I reached the brow of the hill which looks down upon it the sun was nearly touching the ridge on the opposite side. Without a cloud, without any softening haze, it sank glowing to the last of that more than warm spring day: and the more distant hills were already becoming purpled, as though the olive-coloured gum-trees which clothed them had been changed to purple-flowered heather. The road turned to the right, and began a long slope of nearly a mile down the side of the hill; at the end of which, on the other side of the creek, the little
This part of the valley was almost free from trees; and, being surrounded by wooded hills, had much the appearance of a piece of park land. On the near side of the creek the first building which met the eye was the residence of the mounted police, commonly called the "Police Barracks;" and a few hundred yards further, also on the bank of the creek, stood a strong slab-built cottage, called the Court House, containing a room about eighteen feet by ten feet, which was the justice-room, lighted by a small window. At the end of the room, on the left as you entered, a small platform, raised about a foot above the floor, with a table and three common chairs, was the bench: and facing the presiding magistrate a door opened into a small windowless room, strongly slabbed all round, ceiling and all, the lock-up of the township; so that it was but a step from judgment to punishment. Cassilis was fortunate in having well-educated men in the commission of the peace, two of them representatives of the honour schools of Oxford and Cambridge. Hence the decisions of that bench were generally well considered, and were relied upon as just and impartial, and free from the pettinesses and vulgarity which in some parts deprived the courts of their due respect.

After riding through two large enclosures called paddocks, about three-quarters of a mile square, fenced with the ordinary post and rail fence, I reached the house of Mr. Busby, a large flock-master, whose breed of horses was known far and near. A hospitable welcome awaited me there; and I was agreeably surprised to find a well-chosen library of standard authors so far up in the bush, and the taste that could appreciate them. The tide of lady-society had not flowed up so far from the coast; but the habits and conversation were such as would have been enjoyed in a well-educated household in England.

That evening my good host had asked to meet me his nearest neighbour, a brother of the late Bishop Denison, of Salisbury, who had ridden down from Llangollen: and in him I recognised a man with whom, ten years before, I had passed through the class schools at Oxford. Such links to the old country are not infrequently found at the other side of the world; and they make a man feel almost at home again in the midst of the land of cattle and sheep stations. Old scenes, old friends, old events, are talked over, until imagination does the work of reality, and the emigrant can hardly believe that 16,000 miles of ocean roll between him and the things that stand up so clearly before his mind's eye.

I was sanguine enough to hope that the better-educated men who had come out from England would settle permanently in the country from whose abundant resources they were accumulating wealth; and would therefore take an interest in improving the social condition and moral tone of those around them. There are some few who do so; and it is worthy the ambition of a Christian patriot so to labour to mould the character of a young colony, which is growing up into a nation. But, to my disappointment, I found after a while that the majority of those who made money withdrew, one after another, to spend it in England: and thus, even while residing in the colony, they felt too much in the condition of sojourners to exert themselves with full heartiness to improve the state of things among which their lot was cast.

The personal security in which one lived was remarkable; when it is considered how recently the colony had been freed from the annual importation of England's convicts, and that many of the shepherds and labourers were still but ticket-of-leave men. The little bedroom in which I slept then, and on most of my subsequent visits, had no fastening of any kind: and within twelve inches of it one of the outer doors of the house was either unbolted, or, far
more frequently, stood wide open; so that any one might have walked in at his pleasure at any time during the night, and taken purse or clothes, or, if so disposed, life. It was even more surprising to see with what perfect freedom from apprehension my good host would often on a summer’s night leave the silver candlesticks on the table of his sitting-room, when we went to bed; and set the windows, which opened to the ground, wide open, that the night air might draw in and cool the room before morning.

The same immunity from robbery and violence prevailed throughout the greater part of the colony in respect of “bushranging,” as it is called, or, in English language, highway robbery. In the thirteen years that I lived in New South Wales I rode more than 36,000 miles, by night and by day, in all kinds of places, and never had grounds for the slightest apprehension. There seemed a sort of lull in crimes of violence. Since that time bushrangers have occasionally infested parts of the country; and a few years before I came their depredations were frequent. Desperadoes lived in remote places, and would make descents upon travellers, or rifle houses. In the very house where I have slept so securely I have been told that it was a common and necessary precaution for each person at the dinner-table to have a brace of loaded pistols by his side: for the bushrangers often made their attack when the masters of the house were within, being pretty sure that the assigned servants would not come to the rescue when their master’s eye was not upon them; and the masters, if unarmed, might be kept quiet by one or two men with pistols, while the rest took anything which could be found in the house.

The lock-up attached to the Court House, which has just been spoken of, was, during those troublous days, connected with a singular scene of violence. Two assigned servants were about to be made use of as witnesses against some evil doers: and to keep them safely they were lodged in the lock-up, under care of a constable. Some of the gang, who were at large, declared that they should never give evidence against them. Very early one morning, before daylight, the constable ran up to Mr. Busby’s house, and told him that the lock-up had just been broken open, and the men carried off. Mr. Busby waited until there was light enough to see tracks; and then started with a mounted party in search of the bushrangers. They had taken the way towards the interior, in the direction of Tongey; and the pursuers followed, with their eyes on the ground, watching the newly made track. Presently it was found that the bushrangers, thinking to leave less track, had left the dusty road, and taken to the grass. But what they thought would have baffled their pursuers really gave them the greatest help.

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The sun was hardly up, and therefore the dew, generally very heavy, was thick upon the grass. The fugitives, as they went, had therefore made through the dew a track far more clearly visible than they would have left on the road; and Mr. Busby and his party were enabled to follow them at full gallop.

After about eight or nine miles, on reaching the top of the dividing range, they found the body of one of the witnesses, whom the miscreants had shot to prevent his giving evidence. The other had by some means escaped from their hands; and though shots were fired after him, he got safely off. Leaving a constable to watch the body, Mr. Busby galloped on with the rest of his party; and followed the dew-track up to the hut of some shepherds, where the murderers had gone in to get their breakfast. Their capture was at once effected, and they were taken down the country. The surviving witness, who had so narrowly escaped with his life, filled up the very clear evidence against them: and, like too many of the desperate characters of those days, they ended their lives upon the scaffold.
My first visit to Cassilis was so timed that I preceded the Bishop by a few days. He was on his first visitation to this part of his diocese; and he thence proceeded to the northern districts of Liverpool Plains and New England.

He had arranged that I should ride up first; and, besides visiting the people, and having services, that I should search out those at Merriwa and Cassilis, who were so far fit for confirmation that a short preparation would be sufficient for them. These, as might be supposed, were not many in number; but there were a few, both adults and young people, who, even upon so short a notice, desired to avail themselves of this opportunity. And I was glad to begin with them, on my first visit, those intimate relations, into which a preparation for confirmation brings the pastor and his flock. The day or two, which was all I had to devote to the work, was not spent in teaching and examining classes. The shortness of the notice and the smallness of the population made me take each candidate separately; and thus the teaching was more personal and searching than would have been possible if several had been taken together.

My work of preparation being finished, as well as time allowed, I rode back to meet the Bishop, and to accompany him to Merriwa and Cassilis. Starting after my day's work at the latter place, I went by appointment to the house of Mr. Hamilton, at Collaroy, eleven miles off: and had service in the evening with him and his family, and the people living around his store and woolshed, about a quarter of a mile off. Collaroy is finely situated, looking northward from the brow of an abrupt hill, that rises in the valley of the Krui Creek. Below it is a rich flat, threaded by a winding line of casuarinas; which, except at one reach half-a-mile up, conceal the waters of the creek. Hills rise on all sides, not over-thickly timbered; and, twenty miles off, the landscape is backed up by one of the finest views of the Liverpool range. As you stand in the verandah the eye takes in at one glance the East Bluff, the Moon Rock, and, if my memory serves me rightly, Oxley's Peak. The ride up to the house from the Cassilis side is remarkably beautiful. A hill not far up the valley breaks the line of the range; and as you pass on, the features of the bold background successively emerge, or are concealed behind it.

The next morning, after a ride of twenty-eight miles, I met the Bishop, followed by his groom, not far from the Gingerbeer Springs, and turned back towards Merriwa. Such meetings and rides were generally times of much refreshing conversation: and past and future work were well talked over. On that ride the Bishop kindly rescued me from a little difficulty.

My first horse having become very much jaded by some months of hard work, I was looking out for a second; and had taken one that morning on trial from a station near Merriwa. It was a fine young animal, with plenty of spirit, not long broken in from his bush freedom. After riding some few miles with the Bishop, and having reached the top of a high ridge called the Wapingi, we were overtaken by a shower—one of those short, decided showers, which come down in a hot climate, when every drop makes itself felt. The Bishop put on his macintosh, and I proceeded unguardedly to do the same, as if I were on my own quiet Dobbin. My steed did not fancy the unstrapping and unfolding; but when, holding him hard with my left hand, I had got the right hand into the sleeve, off he dashed; and as I was then unable to get the macintosh on or off, its flapping against his shoulder in the strong wind that had sprung up made him still worse. Of course, he did not keep to the dray track; and, my right hand being entangled, I had the greatest difficulty in keeping him clear from trees with low branches, which would have struck me off.
In this emergency the Bishop called out to me, "Stop till I come to you!" Stop—why, that was the very thing I wanted to do, but could not effect. However, I did my best to moderate the speed of my frightened horse, guided him clear of trees, and dodged the branches as well as I could. The Bishop pushed on his horse to my side, and caught my flapping macintosh. I loosed my right hand from the bridle for a moment, and with one good jerk the Bishop relieved me and my horse of the offending garment. Of course a wild, frightened dash followed the movement; but two hands soon guided the terrified animal clear of dangers, and before long brought him under control; and we finished our ride without any further adventure. We rode to Mr. Perry's, at Terrangong, four miles up the creek from Merriwa: and after a ride of forty-seven miles, thirty-two of them on a very uneasy horse, I was not sorry to rest.

The next day, October 5th, 1848, the Bishop held his first confirmation in that district at a private house, one mile above Merriwa; and one of the candidates was my good friend the tenant of Mount Dangar Farm, who had ridden up twenty-one miles to be confirmed. The next day the Bishop called with me on most of the people of Merriwa; and we then rode on to Collaroy.

On the 8th the Bishop confirmed in the Court House at Cassilis; and the next day, after a good deal of talk with him and the gentry there, about future operations for the good of the district, I left the Bishop to proceed on his northern visitation, and myself returned to Muswell Brook.

The visitation of an Australian Bishop is not like that which bears the name in England. It is a hand-to-hand and heart-to-heart visit to each clergyman, and to his people with him. The Bishop of Newcastle's first visits were necessarily for the sake of gaining a personal knowledge of the districts, and of the chief laymen in them.

In many places there was no clergyman; and, besides holding services wherever he went, the Bishop had to discover where clergymen and schoolmasters were most wanted; and to form some kind of idea what must be the area of which each must at first take charge.

In a year or two, when matters had become more settled, in writing to each clergyman to arrange his visit, he would ask how he could best help him in his work; by services in different parts of his district, with or without meetings; by visiting any of his people, especially any with whom a misunderstanding might have arisen, or who, from any cause, were difficult to be dealt with; by examining schools; by helping forward some disheartened, or stimulating some sluggish building committee. In fact, wherever a clergyman needed a helping hand in his work, he found a ready sympathiser in his Bishop, and one who would throw himself heartily into his plans, or improve them if necessary.

On his first visit to Cassilis it was considered that a school was the desideratum. The Bishop promised to provide a master and books; and to procure a salary from the "Denominational Board" of Education. And the gentry agreed, on behalf of themselves and the district, that a school should be erected by subscription, which might also be used when needed for Divine service, until the time arrived for building a church; which appeared to be in very distant perspective. The beginning seemed hopeful: but in colonial Church work pre-eminently those whose hearts are in it must learn to labour on under disappointment and delay—only too happy if, by God's blessing, their plans are permitted to take effect after a season.

Within the next month one of the principal settlers wrote to the Bishop, saying that he was informed that if such a school were established as had been contemplated, the Roman Catholic children would not be sent to it: and
that so many difficulties had arisen, that he should throw
his weight into a plan for a secular school, according to
the scheme of Government, which was newly set on foot.
He would not break his promise made to the Bishop, if he
still held him to it; but to rear a Church school under
such circumstances would be against his judgment. One
such defection in so small a community made the other
settlers hopeless of building a Church school: and the
Bishop, with much regret, released the now unwilling
promise; and it seemed as if the hope of daily Church
education had vanished.

Meanwhile, we were enabled to establish a Sunday-
school, with the aid of a well-disposed woman, the wife of
the chief constable; and on each visit I found a little
flock of children assembled to be catechised. Our
progress was very small, for want of the day-school to
carry on the Sunday's work; but it was better than
nothing.

The establishment of a secular school in such a place is
an almost irremediable evil; until, as is earnestly to be
desired rather than hoped, the whole system crumbles,
and is discarded. In a large population, if there are some
who unhappily think that their children are better taught
without the influence of Christ's Church, and the full
truth, which her Lord has committed to her charge, there
is still room for schools in which the children of the
Church enjoy their full inheritance of clear Christian
training. But in a small population, where a single school
could embrace all the adult residents, as well as the
children, there is no place for a second.

The Church, no doubt, must always struggle through diffi-
culties for the good of God's children. Should the pecuniary
resources and worldly power wielded by the State flood
her, where she is weak, with the creedless system of teach-
ing, miscalled education, she must not simply throw up
her hands and sink. She must arouse herself, and in the
strength of her great commission, "Feed My lambs," she
must by more diligent catechising, not only through her
clergy, but through her devout laity also, supply the deficien-
cies of the schools. But we are not theorising; we are
only speaking from many happy examples, when we say
that the most beneficial education, which makes itself felt
through the whole population brought into contact with it,
is that of a school under a master who is thoroughly in-
bued with the doctrines of the Church, and works intelli-
gently under her. In such cases the intellect is provided
for, and all its powers drawn out; but all is subordinated,
as it ought to be, to Him Who created, redeemed, and
sanctifies us, and has given us life in His Church.

Poor Cassilis! It seemed as if, as soon as the living
form of Christian education was offered, it was withdrawn,
and the dry bones of a worldly system substituted in its
place.

The two gentlemen who lived nearest to Cassilis,
though they would much have preferred the original pro-
posal, despaired of a Church school, and allowed them-
selves to be made "local patrons" of the new "Board of
Education." But the wheels of the new institution in
Sydney moved slowly. Month after month nothing was
done. The year 1849 slipped away, and 1850 was ad-
ancing; and all concerned had had abundance of time to
think over the whole question. I had found out, and told
the "patrons," what they had learnt from other sources,
that they had been mistaken in supposing that the Roman
Catholics would not allow their children to attend a Church
school. They would have been quite willing that they
should have attended, provided they had been permitted,
which we always conceded, to sit apart at certain portions
of the religious teaching. And the Roman Catholics
especially were not at all in love with the secular system,
in spite of its being sometimes called the Irish "National
System."
The people, therefore, had long felt that it would have been better had they accepted the proposal first made to them, and the "local patrons" were good Churchmen enough to appreciate the benefit of having their clergyman really working for their school, and with them. However, the step had been taken; and it seemed as though they must lie on the bed they had made for themselves.

About the middle of the year 1850 a master was sent up by the so-called "National Board." No school was yet built; but he was to have a room in one of the houses of the township where there was space for all the scholars who would come. On the first or second day one of the "local patrons" went to visit him; and, on his knocking at the door, it was opened to him by the master himself in an unmistakable state of intoxication. He at once turned away in disgust, went home, and wrote to his colleague to come to him. The "patrons" consulted; and after writing one letter to the board at Sydney, in their official capacity, announcing that they had dismissed the new master as unfit to be entrusted with the education of the children of the township, they sent a second, in which they resigned their office, and stated that they should throw all their weight into the scale of the "Denominational Board," which, only through misrepresentation of the facts of the case, they had been induced to desert.

Within a few days after this had been done, I arrived for my monthly visit, and they communicated to me the change in the aspect of affairs. We agreed not to say anything in the township, that we might not raise expectations before we could see our way to do something effectual: this was on the 25th of July. After the services I rode to Pembroke, a station about twelve miles distant. There are two roads, starting from different points at Cassilis, diverging gradually to a distance of seven or eight miles, and meeting again at Merriwa. On one of these roads lies Collaroy; on the other, to the north, up the Kui, the small germ of a township called Cockrumb, consisting of four or five huts. Two miles off the road from this is Pembroke. Here, after evening service, and before I turned into bed at two o'clock in the morning, I wrote a letter to the Bishop, informing him of the change which had taken place at Cassilis, asking if he could provide a master, and saying that I should ride down to Morpeth soon, to consult him about the whole business. When I did so on the 1st of August, he kindly promised to look out for a master at once, and send him up as soon as possible, and to see that a salary was forthcoming for him.

On the 22nd of August I was again at Cassilis, and after returning to Mr. Busby's from the afternoon service, found a letter from the Bishop, saying that the bearer was a very good and earnest man, lately arrived from England, and that he had sent him up to supply our want of a master. In fact, Mr. H—— was then in the township, and had sent up the Bishop's letter with one from himself. Our good fortune, long pent up, had come upon us with a burst, before we were ready for it, and we felt a little perplexed. There are seldom any spare houses in small bush townships, and we did not at that moment know where to house the new master, still less where he might assemble the scholars. The people were still in profound ignorance that any Church schoolmaster was to be sent to them.

That evening I rode up to Llangollen, and it was arranged that Mr. Denison, Mr. Busby, and I, should go early the next day to the township, to find some place for the new master's residence. This was on the 25th of July. After the services I rode to Pembroke, a station about twelve miles distant. There are two roads, starting from different points at Cassilis, diverging gradually to a distance of seven or eight miles, and meeting again at Merriwa. On

* A year or two after the time of which I am writing, a carrier who owned one of these huts, finding Merriwa a more convenient place for his work, bought an allotment there; knocked his hut to pieces, carried it and its contents in several dray-loads to his newly purchased bit of land, and put it up there.
our new acquisition. Mr. Denison most kindly showed him Australian hospitality in his own house until his whereabouts was settled. The next morning we tried the most likely houses for a spare room, but without success. At last Mr. Busby came to the rescue. He bethought him of a house he had two miles off, on a retired creek; and though it was too far off for the schoolmaster, he promised it to the clerk of petty sessions, who rented a house in the township, if he would give up to him that which he occupied. There was no difficulty on his part, and the landlord agreed to the transfer of the tenancy, Mr. Busby paying the rent. So our first difficulty was overcome.

The next point was to announce the arrival of the master to the people; ascertain what children would be sent, and what fees would be paid for each; for it was customary to have different rates of payment, according to the ability of the parents to pay. Not a single parent refused. Whether they were Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, or Church people, all rejoiced in the prospect of a school; and after two or three hours all the preliminaries were settled. I had a good long talk with the master, who proved to be the very man for the place. There have since been several masters, but, with varying success, the school has continued until this day, and is now in better condition than ever, having a clergyman resident in a newly built parsonage-house just below the township.

After the school had been a few years in the cottage, I drew a plan for a school with a master's house attached, and saw it nearly up, but was obliged, from a break-down of health, to leave the district of Muswell Brook and Cassilis before its completion.

It was Friday evening when my work of preparing for Mr. H----'s establishment in the school was done. I started a little after sunset, intending to ride twenty-five miles to Merriwa, that I might reach home for my Sunday duties. On reaching the inn at Merriwa, I found that the only bed was occupied. It was a glorious night, with the full moon shining as no English moon ever did shine; so I took a cup of tea and pressed on. By the time I reached the next inn, sixteen miles further on, it was nearly two o'clock, and I knew my horse would receive little care from the sleepy ostler if I succeeded in getting him out of his bed, so I jogged on, dismounting occasionally, and lying down for a few minutes to rest myself and my horse; and about an hour after sunrise I pulled up at my own gate, after a ride of seventy miles.

I have to confess that both my horse and I were sufficiently tired; but I had the thankful feeling which he, poor old fellow, had not, that the cloud was removed from Cassilis, and the Church school established there.

"How couldst thou hang upon the cross,
To whom a weary hour is less?
Or how the thorns and scourging brook,
Who shrinkest from a scornful look?

"Yet e'er thy craven spirit faints,
Hear thine own King, the King of saints;
Though thou wert toiling in the grave,
'Tis He can cheer thee, He can save."

KEENE'S Christian Year. Tuesday in Whitsun Week.
CHAPTER VII.

BUSH LABOUR AND BUSH FOLK.

Since returning to England, it has occasionally been my duty to search for, and aid my brother commissary in selecting, clergy for the diocese of Newcastle. In the search I have fallen in with two very different classes of minds: each of which forms a very erroneous idea of the work of a colonial clergyman.

The first of these two classes is a high Christian type of mind: one which yearns to give up something for its Saviour: which longs to sacrifice home and ease, and to toil for Him Who shed His blood for us. For such hearts unknown difficulties have a special attraction. They look with satisfaction at the ninety and nine sheep safe in the fold; but they yearn for the wanderer. They would gladly embrace weariness, painfulness, lone hours and sleepless nights, and think them gain, that so Christ might grant them to bring in the lost one, or to rear in the desolate places of the earth slips and shoots of His Holy Church.

Not a few of these overlook colonial work, as though it did not afford them a fit field for their exertions. Africa, India, and China, or the Molassesian Islands, they think, can alone furnish what they yearn for.

Now, I am very far from wishing to draw such spirits from any call they may have to bear the standard of the cross to idolatrous or Mohammedan countries; but such spirits are wanted for our colonies also. The most enterprising can find souls enough in them, which, without his labours, would be untended: he may exhaust both body and mind, and yet find wants lying beyond the powers of the present small band of clergy. In the bush towns, and in the outlying stations, there are poor wanderers who cannot find their way back without aid, and have no one to aid them. And there are not a few, who, when sought, resist at first; yet, under God's blessing, are caught and brought in by persevering endeavour.

To carry to each of these scattered ones their portion in turn, requires careful economy of time, activity, bodily endurance, and determination. And to perceive, during the short occasional visit, what is most needed, and to administer it to the best advantage, often to the unwilling, taxes a man's penetration and resources, and, many a time, his self-command over the exhaustion of a wearied body, and, consequently, a flagging mind.

In the larger towns there is abundance of scope for all the powers which God has bestowed on him, to lay solidly the foundations of Christ's Church in the midst of a population swept together from all parts, and imbued with very different shades of opinion and faith.

And if he looks, as he will, beyond his own parish, to his clerical brethren and their flocks, he may be sure that the steady, intelligent working out of the Church's system, with such measured advance as will enable his people to understand and follow him, will prove the greatest strength and help to the whole diocese. I have remarked before, that, for good or for evil, the various clergy and districts in a colonial diocese, though many miles apart from each other, affect their brethren far more perceptibly than is the case in the denser population of old countries.

There are also many vital questions connected with the constitution and the government of the colonial Churches, and their intercommunication with each other and with the Church Catholic; which, I am persuaded, must be solved, on their part, by their internal powers exhibited in their
synodical action, and, on the part of the English mother, by her obtaining freedom of action in spiritual things, which at present she lacks or cannot see her way to grasp. The contradictory judgments of the English law courts, each claiming a quasi infallibility, cannot be the support on which the Church in the colonies rests.

Whether, therefore, the energetic spirits of whom I have spoken desire to succour the spiritually destitute, to enter upon a laborious work, to mould elements somewhat chaotic into a well-organised parish; to act in a body, in which the work of each unit tells perceptibly on the rest; or to aid in working out the great problem of the union of the newly formed Churches with the rest of Christendom; he may find ample scope for the most devoted and useful labours in the colonies.

Of the other class of minds, of which I have met with specimens, I cannot speak with the same respect; and would distinctly discourage them from offering themselves for colonial work. We want none of them. They are such as wish to go out to a colonial cure because they think that so far from England they may do more as they like, and find themselves less tied to the work of souls. They have a notion that in the bush they will have more opportunities of indulging in a semi-secular life than if they remained in England. There are some who hope that in a new country they may combine a good measure of agricultural or sheep-farming pursuits with the work of the ministry; and show pretty plainly, as might be expected, that on the more secular object a very large share of their interest is fixed, and that Christ's ministry would be their second, not their first care.

These men, who are really unfit for Christ's service anywhere, are especially mischievous in the colonial Church, where clergymen are so few and far between, and where the scarcity of the workmen needs to be compensated by their fervent zeal and single-minded devotion to their work. As in the large cities of England a man's whole soul needs concentrating upon the spiritual welfare of the multitudes in alleys and crowded streets; so in the wide extent of a colonial district, including perhaps several scattered townships, God's servant must be continually intent upon his work, that he may penetrate the nooks and distant corners, pick up stray sheep anywhere, and be ready to show to all, according to their needs, how, under difficult circumstances, they may maintain their union with Christ's Holy Church.

It should be branded on the heart of every man who aspires to be a colonial clergyman: "No man that warseth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please Him Who hath chosen him to be a soldier."* A faithful worker will find many a pleasure by the way, besides those deeper comforts which Christ gives to all who honestly make sacrifices for Him. He will find on his rides many an object of interest, many a little adventure—if he likes such things; he will find those who become warm and firm friends; he will find some who welcome his ministry, and some who learn to do so after a time. But his duty cannot be done without casting aside thoughts of ease, and throwing his whole heart and energies into it. There may be few such severe privations in New South Wales as fall to the lot of Bishops and clergy in Newfoundland and the Labrador; but those who fancy that they will never have to rough it, or that they can take their work easily, are greatly mistaken.

For some time after I had become, as I thought, acquainted with the district, outlying places kept opening upon me, claiming thought and attention when head and hands were already more than full. To meet the new claims it was necessary to abridge times of rest, and to encroach as much as possible on the mornings and

* 2 Tim. ii. 4.
evenings: generally arriving at a station long enough before bedtime to have service that night, and starting for the next place early the following morning; or, if I arrived too late, owing to the distance, or the amount of work I had found to do before, we had an early service the next day, before those at the station dispersed for their work.

On one occasion I saw some strange faces among the congregation assembled at the Cassilis Court-House; and found a settler and his wife, named Nevill, who had driven through the bush in a cart, bringing their child to be baptized. When the service was over I had some conversation with them, and found them steady Church people, natives of the colony, born of English parents, who were living many miles off in the Sydney diocese. They had come in from their place at Deridgery, a station on the south of Cassilis, not far from the upper part of the Goulbourn; and they were very glad when I promised to visit them.

The next month Nevill came by appointment to meet me at Cassilis, and after the second service escorted me to his home. We had ridden nearly sixteen miles, touching once or twice upon the Munmurra Creek, and only passing one shepherd's hut on our way. During the last few miles the iron-bark forest, the change from the black to the sandy soil, and the thinner grasses, showed that we were approaching the Goulbourn ranges, when, on emerging upon a small clearing, we saw the little bush settlement a short distance before us.

On our left was a small watercourse, the Deridgery Creek, not flowing—those small creeks hardly ever flow—but containing a water-hole or two, which after rains were well filled. On the other side of the creek was a railed paddock, where was grown wheat for the household, and oats or barley for cutting as hay; and there stood also the barn and outhouse, made of the roughest slabs, split from trees which had once grown on the spot, and roofed with bark. One or two small huts were before us on the right, and just beyond them Nevill's own dwelling, built of slabs, not more pretentious, but a little larger. As the eye looked on beyond these primitive dwellings, it saw, on a little rise some fifty yards further, that universal accom­paniment of a settler's homestead, the stock-yard, with the gallows at one corner.

A stock-yard is an enclosure varying in size according to the size of the settler's herd of cattle or horses. It is strongly made with the stoutest poles and rails, six or seven feet high, and divided into two or more compartments, so that part of the herd may be drafted off from one to another, if necessary, for the purposes of taming, branding, or killing. The gallows is made of two young trees let firmly into the ground, with a fork at the top of each. Across these a round log is placed, like the windlass of a well, having a strong rope, usually of plaited bullock-hide, attached to it. By this the bullock or sheep that has been killed at sundown is hoisted out of the reach of native or other dogs till the next morning to cool, when it is taken down and cut up, and the greater part salted for future use. Fresh meat is rarely used at the stations.

The arrival of horsemen at a station is always a signal for getting some tea, with its accompaniments, salt beef and damper; and after the first words of welcome, while my good host was taking care of my horse, and his wife putting on the kettle, I got a few minutes of rest and quiet thought.

It was always with me a matter of anxious consideration how to spend these visits to the best advantage. Owing to the many other calls on my time, I could seldom visit such outlying places as Deridgery more than two or three times in the year. To carry on any regular and complete system of teaching at such long intervals was impossible. Written sermons were, of course, not to be thought of.
I usually chose some striking part of Holy Scripture, and endeavoured to point out its bearing upon reconciliation with God, the daily struggles and progressive holiness of Christian life, and on future hopes and fears; and I used portions of the morning and evening prayers or the Litany, with some of the Collects that seemed most suitable. The Psalms for the day were almost invariably used, unless those for the day before or after seemed better adapted to my small congregation.

In conversation many little points were drawn out, and such advice and encouragement given as might recur to their minds afterwards. Just before going to bed I not unfrequently read some of the admirable "Hymns for Little Children," which the grown members of the party, as well as the younger ones, always appreciated. And whenever there were children, and sometimes when there were not, I tried to find half-an-hour for the Catechism and its explanation, in order to leave some systematic doctrine for after use. From time to time, while endeavouring to supply food for their use during their long privation of service, I pointed out the order of the Church's seasons, and the great doctrines which they taught; and so I was obliged to commit them to His love and care Who had sent me to them.

The most serious difficulty in the way of genuine improvement was the inability to bring the poor outliers to Holy Communion. Many were too far off to come in to the regular administrations at Muswell Brook, Merton, Merriwa, and Cassilis; and I was only able to administer it at five out-stations. At the rest various causes prevented my offering it, or the offer being embraced. In many cases, long years of sin, not sufficiently repented of, prevented anything but exhortations to repentance and preparation for better things. In others, long absence from all services and my own unfrequent ministrations had not overcome the grievously wide-spread idea, too common even in England, where the church bell can be heard all over the parish, that the Holy Eucharist is only intended for some advanced Christians, and that others, if they neglect it, may safely content themselves with a lower Christianity.

I can hardly see the way out of this difficulty in a bush district, on any sufficient scale, except by providing more clergy, and thereby enabling them to see the people more frequently, and thus raise their faith and practice to the standard of the Church.

One of the bush huts where I was enabled to celebrate the Holy Communion was Rainbow Station, situated in the midst of abrupt hills and narrow valleys, about twelve miles from Muswell Brook. I found there a shepherd and his wife, lately come from Scotland—Episcopalian, from the neighbourhood of Glencoe. They were unable to come into church at the township, and having been communicants at home, embraced gladly the offer which I made of administering to them at their own hut.

The Rev. J. Blackwood, then a deacon, who had been fixed by himself at Singleton after Mr. Irwin's removal to Moreton Bay, was glad of the opportunity, and rode up to me at Muswell Brook. The next day we rode out together to the sheep-station. It was a rough hut, roofed with bark, consisting of one room only, and the floor of earth. But, humble though the place was, all preparations had been made which reverence could have dictated to simple minds.

The very earth before the door—for the ground round a hut is usually bare of grass—had been swept for some distance; and no spade, broom, or iron pot, or any of the untidiness usually seen outside a shepherd's hut, was visible. Inside all was neat, and looked as well as the poor materials allowed. Some clean curtains screened off the bed. Everything was arranged with scrupulous care, and the table, covered with a snowy cloth, was placed at
the end of the room. McColl and his wife, who appeared to be some forty-five years old, were in the Sunday clothes they had used at home; and during the whole service their appearance was that of Christians worshiping with the deepest reverence of Him in Whose presence they were.

When all was over, and we were thinking of getting our horses and finding our way back, good Mrs. McColl begged us to stay and take some refreshment; and taking down a shawl which hung in one corner across a string, showed us a table with a simple dinner ready prepared for us. A few years later they removed to a place about four miles from the township, and were enabled to come in to the service on Sundays. I believe they have now bought a piece of land some miles further away, and have settled upon it.

The Nevills, of whom I spoke just now, were always attentive; and, I believe, made good use of the very little which I could do for them. She has, since I left the diocese, been called from this world and from her young family; but I can quite remember her thoughtful look when I was speaking to her little ones, then very small, or showing her what she might do for them as a Christian mother, without any school to aid them.

At most of the small stations I visited, we used to separate for the night at ten o'clock. I usually remained in the sitting-room for an hour or two more, or, if I had the luxury of a table in my bedroom, sat there, to get some quiet time for reading and writing. I had another reason in many places for not going early to bed, though generally very tired with the riding and work of the day. Insect life of all kinds is very abundant; and, on sandy soils especially, fleas swarmed, not unattended by their broader cousins. Happy are they whose skins are thick. I have stayed out of bed till I could hardly keep my eyes open, in hope that on lying down I might fall asleep before my persecutors found me out. But the hope was often vain. No sooner was the candle out, and the first forgetfulness coming on, than I felt, what Cicero tells us is a noble sentiment, that I was "never less alone than when alone." Several times in a night have I struck a light, rubbed my eyes, and killed all I could find, and put out my candle, only to light it again in a short time. Once at Deridgery, when goaded beyond endurance, I dressed myself at two o'clock in the morning, went out of the hut, and, though there was a slight frost, for it was winter, lay down in my macintosh by the stock-yard fence until daybreak, at about half-past six. Such nights were not the best restoratives after a day's labour; but a good wash in the morning, the pure air, and the bright blue sky, set one up again for another day's work.

A case occurred about half-a-mile from the little township of Cockrabel, mentioned in the last chapter, which made me long for additional clergy, to visit the stations more frequently than it was possible for me to do.

There was an overseer's station on a rising hill above the bank of the Krui Creek; and calling one day on my way to Cassilis, I found a poor shepherd there far gone in heart disease. His master had kindly brought him from his station at the Liverpool Plains, where he could get no nursing, to be looked after as well as possible for what seemed likely to be the last few weeks of his life. He was unable to move from his bed, which was placed on the floor of a spare room, and the overseer's wife tended him carefully.

His pains were often very severe; and she told me that during the paroxysms, or whenever she did not attend to him as soon as he knocked on the floor with his stick, his language was fearfully blasphemous. I visited him, and returned two days after from Cassilis, on my way home, to minister to him again. The next month he was still living, and seemed glad to see me; and the overseer's wife
said that after the last visit he was for some days more patient, and more watchful over his words. This visit also seemed to have left a temporary effect upon him.

But the next month I found the room empty, and the poor man buried. About a week before, when he had hardly strength to move, and seemed to have but a day or two to live, he lost all patience; and, putting his stick into the handkerchief which was about his neck, twisted it round and round until he choked himself. Had he, in his misery, enjoyed the benefit of constant ministerial visits, the thoughts which seemed to have been awakened in him might have been deepened into repentance, and his end have been very different.

Had Sodom enjoyed the opportunities which were lavished in vain upon Capernaum, it would not have perished.

Surely it is not too much to hope that some at least who have read of these wants of their brethren in the bush will make it a part of their fervent daily prayers, if they do not so already, that the "Lord of the harvest would send forth more labourers into His harvest;" and that others, who are fitted for the work, will feel called upon to leave, for Christ's sake, home, friends, and country, and to devote themselves heart and soul to carrying His Gospel to the distant corners of the earth, where His scattered people are so much in need of help.

Many Englishmen are led out by the hope of gain; will not Churchmen be led out to help to gather in fruit for their Lord, and look for a lasting home, friends among the blessed, and "a better country, that is, a heavenly?" *

* Heb. xi. 16.

CHAPTER VIII.

DESTITUTION OF THE SICK IN THE BUSH.

Those who realise the inevitable conditions of a young colony will readily understand that many a want and many a difficulty must be occasionally experienced in the bush.

More especially is this the case in a country where the few aboriginal natives have been so entirely neglectful of the first command of their Maker, to "subdue" the earth, as those of New South Wales. It must not be forgotten that no civilised man had lived on any part of Australasia, or thought of beginning to turn to account its abundant resources, before the year 1788. On the 28th January in that year, Captain Phillip, at the head of 279 free persons and 751 convicts, having found the sandy and waterless shores of Botany Bay, which the English Government had destined for the settlement, unsuited for the purpose, landed on the site of the present city of Sydney; and the first tents were pitched, and the iron axe rung among the trees of the dense forest which then surrounded Port Jackson, and which had hitherto heard nothing but the blows of the stone tomahawk, with which the natives had cut out for their food opossums or the tree grubs.

The colony was, therefore, only between sixty and seventy years old at the time to which these recollections refer. And it is rather a cause of wonder that so much had been effected within that time at a distance of 16,000 miles from the mother country, than that many things
still remained to be done to meet the wants of the settlers. It must be remembered, too, that nearly all supplies had to be sent from the coast, so that the further the settlers pushed inwards to the west in search of grazing country, the longer was the line of conveyance from the port. And professional men or mechanics had to be brought out from England, and forwarded by degrees further and further from Sydney.

For several years after our arrival, there was no medical man to the west of Muswell Brook. On one occasion, when I arrived at Cassilis, I found the blacksmith, a tall, sturdy fellow, suffering from dislocation of the shoulder. The day before, he had been trying to shoe a half-broken colt for the first time, and had been kicked across the smithy. No bone was broken, but the poor fellow was much bruised, and his shoulder put out. His neighbours had already been doing their very best by pulling at his arm till they were tired. At last, finding that all their well-meant endeavours had only succeeded in putting the poor man to much pain, and increasing the swelling of the upper part of the limb, they had sent a man off on horseback for the nearest doctor, seventy miles distant.

On entering the hut, I was asked to try my hand at the case. But as the doctor had been sent for, and I had never been present when a dislocated joint was reduced, I would not make the attempt, for fear of giving more useless pain. The doctor might have been away twenty or thirty miles in another direction; but, fortunately, he was at home, and lost no time in setting off. On his arrival, he soon put the shoulder in its right place; but owing to the first delay in sending to Muswell Brook, and the 140 miles which had to be ridden by the messenger and the doctor, the patient had been forty-eight hours without surgical aid.

A few years later, a medical man was settled at Cassilis; and, as the mounted police were no longer wanted, owing to the more settled state of the country, the police barracks on the bank of the Murrumurra were converted into his house.

In 1851, when on a long journey to the Castlereagh River, far to the west of Cassilis, of which I will speak hereafter, I found a settler who had broken his collar-bone a week or two previously. He had been galloping with his dogs after a kangaroo, and his horse getting his foot into one of those large deep cracks which, in the volcanic soil, open during long droughts, had fallen and thrown his rider heavily. No doctor could be procured, and those about him set the bone as well as they could, bandaged the man firmly; and, without the aid of a licentiate of any college of medicine or surgery, the bone united, and a cure was effected.

If a man has self-restraint enough to avoid interfering in serious cases when a regular medical man can be procured, and to abstain from an endless quackery of himself or others for slight ailments, it is most useful for him to gain some acquaintance both with medicine and surgery before going out to a colony. My own knowledge of either was very small, yet I often found the little I knew useful to those who were suffering, and would have found it impossible to get to a doctor.

Among all the valuable training which St. Augustine's College gives its pupils, their medical instruction, and their access to the practice in the hospital at Canterbury, are not least in importance. Had not my time been too fully occupied with the discharge of my last duties to my English parish, and the preparation for leaving England, after I had accepted the call of the good Bishop of Newcastle to accompany him, I should have put myself under some medical man, or gained admission to some hospital for a while before sailing. I might then have relieved much misery, which I saw at outlying stations, more effectually, at least, than I was able to do.
At the small township of Cockrabel I certainly gained a credit which I did not deserve. One day, as I was returning by that route from Cassilis, after calling at the other huts, I went to that which, in the sixth chapter, I mentioned that the owner afterwards packed on his dray and removed to Merriwa. He was, as usual, away with his drays, but his wife was in bed suffering great pain from a bad leg. I visited her simply as her clergyman, and, after reading to and praying with her, was leaving her with such comfort as I could give, when she said, imploringly, "Please, sir, will you look at my leg?"

I begged her not to unfasten the bandages. But I could not persuade her; and with much care she unbandaged the swollen and discoloured limb. It showed so much inflammation that I gently touched it with the palm of my hand, and, finding the heat quite as great as I had expected, commiserated the poor woman and proceeded on my journey. Two months afterwards, when I dismounted at her door, she met me with tears in her eyes, and abundant invocation of blessings. "Oh sir!" she said, "from the time you touched my leg it began to get better, and is now quite well."

It was in vain that I disclaimed the efficacy which she attributed to the touch, and bade her thank God for His mercies to her, reminding her how we had prayed for such relief as His love and wisdom saw fit to grant. For years after, when I visited her, she would still recur to her old idea that the recovery dated from the touch.

In one emergency I was really enabled to be of some use to a little sufferer. I had started from home for Merriwa in order to select the ground on which the church was afterwards built; and wishing to visit some stations on the lower part of the Wybong, I altered my usual route a little. It was a delicious spring morning, about the third week in October, 1840, one of those bright, calm Australian days, neither hot nor cool, with a gentle air breathing from the east, when existence itself seems a delight.

After a ride of sixteen miles, and having passed round the base of a fine upstanding mass of rock on my right, studded to its summit with flowering shrubs and patches of the yellow dendrobium, I had entered the Wybong Valley through a low gap in the sandstone ridge, which bounds its eastern side. Turning to the left down the valley, I soon fell in with a shepherd following his flock. As usual, I dismounted, and remained with him for a time, and then proceeded towards his station, rather more than a mile off, to visit his wife.

I had not gone more than half the distance, when I met a child six years old, running in evident terror, crying, and calling for his father with all the breath he had left. His fright and haste were so great, that I could get no further into the cause of his trouble than that something had happened to his little brother. On galloping up to the hut, I found the poor mother wailing over her little tw-year-old boy who had just been severely burnt.

She had been washing, and, as is a common practice in the bush, had lighted her fire of dead branches in the open air, near the bank of the creek, that she might have a shorter distance to carry the water. Of course, while she was at her tub the child played, as children always will play, with the fire. His only article of dress was a calico night-shirt. This caught fire; and, before his mother could do anything to help him, he was severely burnt from the knees to the throat. When I rode up she had him in her lap, and was sluicing him and herself too with soap-suds. The poor little boy was screaming violently with the pain; and the mother kept up a despairing wail, alternately trying to soothe him, and saying, "Oh, my pretty, pretty boy; oh, what shall I do? My pretty boy! Sure, and he'll die." Those who know how an Irish mother laments can guess that I had some difficulty in
checking the flow of words, which ran on to the father's going out in the morning, and his pictured sorrow at coming back, and seeing his little one dying.

Seeing the state of the child, I said immediately, "Those half-warm suds are no good; where's your flour-bag? Flour is far the best thing to put to the poor little fellow." "It's all gone, your reverence; I made up the last into a damper last night." "When shall you have more?" "Not till to-night, your reverence; the ration-cart will be here this evening." "Why, the poor child will be dead before it comes. Where's the nearest station?" "There's a gunyeh* over that hill, your reverence, about half-a-mile off, where a shepherd of Captain Pike's is lambing down." "Well, where shall I find a bag?" She told me; and, snatching the bag from the hut, I galloped as fast as my good horse could carry me to the gunyeh. You are always sure to find the shepherd where lambing is going on; so I got the flour at once, and hastened back with my bag.

From the bed in the hut I pulled a sheet, which we put under the little sufferer; and as the mother wetted the different parts of the body, I sprinkled flour over them. By degrees the screams became less violent; and after about twenty minutes, just as we had finished our work, the little one fell asleep. I charged the mother to keep the body covered with flour, and to send her husband to Muswell Brook for the doctor; and then, thankful to have dropped in just at the time of need, rode on to Merriwa, about twenty-five miles further.

The doctor came the next day, and applied lime-water and oil, and in due time the child recovered from the effects of his burn.

In severe sickness the condition of a shepherd far in the bush is very miserable. There is no medical attendance, no nursing, none of those little comforts which relieve pain—nothing but salt beef, and damper, and tea; and these nauseate a weak and sick man. There is no doubt that pure air and God's blessing on nature work a cure in not a few cases, which with so little assistance would sink in the crowded alleys of London; but I have often seen suffering in a hut which a very few of the appliances which are easily obtained in a town or village would have relieved.

At Maitland there was a hospital, to which many a sick man or woman was sent from the bush, if able to bear the journey. But a distance of 100 or 200 miles, in a horse or bullock dray, often under a burning sun, was more than some patients could bear, and I have known some die on the road.

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* Gunyeh is the name given by the aborigines to the slight shelter which they extemporise in a high cold wind or driving rain. To protect them from the former they stick a few boughs into the earth to the windward, sloping slightly to leeward. Against the rain, when it is of long continuance, they use sheets of the eucalyptus bark, sloped in the same way, and propped to leeward by sticks. They never enclose themselves. The name has been applied by the settlers to the temporary shelter made for shepherds, when they are sent for a short time to any place where there is no hut. It is something like a gipsy tent, and is made of saplings stuck into the ground, and meeting at the top like the rafters of a high-pitched roof. Over this framework are fastened sheets of bark, tied on with bullock-hide. A sheet of bark is laid on the ground to keep the hay bed from the damp, and the fire is made outside.
CHAPTER IX.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

One hot summer morning, as I was leaving Mr. Perry's house at Terragong, near Merriwa, for the upper part of the Wybong, I heard that S—, a shepherd, whom I had often visited near Robert Baird's, on Coulson's Creek, was supposed to be in a dying state. I had lost sight of him for some time, as he had been removed to a sheep-station of which I had never heard, two miles from his former hut, high up among the broken volcanic ranges towards Hall's Creek.

No track led past it; but having heard in what direction it lay, bush instinct guided me to it; and, after climbing some steep ascents, I found it perched on one of those steps which abound in ranges of trap formation. Abrupt hills rose behind it, ridge above ridge; beside it a stony gully descended rapidly from the higher ridges, and was soon lost among the lower hills, as it went down towards the creek below. In heavy rains this was a brawling watercourse, but in ordinary times it was quite dry. I cannot now remember how the station was watered—no dams or gullies. Wells are not always serviceable. I have known several in which the water, when reached, held a strong solution of alum. One, sunk at a sheep-station, two miles from Collaroy, was as salt as sea-water—utterly useless, unless salt-works were to be established there; and a cask of water was sent on a dray for the men once or twice a-week.

The hut where poor S— was lying was a very wretched one. Originally made of the roughest slabs, put up green, the gaps which the shrinking wood had left had never been plastered up with mud or mortar, and you could see in or out all round it at will. A storm had blown off one large sheet of the roofing bark, which had not been replaced, and a gap was left more than two feet by four feet overhead. Fastening my horse's bridle round a neighbouring "box" tree, I pushed the door open, and walked in.

The inside of the hut was very saddening indeed. On his hay bed, on the floor of the hut, with everything in disorder around him, lay the poor man, unable to raise himself—so disfigured by disease, that I could not have recognised in him the strong, fine-looking man I used to visit in the valley. In spite of the free admission of air, the smell was almost sickening, and the hut was full of the restless buzz of hundreds of blow-flies—like our English bluebottle, but of a duller hue—which sometimes settled on the patient's face, and then, darting hither and thither in all directions, seemed as if they would warn off all intruders from their prey. The temperature in the shade was nearly 100° Fahr.; and the first words that my poor suffering brother uttered as he saw me enter were, "O sir, for the love of God, give me a drink of tea." Within a few feet of him were a quart pot of tea and a tin pannikin, which his son had left there for him in the morning, when he went out with his flock; but he had been too feeble to reach them.

It was now about twelve o'clock, and he had been left...
THE EMIGRANT AND THE HEATHEN.

quite alone since a little after eight. His wife had been dead some years; and he was living with his son, a lad of seventeen or eighteen years of age, who had the charge of a flock of sheep, while the father was supposed to be acting as hut-keeper. I stayed by that sad bedside as long as I could, giving such poor relief as the hut afforded, and endeavouring to minister to the soul which would so soon be removed from all help on earth. Oh, who shall know what the God of mercy may do with souls that have lived the greater part of their time "in a barren and dry land where no water is?"

Before I left the hut to go on my journey the son returned for a few minutes, to help his father to anything he needed, and then to leave him for some five hours more, until he brought in his flock at sunset. I crossed the gully, and rode over the steep hills beyond it, sadly thinking of that dying brother, who with the severe and increasing bodily infirmities of ebbing life, and the more awful spiritual needs of a soul which had been sadly neglected, was lying in that lonely sheep-station with none to relieve his bodily sufferings, and no man to care for his soul.

Within a day or two poor S—died; but the knowledge of such a case, and the certainty that there are always similar cases existing in the far-off corners of the earth, give a reality and a wide scope to the petitions in the Litany, for "all in necessity and tribulation," for "all sick persons," to the commendation of God's "fatherly goodness" in the prayer for all conditions of men, of "all who are in any ways afflicted and distressed in mind, body, or estate," and to the fervent supplication in the prayer for the Church militant—"We most humbly beseech Thee of Thy goodness, O Lord, to comfort and succour all them who in this transitory life are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity." If when we use these prayers we would but remember how the eye of our heavenly Father is over all His creation, and would lift up our heart for those far distant brethren whom we do not see but shall one day meet, the prayer of charity would surely bless the heart that offers it; and who shall say how many a prayer sent up to God in the daily services of an English church may "drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness" in blessing?

"The course of prayer who knows?"* 

The cup of suffering may not be removed, and no minister of Christ may pass that way; yet an angel may be sent from heaven, from Him Who knows what anguish is, to strengthen the desolate and afflicted in ways man does not know.

The distance from poor S—'s hut to the Wybong was sixteen miles, without a track, and, until the last two miles, without a hut; and hence, it may be easily inferred, without water; for it is not long before sheep-stations are put up where water is to be found. In all other respects it would have been the very paradise of the sheep-farmer. There was abundance of rich feed, the thick kangaroo grass standing more than knee deep over all the hills and valleys, the timber thin, and comparatively small, though at a distance seeming to cover the whole country. No large hollow logs or sandstone caves to afford shelter for the native dogs; and only surface-water or wells are wanting to cover it with flocks. As it is, such country is well suited to cattle and horses, which travel further for water.

Oh, what a sound is that of water to an Australian in

* "Christian Year;" Second Sunday after Easter.
† The native dog, or dingo, is about the size and make of a fox: it has a brush. Generally the colour is of a lighter shade than the fox; but some few are of a blackish brown. They are very destructive to sheep, and will kill very young calves, but will not touch a man, though they will follow him, when on horseback, for miles.
such a day! Without a cloud to screen you from that blazing sun which looks down upon you from the north; with scarcely a breath of wind to stir those few narrow pointed leaves that hang dangling overhead between you and the intensely blue sky; with a cloud of flies buzzing round your head, and settling on your face if you intermit for an instant the whisking of your handkerchief, or of the little spray of gum-tree or native cherry with which you are trying to defend yourself; with the shrill whiz of the tettigonia all round, now making you feel as if every gum-leaf were screaming at you—now changing for a minute or two to a deep low "hum, hum, hum," only to burst forth with a whiz of fresh intensity, and to recall, under very different feelings, Wordsworth's description of the cuckoo's note,—

"That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near."*

Around and on some tree, as you pass it, even the poor black mutton-birds† droop their wings, and show their white bar of feathers, as they sway unsteadily to and fro, and gasp with open bills for the cooler air that won't come.

Your own brow and your reeking clothes seem to have the only moisture that exists for miles—a moisture, by the way, which tends from its rapid evaporation to cool the body, and thus to make the scorching heat of from 100° to 114° in the shade much more endurable than 88° or 90° in a damp atmosphere.

It is well for you if, under these circumstances, the intense thirst does not come on before you are within a few miles of some creek or hut. Hunger you may forget, but not thirst, whenever from any cause it is excessive. When you have been long in want, if you cannot get a draught of ten or of pure water, you are not particular, and swallow eagerly whatever comes first, disregarding its colour and taste. I have gone down on my knees to drink from a wheel-rut water so muddy that you could not see your finger half-an-inch below the surface; and a large settler now in the colony has told me that he has taken thick mud in his handkerchief to strain off water enough to boil his pot of tea when travelling.

On one of my monthly journeys, I was nearly paying for my drink more dearly than I had intended. I had been by no means well; and hence my journey, in very hot weather, told on me more than usual. I had left Mount Warrenriedie in the morning; and, after a service and teaching a family on my way, was proceeding to Collaroy by a route now little used, called, from a stone building three miles from Merriwa, the "Stone-house Road." Many times I had dismounted and lain down to rest, leaving my good horse Dobbin to feed with the bridle tied to the stirrup. As I approached Bow Creek, I knew that, a little below the point where the road crossed it, there were several rocky holes in the creek-bed usually containing water. The first of these had been so fouled by cattle that I only let my horse drink; and when I had given him enough, tied the bridle to the stirrup, and turned him to feed in the long grass, while I went to a smaller hole below where the water was better, and whence my arrival scared a whole flock of bright-green and red parrots.

On returning, I found that my intemperate drinker had...
returned to the water; and there, up to his girths in the pool, and with outstretched neck, he was slowly drinking on and on, as Baron Munchausen's horse is said to have done after passing the portcullis. My salutation was not friendly—"Get out, you greedy old fellow." He was not accustomed to be scolded; and with a sudden splash, which sent the water over him in a shower, out he went at a long trot.

Quiet as he was, and often as I had caught him in the grass and mounted him that very day, I had no doubt of his allowing me to come up to him. But I was mistaken. Holding up his head high, and setting out his tail, he started off with that long, high, springy trot, which seemed to say, "Catch me who can," looking back at his unfortunate master, sometimes over one shoulder, sometimes over the other. After running and calling to him until I had hardly breath or strength left, I tried another plan. I went off to the right, walking briskly, trying to get beyond him, and drive him back; for, unfortunately, he had struck off from the road at right angles, and was making away from all huts and dwellings of man towards the Goulburn. Seeing me go from him, he began to feed, but kept a good eye on me; and just as I had got on a line with him, though far away to the right, he started off again at that provoking long trot.

Matters began to look serious. It wanted but an hour of sundown; I was seven miles at least in each direction from the nearest stations where I could get a horse to run my truant in; he had my all on his back, and I was spent and weak, and not in condition for camping out. But in the bush you must depend on yourself, and you must never give in when one plan fails.

I had not long before heard how the natives got near enough to kangaroos to spear them; and other means having failed, I determined to try the same plan. Lying down on the ground, as if resting, I remained quiet until
Dobbin began feeding. When he was engaged, I crawled along towards him on my right side with both hands and the left foot. He soon looked up again uneasily; and I lay still again, moving on when he began to feed. I was a considerable distance from him, but gradually crept nearer.

As the space between us became considerably less, my stealthy hunt grew more anxious. Several times he looked at me suspiciously, and was almost starting off again. The least sudden movement on my part would have placed several hundred yards between us, and made my task hopeless. At last I was within a length of him; he took a long, doubtful look at me, and then put his head down and went on feeding. I did not venture to speak to him, but, sliding a little nearer, jumped up and caught the stirrup, and with it his bridle. Old rogue! I felt sorely tempted to give him a cut with my whip for the trouble he had given me; but more prudential, if not more kindly motives prevailed, and, looking forward to what might be my needs in any like case for the future, I only patted his neck, and made him gallop back as fast as he could to the road.

I reached Collaroy late and a good deal exhausted, but far better off than if I had been forced to walk on, with the unpleasant uncertainty whether my horse would not roll, break the saddle, and perhaps the girths, and stray off homewards, leaving my saddle and saddle-bags in the bush.

In estimating the fatigue of a colonial clergyman's work, something more must be considered than the actual length of his rides, from twenty to fifty, or sometimes sixty miles in a day, with, occasionally, exhausting heat, and at other times pouring rains and heavy soil. When a settler travels, he has nothing to think of at his stopping-places, but how to make himself most comfortable, and to prepare by rest for the journey of the next day. The clergyman traveling in his district may stop many times in the day at huts.
or stations; but when he stops it is not to rest—the great object of his journey has to be attended to; and very often, at the end of a long day, the first thing he does after dismounting is to prepare for or begin a service, or to visit people with different spiritual wants, prepare a confirmation class, or try to reconcile a quarrel. He has but a short time to do a great work, and enters upon it, very often, wearied in body. He is making up, perhaps, for the wants of several weeks, and preparing for a blank of several weeks to come. He has to think for each, and cannot afford to attend sufficiently to himself. Often he contrives to forget his own weariness of body in attending to the subjects which occupy his mind.

But this kind of work tells surely upon human strength in the course of time. It is one of those ways in which, though freed from the terrible persecutions and torments of former ages, we must cheerfully take up our cross, and follow whithersoever Jesus leads us, and be ready to spend and be spent for Him Who died for us.

CHAPTER X.

A SERVANT OF CHRIST IN TRAINING.

In the fifth chapter of these "recollections" mention was incidentally made of the little township of Jerry's Plains. I did not at that time expect to have occasion to bring forward its name again. But it has lately gained an interest in the heart of many a sorrowing brother and parishioner as the resting-place of the body of a faithful and holy-minded pastor and priest, whom we had hoped might have been spared to do many years of good service in the diocese in which he had so zealously laboured hitherto.

The dust of the old world is hallowed by hundreds of thousands of the bodies of saints: and many a village and churchyard is dear for the sake of those that sleep there. In the newly Christianised lands of the South such spots are as yet rare. The territories have been taken possession of by British sailors for the Crown of England. It is the office of the Church to consecrate the hills and valleys of those sunny lands for her Redeemer and Lord by the deeds of her children, who take up the cross for His sake, and by the bodies of those who have been nurtured into saints through the presence of Christ that resides in her.

Henceforth Jerry's Plains will be one of those spots to which the thoughts of many a brother will lovingly turn.

William Woodman Dove, who was taken to his rest on the 23rd of March, 1867, at the early age of thirty-five, was one of those many earnest spirits which the great Catholic awakening of the Church of England has drawn
into her bosom from the dissenting bodies; one of those sheep whose forefathers were scattered from the true fold through our sinfulness or worldliness, when the "shepherds fed themselves, and fed not their flock," but who have heard the voice of the Good Shepherd rousing both shepherds and sheep, and calling back wanderers "out of places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day."† They have known the Shepherd's voice, and have followed Him.

William Dove's father was a respected Congregationalist minister in Gloucestershire. I am unable to say by what means the son was led to feel the defects of the system in which he had been brought up, and to believe in the faith of the Church. Whatever were the means employed, the attraction of the Body divinely appointed prevailed over every earthly consideration; and the strength of his convictions decided him to emigrate to New South Wales, in the hope that he might be permitted to obtain entrance into the ministry, and devote his life to the service of Him Who had called him.

Those who knew him best will estimate the cost at which he followed the call which he had received. They know how strong the love of home was in him; how eminently domestic was his disposition; and how lovingly he thought of those old grey church towers of England, which linked his faith in the present to the hallowed past. But all that he had loved and valued, save the Church itself, he had given up to come to a land of strangers, not to seek a worldly competence, and to return; not even with the offer of that employment to which he most longed to devote himself; but in the hope that He Who had led him thus far would still lead him on.

Another point remarkable in him was his devotional spirit, as contrasted with the spirit of controversy. There was in him none of the pugnacity of the neophyte, who thinks it necessary to justify his change by arguing against the views held by those from whom he has come. In all my acquaintance with him—and some of it was very intimate—I never knew him bring forward unnecessarily the errors of those among whom he had been brought up. He was eminently positive and constructive in his religion; yet if it were necessary to prove the wrong to be wrong, as well as the right to be right, he did not shrink from doing so; and he did it clearly, with charity.

He arrived in Sydney about the middle of the year 1853, and soon put himself in communication with the Rev. Canon Walsh, of the parish of Christ Church, by whom he was temporarily employed in his parochial school.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from Canon Walsh in answer to my announcement of his death. He says, "I never can forget those days when he used to come to me from the neighbouring police-barracks to consult me about taking holy orders. I was then so much struck with both the depth and the simplicity of his character."

At that time the See of Sydney was vacant, owing to the death of good Bishop Broughton in England, and the Bishop of Newcastle had gone to Sydney for a few weeks, and was endeavouring to prevent the newly projected university from being as much without religious teaching as its chief promoters desired. To him Canon Walsh recommended Dove, then about twenty-two years of age, and the Bishop at once resolved to take him into his diocese.

It was the Bishop's practice, when any man offered himself for holy orders who was not a graduate of one of our universities, or who had not been sent out from St. Augustine's, to test him by offering him the mastership of some parish school. If he failed, or showed any unworthiness, of course all idea of ordination was at an end. But if he bore the trial well, and showed that he was able...
to influence the young minds for good, he was then sent to one of the clergy to read with him, or in some cases taken by the Bishop himself to be prepared, and to aid as far as he could in parish work. The ordeal of the school was a searching one in many ways, and those who have stood it well have proved some of our useful men.

The plan was also of service as a means of providing masters temporarily for schools in need, which was often a sore difficulty. Drunkards and idlers might have been procured in abundance from that class of men who were sent out from England by their friends because they could do little with them at home. But steady, painstaking men, who might be trusted in some township far from their clergyman, were not so easily found.

Our first master at Cassilis, who had been thus sent on probation, and had proved to be a useful man, was removed about the time that Dove arrived at Sydney.

On the Bishop's return to Morpeth he wrote to me promising to send Dove up by the next mail to Cassilis, and telling me of the high character he had gained during his short sojourn in Sydney.

My first interview with him was by the roadside on the top of a hill about a mile and a-half from Cassilis. Heavy rains, and consequently the heavy black soil, which you cannot avoid either on the grass or on the road, had delayed him; and, as it was Saturday, I had been obliged to leave Cassilis before his arrival, to be in readiness for the duties of the next day at Merriwa.

He was riding up on one of the mail horses—a very common way of reaching Cassilis from Merriwa—and while the mailman proceeded on his way with the bags, dismounted; seating ourselves on a fallen box-tree, we had a long conversation about the duties which awaited him, and the people among whom he would have to live and work.

There are persons whose genuineness impresses you at once—not because they are very demonstrative and forthcoming, for they are rather the reverse, but their quiet manner carries a reality with it; their few thoughtful questions show that they appreciate the difficulties which they are prepared to meet, and you feel that they are only anxious to know their duty and to do it. Dove was one of these; and I was thankful to have him provided as my fellow-worker, where true and steady work was greatly wanted.

In addition to his school work, the Bishop had authorised him to read prayers on those Sundays on which I was not there, and sermons, which I should give him for the purpose; and I have still the sermons which I lent him to read to the people, marked with the dates at which he read them.

After my first bush interview with him, I rode on my way to Merriwa, feeling confident of one thing, which cheered me—that whatever he had to do with things sacred, whether in giving religious instruction to the children, or in joining with the people in prayers on Sunday, he would do it with reverence. It required a very short acquaintance with him to show that his habit of mind was essentially reverential.

He arrived at Cassilis on the 13th of August, 1853; and until he could be settled, Mr. Denison kindly invited him to his house at Llangollen. We had been obliged to give up the cottage, where the school was originally opened; and the only place we could get was a large slab hut, roofed in with bark. It was a rough place enough to live in. The greatest luxury about it was its being papered all round with sheets of the "Sydney Morning Herald," interspersed with some prints from the "Illustrated London News." Here Dove taught; and here he lived alone for five months, preparing his own meals, and only having a woman to come in once a-day to sweep and clean the place for him.
Fresh as he was from England, and from his relations, and with feelings wounded by the breaking of old ties, which the better light and the dictates of his conscience had caused, this lonely life was a sore trial to him. He often wrote to me for advice and comfort; and when I paid my regular visits, he used to pour out without reserve all his pent-up feelings, and rejoiced in the opportunity of free Christian intercourse. But there was no complaining, no shrinking from any cross which was laid upon him; and no regret—nothing but thankfulness for the step which God had enabled him to take.

He was especially fond of and beloved by children, for the one love nearly always begets the other; and he set himself with right good will to his task as schoolmaster. Even in the short time that he was at Cassilis I found the school improved in knowledge, in discipline, and reverent behaviour. He was especially careful in teaching the children their prayers, and guiding them in the use of them.

He also made the care of the children a reason for calling often on the parents. And though he called on all, whether they had children or not, the parents of his scholars were especially made to feel that he and they had deep Christian interests in common—the example to be set, and the training to be given to their little ones.

In whatever I did for the teaching or training of the lambs of my flock he heartily co-operated. What I wished to be prepared for me I always found ready; and he would carry on any instruction I had given in my short visits. We both pulled the same way.

He was a valuable helper to me in gaining a knowledge of my people, and meeting any particular evil which might have been going on during my absence. To have listened to what neighbours might be disposed to tell of each other would not have elicited the truth, and would have fostered a spirit of tale-telling, with all the evils which it implies. From him I learned all that it was needful to know; and he directed me at once to any especial case of sickness and trouble. He was himself a most useful visitor among the sick, helping sometimes to nurse, as well as to read to them.

In January, 1854, my school at Muswell Brook needed a master; and a successor having been provided at Cassilis, Dove came down to reside with me, read more regularly for holy orders, and managed a mixed school of about 100 boys and girls; a mistress, who resided at the schoolhouse, taking charge of the infants and needlework.

He left Cassilis with the regret of all. The parents and children had become attached to him; and Mr. Busby wrote expressing his regret at losing so "exemplary" and useful a man from his neighbourhood. Poor fellow! he brought away an unpleasant reminiscence of his last days there. A large centipede—a giant in size, strength, and venom, compared with its puny English namesake—had found its way between his sheets; and as he was turning into bed one night gave him a very severe bite on the foot. The pain was excessive, and the subsequent inflammation very great. After his arrival at our house many weeks passed before he recovered from the effects of it.

From that time till his ordination as deacon in September, 1855, I was in close communication with him, and had every opportunity of observing his character and work.

In the school he was most painstaking; and while firm and judicious in enforcing discipline, he was gentle and forbearing under very trying circumstances, both with children and with unreasonable parents; and colonial parents are often very unreasonable, from having no such control over them as lingers in many country parishes in England. I remember his coming to me in a state of comical perplexity, one day when I had gone down to help him in the teaching, to consult me about the treatment of
a boy, the very pickle of the school, who was always in
disgrace, and whose ingenuity in wrong-doing was out of
the common way. "What shall I do with this boy? He
has been catching bees; and, while avoiding being stung
himself, has contrived to pull off their wings, and to
drop them down the backs of the little children." The culprit
did not look one bit ashamed, and had quite the expres­
sion of one who would have enjoyed devising some prac­
tical joke for us if he could. Of course we visited the boy
with condign punishment. But, by perseverance, Dove
succeeded in taming this wild spirit; and this very boy
became his mother's greatest help and comfort, when a few
years later his poor father was thrown from his horse and
killed on the spot, leaving his widow with six or seven young
children. This little fellow seemed to have imbibed some of
Dove's gentleness to ballast his own vigour; and he would
watch his mother's wishes, and give up his time to help
his little brothers and sisters, with a thoughtfulness which
surprised all who knew his earlier character, and fancied
that he could turn out nothing but a bushranger.

Out of school, as well as in it, Dove won the heart of the
children; and on the annual school feast-day he was always
the contriver of some popular amusement. With children
of higher education he was also a universal favourite.
His self-forgetfulness and love of children very soon drew
them to him.

But he never forgot his higher calling. He was a
thoughtful student, and read early and late, and turned
gladly from copies, slates, and school routine, to Pearson,
Butler, Hooker, and his Greek Testament. In our lectures
he always showed a readiness in catching the point of an
argument, and was never satisfied with conclusions with­
out taking pains to master the steps by which they were
reached.

He took great delight in the ancients, wisely seeing how
needful it is to balance modern views by those which pre­
vailed nearer the fountain-head. He frequently borrowed
the Oxford translation of the Fathers; and as I had not
the originals, nor would he have had time to master them,
he gladly availed himself of this accessible form, to learn
how St. Chrysostom or St. Augustine explained the Gos­
pels, or the Acts of the Apostles, or the Epistles of St.
Paul.

The devotional element in his character was strong and
deep. And he felt a great happiness to come from the
rare services at Cassilis to the opportunity of daily morn­
ing service. We were not able to have daily evensong.

He made a conscientious use of the fasts of the Church
as seasons of humiliation and self-discipline; and her
festivals were to him seasons of holy joy. So surely in
this point, as in others, is the Lord's promise fulfilled,
"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be com­
forted."

He was very active, and most useful in church decora­
tions. There were not among us, as may be found in
most well-worked English parishes, a body of willing and
intelligent helpers. The taste and the ability had to be
formed; and there were no examples around us to stimu­
late or guide us. Year by year we found more help, and
the helpers understood their work better; but the supply
was less than the demand, and the work fell heavily upon
those who undertook it. Among these, Dove was one of
the most energetic and successful. That it was for God's
house and service was enough to make him throw all his
heart into it.
CHAPTER XI.

CHRIST'S SERVANT ENTERING ON HIS WORK, AND
RELEASED FROM TOIL.

WILLIAM DOVE was admitted to the Diaconate, at Morpeth, in September, 1855. During the examination, and until the day following the ordination, we were both staying under the roof of the Bishop of Newcastle. And thus, in many ways, all of us who were concerned in the ordination were thrown together, both familiarly at meals, and in the solemn heart-searchings of examination and converse, as well as in the holy services of the Church. Under such circumstances much of the inner man shows itself in the demeanour, in answer to questions, in casual remarks dropped, and in expressive silence.

Dove’s manner had in it nothing over-wrought or excited. There was not a trace of what one has sometimes seen with anxiety—the forward, self-satisfied manner of one who only awaits the reception of his commission to begin setting everything right by his confident inexperience. There was in him a calm, reverent thoughtfulness, a swiftness to hear and a slowness to speak, as in one who felt great difficulties and responsibilities—great above human power—which were opening before him; and yet had humble confidence in the guidance provided for him, and in the presence of the Lord, Who was sending him forth to the work. Ready to go and devote himself to Christ’s service, he yet looked, after having been pronounced “apt and meet” for the work, to receive, by “laying on of hands” and prayer, that grace which would enable him to go forth in His Saviour’s name, and to discharge effectually the duties of the ministry.

The latter part of that ordination day was one of those calm, peaceful evenings in the Australian springtide so exquisite in their temperature, before the heat of the year has set in. The heavy rains which had fallen early in the preceding week had made everything on earth green; and there was that intensely blue sky above, which, if it did not bring heaven nearer earth, at least lifted up the heart with the eye to that place, whither Jesus had ascended, and whence He sent the Holy Spirit on His Church. It was to that young labourer in Christ’s vineyard a restful pause, before he was sent to bear “the burden and heat of the day.”

On that evening, whatever were the thankful feelings of his heart for the gifts which had been given him, whatever were the steadfast resolutions to use them faithfully unto the end, a colouring must have been given to them by those words of our Divine Master to Peter—“Lovest thou Me more than these? Feed My sheep, feed My lambs.” For on these words the striking and heart-stirring words of the Bishop to the candidates had been founded. At all events, we who tarry behind him a while in our work can feel convinced, as we think of his ministry, that he did indeed love the Lord Jesus fervently, and endeavoured to the last to feed His sheep and His lambs.

Dove was first appointed to assist the Rev. B. Glennie in the distant and almost unlimited district of the Darling Downs. That district is now in the colony of Queensland, and in the diocese of Brisbane, but was then a portion of the diocese of Newcastle, and in the colony of New South Wales.

One of the most dangerous modes of employing the services of a young deacon is to place him by himself in one of the large bush districts. He is thus cut off from the support of the Holy Communion when he especially
needs it. He is removed from the example, advice, and influence of clerical brethren; and, while the clerical life and duties are new to him, he has to itinerate for weeks together among settlers, stockmen and shepherds; among the greater number of whom, to say the least, the tone of religion is very low. It requires some knowledge of men, as well as deep habitual piety and soundness of doctrine, to enable him to maintain his clerical character wherever he goes, and at the same time to lead on the minds of those among whom he ministers. Some young men have failed grievously under the trial; and have sunk down to the level of those to whom they have been sent, instead of raising them up to a higher standard of faith and practice. A colonial Bishop is in continual danger of giving way to the temptation of filling up some large destitute bush district with a freshly-ordained man, because he sees the people standing in such exceeding need; and it is not easy to get a man of experience to go out so far from civilisation.

This evil was mitigated in Dove’s case by the Bishop considerately placing him with a priest, from whom he could obtain the Holy Communion, and take counsel on his return from his long journeyings. It would be well if in every outlying station a priest and deacon were located together. To do this there are two difficulties which must be faced: one is the paucity of men, which, alas! we are everywhere feeling; the other, the insufficiency of funds. But, serious as these difficulties are, I believe they are not insuperable; and the gain to the workers of sending two together, after the pattern of our Lord’s Mission of the Seventy, and, I believe, the gain to the Church, would be very great.

The day following Dove’s ordination he started with me; and we rode up together in two days to Muswell Brook. He rested with me one day, and then, with the very heartiest good wishes of all who had known him there, proceeded on his long journey of some 400 miles to the north. His route lay over the Liverpool range, by Mur-rumundi, through Tamworth, and New England; and, after the late rains, it was not an easy one. But he reached his destination safely, to the great joy of Mr. Glennie, who cordially welcomed his fellow-labourer.

The small township of Drayton was Mr. Glennie’s headquarters. With him Dove lived, and found it a great comfort to get a day or two of his society occasionally, and as much reading—little enough—as he could find time to secure. Their joint district extended over the Darling Downs, which lie high on the westward slopes of the dividing range, and far away down the course of the Condamine River and its tributary creeks, as they wind towards the Darling.

Drayton is about eighty miles from the coast at Moreton Bay, and so is within reach of the sea-breeze, which generally reaches it two or three hours before sundown, and makes it more pleasant as a residence. But the farther you go in towards the lower country round the Condamine, the more intense and unrelieved is the heat.

I have unfortunately lost all the letters which I received from him during the early years of his ministry, and have only a general recollection that they evidenced hard and laborious work, conscientiously done, among widely-scattered sheep and cattle stations. He often wrote to me for advice; and all his difficulties and questions showed his anxiety to do his best for those among whom he laboured. His work as a deacon, as indeed is the case with the greater part of even a priest’s work in the early stages of such a mission, was preparatory. Much simple teaching had to be given, which had never been heard, or had been forgotten, since the days of childhood. There were many places which he could visit but eight or twelve times in the year, and many not so frequently. He had chiefly to "break up ground" for sowing seed, or to sow that which
others might reap; but whether he taught repentance, faith, or holiness, he did it in the spirit of the Church's teaching, and with a genuine reverence and love of souls, which no want of the externals and aids to devotion could quench.

He served in the diocesan about two years and a quarter, and was ordained to the priesthood on the 20th of December, 1857. In consequence of a breakdown of my health from overwork, the Bishop had most kindly urged me to leave Muswell Brook in the August preceding, and to take the parish of Morpeth, as being less in area, and putting me in the way of his help. We were therefore delighted to have Dove under our roof for five weeks before the ordination, and found him not only not in the least deteriorated by his bush work, but improved by all the discipline he had gone through, and more matured in all his views. He stayed with us nearly a week after his ordination, and actively aided us in our Christmas decorations. Let no one think of frost and snow, and warm clothing without, and holly berries within, as necessary accompaniments of Christmas. All things are reversed on the other side of the line.

Our decorations on that occasion were rather a fight against the difficulties of the climate; our native cherry and the bright foliage of the scarlet Bignonia, on which we relied for our green, were safe enough; and so, at sunrise on Christmas Eve, our Oleanders, which were in the full beauty of their rose-coloured blossoms. But a hot west wind sprang up early, and soon reached a temperature of 104° in the shade, and, aided by a scorching sun, quickly reduced all the blossoms which were exposed to their united force to the colour of brown paper. The only ones which escaped were a few on the larger bushes in the Bishop's garden; which, growing in the middle of the shrubs, had been in some degree protected from the heat.

Dove left us on the feast of St. Stephen, under a blazing sky, which would make it hard for your English carollers to realise the favourite carol of "Good King Wenceslas." He went, not overland but by steamer, up the coast to Brisbane; and thence rode through Ipswich up to Drayton. There he remained about a year more. But as the northern part of the diocese had been apportioned to the see of Brisbane, he requested to be moved, before the new Bishop's arrival, in order that he might remain still under the Bishop of Newcastle.

The Richmond River district needed a clergyman, and to that post the Bishop appointed him, fixing him at Lismore. The scenery of this district is very different from that of the Darling Downs. It lies on the eastern side of the dividing range, not more than thirty miles from the coast.

The country is less open, and more broken by picturesque hills and abrupt valleys than the interior. There is much rich pasture-land; but there are also large forests of valuable trees, and scrubs, from which large quantities of red cedar and other timber are sent down to the coast for shipment. Here he only remained till July in 1859, but carried with him, on leaving, the kind regards of the settlers, rich and poor, among whom he had ministered. This move was not his own seeking, but was owing to the Bishop's kind consideration of him.

On the 8th of September in that year he married in Sydney one whom he had long known in England: and the Bishop offered him the cure of Jerry's Plains, on the Hunter River, as being better suited than the remote Richmond to the circumstances of a married man. He brought his young bride up to Morpeth, and left her to our care for six weeks, while he went to Lismore to take leave of his parishioners, and remove his furniture and books. He stayed with us but a few days after his return, and then went up with his wife to the new cure, which was to have the labours of the last seven years of his life.

Jerry's Plains is a small struggling township, about fifty
miles north-west of Morpeth, on the most direct line to Merton and Merriwa. There is nothing remarkable in the scenery. As you emerge from the monotonous gum-tree forest on the Morpeth side, you look down to the right across the alluvial flat which gives its name to the place; and by the line of the Casuarinas you trace the course of the Hunter in its deep-sunk bed. From the opposite bank of the river rise low hills; beyond which, twenty miles off to the north, lies Muswell Brook. About half-a-mile before you, upon a rising ground, on the left of the road, stands a small wood-built house with its verandah, with a garden sloping down in front of it. This was the house rented as the parsonage. A little beyond it, by the side of the road, two rooms of a cottage thrown into one made the school and church: a few houses follow; and on an abrupt rise, about a quarter of a mile farther, are the foundations of a stone church, begun in Bishop Broughton's time, but checked, almost at the beginning, from want of funds, which, in so small and poor a place, it has never as yet been possible to raise.

The area of the whole district attached to Jerry's Plains is 1,200 square miles, and in it there are two fairly built churches—one of brick, in the Norman style, at Warkworth, about seven miles on the road towards Morpeth; the other of stone, at Fall Brook, about twelve miles off, between Singleton and Muswell Brook, which was consecrated in 1855.

In his first letter, written from an inn in Jerry's Plains, where he and his wife were awaiting their furniture, he says, "I am pleased with my new parish; and, from the little intercourse I have been able to have with my people, I think I shall, with God's blessing, get on tolerably well. They all seem very kind and glad to see me, and to have a clergyman again with them."

He soon began to set himself steadily to his work, and found much to do in the outskirts of his parish, under

Mount Popong on the south, and round the spurs of Mount Royal to the north, so that a second horse was necessary to enable him to accomplish his parochial visitings. In February, 1860, he wrote:

"I am, as you may suppose, very busy, this parish having got into a sad state. The approaching confirmation gives me additional work. The amount of ignorance is quite wonderful. Every one is very kind, but many think me a sad innovator for doing even the commonest parts of a pastor's duty. For instance, the candidates for confirmation had never been instructed in any other way than by being heard say the Catechism; and my classes have excited some wonder, though the work in them is the merest rudimentary instruction, such as at Muswell Brook would hardly have been needful, even in the Sunday-school. But in time, by keeping a standing upper class, and by caring in the school for the younger ones, I do hope to break through the barriers of gross ignorance and deadness of heart which seem to hedge round so many of our young people. The work is certainly hard; but, after all, I do not know what I should do without hard work. Sometimes, when I think of all the trials of our Church at home, the riots in churches (we had then been hearing much of the profane disturbances at St. George-in-the-East), "the controversies on the Holy Eucharist and other high and holy doctrines and practices, paraded, as such controversies are, in the newspapers, I often feel that, if I were not a man, I could almost shed tears at the dangers and difficulties of so much that I love with all my heart. And then I feel how valuable a remedy I have in my work. I jump on horseback, and take a long ride, and then come back with the bright side uppermost; more ready to give thanks to God for what He has done, and to hope in His Name, than to look forward to evil before it comes. I often find a good round of visiting or a long ride like a tonic to the mind."
This extract is characteristic; the same kind of history of acts and feelings is ever recurring in the many letters he wrote to me after this. There is the same evidence of careful pastoral labour in many different ways; the same earnest sympathy with the stirrings of the Divine life in the Church; the same genuine feeling of distress at any seeming or temporary triumph of unbelief or misbelief over the faith of the Church.

It must be remembered that this young clergyman was sixteen miles from his nearest clerical brother, or from anyone with whom he could discuss the deep subjects which were of such vital concern to him. In January, 1863, referring to the onslaught of unbelief made in and after the publication of "Essays and Reviews," he said:—"Through God’s mercy we shall, I trust, meet once more; in a better world, if the course of our work and duties keeps us apart all our lives here. Meanwhile, let me tell you how great a help and comfort your letters are. . . . Anything which strengthens us against the incoming tide of faithlessness, which already beats against our ancient landmarks, is of the greatest importance. I hope I do not doubt concerning His care for the Church, Who has promised that the gates of hell shall never prevail against her: but one is saddened from day to day by the great want on all sides, and even in oneself, of practical faith, a realising and living upon the great verities of our Holy Religion." Nor did the difficulties of misbelief meet him merely as the distant sound of what was going on in other parts of the world: he had to cope with them among his people. In January, 1864, he wrote: "We are not altogether free from scepticism even in this remote diocese. Unfortunately many have grown up in this country without opportunities of instruction in Catholic truth, having only very vague ideas of the Christian faith; and yet often with sharp intellects, uncultivated, yet still shrewd and thoughtful. Such persons are sadly injured when such books as Colenso's, or 'Essays and Reviews,' get into their hands. They cannot see beyond the circle of doubts and difficulties, which such as Colenso raise; and they take all they read as true and unanswerable. Too often they do not like to speak of their difficulties to their clergyman, who would at least pray for them, and direct their reading towards a solution of that which has perplexed them."

While he was thus anxious about the maintenance of the integrity of the faith against assault, he was indefatigable in building up the devotion which is essential to the growth of Christ's people in holiness. It has been mentioned that there was no church at the township of Jerry's Plains; and in a letter already quoted, written a little more than three months after his arrival, he thus refers to the place used for Divine service: "When I came here I found everything dirty and wretched, and quite unfit for God's service. The desk was a tower-like erection, very shabby, and so high, that in the low hut, which is our only church here, my head was nearly against the shingles, and the heat made me quite faint." He says, "I got the whole affair removed, and from the material a neat and rather more church-like prayer-desk and pulpit (in one) made."

Little as this may seem to those who have more money or more assistance, it was all that could be done at first; and was a simple first move towards doing all things decently and in order. To carry out the design of the original stone church was out of the question for a long time. But he very soon began to prepare for getting up a more suitable school-church of wood, and early in 1862 he began the building. He says in February: "You will be pleased to hear that our new school-church is begun. It will consist of chancel, nave, vestry, and porch." As to his own residence, owing to
the difficulties thrown in the way by the freeholder, it had not been made over to the Church. "I am sorry to say," he adds, "that we shall not be able to buy the parsonage after all." And so it continued till his death. The owner, a few months before he was taken to a better home, sold the house over his head; and had he lived a few months longer his lease would have been out. Like Abraham, who "sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country," he had no place which he could call his own, except the "possession of a burying-place." He very truly felt himself a "stranger and pilgrim upon earth." Yet in the country which he loved far less than the land of his birth, he expended every energy of mind and body, till he sank under the strain, and rests where he toiled for Christ and His Church.

The spring from which this faithful labour issued peeps out in a letter written June, 1862: "I have received more than most other men—pardon, guidance, strength, especially the first, and nothing I can do should be too great an exertion to show my thankfulness." His sense also of the blessing of being in, and ministering in, Christ's Church was very deep. In September, 1864, he says, after mentioning both troubles and successes: "I do hope that I am willing to stay here, or anywhere, all my life, if Our Blessed Lord wills it. I do feel most deeply the great joy and honour of being a priest in Christ's Holy Church." He was also deeply sensible of the blessing and aid of intercessory prayer. There is scarcely a letter of his that does not witness to this. "I know you kindly remember me and my work in your prayers. It is but he laid himself such a comfort and help to remember this and thus to realise the tie, which no distance nor length of absence can ever break." He particularly remembered others, and asked that himself and his work should be especially laid before the Lord, in the Holy Communion.

He found great comfort in the occasional clerical meet-
to put into the hands of his people. A paper was started called the "Christian Volunteer," but all the clergy were too incessantly working to have time to do it justice, and its life was short. After a short interval he joined several of his brethren, and sent for Erskine Clarke's "Parish Magazine," which they "localised," Dove becoming editor of the few added pages.

Space does not allow me to mention many things which I fain would add. In August, 1855, after many endeavours after synodical action, the first regular synod of the diocese of Newcastle was held at Morpeth: it consisted of clerical and lay members, and Dove was elected honorary secretary for the clergy. In all matters connected with the establishment and working of the synod he took a warm interest; and, in common with his Bishop and the rest of his brethren, was strongly opposed to asking any legislation from the secular power in such form as would throw any doubt upon the spiritual independence of the Church.

The Bishop of Sydney and Goulburn on the other side, most unhappily, took another view. But the diocese of Newcastle maintained its ground effectually.

In the midst of all Dove's work an hereditary disease developed itself. In June, 1865, he wrote: "I broke down after Easter, and thought it necessary to consult Dr. B—, who attributed my ill-health to overwork on Sundays, and the excessive amount of riding needful in this parish. He told me also, which I had suspected, that I had heart disease, which required care to prevent its immediate growth. I am giving up the third service on Sunday, and my kind people have enabled me to buy a buggy, so I shall now drive to many duties. . . . It is a trial at my age to feel oneself less useful than heretofore."

That he did not take his work even now very easily is clear from a letter written six months later. "My symptoms do not leave me, and I do not think my strength increases. I am quite knocked up for two or three days by a moderately heavy Sunday's work, such as that of last Sunday: two services, two baptisms, and churchings, and forty-two miles. However, I must not complain, for I can keep on steadily, if not very actively." Others would think that he worked actively still. His last letter, written October, 1866, speaks of his being "just in the thick of confirmation work;" which, where candidates are so widely scattered, implies very heavy fatigue. He says: "Our good Bishop visited us on the 8th, and stayed until the 10th. Nothing could exceed his genial kindness and pleasantness. On the 9th he had a confirmation here, nineteen receiving the holy rite." The Bishop then went on to some parishes farther up the country, and a week or two later was to return for a confirmation in another part of Dove's district. He says: "My work is increasing much at the head of Fallbrook, and round Mount Royal. I have very nice congregations and encouraging work in that direction. Once or twice lately a 'bush missionary,' a kind of ranter, has been round warning the people against me and my teachings. And it has been quite cheering to find how generally they have refused to have anything to do with him. He has made a point of elaborately shaking off the dust of his feet against them, or rather cleaning it off with a cloth he carries for the purpose. Such things really are themselves.

Referring to an offer the Bishop had made him of removing to some other cure, he says: "One's life is too short and uncertain to throw aside all the confidence and affection and readiness to be taught, which I may have succeeded in gaining during my seven years' residence here. I would rather work here till I die or return to England. God is very good in giving me so much sympathy and kindness from my dear parishioners, and in leading them to make such kind allowances for my neglect, when
strength will not hold out for all the work I should like to do."

The work he did at that time prostrated him severely, and for some time he was obliged to take a rest. The Bishop of Newcastle asked him down to stay with him and get advice; and, after about a fortnight’s stay at Morpeth, he returned home, about the middle of January, apparently better. He, however, soon fell back again; and, in spite of all that could be done for him, faded away towards that land where the saints are made perfect. Through February, and the first three weeks of March, his prostration daily increased. His clerical brethren came from many miles to comfort and to aid in nursing him. The Bishop says of his dear friend at Muswell Brook: "William White has been nursing him day and night, like a brother, and all the neighbouring clergy have been very kind. In fact, our dear brother is a general favourite, and we shall all feel his loss very much."

Mr. White, who was with him to the last, wrote about the last steps of his earthly pilgrimage. "He never lost his consciousness to the last. He was quite powerless to move or turn in his bed, and I remained with him constantly for more than a fortnight, Wilson kindly taking my Sunday duty. The kindness of the parishioners could not be surpassed. His mind was most active, almost too active, during his illness. He would discuss the most difficult Church questions. The difficulty was to keep him from thinking too much. He was very fond of being read to. Neale’s Poems, and the ‘Christian Year’—‘Safe Home’ in the former, and the piece for the Wednesday before Easter in the latter—were his favourites."

Mr. White was obliged to go away to the Wybong and Mount Dangar, parts of his district, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of March, but the Rev. James Blackwood, of Singleton, remained with him. Mr. White says: "When I returned, on Thursday, the 21st, to Muswell Brook, I was grieved to hear a bad account of him. I hurried over on Friday morning, not knowing whether I should find the dear fellow living; dear old Blackwood had remained all the week. At three that afternoon we all expected his death, and Blackwood read the commendatory prayer; but he rallied again for a little while. He never murmured through the whole. About two hours before his death he asked me to read him the last chapter of the Revelation. He said, 'I cannot say much.' I answered, 'You mean that those words express what you feel?' and he said, 'Yes, even so, come, Lord Jesus.' He held out his hand to feel for poor Mrs. Dove just before he breathed his last. I had gone out of the room for a few minutes at a quarter past two on the morning of the 23rd, when Blackwood ran to call me. Dove’s spirit passed away just as I came in. His end was as calm and peaceful as a sleep. I was so thankful that Blackwood was there; we were able to assist poor old Mrs. A—to lay out the remains of our dear brother in his robes, as he expressly wished himself."

Two days after, on the Feast of the Annunciation, he was buried.

The Rev. James Blackwood and the Rev. W. E. White were two of the pall-bearers, and the Rev. Canon Child, of Scone, read the Burial Service. All had in their time, though not together, been reading with me at Muswell Brook.

Mr. Child says: "At two P.M. we walked down from the house, I leading the way, White and Blackwood following as pall-bearers, and the churchwardens behind them; then the people—a large train. The body was borne by very willing bearers all the way to church and grave. On entering the church the coffin was placed in front of the communion rails, within the chancel. . . . The church was quite full. After leaving the church Mrs. Dove and the children followed the coffin in the
carriage, and got out at the bottom of the steep bank to walk up to the grave, which was made in the north-east angle of the chancel foundation of the Jerry's Plain church, and was built up of stone; so that if ever the church is built, the pastor will lie within its sacred precincts. Here, amid a crowd of anxious parishioners, we laid him in his grave. There were probably 200 people present, and the coffin, therefore, was not immediately covered, as they seemed so desirous of taking the last look of the coffin which held their pastor's remains. The coffin was very plain, of brown cedar varnished; on the name-plate was 'Rev. W. W. Dove, 35.' Mr. White says, 'It was a touching sight; I don't think there was a dry eye there. . . . I feel I have lost more than a brother in dear Dove. He was always with us in every good work; and such a gentle, humble spirit! We did not appreciate him fully whilst he was among us. We need not grieve, however, for him; he died a martyr's death—a martyr to overwork.'

Such was that dear brother in life and death, leaving, now he has passed from our sight, a train of blessed memories behind him. Will no young man, with the health and strength which God has given him, devote himself, in his Saviour's service, to take up the pastoral staff which William Dove has laid down?

151 THE ABORIGINES.

I CANNOT put on paper my few recollections of the aborigines of New South Wales without a feeling of sadness. As an Englishman and a Churchman, I am bitterly ashamed, nay, I am afraid, of the account to be rendered at the Judgment-day, when I reflect how the arrival of my fellow-countrymen, bearing the name of Christian, and having the habits and appliances of civilisation, brought a curse upon those wild children of the forest, debased a large part of them by fresh sins, instead of raising them towards the God Who made them, and has been the cause of their rapid diminution in numbers, if not of their complete extinction.

Some persons speak very complacently about the law, as they call it, by which the savage fades away before a civilised race. But unhappily the working of this law is to be traced only too evidently to the human agents. It is not so much to the white man's musket or rifle, used in self-defence or in protection of property, that the destruction of the aboriginal inhabitants is to be traced, as to the white man's drunkenness and the white man's lust, which have imported deadly diseases into the native veins, and have not only caused many premature deaths, but have checked the birth of native children, who might at least have filled up the gaps made in their ranks by death. We are accustomed to see in the returns of the Registrar-General of England a large annual increase of population. In New South Wales and other Australian colonies, there
has been a considerable annual decrease in those tribes which have been brought into connection with the white man, the decrease being in proportion to the intercourse between the two races.

Collins, the historian of the early years of the colony, makes mention of several native tribes which he saw on both sides of the Sydney harbour. "When I landed in Sydney in January, 1848, not one individual of those tribes remained alive. I saw one wretched, drunken native in the suburbs, who belonged to a distant tribe; but those men, women, and children, who used to fish in the waters of the north and south shores of the harbour, were simply wiped out, and, except in God's book of remembrance, and in the future resurrection, were as though they had never existed. There the Englishman had first set his foot and multiplied, and there the natives were not driven away, but simply extinct."

The same result has followed in different degrees in most other parts of Australia. In a report on the Australian aborigines ordered to be printed by the House of Commons in 1844, there is a letter from a missionary at Port Phillip to Mr. La Trobe, the Government Superintendent, dated 1842; in which it is stated that the population of four tribes immediately round the station had, since the beginning of the mission, a period of four years, decreased one-half; and the writer adds, "Should the present state of things continue, but a very few years will suffice to complete the annihilation of the aborigines of Australia Felix."

Where my lot was cast, on the Hunter River, the extermination was far advanced, though not quite complete. It must be remembered that before 1831 the white man had not settled on the Hunter Valley from Morpeth upwards. Only twenty-seven years later, when I first saw it, the sight of two or three natives about Morpeth and Maitland was of rare occurrence, and they were, in nearly all cases, those who would hang about public-houses for drink. As you advanced farther from the places which had been longest settled, you might now and then see small knots of natives. In the district intrusted to me, measuring roughly, from Maxwell Brook to some few miles beyond Cassilis, about 3,000 square miles, there were, of men, women, and children, about sixty remaining: the small fragments of several independent tribes, who, like partridges in the winter, when the sportsman's gun has thinned the coveys, had amalgamated; and at certain times would assemble from various parts of the bush to hold a corroboree, or native festival, which was but the shadow of such meetings in former times.

Farther to the west and to the north, in the districts of the Castlereagh, New England, the Clarence and Richmond Rivers, and Moreton Bay, the tribes were more populous. Mr. Oliver Fry, Commissioner of Crown lands on the Clarence River, made a report in 1843 to the Hon. E. D. Thompson, the Colonial Secretary in Sydney; in which he says that on the Clarence River were seven tribes, containing from fifty to one hundred men in each, and on the smaller river, the Richmond, four tribes, numbering about one hundred in each. The aggregate of the district under his charge, including some other tribes besides those mentioned, was about 2,000. I am unable to say to what extent the present census of that part of the colony would differ from that which he furnished more than twenty-four years ago; but he mentions, quite as an independent fact, a distinction between the tribes of those parts and others, which I cannot but consider one chief cause of the larger native population of that neighbourhood, that they have "evinced a disinclination to almost any intercourse with the settlers," manifested by the exceeding infrequency and short duration of their visits to the stations; nor can they," he continues, "be prevailed on to allow a white man to approach their camps, and
in no instance have they ever become domesticated, or attached themselves to any establishment on the river."*

Neither the home Government of those days, nor the authorities in the colonies, are chargeable with indifference to the preservation of the natives. On every occasion they showed their anxiety for their welfare, and had the same spirit prevailed among the convict population and free settlers, the efforts made for their civilisation and conversion would have had some prospect of success. In a despatch from Downing Street to Sir George Gipps, Governor of New South Wales, dated December 20th, 1842, Lord Stanley, after commenting upon the unfavourable reports both of the missionaries and of the "native protectors," concludes, "I should not, without the most extreme reluctance, admit that nothing can be done; that with them alone the doctrines of Christianity must be inoperative, and the advantages of civilisation incommunicable. I cannot acquiesce in the theory that they are incapable of improvement, and that their extinction before the advance of the white settler is a necessity which it is impossible to control. I recommend them to your protection and favourable consideration with the greatest earnestness, but at the same time with perfect confidence, and I assure you that I shall be willing and anxious to co-operate with you in any arrangement for their civilisation which may hold out a fair prospect of success."

The colonial authorities on their part endeavoured to protect the natives from injury, and to promote their civilisation. Laws were made and penalties enforced for their good. It was made penal to sell spirits to them, and the police were charged to prevent the white men drawing the native women away. Considerable sums were expended out of the proceeds of the lands sold to settlers by Government for the support of native "protectors," whose duties were not only to protect the aborigines against wrong, but to endeavour to teach them the arts and habits of civilised life. Lands were set apart for them in different districts, tools were provided, blankets and food given, and encouragements held out to them to betake themselves to agriculture and pastoral pursuits.

Among the settlers there were some few who interested themselves in the welfare of the natives around them, treated them with kindness, and taught them, as well as made use of their services. But the example of the majority of white men in the bush was so unchristian, and their treatment of the blacks so demoralising, that the missionaries desired to be removed as far as possible from them. And as the sheep and cattle stations were gradually pushed farther into the interior and surrounded them, they asked to be removed still farther into the unsettled parts. Sir George Gipps, in a letter to Lord Stanley in January, 1843, endorses the statement of missionary, that one of the chief causes of the failure of a mission, of which he is speaking, is "the deadly influence of ungodly Europeans." Mr. La Trobe also, in an official paper referring to the bad practice and influence of European settlers, says: "I think it my duty to state that the evil effects of that influence can scarcely be exaggerated."*

The attempts that were made to bring them to Jesus Christ were, from various causes, very disheartening in their results. And yet, on looking back upon them, one is not surprised at their almost entire failure. Within that part of Australia extending from Moreton Bay on the eastern coast to Geelong on the south, comprising, at the present time, the colonies of Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria, four missions were established, and received pecuniary aid from the Government in addition to the land granted to them. No doubt many earnest men were interested in each of them, but the very

enumeration of them is suggestive of disunion, and therefore of weak and desultory attempts at the great work of bringing wild, uncultivated heathen tribes to the faith of Jesus Christ.

The earliest mission was that of the Church Missionary Society, at Wellington Valley, about 160 miles north-west of Sydney, founded in the year 1832. Within a few years the London Missionary Society had fixed a mission near Lake Macquarie, on the coast, sixty miles north of Sydney. A Lutheran mission was planted at Moreton Bay, and a Wesleyan mission near Melbourne, in 1838.

Within ten years from the foundation of the first of these, two of them were entirely broken up, and the others were in a state of collapse. A few children had been taught to read, and read fairly. They could say prayers, and had some knowledge of religious truth. A very small number of adults received instruction, and some of them became useful in various kinds of work. But the impressions made on them were in very few instances lasting, the partially-formed habits were soon discarded; and those who had hoped to see their plans for them succeed lost heart, and gave up the work.

Sir George Gipps, who passed four days at the mission station at Wellington Valley, makes particular mention of a native, named George, who could both read and write, and was superior in every point to any native he had ever seen. As a proof of his civilisation, the Governor states that a gentleman, with whom he was dining, caused George to dine at the table with him, and that on this occasion he "behaved with perfect propriety; so much so, indeed, that, but for his colour and his modesty in speaking only when spoken to, he might have passed for an ordinary guest." But two years after this, in 1848, the clergyman in charge of the mission writes in a desponding tone about the whole mission, and adds, "a young man, the same who was prominently introduced to his Excellency the Governor, on his visit two years ago, as one far advanced in civilisation, has almost entirely returned to wild habits," i.e., the habits of the natives. "He has been more unsettled for these eighteen months than I have ever known him before."

This is only a specimen of the way in which, in nearly all cases, the work, which seemed to be progressing for a while, was stopped, and soon undone. And the consequence was that the Government declined to continue the aid it had, for a few years, given to the missions; and the missions themselves were discontinued. I believe I am right in saying that the Roman Catholics, of whom there was a considerable number, never attempted a mission in New South Wales. And it must be sadly confessed that the want of vigour, and the disunion, which prevailed in the Church Missionary establishment at Wellington Valley, were ill-suited to cope with the many and serious difficulties which were found in the natives themselves, and with the evils of European influence.

But it is impossible to accept the ill-success which has attended former missions to the aborigines as sufficient to absolve the Church from the duty of renewing her labours for their conversion.

Wiser, more zealous, and more patient efforts may, we trust, receive that blessing from the Lord, which seems in great measure to have been withheld hitherto. British energy is not usually repelled by a few early failures in some important worldly object. Shall men of the same race and blood lose all their energy when the cause is their Saviour's, and the price is the rescue of souls for which He died?

At the present time the state of the white population of the colony, though very far from showing to the heathen a pattern of the effect which the faith should have on the lives of those who embrace it, is less grossly and actively antagonistic to Christian teaching than it was thirty years
ago. And if one or two sound and earnest Churchmen,
with a large-hearted and energetic priest to lead them,
were appointed to this work—if they would seek out and
follow the natives, study their character, and give them
such teaching as they can take in, I believe the seeds sown
would, in God’s good time, spring and grow up man
“knoweth not bow.” It would be very important that
one of the party should be always at the centre; and,
according to the plan sketched by the Bishop of Newcastle,
should give more regular instruction and training to any
adults or children who might be persuaded to come to
him; but visitation of the wanderers should, I firmly be
lieve, be an essential feature of the mission. This, of
course, could only be done by an exercise of self-denial
of no common sort; but self-denial is no strange idea to
those who have tried in earnest to obey the Lord’s words,
“If any man will come after Me let him deny himself, and
take up his cross daily, and follow Me.”

I have no doubt, from what I have seen and heard of
the natives, that there are among them intellects more
capable of understanding the truths of the Gospel than we
may find among some of our baptized labourers in the
parishes of Christian England, and hearts and consciences
on which the call to repentance and holy living will not
fall in vain.

It would be, I think, most unwise to make fixed residence
and regular manual labour necessary conditions of dis­
cipleship, but there are always individuals among the
tribes who will, with more or less regularity, join them­
selves to the white man; tend or wash sheep, act as stock­
men (for they are very fond of riding), work about a house
or garden, reap, or take part in many of the other occupa­
tions of civilised life; and these men would acquire useful
habits while they were being taught Christian principles.

It must be borne in mind that, independently of natural
indolence or inferiority of intellect, the circumstances of
the aborigines had for ages been most unfavourable to im­
provement. Cut off by oceans from all the world besides,
for generations unknown, destitute of the example or teach­
ings of their more advanced fellow-men, they had not
been led by opportunities to those pursuits, nor forced by
necessity to those inventions, which insensibly elevate and
civilise men. They had no grain to encourage them to
live without shelter. There were no beasts of prey to oblige
them to seek the protection of a dwelling at night;
and their mode of procuring subsistence by hunting, fish­
ing, cutting from the hollow trees the honeycomb of the
small native bee,* or the opossum as he slept through the
day, made a fixed dwelling inconvenient. When the wind
blew cold from the south, it was warded off by a few
boughs stuck into the ground to windward; and a sheet
or two of bark stripped from a gum-tree, and propped by
sticks, formed a temporary shelter to these black children
of the forest when the rain was more heavy or of longer
continuance than usual. After (at the utmost) a few
nights’ sojourn on the same spot of ground, they would
walk away almost as unencumbered as the kangaroo,
leaving no home behind them; and, having procured their
food for the day, they would lie down in any fresh place
where water was procurable.

Their manufactures were of the simplest kind, consisting
of wooden weapons for war and hunting; the spear simply
pointed or barbed; the nulla nulla, or knobbed war-club;
the waddy, a sort of elongated policeman’s truncheon
drawn to a point at the end; a small hand shield for

* The native bee is no more than one-sixth of an inch in length. It
has a sting, which, when caught, it attempts to use in its defence, but
is so weak that it is unable to penetrate the thinnest skin. Hence the
natives cut out their nests with impunity.
parrying an enemy's spear; and the boomerang, which, if it missed its mark, returned through the air to the thrower. The women made some well-twisted string (of different degrees of fineness) from the fibres of the currajong bark, which they sometimes netted, sometimes linked together without knots, into girdles or headbands for the men, or bags for the women to carry roots, fish, or other eatables; they plaited, also, very neatly, bags of rush and grass; and then there was the blanket-shaped opossum rug made of skins, not badly sewn together with fine string, or with the sinews of the kangaroo.

Their mode of life called for no forethought, exercised little skill. They lived from hand to mouth; nothing could be laid up, for they had no home in which to store it. In a thousand years the children were no farther advanced than their ancestors.

Among such a people the arrival of the white man has poured a flood of civilisation and complicated social relations, the aggregate of the experience of ages. And however we, who have been nurtured in them, may appreciate these advantages, we can far less reasonably expect that the free wanderers of the forest will, at our exhortation, fix themselves in any large numbers to regular labour, than we could hope to induce the English country lad, who has from his childhood ridden his master's horses to water or followed the plough, to consent at once to sit for long hours at a compositor's desk in a close room in the city, nneled to work long after midnight setting up the type of a parliamentary speech; though he might thereby eat meat more frequently than before, or dress in smoother cloth and a better shirt on Sunday.

We must not push the natives on too fast, but lead them gently forward as they are able to bear it.

I have before stated that when I arrived at Muswell Brook, I found but sixty individuals alive out of the five tribes that once roamed over the large area comprised in my clerical district. Very rarely did any considerable number even of these meet in one place; they generally wandered in parties of from two or three to twenty; sometimes camping for a few days near a township, and then scattering among the hills, or by the rivers, and disappearing for months. Occasionally, in a long bush ride, a few might be overtaken (with their hatchet, boomerang, and waddy stuck in their girdle), with a lump or two of fat twisted among the curls of their hair, and perhaps their gies, or wives; following, carrying by the tail the newly killed opossums. The clothing of the men was sometimes a striped shirt, sometimes a blanket given by Government, sometimes nothing but their girdle. The women usually wore a blanket or opossum rug, unless some white woman had given them a gown.

I saw at once how little I could hope to effect with those whom I could so seldom see, and whom I had not time to search out; but it was a plain duty to seize every possible opportunity of conversing with them. My first attempt was to learn the language; but it was not very successful. I found one of the survivors of the Merton tribe, King Jerry, who, from intercourse with the white man, had picked up a fair stock of broken English; and I agreed with him that he should teach me, and I was to give him a dinner each time. The first lesson was short, and Jerry was well satisfied; the second time I kept him about an hour, which proved altogether too much for his patience. We sat in the verandah, he continually stopped me to ask, "When you give me what you promise me?" He looked wistfully towards the kitchen to see if the cook was coming; and showed every symptom of weariness. When his dinner arrived he dined full justice to it; but he avowed me for the future, and I had no more teaching from King Jerry.

Finding that I could get so few opportunities of learning the language, but that many of the natives could talk
and understand broken English, I devoted my endeavours, when I could meet with them, to winning their confidence and teaching what I could. And I found that some of the teaching, at least, was remembered.

One afternoon in 1846, as I was on my monthly journey to Merriwa, I overtook a party of about fifteen returning to their camp, which was then at the township; some women and children were among them. One had her infant, where they usually carry them, at her back, sitting in a fold of her opossum rug, and looking over his mother's shoulder. Two or three little boys, fat little fellows, full of fun and merriment, were running about by the side of their elders, clothed only in their own black skins, and throwing with exuberant glee some toy boomerangs, which, I suppose, their fathers had made for them.

We were more than a mile from the township; so I dismounted, and, after a few ordinary observations, determined to teach what I could. I had made up my mind that my first teaching must be the existence of God, His omnipresence, and His moral government. The sun was towards the west; so, pointing to it, I said, "See big sun! You know Who made him?" The only answer practised eye one black is not very easily distinguished from another. When I began to say much that I had done in the last occasion, one who appeared to be listening attentively said, "That what you tell me up at Merriwa." It was evident that, if I had forgotten his features, he had not forgotten my words. "Have I seen you before?" I asked, "Oh! you not know me?—I Peter." "Well, Peter," said I, looking full into his face, which, though certainly not good-looking, had an expression far from unpleasant, "I not know you now, I know you after. Glad you think what I told you." He said he had thought of it much, and had talked of it to other natives, so that to a certain extent poor Peter was becoming, like St. Andrew, a missionary to his brethren of some portion of the truth.

Pointing to it, I asked, "You see black fellow up on big range? Black fellow on big range see you, me? You see Muswell Brook?" (forty-five miles over the hills to the east). "You see Cassilis?" (twenty-five miles to the west). And then, as the half-inquiring laugh followed each question, I said, uncovering my head, "Great God see black fellow on big range—see you, me—see Muswell Brook—see Cassilis—see all place. Dark night—no star, no moon, no camp fire—all dark; you no see, great God see; see in dark, see in light—see you, me, now—see you, me, all time." In similar broken language, and referring to the white man's gardens and fruit, with which the natives were well acquainted, I spoke of Eden as a mark of God's love; the prohibition, the sin, and the punishment. We had now reached Merriwa and each went our way, with a mental prayer on my part that God would bless the seed I had been attempting to sow in those poor untutored hearts.

Several months later some blacks came to me at Muswell Brook, offering to get me some native honey; for which (when brought) I paid them in flour and meat. I asked them to come into the verandah, as I wished to speak to them. I did not know them, for to an unpractised eye one black is not very easily distinguished from another. When I began to say much that I had on the last occasion, one who appeared to be listening attentively said, "That what you tell me up at Merriwa." It was evident that, if I had forgotten his features, he had not forgotten my words. "Have I seen you before?" "Oh! you not know me?—I Peter." "Well, Peter," said I, looking full into his face, which, though certainly not good-looking, had an expression far from unpleasant, "I not know you now, I know you after. Glad you think what I told you." He said he had thought of it much, and had talked of it to other natives, so that to a certain extent poor Peter was becoming, like St. Andrew, a missionary to his brethren of some portion of the truth.
It was but seldom, and usually at considerable intervals, that I could see my poor black friend. The jealousy of his tribe, which feared the influence of the white man, kept him much away. From him I learnt a little of their native vocabulary; and when I had the opportunity of seeing him, carried on his teaching. He told me that he and his people had no prayer or worship of any kind. He said that when he was a boy he used to hear the voice of the spirit of the woods in the dark stormy nights, but he had heard nothing of him since.

Into that chaos dark and void I tried to infuse something of the knowledge of God. By degrees I pointed out to him that God sent His own Son for us sinners; and told him that, upon repentance and faith (though I put it in a less technical form), he could be made by baptism a partaker of God's blessings. And in a less technical form, he could be made by baptism a partaker of God's blessings.

He told me that, upon repentance and faith (though I put it in a less technical form), he could be made by baptism a partaker of God's blessings. And I taught him almost at the outset a short prayer, which I taught to every native to whom I was able to give any instruction: "O Lord, make me to know Thee, and to know Jesus Christ, Thy Son." I took care to guard him not unfrequently against the idea, which he would naturally imbibe from seeing the evil lives of too many white men, that becoming a Christian need not bind him to holy living. The next morning he told me, "Coburn house make him go round, round, round," i.e., the big house made him feel giddy. And before midday two of the men of his tribe, jealous of my keeping him away from them, came for him, and took him back to the camp. The party soon moved; and some time after I heard that Peter was better, and had taken a job of shepherding at a station in another clerical district.

Not long after this I heard that a native at the gate wanted to speak to me. I had never seen him before, but saw he was oppressed with some great grief. He burst into tears as I went up to him, and said, bitterly, "Poor Peter dead! poor Peter, your black fellow, dead! be my brother." He told me that he was far away in the interior when Peter died; and, having just returned, he had been sent by his uncle to inform me of his death, and to bring me Peter's dying message.

The poor fellow had again been very ill; and one day said to his uncle, "I weary had; take me to Missel Boodle, Muswell Brook." He walked a short distance with great difficulty, leaning on his uncle; and then, finding his end approaching, said, "I no go further; I die. You bury me. Go to Missel Boodle; say to him, I going to Almighty God." I mentioned this the next day to my schoolmistress, who
told me the following story, which I believe she had heard from her husband, the chief constable. Peter, with other natives, had at one time been employed by a publican to strip some bark for the roof of an out-building, and the payment was to be made in tobacco. The job being finished, a good many blacks were crowding into the tap-room, some to be paid for the bark, others for mere companionship; and some of those who were being paid were trying to get as much as they could. Peter had received his tobacco in the crowd; but afterwards came in again, and held out his hand for payment. G——, the publican's son, said, "No, Peter, go away, I paid you." "No, massa," was the ready reply; "you pay another black fellow." G——, not feeling sure, paid him again. He went out with his prize, and nothing more would have been thought of the matter; but in a few minutes back came poor Peter, looking very much ashamed, and held out his hand with the tobacco, saying, "Massa say musn't tell lies; you did give me 'bacca," and restored the ill-gotten treasure.

I thanked God for this evidence of his denying himself and confessing his fault for conscience sake. Though my poor friend Peter had not been baptized, who shall say that Christ's truth had not wrought in him some fruit, which, through His precious blood, He may accept? Who shall say what he might have become with less than half the blessings lavished on the barren hearts of many a Christian man and woman?

In my limited experience I found several more of the aborigines (with less steadiness than Peter, but yet with sufficient willingness to be taught) to convince me that persevering labour on such a soil, rightly directed, would, with God's blessing, produce fruit. But little can be expected from the desultory efforts of those who are overburdened with the charge of a Christian population, which, if not overwhelmingly numerous, is scattered over so wide an area as to leave no time or strength for due attention to the peculiar wants of the heathen.

Men are wanted, able to bear fatigue and hardship, sound in the doctrines of the Church, and zealous in heart, and especially gifted with a power of adapting their manner of teaching to the peculiarities of their disciples. To such men a mission to the aborigines should be given as their one great work, to which they must devote their full energies for the love of Christ.

I would only add that what is done should be at once undertaken by those who have authority; or, while we are delaying, these poor souls may have passed away to the presence of the God Whom they have not known on earth, Who seems to have committed them to the care of our branch of His Church, that we may impart to them that blessed faith which He has committed as a talent to us.
CHAPTER XIII.

THE FORMATION OF THE CHURCH SOCIETY.

For the first three years from the foundation of the See of Newcastle, the Bishop and his clergy found themselves far more than occupied in endeavouring to minister to the people as widely as possible. They increased the services, sought out those who were scattered in the far-away corners of the bush, among hills and valleys, where no minister of Christ had before been seen. Fresh schools were set on foot, and some much-needed churches were built.

Many very urgent wants had to be supplied, though in a most imperfect way, in order to arouse anything like Christian life among our flocks. Over the wide area assigned to each clergyman it was no small labour, especially during the heats of summer, even to find out all Christ's wandering sheep, still more to minister to them regularly. And then we had to learn the character and habits of the people, and to gain their confidence before we could prudently lay down, or ask them to join in, any plans of united diocesan action.

But from the first we saw that in order to make any progress in the great work which was opening before us, a society must be organised to collect and manage funds for various diocesan purposes. Even in the mother country, where there are tithes for the support of the clergy, and where old grey churches and parsonages, within short distances of each other, attest the rich inheritance, for which the present generation is indebted to the piety of those long since with God, societies are indispensable for the maintenance or advance of Church work. Far more are they needed in a young and growing colony, whose birth is in the recollection of some few who are still living.

We did not find old churches and church-buildings dotted over and hallowing the land. There was the vast stretch of unfenced forest country, with here and there a town or little village on the banks of a river, and many a settler's establishment or shepherd's hut in the bush: showing the energy of our countrymen, who had left home and friends sixteen thousand miles away, to gain a livelihood or to make a fortune. But there was no provision by tithes or endowments which could place Christ's ministers among them, to remind them, as God's children, that they were destined for a better world.

Some measure of assistance was given by the Colonial Legislature; but the principle of Sir R. Bourke's Act, passed in 1836, by which grants were annually made to the Church of England, with other religious bodies, was one which contained the elements of decay within itself. There was no chance of its being allowed to provide in any adequate degree for the growing needs of the population; and attempts were made from time to time by the various sects which did not share in the grant, and by politicians who sympathised with their aim, to abolish all State aid to religion—attempts which, at length, have unhappily succeeded, reservation being made of the interests of those individuals who have hitherto received salaries as long as they shall hold their present posts.

By the exertions of the Bishop of Newcastle before he left England, subscriptions had been promised to the young diocese from members of the Mother Church for five years. The cessation of this aid could, of course, easily be calculated. And the excellent Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which "hath been a succourer
of many," and had, during the seven years from 1840 to 1846, given to the Church in the whole Australian continent, then under Bishop Broughton, £4,000 per annum, gave diminished sums to each of the newly-formed sees, and by degrees lessened the amounts given to them, as they might be expected to become better able to provide for themselves.

It was, therefore, quite evident to those who would not obstinately close their eyes to the present needs—and still more those that were impending—that funds must be raised in the diocese itself, if the growth of the Church was not to be stunted.

For the first public introduction of this subject, the Bishop took advantage of the presence of some of his episcopal brethren in the colony.

The year 1850 was memorable in the annals of our Southern Church for the "meeting" of the six Bishops of the province of Australasia. That meeting was held at Sydney, and its objects, as stated in its minutes, afterwards published, were—1st. "To consult together upon the various difficulties in which we are at present placed by the doubtful application to the Church in this province of the ecclesiastical laws which are now in force in England." 2nd. "To suggest such measures as may seem to be most suitable for removing our present embarrassments." 3rd. "To consider such questions as affect the progress of true religion, and the preservation of ecclesiastical order, in the several dioceses of this province; and finally, in reliance on Divine providence, to adopt plans for the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen races of Australasia and the adjacent islands of the Western Pacific."

The session began on the 1st of October, 1850, and ended on the 1st of November. Those present at it were, Bishop Broughton, of Sydney, the reverend Metropolitan, and the Bishops of New Zealand, Tasmania, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Newcastle—the only Bishops then consecrated in Australia and the islands of the Pacific.

At the close of the session, the Bishop of Newcastle invited his old college friend, Bishop Selwyn, and Bishop Nixon, of Tasmania, to visit Morpeth; and in order to make full use of our episcopal visitors, the 14th of November was fixed for the meeting, at which the general wants of the Church in the diocese were to be put before the people.

Bishop Selwyn had already been for some days under the Bishop's roof, had visited with him several of the districts near Morpeth, and had stirred up the hearts of a congregation assembled in Christ Church, Newcastle, by his burning words, in a sermon upon the first part of Joel ii. 28.

On the morning of the 14th of November, Bishop Nixon arrived by the Sydney steamer. I was appointed to meet him, and to escort him to the service at St. James' Church, Morpeth, with which we were to begin our day. The steamer had stuck on the "flats," some miles down the river—no uncommon event; and while I was waiting impatiently on the wharf, the church-bell ceased. I quite despaired of our reaching the church before the congregation left it; but at last the steamer came in sight, and, as our walk was only five minutes long, we were in time for the celebration of the Holy Communion.

The meeting was held in the afternoon at the Court-house, East Maitland, two miles distant; and there, to a large number of attentive Churchmen and women, the three Bishops, and some of the clergy present, explained how much, and in how many branches of its work, the extension and prosperity of Christ's Church in that newly-settled land depended upon their zeal and steady co-operation.

An outline was given of the constitution and objects of the proposed society. It was intended that during the next five months the clergy should speak of it in their
several districts; that the Bishop should take every opportunity of preparing the way for it wherever he might go; and that in the meantime rules should be prepared, in order to be submitted to a meeting to be called for the formation of the society.

Before the meeting separated an address of hearty and respectful welcome was presented to the Bishops who had come among us; in which, among other things, it was said: "We feel assured that your Lordships' visit is not to be considered as one of mere friendship to our respected Diocesan, but as one made by Bishops of Christ's Church, coming, in the spirit of Christian brotherhood, to aid and cheer a brother Bishop and the flock entrusted to his charge. . . . On the departure of your Lordships for your respective dioceses, permit us to express the earnest hope that you will continually remember us in your prayers, and be pleased to convey to our brethren the assurance of our love in Christ, and of our prayers for their spiritual and temporal welfare. . . . We would desire, above all, to render our humble thanks to our merciful Father, that while sin and infidelity are arousing themselves through the world, He has graciously stirred up to new life our branch of the Church. We consider it no small sign of His goodness towards us, that six Bishops of the Church of England have been allowed to meet and take counsel in the diocese of Sydney; and three to assemble in this diocese, where, within the memory of man, the Word of God and the Name of Jesus were unknown."

At the conclusion of the meeting a collection was made, and £22 14s. was collected; which, as the first-fruits of the united action of the diocese of Newcastle, was given to the Bishop of New Zealand for his mission to the heathen in the islands of the Pacific. The clergy present returned to Morpeth, and spent the rest of the day with the three Bishops—a day not to be forgotten by those who shared in its proceedings, and especially refreshing to those who for three years had spent most of their time in labouring in the bush, cut off from personal intercourse with their brethren in other places.

The seed thus happily sown sprang up into life in the Easter week of the following year. On Sunday, April 14, 1851, after service in Morpeth church, and a very excellent sermon by the Bishop, a meeting was held in the schoolroom, at which the Newcastle Church Society was called into being, the rules which had been drawn up for it adopted, and its officers appointed.

The names of the six different funds, into any or all of which subscriptions might be paid, show how extensive was the ground which the Church Society covered. They were called—1. Education Fund; 2. Book Fund; 3. Building Fund; 4. Clergy Fund; 5. Mission Fund; 6. General Fund. The young diocese desired to keep before its members the duty of—1st. Training up Christ's little ones entrusted to her care, whether in primary or in more advanced schools; 2nd. Of aiding in the supply of God's Holy Word, books of sacred reading, and secular literature of a sound and improving character; 3rd. Of encouraging Church buildings, whether churches, schools, or parsonages; 4th. Of providing for an increase of clergy, either by collecting money for salaries where none existed, or by adding something to those that were insufficient; 5th. Of helping missions to the heathen according to their power, in fulfilment of the Lord's last command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" and, lastly, there being many needs which arise, when the Church is engaged in its work, which can hardly be foreseen or specified, and, perhaps, are temporary; and yet, if there is no fund to meet them, the Church suffers: for these the "General Fund" was intended to provide.

Thus six distinct purses were provided under one management, enlisting the different sympathies and supplying the
different needs of the Church, yet without the rivalry, and perhaps the jealousy, of different societies.

It was also at the option of each subscriber either to make his offering a special one to any particular local or diocesan object, or to pay it, without further limitation, into any of the funds.

Another feature of the society was that it was intended to be rather an aggregate of Parochial Associations, called “District Associations,” than an aggregate of individuals. Any one might pay his subscription to the treasurer of the society, and some few subscriptions were always so paid, especially those of subscribers not residing in the diocese; but the bulk of the subscriptions was paid to the district committees in the several parishes or districts of the diocese.

Two-thirds of these local contributions to the “Education,” “Book,” and “Building Funds” might, if desired, be retained in the district in which they were contributed; and the remaining third, with the total of the “Clergy,” “Mission,” and “General Funds,” were to be remitted to the Diocesan Society.

These provisions gave the widely-scattered members of the Church a greater interest in the society; and made it more easy to bring its claims before them, and to look up and collect subscriptions, than if all had depended upon one central committee. The principles of local interest and extended Christian brotherhood were both represented.

The first years of the existence of the society, beginning in the middle of April, contained the subscriptions of less than nine months. That year was also one of great change and excitement in the colony, for it was in May, 1851, that the discovery of gold at Sofia, near Bathurst, startled us all, and for a while threatened to turn everything upside down. We were, therefore, well pleased and thankful to find that our first year’s total amounted to £531, out of which the sum given for additional clergy was £276.

There were two items which pleasantly marked the time—one contribution of £20, and another of £5, from successful gold-diggers, who thus sanctified their gains by rendering a tribute to the Lord.

The funds of the Newcastle Church Society afterwards increased far beyond our expectations; and in many ways it became a great blessing to the diocese.
CHAPTER XIV.

GROWTH AND PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH SOCIETY.

It was an important day for the Diocese of Newcastle when the Church Society was formed. It was a day of hopes and fears: of hopes that, by God's blessing, it might be the means of drawing out the energy of the laity to aid in the great work that was before us, and of refreshing the thirsty places of the land; of fears, lest worldly selfishness, prejudices, and jealousies might close the hearts and hands which should open to help forward Christ's work.

The formation of the Church Society was the first steady effort towards making the young diocese self-reliant.

The Church at home is rightly called upon to provide for planting missions in heathen lands, and aiding the first struggles of a colonial Church, where the shoot newly planted needs watering from without until it has taken root and begun to draw its moisture from the new soil. And there are some colonies, like Newfoundland, where the battle for life is so hard that greater and longer-continued assistance is required than in others. To supply these great and increasing needs, the Churchmen of England are in Christian charity bound—and are well able—to offer far more largely than they have yet done. Many still give nothing; and of those who do give, many do not make offerings in a fair proportion to their means. But, however much a colonial Church requires and has a right to look for the help of the Mother Church during the early years of its existence, nothing could be more enervating to

it than to continue year after year trusting to external sources for support, and making no call upon its own members to supply their spiritual wants.

The effort was made in the Diocese of Newcastle after the first three years of its existence, and two years before the cessation of the special subscriptions which had been promised in England to meet its first necessities.

There were some real difficulties which threatened us at the outset; for the most important object of the Church Society was the support of additional clergy—not to speak of the increase of existing salaries—and the approaching need of providing for the whole number, when the State aid should cease.

Churchmen who had come from England were unprepared for this. They had been accustomed to see their clergyman provided for by tithes secured by law, and the greater number of the parishioners, who profited by his ministrations, were not called to contribute anything to his support. The old associations of the emigrant Churchman were, therefore, against the Apostolic precept, “Let him that is taught communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.” To the Church of England layman it was, for the most part, a new idea, and new ideas do not generally spring into vigorous action at once.

Then there was the positive irreverence of many of the settlers and convicts—especially in the bush, where more clergymen were wanted. Those whose daily lives were a denial of all religion were little likely to contribute to its support.

There were many, also, who had come to the colony, not to make it their home, but to realise a sum of money and return to England. Many of these took no interest in improving things around them, and especially grudged spending money upon things so unremunerative as clergy, and churches, and religious schools.

The miserable divisions, which prevail wherever our
countrymen are settled, had their effect in dissipating energies which, if united in Christ's Church, would have economised money and men, and have been able to act with vigour. In each little township, if it had but two or three hundred inhabitants, were found representatives of three or four different sects. Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and Baptists or Independents, would divide the little community with the Church. And a flock, which might have been efficiently tended by one pastor, residing among or near them, was scantily fed at irregular times by the occasional visits of ministers who lived at a distance, and performed similar desultory work in other places.

From these and other causes there was, among the majority of the colonists, an unwillingness to contribute to the pressing needs of the Church, up to the time when the Church Society was formed. As an illustration of this, the Bishop of Newcastle has mentioned, that when Bishop Broughton was on the point of sailing to England for the last time, he was anxious to send a clergyman to a district in the south of his diocese. The full stipend was available, but there was no parsonage. The Bishop, therefore, asked a settler, who was a member of Council, and had an income of £5,000 or £6,000 per annum, to guarantee the collection in the district of twenty pounds per annum for the rent of a house. The settler replied that he had consulted with his neighbours, and that they were willing to guarantee ten pounds per annum, but would not undertake to promise so much as twenty pounds, and this wealthy settler pledged himself to one pound.

This is a sample of the spirit against which the Church Society had to win its way, and against which it did win its way year by year, with a success that astonished the workers as well as the bystanders.

From its first establishment in 1851, until the separation of the northern portion of the diocese in 1850, and its erection into the see of Brisbane, the numbers of contributors, and the total contributed, not only never fell off, but increased considerably each year. The amounts contributed in these nine years, and their increase, were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Total Amount of Collections</th>
<th>Increase on Preceding Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1851</td>
<td>£531</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1852</td>
<td>£1,412</td>
<td>£881</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1853</td>
<td>£2,247</td>
<td>£835</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1854</td>
<td>£3,362</td>
<td>£1,115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1855</td>
<td>£4,527</td>
<td>£1,165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1856</td>
<td>£5,323</td>
<td>£796</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1857</td>
<td>£6,028</td>
<td>£705</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1858</td>
<td>£6,849</td>
<td>£821</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1859</td>
<td>£7,669</td>
<td>£821</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

When in 1860 the receipts from what had then become the new Diocese of Brisbane were cut off from the Newcastle Church Society, the receipts were diminished to £5,361; but the responsibilities of the society were also largely diminished. And a comparison of the receipts for the reduced diocese with those of the same portion, before its division in the preceding year, shows an increase of £453.

It ought to be added that on May 12th, 1868, after seventeen years of valuable labour, the Church Society was merged in the then established Diocesan Synod, under the direction of which the same important work of raising and administering the funds of the diocese was then carried on. In each of the years, between the reduction of the diocese and the transmigration of the spirit of the Church Society into the Diocesan Synod, the funds steadily increased; and the concluding year, so far from showing any diminution of the zeal of the members of the Church, shows an increase of £1,640 upon the year preceding, making a sum of £8,546, or £1,146 more than was contributed in the last year of the undivided diocese in 1850.

It has not been during a period of uninterrupted pros-
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The emigrant and the heathen.

Prosperity that the offerings of the Churchmen in the diocese have continued to increase. There have been several years since the foundation of the society, when troubles and losses affecting the colony would have fully accounted for a falling off of subscriptions; but the steady rise was maintained, notwithstanding all difficulties. An extract from the Report for 1857 will give one instance of this. It says, "The circumstances of the year 1857 will long be remembered among us. Agricultural produce swept away by three devastating floods, each more disastrous than the preceding; growing crops destroyed, houses submerged, merchandise and stores injured or carried away by the rising waters, rents generously forgiven or lowered, from want of ability in the tenants to pay, traffic for several months almost stopped, and trade at a standstill; then the commercial panic in England and America, which for a time affected even this distant member of the great Anglo-Saxon body; and, in the midst of these trials, contributions freely made by those who suffered much, to lighten the burdens of those who suffered more; and more recently, the calls of charity responded to in the colony for the overwhelming affictions of our Indian brethren. All these circumstances, which impress the past year indelibly upon our memories, ought to be taken into consideration, if we would rightly estimate the amount of the funds raised for our Church Society." These words preceded an announcement of an increase of £705 on the previous year's subscriptions. The Report went on to add, "With this increase in the funds of the society, there has also been a steady advance in the great work which we are labouring to promote. There are more ministers' dwellings built, or in progress, more schools, more churches, and, we may thank God, more ministers labouring in this diocese than when we last met together."

The means which, under God's blessing, produced such satisfactory results, were, in the first place, plain statements of the needs which existed in the diocese, and of the uselessness of looking to external sources for their supply. It was frequently and widely impressed upon the members of the Church, that they must themselves provide that pecuniary support which could not be looked for elsewhere. When a clergyman was required for any place which had not a Government stipend, the Bishop impressed upon the Churchmen in the district, that, if they desired one to be sent to them, they must contribute to his support. In order to secure the income, the principal laymen were asked to guarantee a certain sum—part of which was their own subscription, and part was raised from the contributions of the smaller settlers and poorer members of the Church. Many shepherds in the bush gave willingly, some of them 5s., 10s., or £1 a-year.

Those districts which received Government aid for their clergyman were appealed to, as a matter of justice, to contribute towards those who had none; and the duty was generally acknowledged when laid clearly before them. In several of the districts half of the offertory was paid to the Clergy Fund, in accordance with the Bishop's expressed desire. The Bishop urged upon all the districts that had £200 a-year from Government for their clergyman, that they should each contribute £100 a-year towards those who had no Government aid. Any sum which a district contributed to the Clergy Fund above this £100, was paid to its own clergyman in augmentation of his income.

None of these sums were paid to the clergy directly, but to the Church Society itself; and were distributed in quarterly payments by the committee to the clergy who were entitled to them.

The work was much helped forward in those districts where the parochial meetings were regularly held, and information given on Church subjects in general. In these there was greater steadiness in the contributions, and a growing interest was felt in the progress of the Church.
Much good also resulted, where, through the influence of
the clergy, some of the more earnest laymen undertook to
collect from the scattered settlers.

There were some districts in which the clergy did not
understand how to make a beginning, or shrank from
enlisting their better-minded parishioners in the cause.
Here the Bishop’s visits were invaluable. Always ready for
any work, he sometimes aided the clergyman in a meeting;
or he would call on the laity and set them in motion; and
in some parishes, where nothing had been effected, and
the clergyman was disheartened, the Bishop’s visit drew
out willing workers; and the result showed itself in the
increased funds of the society.

It must not be supposed that when success is mentioned,
a whole spiritual desert is represented as brought into
fertility; nor that it was as easy to effect what was really
done, as it is to write or read of it. Very much remained
and still remains to be done. But that an actual and
considerable success was granted to the Church Society,
even in its early days, is evident, when it is said that
in the beginning of the third year of its existence it was
found that the colonial resources, partly derived from the
Government aid, and partly from the funds of the Church
Society, provided all the stipends for the clergy, and that
the Bishop announced to the Society for the Propagation
of the Gospel, and to his English friends, that henceforth
their aid would not be required for the current expenses,
but for the most important object of investments for its
permanent good. The Bishop says in a letter appended
to the Society’s Report, and dated May 9th, 1853:
“Two thousand pounds will be available this year for
these purposes, and, I trust, a similar sum during each of
the next four years.”

That plan of endowment was, that, as far as there were
funds available for the purpose, any donation up to £500
should be met by a similar sum from the investment fund,
and the amount invested as a permanent endowment for the
object fixed upon.

Several schools were partially endowed in this way;
three canonries were endowed with £20 a-year each, half
of the principal for endowment being contributed by the
Bishop and his English friends. Some parishes received
a small endowment for their clergy; the endowment of
the bishopric was completed; and to enable the Church
Society to pay the clergy their quarterly salaries, when
due, before all the subscriptions had been paid in, the
society itself was endowed with £1,000 as a permanent
balance; out of which the sums required were advanced,
and into which they were repaid again as soon as the
subscriptions of the districts were sent in.

These and other endowments are of the greatest possible
benefit where the large bulk of Church funds arises from
voluntary subscriptions, and the prudent management and
forethought of the Bishop have enabled him to raise them
as an off-growth of the Church Society.

The Diocesan Depot, which is most useful, and has
been most successful in its working, is a nursing of the
society, which, for the first eight or nine years of its
existence, voted a sum annually to aid the payment of its
original debt. But it would never have succeeded at first,
nor have maintained its efficiency as it has done, had it
not been for the wise care of the Bishop.

It has now a stock of £1,600 worth of books, free from
debt, replenished by orders from England to the value of
£200 each quarter. It is so managed that the Bibles and
the Book of Common Prayer are sold in the colony at
prices charged by the Society for Promoting Christian
Knowledge to its subscribers; and other publications of all
kinds are sold at English retail prices; the expense of
carriage, packing, &c., from England, being borne by the
Depot. To meet the wants and tastes of various persons,
you are allowed to send, through the manager of the
Mission Work in British Columbia.

CHIEFLY FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE REV. R. J. DUNDAS.

CHAPTER I.

NOTES FROM THE BISHOP'S JOURNAL.

YALE, Wednesday, June 14, 1866.—Left New Westminster in the Lilloet for Hope and Yale at three o'clock. Rained all the morning and the whole day incessantly. 212 passengers, many Chinese. There was a row in the evening, and a white man stabbed a Chinaman, and was secured. At night we lay to; there was much noise, and I could get but broken rest.

Services—Yale and Hope, Sunday, June 18.—Held service at Yale. The attendance was forty. The harmonium was played very fairly by the daughter of the schoolmaster. I had the morning prayer and litany. The collection was 13 dollars. In the afternoon I went by canoe to Hope, where at six o'clock in the pretty church of that lovely spot I held service. Hope is now all but deserted. Still we had eighteen persons, besides a few Indians.

Canoe Voyage to Hope.—The river at this time is at its height, some twenty feet above the common level, through the melting of the snow. It is a tremendous torrent, rushing onwards, carrying in its vast breadth and depth the waters of many great tributary rivers gathered in its course of nearly 1,000 miles; at times, whirling and upheaving surges seemed enough to overset and swallow up in an instant our tiny bark, but with quick,