

fears about "how we should get to church" relieved. The consecration was fixed at 3 o'clock at St. Paul's, which was the cathedral for the time being. Lady Martin, the Judge, and I found ourselves together nearly in front of the altar, where a goodly assemblage of clergy, amongst them Hohna's fine intelligent brown face, were gathered, beside the Metropolitan and his two suffragans of Nelson and Wellington, all three noble-looking men. (Waiapu, alas! has not arrived.) Some ten or eleven of the island boys were ranged in front of the altar rail, with Mr. Kerr as their leader, and your brother in the centre, in the quaint rochet, his robes lying by his side—the Church being too crowded for any moving to and from the vestry. Lady Martin, who had never been present at a consecration before, says she shall never forget the expression of your brother's face; it reminded her of the figure of some young knight watching his armour, as he stood in his calm steadfastness and answered the questions put to him by the Metropolitan. When they were over, came by desire an interval of perfect stillness, which lasted some minutes. In all that congregation not a sound was heard, not so much as a long drawn breath, but profound silence. Then all rose from their knees; the Bishops of Wellington and Nelson took the robe, shook it out of the folds in which you had packed it, and in a moment it was put on, and the young Bishop elect was kneeling on the upper step of the altar rail. The whole service was very nicely ordered, and the special psalm well chanted. With one exception the music was good, and your brother said was a special help to him; the pleasure of it, and the external hold that it gave, helping him *out of himself* as it were, and sustaining him. The sermon was very thrilling; you will doubtless read it; but I only wish you could see the picture as I see it now in memory, especially when the Metropolitan asked the prayers of the congregation for the consecrating bishops, and described their desire to choose fairly and without partiality, and the way in which they had spread the matter before the Lord in prayer, and had sought and obtained the full approval of the laity in this choice. I wish you had seen him look round on his brother bishops when he spoke of the *Eton Brotherhood*, and the tenderness of his glance upon the bishop elect when he spoke of his father having given him to the Lord, and how he was his *own son* in the work, and therefore how impossible it was not to be partial; yet with all the scrutiny such a conviction enforced, no whisper even of conscience had ever suggested a doubt of the fitness of him whom they had chosen for this arduous task; and again, when he asked their prayers for the new bishop, dwelling on the urgent need, while describing the nature of his labour. At last, when he ended with a special charge to the bishop designate himself, which was most touching and thrilling; but I cannot make you see the two countenances—the look of heart-felt confidence, and love, and joy with which the Metropolitan gazed upon your brother, as he spoke those deep words of counsel and encouragement, and committed him in his loneliness to the Lord and Master, who had promised to be with him always; nor that upward answering glance, which ever and anon was cast, with steadfast, earnest eye, upon his