

Missionary Record.

Speech of the late Bishop of Sydney at Barnet, February 1, 1853. [From Notes taken by a Friend.]

My fellow-Christians, indeed I may call you my fellow-townsmen, for many of you I doubt not remember me; and many more of you are descendants of those whose parents I remember; for it is now forty years since I was in Barnet, still it is a place associated with many of my earliest recollections, and for which I still feel a deep interest. I must gladly avail myself of the opportunity my reverend friend has given me of addressing a few words to you on the vast subject before me, and to give you an account, imperfect it must needs be, of the rise and progress of the Church of Australia, in which only a few years ago I was the only chief steward of the Lord.

It is now sixty-four years since those wretched members of our own country, who had forfeited their liberty by their crimes, were first sent out to the newly discovered Australia, to take up their abode amidst forests coeval with the creation. Nor was it at first thought necessary by the Government to send any clergyman, to take charge of this weight of wickedness; until a few days before the fleet sailed, at the earnest entreaty of Mr. Wilberforce, one devoted man was allowed to accompany them.

A few more spiritually-minded men, as years went on, cast in their lot with this good man; and, giving up everything for Christ's sake, devoted themselves to the work of teaching this rapidly increasing and much neglected community.

When first I reached that shore forty-two years after the foundation of the Colony, there were eight churches and twelve clergymen in New South Wales. Melbourne was uninhabited, and South Australia in a similar state.

In Van Diemen's Land there were four churches and six or eight clergymen. The Rev. Samuel Marsden, at the risk of his life, and counting all things but loss for Christ's sake, had plunged into the darkness of New Zealand, and all that has extended, and all that now extends there of knowledge and of godliness, yea, and all that ever shall extend so long as time is, owes its beginning to his devotion.

In a few years the wants and necessities of this rising world became truly fearful; yet, in all these years nothing was done in England to add to the small numbers of officiating ministers;—the solitary superintendent of Australia and all the surrounding islands being an Archdeacon, nominally subject to the Bishop of Calcutta.

I cannot give you a better idea of the size of this Archdeaconry, to which my reverend friend has called your attention, than by asking you to imagine your own Archdeacon having one church at St. Albans, another in Denmark, another in Constantinople, while the Bishop should be at Calcutta, hardly more distant from England than from many parts of the Archdeaconry of Australia; for indeed the case is in no ways dissimilar.

In point of fact no human strength could bear the toil.

I therefore returned to England, after being in Australia six years as Archdeacon: feeling that unless placed on a truer and more lasting foundation, the Church of England could maintain no hold on the rising generation of those who still remembered their Mother Church in England.

It was on this occasion that I was consecrated first Bishop of Australia. This, then, was an evidence.—One furnished with episcopal authority went out: churches and burial-places were now consecrated—a rite commending itself to the best feelings of our hearts. Confirmation had been unknown; the young had not known the privilege of accepting and taking on themselves their baptismal vows.

This was indeed in itself a triumph; that this bond of, and entrance into, full communion with our Church should be no longer withheld from the young.

The first two on whom I laid the band of blessing in that region were my own two children; and I trust and pray that they may ever remember that solemn occasion, and throughout their lives endeavour to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things.

The next good was the increase of clergy that could thus be obtained. It was through the energies only of that venerable Society, in support of which we are met here to-night, that we could in any measure supply the distressing want, and through the appropriation of funds which the Christian people of England had placed in their hands. For this my best thanks are due to the energy of the Rev. Ernest Hawkins, and the care the Society has ever taken to lay out its funds

in this best manner. As might be expected, there was great difficulty in obtaining fit clergymen; but by degrees, year after year, more labourers were added to reap the harvest ready for their sickle.

The separate dioceses were formed, and superior men lent themselves to the work; and here I may bear my testimony, that more fit, more zealous, more devoted and more talented men could not have been appointed than those who have been sent out to share my work, or to labour in the equally glorious capacity of priest or deacon. Nor could we have any surer mark of God's favour and blessing being with us than the appointment of such highly-gifted and devoted men as the leaders of the Australian Church have proved themselves to be.

The twelve Clergymen, of whom I have spoken, in New South Wales, the eight in Van Diemen's Land, and the few in New Zealand, some of whom had been sent out by the Church Missionary Society, now rapidly increased. The population, indeed, was gaining in numbers not only by births, but in an equal degree at least by emigration; and I am thankful to say, that the clergy have kept pace with the increase of population. The population of Sydney has rapidly risen from 12,000 to 70,000; but where we had twelve clergymen we have now in New South Wales fifty-four; in New Zealand there are forty, in Van Diemen's Land still more; in the dioceses of Melbourne, Adelaide, and Newcastle, I am not oversteating it when I say there are 120 Clergymen. In the place of the twelve who were in Australia when I first went out, are now 300, preaching the doctrine of the Cross of Christ; and I may say, that I know no Church in which could be found men more faithful, more zealous, more fully imbued with the spirit of their holy office, than the clergy, both in the continent and the surrounding islands, who have been placed under my charge throughout the efforts of this Society. I speak of the surrounding islands, because one of the first fruits of the recent assembly of Bishops at Sydney was the paying attention to and visiting the numerous islands of the Pacific. The good, and talented, and high-minded Bishops of New Zealand, in company with my brother of Newcastle, have undertaken this work as Missionary Bishops; and they have from that time been earnestly, and I trust successfully, engaged in raising a foundation, on which others may build a great and noble Church of God. If they do not live to see the effects of their labour, others, I feel persuaded, will. Such are some of the effects of the zealous labours of Churchmen in Australia. And indeed, there has been zealous labour at home too; for this is a great and glorious change compared with what I remembered of Barnet, that so many should be found in this parish taking an earnest interest in the good work of the spreading of the Gospel; and I render thanks to God, that he has allowed me to live so long to see it.

One thing is essential to success, namely,—that we do not depend on those who are rich. That is a source which is soon exhausted. The true secret of large contributions is in numerous small contributions raised from each in proportion to their means. It is an offering due to God, whose command it is—if we have much, to give plentifully of our treasure; if little, to do our diligence gladly to give of that little, for so shall we gather unto ourselves reward.

If God accepted the widow's mite thrown into the treasury which, recollect, was to assist in the service of the sanctuary, He will accept yours.

Small as they be, if they come from a small source, the same blessings will follow them that follow the larger offerings of the rich. But it is not money only that is wanted,—men too are required to go forth to preach the Gospel, until the earth is full of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea. My own early knowledge was all acquired in your own Grammar School; and if this assisted me to become an humble instrument in the Lord's vineyard, why should not any of our youth follow in the same course, which, by God's help, I have been enabled to follow; and which, believe me, is the fittest field for the most aspiring spirit. The harvest is truly plentiful, but the labourers are few. Oh, let us pray that the Lord of the harvest will send forth labourers into his harvest.

And may you, my Christian friends, all acquire, not so much the riches of this world, as the riches of Christ. And now receive, as I may not see you again, my best wishes; and as often as you hold your Quarterly Meetings, may you meet in as large numbers as on this night, and always on all subsequent occasions contribute to help the Society, through which so much good has been done, to carry on her great work. Accept, my dear friends and fellow churchmen, my best thanks, for the kind way in which you have received me, and the great attention,

you have paid to the words I have had the pleasure addressing to you.

Youths' Department.

"MY MOTHER'S DEAD."

I'm very, very lonely,
Alas, I cannot play;
I'm so sad, I sit and weep
Throughout the livelong day.
I miss dear mother's welcome,
Her light hand on my head,
Her look of love, her tender word;
Alas! my mother's dead.

have no heart to play alone;
To-day I thought I'd try,
And got my little hoop to roll,
But ah, it made me cry;
For who will smile to see me come,
Now mother dear has gone,
And look so kindly in my face,
And kiss her little son?

I'll get my blessed Bible,
And sit me down and read;
My mother said that precious book
Would prove a friend in need.
I seem to see dear mother now,
To hear her voice of love;
She may be looking down on me,
From her bright home above.

She said that I must come to her—
She cannot come to me;
Our Father, teach a little one
How he may come to Thee.
For I am very lonely now;
Our Father, may I come,
And join my mother in the skies?
And heaven shall be our home.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S HEART.—"Pa," said Maria sadly, one day after she had been thinking for some time, "Pa what does heart mean? When you talk about my heart, I can't think about anything but those gingerbread hearts that we eat."

"You know, dear, that your heart is not any thing, which you can see."

"O yes, pa, I know that, I know my heart is not like those, but I want to know what it is like."

"You know that there is something within you, which loves and hates; this something is your heart. So when God says, 'Give me your heart,' he means, 'Love me.'"

"Pa, it seems as if I wanted to love God; but I don't know how."

"You know how to love me, don't you?"

"O yes, papa."

"But I never told you how to love me."

"O, but that is very different."

"Different—how?"

"Why, papa, I see you and know all about you, and you love me."

"Do you love nobody that you have never seen, Maria?"

"I don't know papa; yes, to be sure, I love grand-papa, and uncle George, and aunt Caroline. But then I have heard you talk about them, papa, and I know that you love them, and they have sent me presents."

"So I have talked to you about God, and you know that I love Him, and he has made you more presents than everybody else in the world. Besides, you love people sometimes who have never given you anything, and whom none of us have ever seen. Don't you remember little Henry and his Bea?"

"Yes, papa, I love Henry, I am sure."

"You see then it is possible to love the characters of people whom you have never seen. Now, the character of God is infinitely lovely; he deserves to be loved more than all other beings together; and if you love those who have been kind to you, only think what God has done for you. He gave you parents to take care of you, when you could not take care of yourself; he has given you food, and clothing, and health and friends; he has watched over you by night and by day, and when you were sick he made you well; and now, when he comes to you, after all this, and says, 'My daughter, give me thine heart,' you say, 'No I can't, I don't know how; I can love my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, but I cannot love God, who gave them all to me.'"

"O papa, I will, I do love him," replied Maria with fervor.

"Perhaps you think so now, Maria."

"O, I shall always love him, I know I shall."

Her father smiled.

"Papa, you cannot see into my heart—how do you know that I do not love God?"