THE HISTORY OF MY LIFE

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THE
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TO

MY DEAREST WIFE AND CHILD

I THANKFULLY DEDICATE

THIS

RECORD OF MY LIFE.

PREFACE

In looking back on my past life, amidst my many regrets there is one which often comes over me—that I have kept no record of days gone by. Had I done so, although there might have been little to interest others, there would have been much that would have been both interesting and profitable to myself. And further, it might have served to recall to those near and dear to me the recollection of many events, on which they would gladly dwell.

Such a record would have been a painful acknowledgment of many things left undone, and of many things done wrongly; but it would also have been a memorial of God's

unceasing goodness to me during a long series of years.

And now, when past the age of eighty, the desire has suddenly come across me to try and gather up a few scattered fragments of the past, and note them down as they reproduce themselves in my memory. Of this the following pages are the imperfect record.

A. O.

LONDON,
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CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS AT BROOME.

I WAS born, on September 28, 1808, at Broome Park, in the county of Kent; and there I chiefly spent the first thirty years of my life. I was one of a large family. My Father, Sir Henry Oxenden, lived to the age of eighty-two; but my Mother died when I was barely six years old, and I can therefore scarcely remember her; but this I know, that she was of a singularly gentle and lovely character; and I have often thought how much, probably, in my after life I owe to my Mother's prayers.

Of my Father I have a much stronger recollection. I can picture him to myself, though it is now nearly fifty years since he was taken from us, as a hale hearty man with a healthy and intelligent face, carefully powdered hair, and the knee-breeches

and top-boots of the period. The pigtail, which gave more trouble to the valet than dignity to the wearer, he had lately discarded.

He was plain and simple in his tastes and habits, open-hearted and open-handed in all cases of distress or misfortune, especially liberal to his Tenants, and watchful over the comforts of the Labourers on his estate.

He was a Country Squire; one of a class of which England might be justly proud; every inch a manly, upright Gentleman of the olden time.

It was seldom that he took any part in the frays of political warfare, or in the ordinary routine of magisterial duties: but if any matter of special importance sprang up, he was ever ready to come forward; and on such occasions his sound judgment and well-weighed opinion always carried considerable weight.

There were two or three great works to which he heartily devoted his time and attention. One of these was more of a national than of a county character—the management of the Harbour of Refuge at Dover.

For this a Government Commission was appointed, composed of twelve members living in the neighbourhood of Dover, of whom my Father was

one, with the Duke of Wellington, then Warden of the Cinque Ports, as Chief Commissioner.

The unflagging interest which he took in the minutest details, and the mechanical ingenuity which he displayed, brought him and the Chief Commissioner into constant and intimate relations, leading at last to a strong personal friendship. So much so, that on his death the Duke not only followed him to the grave, but was one of the Pall Bearers on the occasion, thus bearing testimony to his high estimate of my Father's worth.

The operations at Dover Harbour interested him so much that they entailed the necessity of interminable drives to Dover, and frequent intercourse between him and the harbour officials. As children, we could very imperfectly understand the great pleasure and interest which this work afforded him, or the ingenuity which he displayed in carrying it out.

I spent a very happy boyhood at Broome, as one of the youngsters of our large family, which at one time consisted of five Sisters and six Brothers, twelve in all. My brothers and I were ardent cricketers. We were especially fond of all out-of-doors amusements, and when very young, the

parental love of horses showed itself in almost every one of us. Hunting and shooting were the prevailing order of the day.

One of our great amusements as boys was the use of a certain *Sailing Machine* which my Father had invented, and in which we often sailed on Barham Downs, midway between Broome and Canterbury. Its structure was singularly beautiful, from its perfect combination of elegance and strength, with lightness, and velocity.

The circumstance which gave rise to its construction was this. When my Father was an undergraduate at St. John's College, Cambridge, there was a long and severe frost in the year 1776, which caused a large sheet of water to be thickly frozen over, extending far and wide over Whittlesea Mere, at that time an undrained marsh. One day the conversation happened to turn on the degree of speed attainable by a good skater, when my Father, with his enterprising spirit and his delight in any mechanical contrivance, offered to construct some kind of machine on wheels, which would carry him on the ice by means of a sail. Great excitement, as may be supposed, prevailed as to the result of this novel idea. He forthwith set to work, and in a few days launched his temporary vessel on

the fine frozen mere, and triumphantly ran his mile in less time than he had undertaken to perform the feat.

This experiment completely answered; and he felt assured that, with the application of a little more science to the construction of a flat-decked machine on wheels, he would be able to sail on land with great speed; and this opinion was borne out by the after results. It was not long before he built, in the workshop at Broome, his first Sailing Machine as mentioned above. It was a kind of Cutter-rigged Vessel on four wheels, with two sails, namely, a foresail and a large mainsail. This craft measured thirty-five feet from the tip of the bowsprit to the end of the boom. The steerage was extremely delicate, and it answered the rudder so promptly that the great difficulty was to have a sufficiently steady hand to keep the vessel in its course. It required three men to man it well, and there was barely room for two passengers besides the crew. Such was the history of the famous *Sailing Machine*, which gained a great name in our neighbourhood and county, affording us all an amount of pleasure.

It was indeed a gala day when the wind was declared to be favourable for a trip on Barham

Downs, and I, as a boy, was allowed to join the sailing party, and to take my turn in the vessel. This was all the more enjoyable from the fact that our voyages were always accompanied with some risk, as the pace under a strong breeze was tremendous, and a capsize was of not unfrequent occurrence. In the enjoyment of this, and other amusements, the days of my boyhood passed very happily at my dear old home, and with plenty of brothers and sisters to share it with me.

My School days began rather late, for various reasons; but especially because my Father took much delight in acting as my instructor, and brushing up his memory of the old Eton Grammar. At length however I was sent to school at Ramsgate. This was not a very efficient school, but it was one which had a high reputation among Kentish parents, who many of them sent their boys there.

The school was kept by a Mr. Abbot, a man of no prodigious acquirements, but of great integrity, and, I need hardly add, a good disciplinarian, which indeed he must needs have been to keep the peace among so many boys. And here I and about forty others were supposed to be fully trained for our subsequent career at a public school.

Mr. Abbot was in some respects a marvellous man. He managed the entire school himself, without the aid of a single usher: he duly flogged us; played at cricket with us; punctually reported us to our parents; and, in addition to these unassisted labours, he was actually sole Curate of the large parish of St. Lawrence, the mother parish of Ramsgate!

Those were days when the Clergy were for the most part very inefficient, and minimized the requirements of the Church in which they served. But how my old schoolmaster could have performed, even perfunctorily, the duties of that huge parish, besides his other duties, I am at a loss to imagine. The times are now happily changed, and the Clergy are also changed as to their estimate of the duties required of them! Here, as elsewhere, the Church has marvellously grown; and instead of the one Church at St. Lawrence with its Chapel of Ease at Ramsgate, there are now no less than Seven Churches in the district.

Mr. Abbot was somewhat peculiar. He was fond of letter-writing, and generally wrote in the third person, designating himself as "A." Some friends of mine at Ramsgate once asked me out for the day, and received this reply, which was

often quoted as very characteristic of the man: "A. presents his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Lake, and is sorry that he cannot allow Oxenden to accept their invitation, since he never permits his boys to leave school on the first Saturday in the month, as it is *Lustration day*." This grandiloquent expression requires an explanation. He meant, in plain English, that it was *Washing-day*, when all the boys, great and small, were expected to have a thorough wash, against the approaching Sunday.

Still, my old master had many good points, and no one certainly could accuse him of being an idle or self-indulgent man. He was always up before cock-crowing, and rang the inevitable school-bell at half-past six for a general turning out of bed. Then there was all his elaborate letter-writing, his strict enforcement of school routine, his keen and watchful eye detecting any luckless culprit who dared to climb up the forbidden fig-tree, or to leave his footmarks on the master's gravel; and, besides these things, which were without, that which came upon him daily, the care of his extensive parish. How he got through it all I know not; he was a spare man, and the marvel was that he had any flesh left upon his bones.

There were a few notable boys at Abbot's in my day: for instance, Hurdis Lushington, who some years after became a devoted Clergyman, and took some part in the Oxford movement; his cousin George Harris, afterwards Lord Harris, who made an excellent Governor of Trinidad, and also of Madras; David Wood, who distinguished himself in the Crimea, and also in India, and is now a G.C.B.; and Atwell Lake, a little, weak, effeminate-looking boy, but who fought bravely side by side with General Williams, and won his laurels at Kars.

Such was my Private School life; but all this was mere child's play, compared with the more serious Harrow life that followed.

CHAPTER II.

MY HARROW DAYS.

AFTER spending two or three years at Ramsgate, I was sent, in 1824, to Harrow, then under the rule of Dr. Butler, a good and able man, but somewhat too sensitive to overcome the little difficulties and annoyances to which the Master of a public school is continually exposed.

My early days at Harrow were not perhaps days of unchequered happiness; though my clever Tutor, Harry Drury, especially favoured me, making my school work comparatively easy, and though I threw myself heartily into all the games then in vogue—cricket, football, racquets, etc.—there was many a drawback to my enjoyment, such as the tyranny of older boys, the unintentional injustice of Masters, etc. I was only at Harrow three years; and the last year, when I rose to the top of the school, was decidedly the happiest. In my post as Captain I was a

kind of autocrat, and for a short time reigned supreme. I certainly have never been so great a man since, or ruled my fellows with so undisputed a sway.

One year I was in the school eleven, and played at Lords', when we were desperately beaten by Winchester. I was successful in gaining two out of the three annual Prize Poems; namely, for Latin hexameters and Greek iambics. It was the custom for the winner of these prizes, before committing them to print, to submit them to the crucible of his Tutor. Mine were accordingly given over to the censorship of Harry Drury, who was a poet of no ordinary calibre, and who could not resist the pleasure of using his ready pen pretty freely, to the great improvement of my poems.

I had on one occasion a narrow escape of my life. It happened that, on a sultry day in summer, a party of us went to bathe, not in *Duck Puddle*, the recognized bathing-place, but in a Pond about a mile beyond, and out of bounds. Whilst in the water I suddenly lost my footing, and sank into a hole. In an instant—and I have heard others express a similar experience—the chief events of my past life recurred to my memory; and, being

unable to swim, I felt myself going to the bottom. Fortunately one of my companions, Lord Thurles, rushed to my aid and drew me out of the water, to my intense gratitude. Thus, through God's mercy, my life was spared. In all my after days I was never so near death as on this inglorious occasion.

The custom of *Tipping*, which has nearly gone out of vogue, was the order of the day in those evil times. When a friend came to Harrow, it was always expected of him thus to display his generosity. A piece of gold was considered the proper fee—any inferior coin being deemed insufficient by a public-school boy. I was once fortunate enough to have a couple of sovereigns slipt into my hand by a rich friend of one of my brothers, a Mr. Kingscote, whom I had never seen or heard of before, but who had doubtless a strong regard for my brother, was fond of boys, and liked to see their faces brighten up as he shook their hands and left his golden legacy behind him.

Many of my contemporaries at Harrow distinguished themselves in their after course. Most of them have passed away since those bright and happy days ; a few however are still moving along the busy scene of life.

Henry Manning, then a Kentish boy, and now a Cardinal, was one of my greatest friends; and also Charles Wordsworth, now Bishop of St. Andrews, very clever, a most accomplished classical scholar, and one who entered heart and soul into all the popular sports of the day.

Manning did not then appear to be a boy of unusual promise; but he was steady and well conducted. Many is the game of cricket which we have played together; but now there is a divergence between us which is never likely to be rectified in this world.

There was, even in those early days, a little self-assertion in his character. On one occasion he was invited to dinner at Mr. Cunningham's, the vicar of the parish. On his return at night, one of his friends questioned him as to whom he had met, whether he had enjoyed his evening, and especially as to what part he had taken in the general conversation. To these enquiries he answered that he had spent the evening pleasantly enough, but that he had said but little, and indeed had been almost silent, for there were two or three superior persons present; and he added, "You know that my motto is 'Aut Cæsar, aut nullus.' I therefore held my tongue, and listened." This was

characteristic of the after man. I was with him also at Oxford; and I hope I may still reckon him as a friend, though, on one subject, and that a momentous one, we are alas, and ever must be, far apart. We have met but once since his secession to Rome; but that was enough to show that our affection for each other had not died out.

There were many others, whose friendship I greatly valued in after life. But they are almost all gone, leaving me nearly alone, as far as my school contemporaries are concerned.

And is not this one of the penalties of old age? It is often asked, Why is it that one Friend after another is removed from that roll of names which was once so full? Why is it that one familiar face after another fades from our view? It may be (says one whose words I only quote from memory) that God so orders it to compel us as it were gradually to relax our hold of things which are temporal. And thus is He educating us up to that world, where there will be one Chief Friend far above all others; one focus for every eye; one object for every affection; one note for every ear; one theme for every tongue; one friendship which surpasses every other. The Saviour will Himself be there, and He will be all in all.

On looking back upon my School days, I sometimes question whether it can be well to have spent so large a portion of one's life in acquiring what was to most of us a mere smattering of Latin and Greek, and the facility of writing indifferent verses in those dead languages. For after all the weariness and pains that it has cost us, how few turn out to be decent classical linguists!

According to the past system in most of our public schools, everything was sacrificed to the classics. Boys were worn out by the wearisome monotony of learning even the grammar, and by the mechanical practice of verse-making, in which a poetical spirit was but a very small ingredient. And yet, as I have said, how many of us left school, and even college, unable to string together a few words in Latin or Greek! I found out this, to my sorrow, a few years later, when a Foreigner accosted me, who could speak no language common to us both excepting Latin. When therefore I had to draw upon my stock, I discovered its exceeding scantiness, for I was unable to express the commonest words, much less sentences, in the very language which had cost me so many years of labour. Still there was something in the training of a Public School which could not have been

effected by other means; and I have often felt the advantage in after life of such grammatical accuracy and facility of composition as the knowledge of Latin and Greek, acquired at Harrow, tended so much to impart.

As for *Religious Instruction*, there was none, or very little, in my day; and that little was strictly confined to the sixth form, who on every Sunday read a few dry pages of Paley's "Evidences" with Dr. Butler. No pains were taken to make us either good Christians or intelligent Churchmen; this was deemed quite a work of supererogation. And when a Confirmation was announced for the upper boys, the preparation for it was of the most meagre kind, and depended entirely on the conscientiousness or indifference of one's tutor. Such was formerly the sad tale of neglect; but of late years there has been a vast improvement in this important department of education.

With all these and other disadvantages however, incidental to a Public School career, I must in justice admit that it was productive of much good in my own case; and such too is the opinion of others. It taught me to distinguish between the great diversities of character; it helped me in the formation of my own; it nerved me for fighting

my battle in the world ; and it furnished me with friendships more true and lasting than I could have formed under other circumstances. My verdict therefore is in favour of a Public School career.

CHAPTER III.

MY THREE YEARS AT OXFORD.

In 1827, at the age of nineteen, I went to Oxford. My College was University, which was then a rising college; it has since come still more to the front, and has attained an honourable and eminent position. My time there was one of enjoyment rather than of profit, and I look back upon my three years' residence within its walls with a feeling that there was much, very much, to cause me regret. Unfortunately I did not follow up the somewhat studious habits which I acquired at Harrow, but contented myself with attending only such compulsory lectures as exempted me from actual blame. I am bound however to say, in self-defence, that our college lectures were of the driest and most unattractive kind. One of our tutors tried very hard to induce me to take up mathematics, but I positively refused, and this I have regretted ever since.

During all my young life I had been fond of out-of-door exercises, and especially of riding; and at Oxford there were abundant opportunities of following this my favourite pursuit. As a younger son however, and with a limited allowance, I had no right to indulge in so expensive an amusement.

On one occasion, at the close of the winter term, I was summoned by the Dean of my college—"the Long Dean," as he was called, from his being about six feet three in height, and thin in proportion—the kindest and most courteous of dons—for a little private talk. After many apologies, the Dean, who was an extremely nervous man, summoned up his courage, and broached the subject of our interview. He desired to give me a little friendly advice; which was to hunt less, and to read more. He commended my general conduct in college, but desired some improvement on this one point. At parting, he said to me, "Well, Mr. Oxenden, I very much hope that you will promise me, during the next term at least, not to go after the hounds as you have been doing." Knowing, as I did, that the next was a summer term, I was at once able to give the worthy Dean a faithful promise that I would strictly observe his wishes. I certainly acted up to the very letter of my promise, and contented

myself with being for the time an abstainer from the chase, and gave myself up to cricket and similar amusements. What happened when the summer term was well over, it is perhaps well not to inquire; but I think I may say that the Dean's kind and friendly counsel was not entirely disregarded.

I had many acquaintances at Oxford who afterwards became marked men in their day. Gladstone was a little my junior. He was a hard-reading, quiet, and well-conducted man, but by no means accounted so great a luminary as he has since become. He was however elected President of "the Union," and was one of the ablest speakers in that debating society. Bob Lowe was a member of my own college—a keen politician even in those days, and displaying a good deal of that talent which was afterwards more fully developed. Of Manning I have already spoken as one of my Harrow contemporaries. He too was a hard and steady worker, and took a first class. Sidney Herbert was another friend; and George Harris, afterwards Bishop of Gibraltar; and Garnier, who became Dean of Lincoln.

But my best and closest friends were John Papillon, Philip Honywood, Francis Popham, and Agar Robartes. The last of these was with me at

Harrow. He came there rather after me, and I remember he was one of the few boys who, having been well and religiously brought up, dared to kneel down and say his prayers in his bed-room, which contained some ten or twelve boys, regardless of the jeers of his schoolfellows, and true to the God whom he had been taught to serve. I always honoured him for this act of manliness and moral courage. Since those days of irreligion, things are greatly changed at Harrow.

Popham was a bright fellow, and a thorough gentleman. He had been brought up somewhat strictly; and, although he had always lived in the country (at Littlecott in Wiltshire), he had scarcely ever ridden a horse, or seen a fox-hound. It was always a subject of apprehension to us when he trusted his safety to an Oxford hack, even for an ordinary ride.

Upon leaving college, and settling at Littlecott, he chanced to buy a thoroughbred brood mare, which was offered him for a moderate sum. She produced a beautiful Foal, which he was persuaded, against his will, to enter for the St. Leger. This turned out to be a very successful fluke. After a while the young Colt grew into a very fine Horse; but no one was more utterly

ignorant of its qualifications than Popham himself. To the surprise of every one, and not least to its owner, this Horse, Wild Dayrell by name, actually won the St. Leger. This good fortune might have proved Popham's ruin; but not so, for he never possessed another racehorse, and never betted a single sixpence on a race.

Towards the end of my university career I stood as a candidate for one of the vacant fellowships at All Souls, the election to which was in those days purely a matter of interest. The commonly received, but a little unjustly quoted, qualifications for a Fellow were that he should be "benè natus, bene vestitus, et moderatè doctus." To be a fair whist-player was also supposed to be a decided recommendation to the electing Fellows. Each candidate was usually invited to dinner in hall. This was no trifling ordeal, as his bearing was probably on that occasion closely scanned by the elective body. I, of course, accepted the invitation; and, having been asked to take a hand at whist, I felt considerably nervous, and my very nervousness spoilt my play. Unfortunately I made a terrible revoke; and who knows but that so serious and unpardonable a fault was scored against me at the approaching day of election? But things are changed

now ; and at All Souls, as well as at other colleges, none are admitted but those who for character and learning deserve the privilege.

As regards the fellowship, I was unsuccessful, whilst many of my friends, Acland, Isham, Portman, and Francis Popham were elected. This failure was a great disappointment to me at the time ; but I have often since thanked God for denying me this my desire, since it might have greatly altered my subsequent career, and might have proved a hindrance, rather than a help, to me in my future ministerial course.

CHAPTER IV.

A SHORT EPISODE IN MY OXFORD CAREER.

My three years' residence at college was broken by a very interesting interruption of six months' duration; during which time I obtained leave to absent myself, in order to go abroad with one of my sisters, who was ordered to Hyères for the winter. Such leave was not so difficult to obtain in those days as it is now; and, having procured it, our party was soon made up. The trip was considered a most favourable one for me, as it afforded me a delightful opportunity of seeing something of foreign parts.

It was deemed advisable that my Sister should not only have me as her companion and escort, but that a married Sister and her Husband should accompany her, as well as their two Children of five and six. To these were added three English Maids and a Courier. Our party was thereby increased to the number of ten.

In those days such an expedition was a serious business, involving a vast amount of forethought and preparation. Instead of merely getting a "Bradshaw," and deciding out of hand which would be the most desirable route, and the exact number of days that it would require to reach our destination, much planning and contriving was needed. Then too it was necessary to go to London, and buy a suitable Travelling Carriage, capable of holding at least six persons, and strongly built, in order to stand the wear and tear of foreign roads, which were then deplorably bad. But even this was insufficient for so large a party, and a light open Phaeton, with a head to it, had to be also purchased.

Formerly the highroads abroad were inferior to the worst parish roads in England. Even the road from Calais to Paris was full of huge holes, and one was subject to such a bumping as perhaps might be good for the liver, but certainly was a trial to the carriage springs. And as these roads were scarcely passable in bad weather, there was a roughly paved portion at the side, to which the postboys seemed to take a special delight in treating us. But now the French roads may be reckoned among the very best in the world. They are scientifically made, and are carefully kept in repair. The

organization for insuring the permanent efficiency of these roads is excellent. A body of men, called *Cantonniers,* is employed, to each of whom the care of one allotted section is committed; and these men take a laudable pride in keeping their section in first-rate order. The French are indebted for the goodness of their highroads to the practical sagacity of the late Emperor; and we in England may learn many a lesson in this respect from our clever neighbours.

With regard to our preparations for the journey, many friends offered us their advice; one saying that this item was indispensable, and another that, so that our carriages were filled up with such an amount of stores for the inner man, and of clothing for the outer, that they much resembled the vans of itinerant salesmen. The stock included bedding, pillows, miscellaneous linen, a medicine chest containing every possible drug that could come into requisition, a washleather sheet for each person in case of damp beds, and sundry other useful and useless luxuries.

Among our counsellors were many Ladies, who had heard of foreign lands, but had never visited them. And one of these was a kind, but prejudiced, old Aunt, who took us into her especial confidence.

She had an ingrained abhorrence of everything French; spoke of their habits as most objectionable; assured us that we should find the food they would provide for us uneatable; and further, that we should be cheated at all points if not constantly on our guard. I believe her idea was that the French lived upon frogs, and that coffee and sour wine were the only beverages on the other side of the Channel. She insisted also upon each of us being provided with a bradawl, in case we should find that our doors at the hotels were without locks—these hotels, according to her account, being generally infested by thieves and robbers!

The procuring a Passport was also an indispensable item in our arrangements, and the due endorsing of it by the agents of the various nationalities with which we might possibly come in contact. All this caused a long delay; but at length, armed at all points, we made a start; and, bidding farewell to our many friends, we crossed over to Calais, and proceeded on our way through Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles to that point in the south of France whither we were bound.

Our journey was an expensive one, and the more so as we deemed it quite un-English to inquire beforehand what the charges would be at the

various hotels, etc., on the road ; indeed, the fact of having a Courier rendered such economical arrangements almost impossible. Upon the whole, we were not so much overreached as we expected. Our Courier took care that we should not be cheated by others, while he certainly reserved a keen eye for his own interests.

We were detained for several days at Lyons, where we had excellent quarters at the Hôtel de l'Europe. Whilst there, the Duchesse de Berri and a large suite arrived. We gave up our rooms to her, and consequently she was especially kind to us.

During the journey our Courier rode *en avant*, according to the custom of those days, changing his horse at each post-house, and ordering the necessary supply for us, so as to have a fresh relay of horses always ready upon our arrival. As one of the choicest horses in the stable was invariably provided for so fastidious a person as the courier, I often persuaded him to let me take his place for a stage or two, and put him on the box of one of our carriages. This and other little arrangements made our journey most enjoyable, though it must have been very costly ; but, as my brother-in-law acted as bursar, this was an anxiety from which I was freed. Certainly, in passing through a strange

country, there is no way so agreeable as travelling post. The comical costume of the postilions with their huge jackboots, the variety of horses, and the rate at which we travelled, all contributed to render our journey anything but monotonous. As for money, we were provided with circular notes of exchange; and as these were always cashed in silver (gold and bank notes not being then in ordinary circulation), travellers like ourselves were forced to move about with ponderous bags full of five franc-pieces, which were of considerable bulk and weight.

At length, after some weeks' travel, we reached the pretty, but at that time marshy and thinly inhabited, town of Hyères. It was as yet almost unknown in England as a resort for invalids. There were no fellow-countrymen of ours there, and but one American family. We took a villa just out of the town; and there we set up housekeeping—our own English servants being supplemented by a French *Valet de chambre* and a French Housemaid. We also bought a pair of carriage-horses, which completed our establishment.

My Sister's health soon began to improve, and she benefited greatly by her stay of six months at Hyères. I however found it decidedly enervating;

and though up to that time I scarcely knew what real illness was, I began to suffer from a succession of colds and coughs; and the seeds of future delicacy were doubtless then sown.

During the winter I had abundant leisure for reading; but I am sorry to say that present enjoyment was more eagerly sought after by me than self-culture. My mind was more intent upon the passing pleasures, which new scenes and a foreign life afforded me, than upon the approaching realities of the future course for which I was destined. Still I recollect that, at times, better thoughts and wiser resolutions came over me; and I sometimes put up an earnest prayer that I might one day become an earnest and useful Clergyman. There was at this period an alternation of right and wrong feelings springing up within me.

After passing a happy winter abroad, we struck our tent, and returned to England, having learnt a little French, having got rid of many of our prejudices, and in many respects being all the better for our sojourn in foreign parts.

On our way home we diverged a little from the usual track, through the Puy de Dome. On this less-frequented road we had the advantage of passing through new scenery, but we suffered

occasionally from bad inns, especially at Montargis, where we were detained several days by the sudden illness of my Married Sister. Her attack was somewhat alarming, and we were obliged to halt in our miserable quarters. After ten days we moved on, and proceeded by easy stages on our homeward journey, crossing the Channel from Calais, the passage by Boulogne and Folkestone being then almost unknown.

On returning to England, in the spring of 1830, I immediately resumed my residence at Oxford. And now the examination for my degree drew near, for in six months I was to make my appearance in "the schools."

I must confess that I threw myself but feebly into this very important affair; and the consequence was that I took but an ordinary degree. This was a great disappointment to my Friend the Dean, and to my College generally, which was just then beginning to aspire to a higher standard of scholastic excellence than it had hitherto attained.

The result of my general Oxford career was certainly anything but satisfactory. And when I look back on those three or four years, I acknowledge with shame that that period of my life, which should have moulded my character, and

fitted me for the course which I was so soon to enter upon, was in a great measure frittered away, never to be recalled.

So much for the first portion, the threshold, of my life. I would have passed it over somewhat more lightly, but I have felt that, with all its faults and failings, it never completely obliterated the prevailing desire which I always felt to become a Clergyman.

CHAPTER V.

PREPARATION FOR HOLY ORDERS.

HAVING completed my Oxford course, more than a year yet intervened before I was of age to enter the Ministry. To that sacred calling my mind had of late been more steadily turned; and I began to feel the importance of the step that I was going to take. My Father demurred a little at the idea of my taking holy orders, two of my Brothers having already chosen the Ministry as their profession. He would have preferred my being either a Lawyer or a Diplomatist; but my decided bias was towards the Ministerial Office. I must confess that in this choice I was not actuated by the highest motives: I merely felt that it would insure me a quiet life free from many temptations, a life commanding respect and opening to me ways of usefulness. But I lacked as yet that clear influence of the Holy Spirit, which can alone rightly and effectually

mould the heart, and fit it to engage in a work of such special solemnity and importance. I lacked that surrender of the will to Christ, and that constraining love to Him, which He regards as an essential requisite in those whom He sets apart as the true Pastors of His flock. Like many others of that day, I undertook an office for which I had but little spiritual fitness, and dared to become a Teacher of others, when I myself as yet knew but little of that truth which I was going to proclaim. But even then perhaps, though at the time I myself was unconscious of it, God was sowing better seeds within me which afterwards bore fruit.

At this time our Church, and indeed Religion generally, were in a deplorable state of inanition. The Church had long been asleep; it had settled down into a condition of worldliness and indifference, under the paralyzing influence which prevailed throughout the century of Georgian rule. Personal religion seemed to have almost died out, with some few exceptions here and there; but these more resembled the fitful and intermittent flashings of an expiring lamp, than giving any promise of a return to its former steady light.

An old friend of mine, who was presented to a living in Wiltshire, spoke thus of his new sphere

of labour: "The parish has been greatly neglected. This, even in 1840, when spiritual life had begun to spring up in the Church, could only be excused by the fact that the previous Incumbent was very old. There was no service on wet Sundays; when a sick person wanted a visit, the vicar sent a shilling, and said that would do him more good than his prayers; the Holy Communion had not been administered for eighteen months; and every one seemed to do what was right in his own eyes."

Such was the lamentable state of things fifty or sixty years ago. There was an almost universal apathy and deadness among the Clergy. Those in high places were pampering their families with the spoils of Church patronage. Rectors were more conspicuous in the field than in their pulpits. Curates were eking out their miserable pittance by hurrying through the Sunday services in three or four different parishes, sometimes at a considerable distance from each other. And, as for the Laity, could any zeal or heart for holy things be expected to survive in them, when there was such spiritual deadness among their Teachers?

Most of the sacred Edifices throughout the land had been allowed to fall into decay, and our beautiful parish churches were disfigured by ugly high

pews, thickly coated with paint. Our own church at Barham was little better than the rest. True, it was in a state of comparative neatness; but it was a fair specimen of the bad taste as regards ecclesiastical propriety which had existed for years. The Services too were very scanty; and a monotonous dulness prevailed on the part both of the Minister and the Congregation.

The Singing was almost ludicrous, provoking laughter rather than expressing praise. I can recall now the huge white gallery which spanned the west end of Barham church in the days of my boyhood; the foremost row of which was occupied by the village musicians, and behind them a band of school children. Every kind of instrument was deemed admissible; and Tate and Brady's doggerel was sung to the dullest and most inappropriate tunes. The Church's life had not yet been roused by anything in the shape of a Church Hymn-book. The leading instrument used in the Singing-loft was a gigantic bassoon, played by an erratic tradesman, who made a point of stalking into church, by no means noiselessly, after the service had begun, bearing in his arms the unsightly instrument which he played for the benefit of the congregation.

I remember too that the old Clerk, who was

ensconced in a small square box, below the Clergyman, used to give out the psalms and other notices in a most irreverent manner. For instance, I have heard him say in his loudest tone, "The parishioners are requested to cut their quick hedges alongside of the parish roads;" and again, "The parishioners will be pleased to remember that there will be a stap this morning after sarman." "The stap," or meeting, was held under the gallery, and was composed of about five or six of the principal ratepayers, headed by my Father, in whom was vested the entire expenditure of the poor's rate, and the employment or relief of those who happened to be out of work. This important meeting occupied about a quarter of an hour, and no need was then felt for Boards of Guardians, and the other appliances of the new Poor Law system.

Such was the state of things when I was called to buckle on my armour as a soldier of Christ, and prepare for the sacred ministry of His Church. But what an insufficient preparation was it, and how inadequate to the tremendous charge which I was shortly to undertake! My three years at Oxford were indeed but slippery steps leading up to the Ministry; and my year at home, where ease and idleness were my constant temptations, was

indeed but a poor prelude to that consecrated life to which I was so soon to be called.

When I look back to this period, how much cause have I of thankfulness! How many instances can I now see of God's protecting care! On how many occasions did He shield me from evil, and restrain me from doing what might have greatly impeded my future usefulness! He did indeed bear with me in my ignorance, and led me step by step to a higher knowledge of Himself. He shaped my course, without my knowing it. He provided teachers for me, and made my very mistakes an admonitory lesson for days to come.

CHAPTER VI.

MY ORDINATION AND FIRST CURACY.

It was ordered in the Providence of God that, just when I was looking out for a suitable post in which to begin my ministry, the Curacy of Barham, in which my Father's house was situated, became vacant. The village is midway between Canterbury and Dover, just at the edge of Broome Park. The spire of the church is seen peeping up from among the trees, about half a mile from the high road. Of this parish the Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Murray, was the nonresident Incumbent, holding this living *in commendam* with his poorly endowed bishopric. Being a Friend of my Father, he offered me the post. It was a large Rural Parish, containing eleven hundred inhabitants—a charge much too onerous for a beginner, especially for one who was to undertake it single-handed. It was not without misgivings therefore that I

accepted the Bishop's proposal. The great charm to me was that I was permitted to live at home, where I had already spent so many happy years.

I was ordained at Lambeth by Archbishop Howley, December, 1833, just fifty-eight years ago. The Archbishop was a man of learning, and a great Hebrew scholar, but of the old high-and-dry school; and there was nothing solemnizing or impressive in his mode of conducting the ordination. His Examining Chaplain, instead of exercising the influence which his position gave him, was content with ascertaining that the candidates possessed the necessary mental requirements, without endeavouring to probe the deeper feelings and motives of their hearts. Such was the unsatisfactory state of things, when I entered upon that career which I have now unworthily followed for more than half a century.

I shrank from preaching my First Sermon at Barham, where I was so well known; and chose the little unpretending church of a friend in the neighbourhood, as the place for making my first effort. I rode over to the village with fear and trembling; and having put my horse up at a farm house near the church, the Owner, who was one of the churchwardens, came out, and accosted me thus—

"I understand, sir, that you are going to preach here for the first time: let me give you my advice, and that is, to *cut it short.*" Now, as I had prepared my sermon with immense pains, having written and rewritten it several times, and as I imagined that it was an excellent discourse, it may be supposed that I was not a little taken aback by this disparaging remark; more particularly as I expected that my village hearers would be charmed by my eloquence, and would regret when my sermon came to a close. I went into the church therefore with rather a heavy heart; but who knows that my friend, the farmer, did not give me just the taking-down that I needed?

The parish of Barham had long suffered from being but indifferently cared for, though I am bound to say that the two Curates whom I succeeded were very different from their predecessors. Barham, being the daughter church of Bishopsbourne, though the larger and the more important parish of the two, had not had the advantage of a resident rector for many years. Indeed, there was no parsonage house there, which will account for my being allowed to live at Broome.

At one time the Services of the church were left to the tender mercies of one of the Minor

Canons of Canterbury, who, after officiating in the Cathedral, used to come over, and give us a hurried service at Barham. The said Minor Canon was an inveterate sportsman, and on a certain Saturday he took his gun with him, and beguiled the tediousness of his journey by shooting in sundry covers by the way. Next day he took the service, and had not been long in the desk, when a well-known itinerant, a half-witted man, came into the church, with three or four longtailed pheasants on his arm, walked up the aisle, and threw them down at the Minor Canon's feet, saying, "There; these are yours, and I have brought them as I was told." Thus did the poor, half-witted man utter his unintentional, but most cutting, reproof.

As I have already observed, those were times of general laxity. There were in our diocese, as in others, but few earnest and devoted Clergymen; much of the zeal and activity which existed being confined to the Dissenters. It was especially so in my neighbourhood; and to anything beyond morality, and a formal orthodoxy, but very few aspired.

But there was one advantage in those times; namely, there were as yet scarcely any divisions within the Church. Consequently, the few who were in earnest had only to range themselves on

the Lord's side; and this made the course of a young Clergyman, like myself, comparatively easy. He had not to select one out of many schools of theology, but to serve God and be active in His work, to preach simply the truth of His word, and to do all in his power to save souls: such was the one clear and unmistakable path of duty.

Those Clergymen who took a higher view than their neighbours around them became somewhat marked men; and any unusual divergence from the beaten track was deemed a serious offence in the eyes of their brethren, and met at once with suppression from those in authority.

I well recollect a notable instance of this. There was a good and energetic Clergyman at Sandgate, who was much interested in the spiritual welfare of his flock, and especially of the Fishermen, of whom there were many in his parish. Finding that it was useless trying to induce them to come to church, he opened his schoolroom for a Sunday Evening Service; and it was immediately filled with the very men whom he wished to see there. This was however considered by the authorities as a most dangerous innovation; and, on its being reported at head quarters, the Clergyman forthwith received an injunction to discontinue so irregular a

practice. My friend was of course forced to obey; and the souls of the poor sailors were sacrificed to a mistaken idea of clerical propriety.

But what a change has passed over us in the last fifty years! Both Bishops and Clergy are now alike anxious to bring every appliance of the Church to bear upon the deadness and apathy of the masses; and every legitimate effort for the salvation of souls is hailed with thankfulness, and is pretty sure to meet with the sanction and approval of those who are in power.

A similar, though less discouraging, case occurred to myself. I wished to establish a Weekly Evening Service in my church, but felt that the appointed prayers would make it too long for my poor people, who were many of them common labourers; I was therefore desirous to use the Litany only, with a short exposition of Scripture. Hugh Rose, the Archbishop's chaplain, happened to be staying at my Father's house; and, sitting near him at dinner, I asked him if the Archbishop would authorize such a service. He replied that his Grace could not sanction anything so irregular and unorthodox; but he wisely added, "You had better not ask the Archbishop's permission." So I held my peace, and also held my service.

I will mention yet another case which occurred in the days of my early ministerial life, showing the servile adherence to Church customs which prevailed in our diocese. The year 1839 was the tricentenary of the translation of the Bible into the English language. The celebration of this event was generally recognized throughout the country, and it was proposed that some notice of it should be taken at Canterbury. There had long existed there a Clerical Association, to which the Dean and Chapter, and most of the Clergy, belonged. They met four times a year at the Fountain Hotel, and dined together.

On that great occasion, in addition to the actual members, some forty or fifty of the Clergy of the diocese were invited, and I among the number. The Guest of the evening was Mr. Hartwell Horne, a learned biblicist, who was asked to be present. It was expected that of course he would be called upon to address us, and that we should hear something profitable from his lips. Dinner being ended, a wish to this effect was expressed ; upon which one of the leading Canons got up and protested against so unprecedented a measure, and declared that a subject so likely, as he thought, to call forth discordant opinions must not be mooted.

Thus Mr. Hartwell Horne, who was probably prepared to deliver an address, was silenced; and we all dispersed, the better perhaps for our good dinner, but certainly none the better, the wiser, or the more enlightened by our presence at this Church Gathering.

And now I was fairly established in my parish, and in charge of a flock, for whom I felt the deepest interest. Every nook in the parish was known to me; and the very names of those whom I now reckoned among my parishioners, and many of their characters also, were familiar to me. I began to realize the importance of my charge on the one hand, and my own deficiencies on the other. The people showed me a kind of feudal attachment, and they heartily welcomed me as their Pastor. The Congregations gradually increased. My sermons, though crude in matter, had certainly the merit of coming straight from my heart, and consequently enlisted the attention and forbearance of my hearers. It was rather a difficult church to fill, but I spared no exertion to make myself heard in every part of it, stimulated no doubt by the adulation of my audience, who declared my voice to be fully equal to the requirements of the congregation.

Living under my Father's roof had its advantages, and also its disadvantages. To be in a cheerful, comfortable house, and in the midst of my own family, was a great boon, and conduced much to my personal comfort. I was never so completely free from money cares ; for with no home expenses, with the proceeds of a good curacy, supplemented by an allowance from my Father, I was comparatively a rich man, and certainly I have never been in such affluence since.

But, on the other hand, the family hours did not quite suit me in my new position, nor the distance from my work. I had to walk a good mile and a half on the Sunday mornings, starting early in order to be in time for the Sunday school. I was therefore anything but fresh when the service began ; and this was one cause of my strength giving way.

I doubt whether, under ordinary circumstances, it would have been wise to undertake a curacy so close to my own home, and to the scene of my younger and more secular days ; but, in my case, it completely succeeded. For the very fact of my bidding adieu to all that I felt to be inconsistent with my sacred calling told at once in my favour. For this I received more credit perhaps

than was due; and many were much struck and well pleased to see that all my earlier indulgences were put aside, and that I now gave myself heartily to the greater and more glorious pursuit of winning souls. I thank God, who made this turn to my advantage, and to the furtherance of His glory.

But now, when I so much needed the counsel of those who were more experienced than myself, there was scarcely any Clerical Friend whom I could consult, excepting a wise and excellent Clergyman who ministered in a small adjoining parish.* We had lived near one another for years, but as I scarcely knew him, and had always considered him as over-strict, I was somewhat shy of approaching him as my adviser. He was a man of very few words, and of a retiring nature. However, both then and afterwards, I regarded him with much real affection, often applied to him in my difficulties, and ever valued him as a true, thoughtful, and wise friend.

He was a man of a very practical mind, and had a special capacity for seeing the difficult side of things; and therefore I always felt sure that, if Mr. Harrison saw no grave objection to any new project, I was safe in acting. And as regards expense, he was sure to take a prudent view of

any proposed measure; and thus many a time he checked me, when I was disposed to rush into some scheme which I was hardly justified in carrying out. And yet, with all this caution, he was anxious that I should lose nothing for want of effort. I remember that on one occasion, seeing my need of encouragement, he urged me on, saying, "I often think of those three letters, T.R.Y."

In this important crisis in my own religious history, I can hardly say how much I owe to the help afforded me by a beloved Sister, who had long felt the power of God's grace herself, whilst I was less influenced by it. To her example and to her aid I attribute a great deal, both as regards my own personal religious growth, and the practical working of my parish. She was, I believe, the chief instrument under God for the awakening of my soul, and leading me to awaken others.

But to return to my own Parish Work. I now saw the importance of endeavouring to infuse some life into the Services of the Church, and to make them warmer and more attractive. I did my best also to improve the Singing. But here arose my great difficulty; for, being no musician myself, I could not assume the leadership that was needed. Besides this, my first move in the matter called

forth serious alarm among the autocrats of the Singing Gallery, and was the first opposing element in my prosperous course. The Choir rose up *en masse*, and rebelled at my daring interference, threatening to leave the church and to spread division in the parish. Two of the old Band however, a Blacksmith and a Tailor, were faithful to me, and became from that time real helpers in my musical reform.

One of my Brothers at this crisis presented me with a barrel-organ, quite an advance in those days, and a special boon to me at this important juncture. A Hymn-book too, compiled by a leading clergyman of the day, Mr. Bickersteth of Watton, and another called the "Mitre Hymn-book," because it had the sanction of several Bishops, had just got into circulation, and I gladly introduced the latter in my parish. This was a great advance on the old Tate and Brady version of the Psalms, which had occupied the ground hitherto with undisputed sway; it gave a breeze of life to our services, and tended to warm the hearts of our worshippers. The reign of the oligarchy in the gallery was now at an end, never to be restored; and the congregation began to take their proper position in this important portion of public worship. The dethroned

choir still showed a little opposition; but by degrees this died out, leaving me to pursue my course in comparative peace.

I next established a Wednesday Evening Service in the School, which proved to be a rallying-point for the more earnest and anxious of my flock, as well as being also helpful to myself. At these gatherings I attempted to address my audience extemporaneously, which I found to be a sore difficulty at first; but my hearers were mostly poor and uncritical, and they patiently bore with me. I feel sure that many a prayer was offered in my behalf, that God would strengthen me in my work, and give me the grace I needed.

Ah, how good were those humble gatherings—good for me at a time when my ministerial work was as yet new to me—and good for my people, if I may judge by their eagerness in pressing in to this humble and informal service, which was attended by rich and poor, old men and children, young men and maidens—by all in fact who became interested in the welfare of their souls.

There were many faults in my ministry then, and many serious defects; but God overlooked my unworthiness, and blessed my endeavours to win souls for Him. Scarcely one of that beloved

congregation is now alive; but many of them, I humbly trust, having "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," are now "before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple."

The area of my parish was extensive, some portions of it being two miles or more from the church. I therefore established two or three Cottage Lectures at the outlying points; and these I found extremely useful, especially when held in the evening. Cottage Lectures were quite a novelty in those days; but they supplied a want which could not otherwise be met. I remember with thankfulness some of these little and unpretentious meetings. They were simple and informal, but warm and stirring.

One of these Cottage Lectures was held at a place called Shelving Lane. It was considered, according to Kentish phraseology, a very *elinge*[1] spot. At the meetings held there the Cottage was always well filled, and I verily believe that the excessive heat arising therefrom added not a little to the people's enjoyment; for they usually love to

[1] Perhaps a corruption of the French word "éloigné." It is an expression which I have only found used in Kent, where it is very common among the poor, and signifies a lonely, out-of-the-way place.

be well packed, and to have every window carefully closed.

There was a little tinge of irregularity about these Services, but there was a really earnest hearty spirit that animated us. Our singing on these occasions was simple and soul-stirring, perhaps somewhat after the fashion of Moody and Sankey; but no matter, if the hearts of the people were thereby reached, and a religious feeling stirred up. I felt at the time, and I feel now, that God was with us of a truth; and if we erred in giving way too much to our newly awakened earnestness, it was a fault on the right side, and He was not extreme to mark our unrestrained enthusiasm. There have been moments since, when I have even wished that I might again experience something of those fresh warm feelings, which then welled out from our full hearts.

CHAPTER VII.

CLOSING YEARS OF MY BARHAM CURACY.

I HAD not been long at Barham when I felt that the time was come when I must take some step towards rendering the church more convenient for public worship, and more worthy of Him whose house it was. I had mooted this, but my proposals met with little or no encouragement. High pews prevailed in all directions, covered with layers of white paint. The Broome family pew was the worst of all. It was roomy, square, and lined with green baize. It had moreover curtains, which, when drawn, completely hid the desk and pulpit from view. In this pew there was always a fire in winter, which usually smoked, to the great annoyance, I should think, of the congregation generally. I well remember that my Father used always, before the sermon, to hand the shovel over to one of the servants, who had a pew near us, for a fresh supply

of coals. This was not considered by any means an act of irreverence in those semi-feudal and primitive times.

When I decided on restoring the church, I scorned the aid of an architect, and the only professional advice that I sought was that of the village carpenter, and a clever painter from one of the adjoining parishes. We cut down all the pews excepting those belonging to Broome, which were in a family chancel, and also those belonging to Barham Court, which were similarly circumstanced: these alone escaped in the general havock. I erected a new Reading-desk and Pulpit, the former facing the congregation, which was then supposed to be the right thing. We also moved the Font, which stood originally near the door, to what I considered a more convenient place in the very middle of the church, painting the stone in imitation of granite, which I regarded as the very perfection of taste!

In completing this great work I felt unbounded satisfaction, and not the slightest suspicion that my ecclesiastical taste would be considered as out of keeping with the rules which developed themselves a few years later. However, one thing was gained — my church was rendered more fit for

public worship, and much more agreeable to minister in.

Whilst Curate of Barham, many interesting cases occurred to me, and some which showed that my ministry was not in vain. Among the rest I will mention the case of a Young Man, the son of a farmer, who came to me one evening, and desired to have some conversation with me. He acknowledged that the profane language, which he had of late been constantly hearing, had had a baneful influence on his mind. He was apprenticed to the village tailor, and among his fellow-workmen was a clever talkative man, who gave free utterance to his infidel views. I saw plainly that harm had been done, and that my young parishioner had already imbibed some of the poison. Still he was anxious to be led back into the truth, and was quite willing to walk a mile and a half, after his work, to have a little sober talk with me. We read the Bible and conversed together for many an evening—he stating his various objections, and I doing my best to meet them.

The result was that he gave up his infidelity, acknowledging that the views which had been placed before him were false; and he began to come regularly to church, from which he had long

been an absentee. Here was something gained ; but not all. The *head* was convinced, but was the *heart* converted ? This was most important, for without it the work was only half done. It was needful that he should not only lay aside his opposition to the truth of God, but that he should embrace it with his whole heart, and love it as God's revelation to his soul. I cannot follow up the after history of this young man ; for it so happened that I soon lost sight of him. But this I know, that at all events his sceptical opinions were scattered to the winds.

In the following year there was somewhat of a panic, caused by an outbreak of Small-pox in the parish. My family took alarm at the idea of my exposing myself and them to so great a danger. But I felt that the call of duty was plain. The Doctor exposed himself; why should not I ? So I took a temporary lodging in the village, and established myself there during the prevalence of the disease, which lasted but a few weeks. In taking this step I may truly say that I never experienced a firmer trust in God's guardian care, and a truer peace of mind. I recollect that the ninety-first Psalm was my special comfort.

Such was my prosperous and happy career during these opening years of my clerical life. But the

wear and tear of my new labours were too much for me. My strength gave way, and symptoms of mischief in my chest presented themselves. I struggled against the threatened evil, but in vain. Our family doctor, Mr. Long, confined me to the house; and there I was a close prisoner, sometimes for weeks together. For a while I had trusted to the occasional assistance which my brethren gave me; but at length it was evident that I must no longer rely on this half measure, but must have recourse to regular clerical aid in my parochial work.

The first sharer with me in my Sunday duties was a Minor Canon of Canterbury, Mr. Braham, a religious man, and the possessor, by right of inheritance, of great musical talent, his father being a man of great celebrity as a singer. With his regular help I hoped to carry on my work, and under his instruction I looked forward to the Barham choir becoming the envy of the neighbouring parishes. But in this I was miserably disappointed. The superior skill of my colleague failed to produce the result which I anticipated. The screaming treble of the children, and the rude bass of the men, were agonizing to his sensitive ears; and in utter despair he was forced to give up his kind efforts, and to resign his post. A hardier instru-

ment was needed for dealing with such rough materials.

But my lack of strength rather increased than diminished, so that I was soon obliged to engage a Permanent Assistant, who established his quarters in the village. With his help our parochial work was harmoniously carried on for several months; and a happy and blessed work it was, with a very happy and blessed result.

However it soon became evident to others, and the truth was also forced upon my own reluctant self, that a still more decided step was inevitable; namely, the resignation of my beloved curacy. The separation from those to whom I had become endeared was inexpressibly painful. Many of them were the firstfruits of my spiritual labour, my children in Christ; and the fact of having to transfer them to another's ministering care—I knew not whose—was indeed to me a sore trial. But that trial was to be faced; the sacrifice was demanded of me; and I had only to bow to the evident will of God.

About this time there appeared in our part of the county a young Physician, named McDivett, a very clever man, one of the cleverest that I ever came across. He was a friend of one of my

brothers, and took a great interest in my case. When he first came among us, he showed evident signs of consumption; and before long he was forced to give up his practice, and succumb to that fatal disease.

Almost on his deathbed he gave me this parting advice: "Remember the three Rs, Ride, Rest, and Rub." *Riding* was to me a most delightful exercise, and I gladly had recourse to it. To *rest* from my work was inevitable; and for seven years I carried out my friend's counsel. And from that time to this (for fifty-six years) I have *rubbed* myself with a rough hairbrush night and morning; and I think it has been the great means of preserving my health and lengthening my days.

And now, in my old age, when I can no longer *ride*, and when *resting* is almost my normal condition, I still *rub* on—my horsehair gloves supplying in a great measure the absence of exercise, and keeping me free from rheumatism and other infirmities.

I cannot close this chapter without briefly, but candidly, stating what were my own personal views upon religious subjects at this time. They were as yet somewhat crude and unformed: at any rate

they were scarcely defined. But as they gradually began to acquire a distinct shape, I became more and more unwilling to unite myself with either of the extreme parties which were then springing up in the Church. I always had, and still have, a strong aversion to violent and inconsiderate partisanship; and I resolved to avoid a servile adherence to either of the prevailing sections of the Church.

I am bound also to say that in my earlier years the Body which had the decided impress of earnest and personal religion was that which went by the name of Evangelical—a term applied by some in ridicule, but accepted by themselves, and gloried in, as being true and real. There were not many learned nor distinguished men among them; but there were several who, by their singular devotion and piety, and by their holy lives and example, gained extensive influence for good, and leavened the masses among whom they laboured.

The *Church System* however had little or no place in their creed. Christ, and His glorious sacrifice; the work of the Holy Spirit in individual hearts; conversion from sin and the world to a godly and Christian life; the efficacy of prayer, and the devout study of God's word—on all these points I was heart and soul with them. But the

view of the Church as a Corporate Body called into existence by our Lord Himself, and employed by him as the appointed Agency to carry on His work, was scarcely recognized by them; and I felt this to be a serious deficiency which I could not pass over. Indeed I verily believe that the great "Oxford Movement," which has issued in the High Churchism of the present day, was the natural outcome of the previous deficiency of definite Church Teaching.

Neither could I cast in my lot with the other party. There was a cold orthodoxy about the High Churchmanship of the olden time, which did not meet my wants. And certainly I have felt but little sympathy with the extreme views, which have since grown out of it. For much as I approve of hearty, warm, reverential services, I have always entertained a rooted objection to the childish displays, the studied postures and movements, the unauthorized gorgeousness of vestments, and the subtle phraseology unknown in the Church's formularies. These, and sundry other dilutions of Romish teaching and practice, instead of having any attraction for me, have ever been subjects to which my own mind and taste were decidedly averse.

There is one thing which has often filled me with wonder and with thankfulness—that some who are usually classed among very high Churchmen, when called upon to preach with the express object of awakening and saving souls (as at Parochial Mission services for instance) are in the habit of putting aside all their special conventionalities, and all their fanciful observances, and of proclaiming the love and efficacy of Christ's salvation as simply and as earnestly as their Evangelical brethren. And why so, but because they feel a strong conviction that these great and glorious truths can alone effectually stir the heart, and turn men to God: hence the presence of a real want has in this case practically called forth the full exhibition of the gospel message. Thus "everyway Christ is preached; and therein I do rejoice, and will rejoice."

But greatly as I differ from those of whom I have just been speaking, namely those who hold extreme High-Church views, I feel that I should be wanting in candour if I did not add that I believe there are among them many good and devoted men —many whom I love to reckon among my friends, and who are doing God's work, though I question whether the way in which they are doing it is the

best and most legitimate way. Towards such, when clearly in earnest, I have always had a brotherly feeling, and have been ready to join them in their self-denying labours.

I desire frankly to make this avowal, that what has turned the scale, in my own case, between the claims of the two contending parties was this—that whereas the prominent teaching of the one was that of Apostolical Succession as regards the authoritative powers of the Ministry, and the efficacy of the Sacraments as the sole channel of salvation; the teaching of the other was simple Faith in Christ as the Great Atoner, and an entire Submission to the Inspired Word of God. My heart therefore has ever responded to the latter system rather than to the former. And further, I believe that the views therein expressed, when placed side by side with those declared in the New Testament, are more in accordance with the doctrines of Inspiration; and that the teaching of St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. John is by no means Ritualistic, but Evangelical.

I am free however to acknowledge that there are excellences in both, which I hail with thankfulness, and hesitate not to embrace whenever I find them. Indeed, the longer I live the more strongly

I desire to steer clear of mere party objects and party bias.

The one prominent aim in my ministry has always been to lead souls to Christ, that they may be saved through the all-sufficiency of His atoning sacrifice, and be sanctified and fitted for His service here, and His presence hereafter, by the influence of the Holy Spirit.

I am quite aware that the above declaration of my views will be unsatisfactory to both parties, as any impartial one must be. But I feel it but honest that I should express myself with perfect candour and freedom on so important a subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY SEVEN YEARS' SILENCE, AND THE RENEWAL OF MY MINISTRY.

My short but happy course at Barham came to a close in 1838. I had for the last year or two been obliged to consult a London Physician; and was now in the hands of Dr. Latham, a great authority at that time in cases of chest disease. His system was that of depletion, a system now seldom resorted to. By his advice I was blistered and cupped, and suffered various other kinds of corporal punishment. In spite of this treatment I improved a little, but was extremely weak.

Dr. Latham desired me, for his own satisfaction, to see his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Watson, at that time high in his profession, a clever, honest, and plain-spoken man. After careful examination of my chest with the then newly invented stethoscope, he pronounced that there existed positive

tubercular disease, and in fact that my lungs were severely affected ; but he added that, with very great care I might live for years. From this plain speaking, and from the kind and serious tone with which he gave his opinion, I saw at once that he took a most unfavourable view of my case ; and consequently I returned home, feeling that my fate was sealed, and that my time would probably be short.

I have often since doubted if the doctor's diagnosis was correct. Fifty years have elapsed since that verdict was given ; and here I am, at the age of fourscore years and more, a fairly strong man, and still able to do a little ministerial work in the Church of God.

Having resigned my charge at Barham, the parish which was endeared to me by a thousand ties, the parish in which God had so undeservedly blest me, I was completely laid aside for seven long years. I was not only unequal to undertaking any other charge, but I was rendered unfit for any kind of public ministerial duty. In fact, I was positively silenced, and my work as a minister of Christ was for a while altogether suspended.

During those years I passed one winter at Torquay, another at Pau ; a third at Aureilhant,

near Tarbes, with my eldest Brother; a fourth at Rome with my two unmarried Sisters; and, finally, I sought refuge in Madeira, where with them I passed six pleasant months, and then returned to England, improved in health, but still unable to resume my ministry.

It was trying to be thus silenced, and to be so completely placed aside from active work. A season of rest however, and a quiet time for thought, were no doubt needful for me. I should not have chosen it for myself; but God chose it for me. I had for six years been a "keeper of vineyards;" but now the time had come when "my own vineyard" was to engage my chief attention. A little breathing-time was given me; and I doubt not it was wisely and mercifully chosen.

Whilst thus disabled, I happened to be spending some weeks at Bath, where I met a good and wise brother clergyman, who interested himself in my trial, and greatly encouraged me by reminding me that I might, in my present position, glorify God by a cheerful submission to His will, quite as much as if I were engaged in active work. "For, suppose," said he, "that a father who had two sons, were to say to the one, 'Do some active service for me,' and to the other, 'Sit here, and remain per-

fectly quiet at my bidding,' would not the patient obedience of the latter be as pleasing to his parent as the busy labour of the former? Go then, and do thou likewise." This simple illustration of my case greatly helped me; and I trust that my seven years of inactivity were very useful to me, fitting me for my future course.

During this interval of rest I spent my summers chiefly at Broome; and it was during the earlier part of this period that my Father, who had reached the age of eighty-two, and was still vigorous and active, was taken from us. This was in September, 1838. I shall never forget the painful circumstances under which my Sisters and I received abruptly this melancholy news.

In that summer we made a little excursion to the west of England. We had not left home above a week, parting from my Father in apparently good health, and sitting, with reluctance on his part, for his picture. We were visiting the lakes of Westmoreland; and, as we were coming down a sharp declivity above the Keswick waterfall, I was startled by suddenly beholding a man hurrying towards us with a letter in his hand. This surprised me the more as we were in a land of strangers. Presently however I

recognized the well-known face of one of our servants whom we had so lately left behind. I opened the letter with fear and trembling; it was to announce our Father's sudden death, and to summon us home without delay. This was one of our first family griefs; and it was indeed a great one. We at once hurried home with all speed; and though the journey in those days was a long one, we arrived in time to be present at the funeral.

Two of my Brothers, my Sisters, and myself, still clung to Broome, and continued there, inhabiting a portion of the house. Shortly after this my Brother Charles was appointed to the Living of Barham. This was a special joy to me, my dear old flock being placed in such good hands. As there was no parsonage house, my Brother still remained one of our home party, and for a time we kept house together; for I was still unfit for any active ministerial duty. But when the cold winds began to blow, three of us, my two Sisters and myself, went off with the swallows to a more genial climate in the south of France.

So matters went on, winter migration being the order of the day with me, until at length, in 1847, a friend of mine, Mr. Ferguson, of Silsoe, in Bed-

fordshire, knowing that my health was much improved, offered me a kind of tentative post in his parish. Nothing could have been more opportune than this proposal, and nothing kinder and more considerate than the conditions on which he received me as his Assistant. I was to do as little work as I pleased, to preach when I felt disposed, or to abstain entirely if I felt unequal to the work. This afforded me just the amount of labour that I needed, and enabled me to test my powers. Nothing could exceed his care of me, or his tender concern that my strength should not be overtaxed.

After residing about six months at Silsoe, a Letter arrived one morning from a most unexpected quarter—from Archbishop Sumner, with whom I had lately been staying. This letter contained an offer of the Rectory of Pluckley in Kent, which had just become vacant; one of the most choice livings in the diocese of Canterbury. Why the good Archbishop offered it to me I know not unless it was that his son-in-law, Mr. Thomas, was one of my Oxford friends, and that probably, with his usual kindness of heart, he had interested himself in my welfare.

Thomas was the kindest of men and the truest of friends. He was withal very clever. But

unfortunately he was extremely indolent, and unconscious of his own powers. In spite of this he obtained the Ireland scholarship at Oxford. It is said of him that, when the subjects of the annual prize poems were given out, Thomas was urged by his friends to write for one of them. To this he consented; but, with his usual habit of procrastination, he put off doing so till the time for sending in the competing poems drew near. And then his friends were obliged to shut him into his room, and there detain him as a prisoner till the task was accomplished. These coercive measures however fully answered, and Thomas won the prize for English verse.

But to return to the Archbishop's offer. It took me altogether by surprise; and I could not respond to it without very serious consideration. Was I justified in entering upon such a post? Was my strength equal to sustained parochial work? After much thought and some misgivings, I was led eventually to accept it. The parish was of moderate size, containing a population of seven or eight hundred souls; and the value of the living was such as would enable me to enjoy the comfort of a fellow-labourer, with whom to share the work. Added to this, the resident Squire,

Sir Edward Dering, was an old and valued friend, and also a Harrow schoolfellow.

Here was a happy prospect of being of some use again, and of having a flock once more committed to my care. I was tired of doing nothing, and I felt that moderate work, if carefully undertaken, might even be beneficial to my health. Who could have guessed that, in thus making my choice, I was selecting my resting-place for many useful and eventful years, and that my "lines" were about to fall in such "pleasant places"? So true it is that "a man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

CHAPTER IX.

MY TWENTY-ONE YEARS AT PLUCKLEY.

My long term of silence was now ended; and I was about to launch my boat once more upon a new and untried voyage. It was an experiment, and I trust that it was not undertaken rashly. My incumbency at Pluckley afforded me, as it turned out, my longest spell of continued work; for there, with the aid of five curates in succession, I laboured with little intermission for twenty-one years.

The population of Pluckley was agricultural, as my first cure at Barham had been. This was the sort of parish for which I felt myself best fitted, both from my earliest associations, and also from possessing a certain plainness of speech which I had especially cultivated. Having at once secured the help of a brother clergyman, Robert Bathurst, on whose goodness and friendship I could fully reckon, I began my reign at Pluckley. Being a bachelor, I was glad to make my curate an inmate of my

commodious rectory; and, thus happily circumstanced, I set to work.

The Parish was smaller than that of Barham, but the Rectory House and grounds were of extremely grand dimensions, compared with the ordinary run of parsonages. The kitchen garden was nearly an acre in size, with a wall round it, which nearly emptied the purse of my predecessor, Mr. Dering. The house stood in a spacious and well-wooded field which was dignified by being called "the Paddock," and sometimes "the Park"!

The visiting neighbourhood of Pluckley was somewhat sparse; but most of the gentry and clergy were kind enough to call: it was also within five miles of Eastwell, of which one of my Brothers was incumbent; so that, although the parish was a retired one, I was not completely cut off from intercourse with the outer world. There were two clerical neighbours however who held back; but why and wherefore they did so I knew not, until many months after. I then discovered that a rumour had gone abroad that I was "a red-hot Calvinist." And this arose from the fact of my happening to have in my dining-room a portrait of Calvin, which had been given to me by a kind friend, when I was furnishing my Pluckley

parsonage. One of these cautious clergymen afterwards found out his mistake, and candidly acknowledged it; the other continued to wrap himself up in his cloak of prejudice, and for a long time never ventured beyond the exchange of words with one who exhibited his heresies in his very dining-room!

The entrance of my career at Pluckley was very different from that at Barham, fifteen years before. At Barham I was young in the ministry, and my religious views were as yet unformed. I was as one feeling his way out of darkness into the dawning light. I was, as it were, beginning to run a race, on which I had only just made a start. I was entering upon a battle-field with untried armour and unpractised weapons; but now I was the wiser for past experience, and I felt that my seven years of silence had not been useless.

I began, as I did at Barham, by trying to vivify and readjust the Church Services, to create a more reverential tone among the worshippers, and to breathe into them a warmer and livelier spirit; for here too I found the mass of my parishioners in a very cold and apathetic state.

The condition of the Church Fabric greatly perplexed me. It was extremely well kept, and so

profusely painted and varnished that you could almost see your face reflected as you walked up the aisle. The Archdeacon had, on a recent visitation, written a commendatory paragraph in the vestry-book, praising the parishioners for the care they took of their church. And yet the pews were so high, and so ill-assorted—a square pew here, and a narrow slip there,—and the reading-desk and pulpit so inconveniently placed, and so ungainly in appearance, with a ponderous gallery overhanging the west end—that I longed to reconstruct the whole.

But how was the consent of the parishioners to be obtained? To appeal to their taste would have been absurd, or to their pockets equally so. There were mountains of difficulty in the way, for the people loved their church, the gallery and all. The Squire too could not bear the thought of seeing the dear old building turned inside out. But he and several others most kindly yielded to the prejudices of the new Rector, and gave their assent, though under protest. The last objector was a somewhat obstructive farmer, who came but seldom to church; but even he at length gave way, and, finding himself in a minority of one, withdrew his opposition, holding up both his hands

at one of our meetings, in token of his assent, rather than there should be any division in the parish.

So we reseated the church, and much improved it. Nothing of any importance has since been done to it, but I trust it may yet be more effectually restored by some one of my successors. The Dering *room* (for it can hardly be called a *pew*) still remains, a monument of family conservatism, and of the distinction of classes, which is hardly in keeping with the spirit which ought to prevail in the House of God.

The Choir was my next difficulty. It was by no means a bad one. There were some beautiful voices, both among the men and also the boys. But it had been a gallery choir; and the singing was exclusive and uncongregational. This I was anxious to change; but how to effect so great a reform without giving offence taxed all my powers; for I was determined to avoid anything like a collision.

A peaceable solution of the difficulty was at length brought about, and after this wise—My squire's wife, Lady Dering, who took a great interest in the parish, happened at this crisis to present us with a very nice London-made organ, and I felt that here was a favourable opportunity for effecting

the object which I had in view. I bethought myself that if I could only induce the parishioners generally to unite in presenting an address of thanks for this bountiful gift, they would by this act unconsciously bind themselves to its use, instead of retaining the various instruments to which they had been so long accustomed. This had the desired effect; for as people usually delight in signing their own names to any document, they all inscribed their's—the very choir included. Thus we all stood pledged to the new *régime*, and to the altered position of the singers around the organ in the chancel.

By this stratagem the matter quietly and peacefully righted itself. There was no opposition; and by so harmless a stroke of policy the usual irritation, which is apt to apply to any change of parochial singing, was happily averted. And now our psalmody, with the help of the organ, was all that could be desired. The voices of the men, and also of two of the boys, were better than I ever heard in any country church; and further there was a pleasantness and goodwill about the whole which could not be surpassed.

My work at Pluckley was for the most part fraught with encouragement, though checked by

occasional failures. Our church services were well attended, owing greatly to the popularity of my successive Curates, two or three of whom were excellent preachers. The Weekly Services at the school were fairly appreciated, and also the Cottage Lectures, which were held in various parts of the parish.

The preaching of unwritten sermons was then very rarely practised by our clergy. Both my curates and I however occasionally ventured on extemporary addresses in church, and this seemed to take with the people. If I were to begin my ministry again, I should probably adopt this mode of preaching, as being more apostolic, and less stiff, than the written style. In my own particular case however I think that some of my written sermons, when penned with special regard to the wants of the congregation before me, and with the eye more frequently fixed on my audience than on the manuscript, were not the least effective, or the least profitable. Of this I feel persuaded, that, whatever be our method, he is the best and most effective winner of souls who prepares his sermons with care, and who selects his text, arranges his matter, and delivers it, looking up to God at every stage for His guidance and blessing.

Our Missionary Meetings and Collections were a decided success, and formed an important factor in the parochial organization. In accordance with my invariable custom, I regarded with equal favour the two great Church Agencies, "the Propagation of the Gospel," and the "Church Missionary," Societies; and our missionary fund embraced both. Our Annual Meeting was quite a festal gathering in the parish. We met in the rectory grounds, where a large tent was pitched, and tea was provided at sixpence a head for all who were willing to attend, the provisions being all supplied by the farmers and others in the parish. At seven o'clock the tent was cleared, and the meeting was held in it. The whole was regarded with a great deal of interest; and we were enabled to send up annually fifty or sixty pounds to the two societies.

A portion of my time at Pluckley, and a very pleasant portion, was taken up in writing some of my Books; but I never anticipated the large circulation which they obtained. My first publication dates back to my Barham days. It was a tract on the Holy Communion; and its success led to the writing of a series called "The Barham Tracts." Their general acceptance encouraged me to go on; and when at Pluckley I wrote my first book, "The

Pathway of Safety." It was intended for the less educated of the community, and it was therefore written in as simple a style as I could master. Much of the book was written by snatches—sometimes when walking up and down my parsonage lawn, sometimes in the train, and at other times when going about my parish. It is curious that I have always found that no place was so favourable for composition, and in no place could I so concentrate my thoughts, and write with so little difficulty, as in a railway carriage.

But to return to my First little Book. "The Pathway of Safety" ran through several editions before I had time to consider why it met with such success. It has now reached the three hundred and fifteenth thousand. The fact is, that the good type in which it was printed, and the simplicity of the language, procured for it a circulation which it would not otherwise have deserved. At all events the great success of the book encouraged me to go on in my new career as an author. "The Earnest Communicant" followed; and a little later "The Home Beyond."

My first London Publisher was Mr. Macintosh, a most agreeable person to have dealings with, and a man of unblemished character. Being however

an indifferent man of business, and not sufficiently alive to his own interests, he was often in difficulties, and was therefore unable to give me the support which I felt I might justly claim elsewhere. After having struggled with this inconvenience for some years, I was at length advised to transfer the publication of my works to Messrs. Hatchard, an old and respectable firm of high repute. The Ancestor of the present publisher who originally started the business was a Huguenot, *Achard* by name, which the Londoners soon changed into *Hatchard;* and the family have adopted this honoured name ever since. The latter having retired from the publishing business, my works are now in the hands of Messrs. Longmans.

Among my other publications a volume of "Family Prayers" was issued, the joint production of myself and my great friend and more than brother, Charles Ramsden. We were in such perfect harmony on the subject, that we had no difficulty whatever in sharing this work; and it proved to be most successful.

People often say to me, "How thankful you must be to have done so much good by your writings!" I am thankful, very thankful, for the many instances of benefit derived from my books;

but I know well that for any real good, which this or that book may have imparted, I am indebted to the forbearance and blessing of God, rather than to any skill of mine. And the thought too oftentimes comes painfully before me, how much easier it is to write about holy things, and to speak well upon them, than to carry them into one's daily practice!

The writing and issue of an occasional book certainly was an effectual relief to the monotony of my life at Pluckley. But a further relief sprung up from another quarter, namely from the fact of my being elected as one of the Proctors of the diocese. There are two diocesan Proctorships, one of which became vacant when I had been about ten years in my quiet parish; the other being held by Mr. Cheshyre of Canterbury. I was led to become a candidate for this post, from feeling that to be one of the representatives of my brethren in convocation was an honour worthy of any trouble that it might cost me.

Convocation was then just beginning to assert itself after centuries of abeyance; and Mr. Henry Hoare, who for years had been the chief promoter of its revival, was beginning to rejoice in its new birth and its promised success. I succeeded in my candidature, and continued to hold the office

for ten years—in fact, until I was called away from the diocese to undertake a higher charge.

I formed many valuable friendships among the members of this body, namely with Archdeacon Bickersteth (the Prolocutor), Canon Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, Chancellor Massenberg, Leopold Acland, Canon Seymour, George Sumner, who is the present Prolocutor, and also Suffragan Bishop of Guildford; and with these last I generally acted.

Two measures, in which I took a prominent part and a deep interest, were for the better *Training of Candidates for Holy Orders*, and for the *Abridgment and modification of our Morning Service.* The latter was regarded at the time as a somewhat perilous movement; and was therefore rejected, though after fair and patient consideration. My colleague in pressing this measure was Dean Pellew. Our desire was to avoid any structural alteration in the Prayer-book, and to steer clear of anything that would affect its doctrine; but, seeing the great length of the service, owing to the amalgamation of three several offices, we proposed certain curtailments and modifications, and the elimination of sundry needless repetitions. Our proposals were received kindly, but were vehemently opposed.

What has been the consequence? The inconvenient length of our Morning Service is now pretty generally admitted; and many of the Clergy have taken the matter into their own hands, and regardless of the existing law, do not scruple to omit here and there such portions of the authorized prayers as they think best. The general cry now is for more liberty and elasticity in the curtailment of our Services.

One of the most violent party men, with whom I generally found myself in opposition, was Archdeacon Denison; but a kinder, fairer, and more generous opponent never existed.

Upon the whole, my convocation life was a very useful one to me; it gave me an interest in the prominent Church questions, and brought me into contact with the leading men of the day. The example and tact of our business-like and excellent Prolocutor, Dean Bickersteth, was especially useful to me in my after presidency of the formidable Synods in Montreal. These were regulated, it is true, by a code of rules totally different from those which prevailed in Convocation; but I got many a hint from our able Prolocutor, which stood me in good stead when presiding over the councils of the clergy and laity in Canada.

CHAPTER X.

MY SWISS OUTINGS.

IN the midst of my parochial labours nothing used to give me such real enjoyment, or afforded me such complete relaxation, as my periodical trips to Switzerland and elsewhere. And so it is with Clergymen generally: they require occasionally an entire change of scene and occupation, and it is of untold benefit both to mind and body. The mental cobwebs need to be cleared away, and the physical tension to be relaxed.

My first trip to Switzerland was in 1847, when I was yet under the ban of enforced clerical silence, in company with two clerical friends, Hamilton Forsyth and Robert Bathurst, the latter of whom afterwards shared with me my early ministerial labours at Pluckley.

We soon found that Bathurst was not great in the packing line, but acted on the principle of

cramming everything—his shirts, neckcloths, etc.,—into his bag at the last moment before starting. But there was one article which somewhat puzzled him—what was he to do about his best Hat? For we each took a good hat with us, to make a presentable appearance on Sundays; and we usually sent these said hats by diligence to the central town where we intended to spend the following Sunday. Well, Bathurst generally sent off his hat without any covering whatever, simply attaching a card to it with his address. And, wonderful to relate, it always reached its destination in perfect safety, and as dapper as when it was sent off. They invariably respected this unprotected hat, and never showed it the smallest indignity. Here then is a hint for travellers!

Forsyth was very delicate, and often alarmed us during our holiday. He was however always in good spirits, highminded, and full of energy. He lived but a few years after this trip. His loss to me was great indeed, and I still often think of him as one of the best and dearest Friends that I ever had.

We went to Geneva, Interlachen, and Chamounix. At the latter place we spent a most eventful Sunday. There being no English church in those days, we determined to have a service at our hotel,

Lord Sinclair having offered us the use of a large sitting-room.

On Sunday morning the Master of the hotel came to us in great consternation, and declared that the holding of public worship in his house would bring him into trouble, and probably cause him the forfeiture of his licence. We strongly refused to give way, asserting our right to hold the proposed service, and promising to take the whole responsibility on ourselves. He still however demurred, and repeated his visit in company with the Mayor. But seeing that we were resolved to carry out our purpose, he said that, if we would consent to have our service out of doors, he would provide a carpet, chairs, etc., and whatever else was necessary. Under these circumstances we gladly fell in with his proposal, and had a most delightful service in the cool and quiet shade, by the river's side.

This proved to be the first step towards the erection of a Church at Chamounix. For, in consequence of the difficulty we had met with, we sent up an Address to our Ambassador at Turin, signed by Lord Sinclair and all the English who were there, protesting against the opposition that was shown, and begging him to apply for the

regular authorization of Public Worship for the English tourists. Our petition was warmly taken up in England and on the continent; and subscriptions were immediately set on foot for the building of a Church, with which Chamounix is now blest. The account of this interesting occurrence is, if I remember rightly, to be seen in the visitors' book at the Hôtel de Londres.

My next Swiss tour was with my great friend, Charles Ramsden. We visited together Lucerne and other parts of the Oberland, passing a night on the top of Mount St. Bernard. In that dreary hospice we were kindly entertained by the monks, dropping our gratuity into the visitors' box before leaving in the morning. We expected to find here St. Bernard dogs in perfection, but in this we were sadly disappointed. One of the monks took us to a miserable underground kennel, and brought out three or four ungainly creatures, sadly underfed and uncared for—a wretched contrast with those of whose prowess, strength, and beauty we had formed so high an estimate from the glowing descriptions we had seen in books and pictures.

We were almost glad to exchange the cold and dreariness of St. Bernard for the warmth and fertility of Aosta, which we reached in a few hours,

in the midst of a tremendous thunderstorm, the lightning nearly blinding us. Having thus peeped into Italy, we turned our faces homewards.

A third excursion was with Ferguson, whose friendship I had recently enjoyed at Silsoe, in Bedfordshire. We visited Chamounix, and went up the Rhone valley to Zermatt. Whilst at the former place a very decided shock of Earthquake was felt, which was extremely violent also in other parts of Switzerland, and this recurred during several succeeding days. The effects were unmistakable as we went up the Rhone valley; and, on reaching Visp, we found that it had caused immense havoc. There was a large fissure in the church, and many of the ill-built houses had evidently suffered. The people seemed quite paralyzed, and we could hardly persuade them to supply us with the horses we needed to carry us to St. Nicolas and Zermatt. On the road its disastrous effects were everywhere visible; and at one place, the village of Standen, we passed by a wooden house, which had positively been overturned, and stood with its foundation uppermost.

On leaving Zermatt, we went up to the Gorner Grat. The day was cloudless, and the view was grand beyond description. We found on the

summit a man who had all the appearance of being an ordinary peasant, and who had just made the ascent. He was wrapt in admiration at the glorious view, and seemed glad to have any one to share it with him. He was a plain, simple man, with a certain degree of innate intelligence and love of scenery, rarely found in that class. As we gazed upon the snowy mountains, which rose up all around us, he spoke with rapture, comparing them to the scene described in Scripture of the Judgment Day, the lofty peaks reminding him of the assembled multitudes gathered around "the great white Throne." This, from the lips of a mere countryman, was most striking, since they, as a class, so rarely take any interest whatever in that which excites the admiration of their more refined brethren.

Upon the whole, I know of no spot in the Alps so accessible, and yet commanding so exquisite a view of the great snowy range as the Gorner Grat. From it the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa, as well as the higher mountains of the Oberland, are laid out before one.

But for this glorious view we paid our penalty. The day, as I have said, was cloudless, and the glare on the snow was very dazzling; but, at the mo-

ment, we felt scarcely any inconvenience. Having enjoyed this grand view to our hearts' content, we walked down to St. Nicolas, where we slept. In the night, whilst I was half asleep and half awake, I thought I heard the moans of my companion, but mistook them for snoring. In the morning however, when I went to his room, I found my poor friend, to all appearance, like a man with an extremely bad attack of small-pox. His face was enormously swollen and blistered, and he was quite unable to open his eyes. To leave his bed was an impossibility; so there he stayed at the little hotel for two days, suffering from the effects of the burning sun on the previous day, and persuaded me to go on. If my reader should make a similar expedition on a cloudless day, I would advise him to be provided with a green veil.

It was a great refreshment to me, in my bachelor days, to make these periodical trips summer after summer; but still more so when I had a beloved fellow-traveller to share the enjoyment with me under happier circumstances. But I must not anticipate the record of these pleasant trips, and shall therefore speak of them again in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

TWO GREAT EVENTS IN MY PLUCKLEY LIFE.

THE closing years of my incumbency of Pluckley were marked by two great and blessed events, which cast their shadows forward, and much influenced my future life. Both, I feel sure, arose under the providential guidance of God, and both conduced greatly to my happiness and usefulness.

It happened that in the autumn of 1863, owing to the ordinary wear and tear of parish work, I was once more overdone, and felt that a change of scene and of climate was absolutely needed. Accordingly, I started off with my Sister for a few months' stay at Torquay, leaving my people under the care of my Curate. As riding and driving were recommended as remedies, we sallied forth with a faithful manservant and a favourite horse and carriage. Driving for a part of the way, we reached Torquay in due time, and passed the winter months in a lodging on St. Luke's Hill, where I soon began to mend; and this I owed to the

healthiness of the situation, and the complete rest afforded me.

Keble was at this time wintering at Torquay; and being there under similar circumstances to myself, overworked and needing retirement and rest, I was unwilling to disturb him by introducing myself to him. But I confess that I have often since regretted that I allowed anything to prevent my acquaintance with so distinguished and holy a man.

Like myself, he abstained from all public ministrations. Once however he preached unexpectedly at the quiet little village church at Tor, which we sometimes frequented. It was on the third Sunday in Lent; and my Sister and I had read in the morning his beautiful hymn for the day, on "the strong man armed." This made us long for an opportunity of hearing from the lips of the great Christian Poet some words that would stir our hearts. When we reached the Church we found Keble there already in the chancel, and fully robed. Presently he mounted the pulpit, to our great joy; but our expectations were sadly disappointed, for the sermon he preached was uninteresting, and scarcely worthy of so great a divine and so beautiful a writer.

The weeks passed pleasantly enough at Torquay, between reading, writing, and horse exercise; and during that quiet time I treasured up a considerable amount of health for future use.

In the spring we planned a drive home into Kent along the coast, *viâ* Dawlish, Exeter, Sidmouth, Lyme Regis, Weymouth, Bournemouth, etc. And this we successfully carried out, meeting with no obstacles by the way, excepting rather a sharp easterly wind which we had to face. Little did I imagine how eventful a journey this would prove, or how plainly that saying would be fulfilled, that "there is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." For me, at least, God had a blessing in store, and it was He who "ordered my goings."

We proposed to stay at Bournemouth only a few days to refresh ourselves and our steed, for we were not aware that we knew a soul in the place; but there we stayed for weeks, instead of days. We met there—quite accidentally, as some would say—one with whom I had become slightly acquainted a few months before, whilst staying at a country house in Kent. I at once felt that my heart was carried captive, and that, if I could but win the prize which presented itself, my visit to Bournemouth would

be brought to a more blessed conclusion than had ever entered my imagination. I need only add that my suit was successful, and that I returned to Pluckley a happier man than when I quitted it.

With reference to this visit to Bournemouth, I might have exclaimed with Alexander, "Veni; vidi; vici." I *went* there without any definite purpose; I *saw* there one on whom the balance of my future happiness was to turn; and I *gained a conquest*, which made its providential mark on my whole after life.

In the following June, 1864, we were married; and, after a short wedding tour to Salisbury, my Wife and I established ourselves in our comfortable Rectory at Pluckley. I will not dwell on the many blessings of my married life. God knows that I can with truth say, "Surely goodness and mercy *have followed* me all the days of my life," but especially during the married portion of it.

As regards my Ministerial Career, nothing exceptional occurred during the next few years. These years were fraught with blessings, though not marked by any special event. I have nothing particular to record either in the way of success or the reverse. All went on smoothly; and if God was carrying on, as I believe He was, His own

work among my people, it was a hidden and unnoticeable work.

Meanwhile we experienced a blessing of no small importance to us, and affording a new object of the deepest interest. A little Daughter was given to us; and it was my privilege to baptize her, with some other members of my Pluckley flock, and to dedicate her to Christ, in the full hope that she would become His true and faithful servant. Thus was our little family circle widened; and this brought a new ray of sunshine on our life, and added to the brightness and happiness of our days.

During this period we made some of those pleasant excursions to which I have already alluded; and none which gave us so much pleasure as those to Switzerland, or tended more to keep us in a state of health and spirits.

Our first trip abroad was in the autumn after our marriage. It was a kind of second honeymoon, our first being necessarily a broken one. We gave ourselves only a short month; crossed over to Calais, going from thence by diligence to Dieppe and Rouen, and returning by Fontainbleau and Paris.

At Dieppe we watched a very striking and picturesque ceremony. Seeing, one day, a large

concourse of people assembling on the little pier, we bent our steps that way. Presently we observed some dozen small vessels moving slowly out of the harbour, and making for the open sea. We learned that they were Fishing-smacks going forth on their autumnal errand for two or three months' cod fishing in the North Seas. Fifty or sixty women were running alongside of them as they sailed out of the harbour, waving their handkerchiefs, and bidding their husbands farewell, knowing the dangers to which they would be exposed, and that possibly they might never see them again.

When the vessels had got fairly out to sea these poor women turned homeward with somewhat mournful steps, but not before they had all knelt before a large cross at the entrance of the harbour. There they remained for several minutes in prayer, breathing out their humble intercessions for those rough and manly fellows, from whom they had just parted, praying that a gracious Father would protect them from danger, give them a safe and successful voyage, and bring them back in peace and health.

It is said of the Breton mariners that, when they put out to sea, their prayer usually is, "Keep me, O God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean so wide." Just so may we not well pray, in view of

our many and great dangers, that "we may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally we may come to the land of everlasting life"?

I never shall forget that thrilling sight in Dieppe harbour. It was a lesson indeed which I was glad enough to carry home, and it made me realize that there were some at least among the light-hearted inhabitants of Dieppe who believed in the power of God to bless and protect His people.

Another year we went to Lucerne; it was during the summer that the Queen was there. She seemed greatly to enjoy her little term of liberty, being relieved from all the trammels of state, and constantly able to make pleasure excursions like other folks. The Villa appropriated to her use was perched upon one of the heights above the town, with a beautiful view of the lake below; but it was in a very disagreeable neighbourhood, and not quite worthy of so august a Tenant.

One day I walked up to the top of Mont Pilate, and found that her Majesty had made the ascent the day before. I asked to see the visitors' book, and there I found "Victoria R.," and then followed the names of her suite, with "John Brown" prominent among them. I felt it to be no small honour to have ascended the same mountain, to

have trodden the same ground, and to have written my name in the same book, as my Sovereign had done before me.

On four or five occasions I acted as Chaplain for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and also for the Continental Church Society; as for instance here at Lucerne, and also at Bellagio, Seelisberg, Les Avants, St. Moritz, etc. This just suited me, combining light work with comparative rest.

We usually made these Swiss trips towards the close of the summer. One year however, being a little later than usual, we went up the Rigi, stopping at the Rigi Kaltbad, halfway up the mountain. We found the hotel almost empty. The second night we went to bed fully intending to remain in our quarters two or three days; but during the night there was a heavy fall of snow, so that in the morning we found ourselves snowed up, and we were forced to make our immediate escape as best we could, hurrying off to the more genial region of Lucerne.

With regard to these Annual Outings, we used to reckon that a napoleon per day for each person generally covered all expenses; and we certainly felt that no outlay brought us fuller enjoyment or

contributed more to our bodily vigour and to our mental energies than these summer excursions.

We had now been married five years, when another important event occurred, by which the quiet and even tenor of our way was unexpectedly interrupted—an event, which I must always feel to have been equally providential with the one of which I before spoke. We had fondly hoped that having found "a haven of rest" we should for a while at least enjoy it here at Pluckley. But no such thing. God, who knew our needs, and what was best for us, had other paths in which He would have our course to run.

One morning, in the spring of 1869, when staying for a few days at Bournemouth, we found upon our breakfast-table a letter penned by a strange hand, and having upon it the Montreal postmark. Hitherto our thoughts had never turned to that distant spot, and nothing had ever occurred in that portion of the globe to awaken any particular interest in our minds. This superscription therefore did the more strike us both.

Upon opening this mysterious letter I found that it was from a Canadian Bishop, the Bishop of

Quebec, who was at the time personally unknown to me, but whom I afterwards regarded as a beloved and valued Brother. The Letter gave a detailed account of a special meeting of the Canadian Provincial Synod for the purpose of electing a Bishop of Montreal, who should also fill the responsible office of Metropolitan,[1] the vacancy having been caused by the death of Bishop Fulford.

It appears that, after several ballots, the Synod could come to no agreement, parties being pretty equally divided, and the spirit of disunion running high. After much anxious deliberation, the Upper and the Lower House could come to no agreement; and an adjournment for a few weeks was proposed, in the hope that something would occur which might solve the difficulty. The object of the Bishop's letter was to put me in possession of what had taken place, and to ask me whether, if my name were proposed, I would accept the post.

Imagine our surprise, and the deep searchings of heart to which this unexpected state of things led! I answered the letter immediately, by saying that,

[1] The Bishop of Montreal was at that time *ex-officio* Metropolitan of the whole province of Canada. The law has since been changed; and the metropolitan is now elected by the nine bishops of the province assembled in synod.

from my age (being then on the verge of sixty), from the delicacy of my health, and for other reasons which I mentioned, I felt myself unfitted for the honoured post which was offered to me, and therefore I declined accepting it. A few weeks later a Second Letter arrived, addressed to "The Bishop Elect of Montreal." From this it appeared that my objections were overruled, and I was strongly urged both by the Synod and by the Bishop to accept the office. In answer therefore to this letter, and after taking counsel with my London Doctor, with my kind and wise Diocesan Archbishop Tait, and with one or two other Friends whose judgment I valued, I could only reply that my services were at the disposal of the Canadian Synod.

One reason for the difficulty in this case was the fact of its involving the election of a Bishop who was also to be Metropolitan. This made it necessary to select one whose views would not be unacceptable either to the Bishops of the Province, or to the various sections of the Montreal Diocese.

My friends in England were generally against my undertaking so trying a charge. It was thought by many that I was making a sacrifice, that I was giving up a comfortable home and fair prospects

in England, and that I was expatriating myself and my family for the discharge of an imaginary duty. Certainly this was not my feeling. I felt that I was making no sacrifice, but rather was accepting a post of honour and advancement, and that I was doing no more than any officer in the army does, who cheerfully proceeds on foreign service when called upon to do so. Had I been a younger man few appointments would have been more desirable. I could not therefore flatter myself that there was aught of self-devotion in the step I was taking. My Wife desired as I did, that we should place ourselves in God's hands, and follow the guidings of His providence.

I will not enumerate all that occurred in quick succession during the next few weeks, and all the varied thoughts which, flowing out as from a newly opened spring, rushed through our minds—the severance from my flock, with which I had been connected for above twenty years—the rending of those family and social ties which nature binds so strongly—the quitting a peaceful home and a beloved country—and the prospect of beginning life again in an unknown land. Suffice it to say that to myself, and equally so to my Wife, the path was plain. I had not sought it—had never dreamt

of it—it was ordained for me. Therefore our decision was made, and we had no misgivings.

With great sorrow I resigned my Living, my second important charge, and began to make the necessary preparations for the new life which now opened before me. We received from our People, and also from our Friends at large, sundry tokens of their loving regard, and of that affection which had been the silent growth of years, but was now called forth by our unlooked-for separation.

The last few weeks before our departure were very trying—the bidding adieu to many, whom we might never see again, and the last shaking of the hand with each one of our dear parishioners. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel gathered a small number of their members together to bid me farewell, and to speed us on our way. And a few of my Convocation Friends and others met me at the Westminster Hotel to give me their good wishes and their parting blessing; among whom were the dear Bishop of St. Albans, and also my kind friend the Prolocutor, Dean Bickersteth. The warm expression of friendship and of love, which these days called forth, more than repaid us for their accompanying sorrows.

CHAPTER XII.

MY CONSECRATION, AND DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

I WAS consecrated in Westminster Abbey, on August 1, 1869, by Archbishop Tait and six assisting Bishops, one of the number being my faithful and beloved friend, Bishop Claughton. My convocation friend, Canon Sumner, now Bishop of Guildford, preached the Sermon.

My Wife and I stayed at Fulham Palace for the consecration, where the Archbishop was also staying, and Dr. Butler of Harrow, with his charming Wife, whom he has since lost.

The morning of my Consecration was saddened by the news of a most melancholy event. At breakfast the Archbishop spoke of a fatal accident that had just occurred on one of the Swiss mountains; and when he mentioned the name of Julius Elliott, my Wife and I were indeed filled with the truest sorrow. He had been one of my Pluckley

Curates two years before, and had left me to take charge of a church at Brighton. He was a thoroughly good fellow, a clergyman of unusual promise, and very dear to us. He had gone, as his custom was, to take a six-weeks' holiday among the Alps, full of enthusiasm, and thirsting for some mountain exploit.

It appears that, in going up one of the mountains near Grindelwald, his companion and their guide being at a little distance from him, his foot slipped when near the summit, and he fell down a precipice, and was taken up lifeless. Poor Elliott! we afterwards visited his lonely grave in the churchyard at Grindelwald. A few simple words mark the spot where his body was laid in the blessed hope of the resurrection to eternal life.

I was consecrated, as I have said, on August 1st, and thus was solemnly set apart for my great and important work. Nothing now remained but to bid farewell to our beloved England, and to embark on board the *Nestorian*, bound for Canada. Our party consisted of my Wife, our Child who was only two years old, four Maid-servants, and an enormous quantity of luggage, which was indispensable for our new life. We had a tolerable voyage of ten days—if anything can be called

tolerable, when attended with such multifarious miseries as are the inevitable accompaniments of an average sea voyage. Constant nausea by day and rough tossings during the long hours of the night; the occasional rolling and pitching of the vessel; one's inability to sit out the ordinary meals, however resolutely we tried to do so; the well-meant officiousness too of a stout-hearted medical passenger, who persuaded me against my better judgment to allow him to walk me up and down the deck, in the vain hope of curing my persistent sickness—all this made up a large sum total of our miseries on board ship.

And sometimes, although the sturdy captain assured us that it was only blowing half a gale, sundry noises reminded us unmistakably that we were not on land; such as the crash of pots and dishes, the whirring sound of the screw, when some great wave lifted the ship out of the water for an instant, "like the sudden running down of some mammoth clock;" and, added to this, the terrible feeling of responsibility that one was shortly to enter upon a new post in an untried country—this made our voyage across the Atlantic anything but pleasurable.

We reached Quebec a little after midnight on

August 29th, a few hours before the dawn of a Canadian Sunday morning. After a disturbed night's rest on board ship, we were greeted in the early morning by a kind deputation of the Quebec Clergy, and of two Rural Deans of my own diocese, who had come all the way from Montreal, a distance of a hundred and eighty miles, to bid us a hearty and sincere welcome. We soon found ourselves at home among strangers; and after refreshing ourselves at a comfortable hotel (the St. Louis), we prepared for morning service at the Cathedral, where we, and several of our fellow-passengers, gave public thanks to God for the many mercies of a safe and successful voyage. I assisted in the service, and preached in the evening.

We were delighted by the striking situation and beauty of Quebec, a quaint old town, very foreign looking, and perched on the side of a steep hill, commanding a glorious view of the river St. Lawrence and of the surrounding country. We remained there till the following evening, and then proceeded by rail to Montreal.

By the way, I must mention a ludicrous incident that occurred to us at Quebec. On the night of our arrival, I had retired to rest in our little cabin, and had fallen asleep, in spite of the

trampling of feet, and other indescribable noises in the ship, all of which seemed to concentre at our door, and were symptomatic of having reached our port. Presently I heard a loud rap at the cabin door, and the sound of many voices on the outside. I tried in vain to persuade the people that I was only half awake, and did not wish to be disturbed. I was told however that Mr. Brydges had sent his "Car," and hoped that I should make use of it. Who Mr. Brydges was I did not know, and could only guess that he was the proprietor of the hotel, who had kindly sent a conveyance, a sort of Irish Car perhaps, to take us up to our quarters. Under this impression I refused the offer, and begged to be allowed to rest quietly where I was till the morning.

A few minutes after came another knock, and I was told that the Deputation, to which I have alluded, was waiting to receive me. It was rather a trying hour and place for so formal an interview; however I was forced to submit, and up I got, and nerved myself for the ceremony.

But to return to the "Car," and why it had been sent. When morning came, the mystery was unravelled. I then learnt that Mr. Brydges was a leading member of our Church, and also a most

important person at Montreal, on whom the destinies of the Grand Trunk mainly depended, and one of the most able and intelligent men in Canada; and that the *Car* spoken of, and which I in my ignorance had mistaken for a sort of *Cab*, was *his own Private Railway Carriage*, which he had with great courtesy and kindness sent expressly to convey us to Montreal. But his servant in charge was too sensible a person to be offended at my obtuseness, and repeated his welcome offer for Monday evening, which we thankfully accepted. In this comfortable and luxurious carriage we—that is, our seven selves and our two rural deans—travelled on to Montreal, arriving there at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning.

Our journey from Quebec, though under most propitious circumstances, was somewhat tedious. The train was far less expeditious than those which we had been accustomed to in England, and the stoppages seemed to be needlessly protracted. The Grand Trunk has made rapid improvements since then; but still there is a lack of that smartness and regularity which are met with on English lines. The stations are rude and inconvenient, and there are scarcely any porters to help the passengers on their arrival, each one being expected

to shift for himself as best he can. I must say however that in my various railway trips I used to meet from the various officials with as much courtesy and attention as could possibly be shown in any country.

There are usually only two railway classes, one by which people generally travel, and the other which is only resorted to by emigrants and those to whom the greatest cheapness is essential. Soon after our arrival however Pulman cars were introduced, and are now found on all the lines.

On arriving at the Montreal terminus a large number of Clergy, with the venerable Dean at thei head, and some of the leading Laymen of the city and neighbourhood, met us. Their welcome was very touching, and made us feel at once that we had come among Friends, and that our new abode would soon prove a Home to us.

The various introductions over, we drove up, with the Dean and Mr. Hutton the Treasurer of the diocese, to a comfortable house in Drummond Street, which had been generously provided for us for the next six months, there being as yet no episcopal residence. Here we found every want anticipated, and every comfort supplied. The urn was even fizzing on the table, a delicious

breakfast spread out, and our larder and storeroom filled for a week to come. I never ate a meal with feelings of greater thankfulness.

On the afternoon of the same day an Address was presented to me in the Synod Room, from the Laity of the diocese, and another from the Clergy. These were followed by others—by one from the English Working Men's Society, and another from the Bishops of the Province, who were represented in person by the Bishops of Quebec and Huron, who had travelled many miles to express their cordial welcome.

During the first few days we had but little time to ourselves, for, besides many public engagements, our Visitors vied with each other in their hearty goodwill and kindness towards us. Our hearts must have been dull indeed, if we had not appreciated these tokens of affection so sincerely offered to us.

On the first Sunday after our arrival, September 5th, having previously appointed as my Chaplains two Clergymen who had filled that office under my Predecessor, I was duly installed in the Cathedral, a building only recently erected, and of great beauty, worthy of the Metropolitan See of Canada. At the close of the service, I preached on the text,

"Whom shall I send? and who will go for Us? Here am I, Lord; send me."

And here ended the Public Ceremonies connected with my entrance upon my Episcopal Life in Canada—a life which afforded me much happiness, and which I humbly trust may have in some measure tended to the promotion of my Master's kingdom and glory.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MONTREAL.

OUR first impressions of the city of Montreal were very favourable. It is a well-built town about the size of Brighton, beautifully situated on rising ground, and backed by a fine well-wooded mountain-like hill, from which it takes its name, having at its foot the huge and noble river St. Lawrence. It has been justly called "the young and beautiful Queen of the west." It is certainly the finest city in Canada, and contains about 200,000 inhabitants.[1]

I have often thought that, if I had been suddenly planted down at Montreal, I should scarcely have realized that I was not in some superior English

[1] By a census which has been taken this year (1891), the population of Montreal is now returned as 211,302. Classified by creeds, there are 155,511 Roman Catholics, 53,835 Protestants, and about 2000 Jews. Thus since my time the population has increased by more than 50,000.

Town. Its large and airy streets, its copious supply of good and wholesome water, and its well-conducted inhabitants, all proclaim it a first-rate city.

The upper part of the town is almost entirely occupied by the wealthier classes, and the lower part, near the river, is chiefly inhabited by the French-speaking portion of the population, with the exception of two or three broad streets, filled with excellent shops, which are mostly served by English tradesmen. Still nearer to the river are clustered the handsome warehouses of the wealthy merchants. The upper portion of the town is of more recent growth, and contains some splendid houses, belonging chiefly to the English men of business. The streets in this district are as yet incomplete, showing at present certain gaps, which no doubt will ere long be filled up with substantial houses. The streets are mostly flanked by trees, chiefly maples, which, beside the welcome shade they afford in summer, greatly add to the beauty of the town.

One thing particularly struck us at first, namely that most of the houses have their shutters closed, so that the rooms are in almost funereal darkness. This arises from the necessity in hot weather of excluding the burning sun, and also the flies which

here abound; and the consequence is, that the inmates get so used to this state of things, that darkness becomes the normal condition of the houses even in winter. Loving, as I do, the bright sunshine, it was long before I was prepared to endorse this custom.

The Montreal builders are excellent. They not only run up their houses at an incredible speed, but they build them well and substantially. A house, begun in the spring, is often finished, and even inhabited, before the following winter, the exceeding dryness of the atmosphere facilitating this speedy occupation. The English maxim does not therefore hold good in this country, "When your house is built, put your enemy into it the first year; then your friend; and afterwards get into it yourself."

About eighteen months after our arrival, I undertook the erection of a See House, under the wing of the Cathedral; but we were too fresh from England to hurry matters; and so, having begun it in April, it was not finished until the next spring, and we did not occupy it till the following autumn.

I should have been unwilling to enter upon this responsibility, since it involved a permanent tax upon the episcopal income; but a small sum

originally set aside for the purpose was available to meet a portion of the outlay; and it seemed very desirable to add a See House to the group of Ecclesiastical Buildings around our beautiful Cathedral. The late Treasurer of the diocese, Mr. Hutton, a good and kind friend, did me a great service by superintending, and taking an interest in, the work.

Thus, after a while, a suitable residence, and a most agreeable one, was provided for myself and my successors, to which we gave the name of *Bishopscourt.* In the third year of my episcopate we took possession of this excellent house—such a house as I shall never inhabit again—and here we enjoyed as much comfort as stones and mortar could afford us; and here we were enabled to receive the Clergy and Laity of the diocese, and to show hospitality also to the members of the Provincial Synod, when they came up in every third year to Montreal. And here too we were often enabled to assemble our Montreal friends, who sometimes numbered as many as three or four hundred on the same evening.

May this house be the peaceful and happy abode of many of my Successors, though I could not expect it to be more than a very temporary residence for myself!

I cannot speak with much praise of the main thoroughfares in the town of Montreal. On our arrival they were in a chronic state of roughness; and the consequent jolting was most unpleasant. It is very difficult however to keep them in decent repair, in consequence of the severe winter with its repeated attacks of frost and snow. The sidewalks are not generally paved, but are covered with strong boarding, which, though somewhat unsightly, is by no means unpleasant to walk upon. A great improvement however in this respect became visible every year.

The streets are all alive with carriages, both hired and private, and the pace at which they are driven is at first rather alarming to a sober and slow-moving Englishman. The Public Cabs which are used in summer have an old-fashioned look, being very high from the ground, and difficult of entrance, with a good deal of silver ornament, of the Louis Quatorze date. They are however very clean, and the drivers are generally honest and unexacting. Indeed I think that the public cab system is better managed in Montreal than in any town that I have ever visited; so that a private carriage, though of course a very great luxury, is in no case a necessity.

The Private Carriages are extremely well appointed. They are well built, and the horses are good; but one misses the neat liveries to which we are accustomed in England; and the practice which prevails pretty generally, of driving with one rein in each hand, strikes one as being a little awkward. Wheel-carriages, of course, give place to Sleighs in winter.

The chief Buildings which adorn the city of Montreal are its Churches. The largest, although not the most beautiful, are the Roman Catholic church of Notre Dame, and the Jesuits' church in Bleury Street. A huge Cathedral has for many years been in the process of erection in the higher part of the town, built after the pattern of St. Peter's at Rome. But the English churches are far more beautiful, to our taste at least. Of these, our own Cathedral stands first and foremost, being a large cruciform building, and a pure specimen of the early decorated style of Gothic architecture, with a simple, but extremely beautiful, little Chapter-house beneath its shadow. The whole was originally planned by Gilbert Scott.

The Victoria Bridge, which spans the broad St. Lawrence, is one of the wonders of Canada. This enormous bridge is two miles long. It is of wrought

iron, and rests upon twenty-four limestone piers. It serves as a viaduct, over which the railway passes; and it is therefore of immense importance to Montreal and to Canada generally. It was constructed at an expense of about one million and a half sterling.

The Canadians are a loyal people—loyal to their Queen, to their Mother country, and to the laws by which they are governed. On our first arrival, the subject of Annexation to the United States was frequently mooted: but little is heard of it now; and I hope that the idea of this great rising nation becoming a humble appendage to another country is for ever silenced. God grant that it may ever remain English at heart, and closely follow in the steps of its Mother, to whom it owes its training! May the daughter land win her independence under the fostering care of her noble parent!

"I have been often asked," writes Lord Lorne, who was Governor-general shortly after we quitted Canada, "as to whether the feeling in Canada, in regard to its connection with England, remains as strong as before. I believe it to be stronger than it was formerly; and the best test that this is the case is seen in the fact that no public man or public body have ever ventured to formulate,

in recent years, with any success, a contrary policy."

Canada, as is well known, is ruled by a Governor-general, who derives his authority from the Queen. It is divided into two provinces, Quebec and Ontario; in the former the Roman Catholics preponderate, and in the latter the Protestants. Each Province has its Parliament—one at Toronto, the other at Quebec; and the two are consolidated under one great Dominion, having its parliament at Ottawa, where noble buildings have been erected for its Sessions and for its Offices of state.

At one time it was doubtful whether Montreal would not be selected as the seat of government. In many respects it seemed the obvious place for this distinction, being the largest and most important city in Canada; but for reasons, wise or unwise, Montreal was set aside, and Ottawa chosen. In the latter city, the Government buildings, of which I have spoken, have been erected on a large and liberal scale; and there the Governor-general resides, at Rideau Hall, just outside the town.

The Parliament consists of an Upper House, or Senate, chosen by the Crown, and of a Lower House, elected by the people. The members of the former have the title of "Honourable," prefixed to their

names for life; and the same privilege belongs to those who have served as Ministers of State.

Upon the whole, I prefer Montreal, as a place of residence, to almost any town that I have ever seen; and we certainly felt that God had surrounded us with temporal blessings far beyond our expectations. But the loveliest spot does not constitute happiness. Our joy depends far more on *what* we are than *where* we are. A right and well-regulated mind is a better possession than the most favoured dwelling-place.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COUNTRY PARTS OF THE DIOCESE.

THE country around Montreal, and in the more remote parts of the diocese, is less picturesque than we expected. The lack of fine timber specially disappointed us, for there was nothing to compare with the gigantic oaks and beeches of England. The fact is, that the large trees have been cut down for building purposes, and for exportation. Like other new countries its picturesqueness is greatly marred by the necessary clearances, by the charred stumps left in the ground to rot, and by the unsightly loghouses built by settlers for their immediate use, and not for appearance.

A few straggling Villages are occasionally seen with staring white houses, but nothing that deserves the name of a Town in the whole diocese, excepting Montreal itself; and there is an almost entire absence of Gentlemen's Seats, with which the country parts of England are so enriched.

Whilst however the Scenery does not in general reach a high standard of beauty, lacking for the most part boldness and variety of character, there are very striking spots in various parts of the country; and the two majestic Rivers (the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa), as well as the Lakes and Mountains in the Eastern Townships, add immensely to the general beauty of the scenery. These noble Rivers, in some places two or three miles wide, unite a little above Lachine, where the river Ottawa is merged in the grand St. Lawrence. The navigation is occasionally impeded by Rapids, so that it is necessary to leave the main river now and then for a few miles of rail, or for a short piece of canal.

The best known of these Rapids, is that which is near Lachine; and the feat of passing over this Rapid, which is only five miles from Montreal, is usually performed by casual visitors to Canada. The large steamers from Toronto are accustomed to shoot this rapid in their course. The plan is this —an Indian pilot is taken on board, opposite the village of Caughnawaga, and "some marvellous steering has to be accomplished, before the big vessel has safely passed the ledges over which the cataracts roar in angry floods, and is safe beneath

the arches of the Victoria Bridge. At one point, the rocks are passed so near that it seems as though they could be touched by a boat-hook. No accidents have occurred in recent years; but one wonders at the temerity of the man who first proposed to take a vessel, loaded with passengers, down this broad stair of waterfalls." [1]

Whilst passing the summer at Lachine we, of course, duly performed this exploit, and were fully repaid for doing so. It was indeed a grand sight, never to be forgotten. We took the Ottawa steamer a few miles up the river, passed the Rapid in triumph, and then returned home through the Canal by moonlight.

The Autumnal Tints are perhaps the most picturesque feature in Canadian scenery. The Maple tree especially changes its leaves into the brightest and most gorgeous colouring. On the same tree are seen yellow, pink, and the darkest crimson; and these not mingled indiscriminately, but blended together by nature's art in the most lovely shades. The atmosphere is, I suppose, the chief agent in these wondrous changes, and the peculiar nature of the soil has also something to do with it. What is needed to produce a perfect autumnal display

[1] "Reminiscences" by the Marquis of Lorne.

is a sharp frost just at the critical time, and a few still days. There were two specially favourable autumns during our residence in Canada, when the picture was exquisite: no painting could do it justice.

If I were asked whether the country immediately surrounding Montreal is favourable for Emigration, I should say that its emigration days are somewhat gone by, and the country is now too settled for the purpose. But as regards Canada generally the case is different. On this subject I will again quote the words of the Marquis of Lorne, in his interesting book.

He says, "What Canada offers is not an Eldorado; but a comfortable home to any man who has a good pair of hands, and a decent knowledge how to use them. Excellent steamers ply between Liverpool and Quebec in summer, the passage taking from six to ten days. I believe that Canada can more than hold her own in comparison with the United States. Her soils are as rich, her government is more free, and the opportunities presented for making a comfortable living are as good. All emigrants should go out in the spring. Any one knowing the trade of a blacksmith, a mason, a bricklayer, or willing to

work as a hired man on a farm, has the best chance of employment. Young men who wish to live a town life had better stay at home. If they go, and have no experience of agriculture, they should hire themselves out for a year. The position of such a man is by no means unpleasant; he shares the life of the Farmer, and is treated as one of the family. I have known men who have succeeded well, and who have begun with nothing. But I would counsel all who contemplate emigration, and the taking up of farm life, to have fifty or a hundred pounds, exclusive of the cost of the journey; and if married, from one hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds. Fine ladies and gentlemen, will find themselves altogether out of the race."

I would add that, to me, one of the greatest advantages of Canada, or of any other English Colony, is that one lives under the British flag, and under the sway of our own beloved Sovereign.

A Settler in Canada, or in any other new country, must be content to work hard, especially at starting. Having purchased a piece of ground from Government, he has to build a hut upon it, and probably with his own hands. He then has to clear away the thick and tangled forest,

and prepare his little plot of land for growing corn.

This is usually done by felling the trees one after another, and leaving the stumps to rot in the long process of years; for the immediate grubbing of them is a very costly process. Some of the pine roots left in the ground take, I have been told, nearly a century before they are completely blended with the soil.

Sometimes however the work of clearing is accomplished in a more expeditious manner, namely, by fire; but unless great care is taken the conflagration is very apt to spread, until it becomes quite uncontrollable; and then whole districts are disfigured, and are almost irretrievably injured.

In travelling through the country one often comes to a large tract which has been thus devastated. During the summer, when the soil is specially dry, these Bush Fires are not uncommon, and cause tremendous havock, consuming many acres of woodland, and destroying the superficial soil, sometimes also burning the fences, and even the homesteads.

These Fires usually originate, as I have said, in the dangerous custom of burning a small patch of

woodland with the view of clearing it for cultivation. But such a fire, if not carefully watched, will in dry weather soon spread, and if the wind rises it soon becomes unmanageable.

Many of these Bush Fires occurred whilst we were in Canada; but one especially extended over an area of several miles, to the north-east of the town of Ottawa, within my own diocese. The chief Proprietor of the district, with whom I was afterwards staying in one of my Gatineau visitations, gave me a description of its ravages.

On the day that it broke out there happened to be a violent hurricane. Pieces of burning hay and straw were carried through the air for many miles. From his mansion, which stands on rising ground just above the river Gatineau, they could see the enemy approaching. Homes and barns were burnt, and the inhabitants had difficulty in escaping with their lives. Some rushed into the river, as a place of comparative safety. Many sought shelter in my informant's house, and there awaited their doom, and patiently accepted the inevitable loss of their hardly earned property.

Men were sent out in all directions to watch the progress of the fire, and to give alarm. For hours they used every exertion to cut off its course, but

often in vain. One of this gentleman's outhouses was seen by a watcher to be on fire. The flames were fortunately extinguished, or the Mansion itself would have been destroyed. The escape was little short of miraculous, as the flames almost encircled it.

Great was the loss on this occasion, and many families were ruined, their all being swallowed up by the ruthless element—houses, barns, flocks and cattle, all falling before it, besides the grass and corn crops, which were then nearly ripe.

A large Suspension Bridge, which here spans the Gatineau, continually caught fire, but the flames were again and again extinguished. Had it been otherwise the consequences would have been most disastrous, the fire would have spread on the opposite side of the river; and the destruction of the Bridge would have been a serious loss to the whole country.

At one moment, when the wind changed, the City of Ottawa, the immediate neighbourhood of which the fire had reached, was in considerable danger. Here there are acres of stacked timber, or lumber as it is called, for exportation. The fire approached to within half an acre of this great depôt, and but for the successful exertions used to

cut off its course, the Town with its fine buildings and its piles of timber must have fallen.

But most evils have their close, and so had this. At length the fire exhausted itself, but the embers smouldered for many days, and the air for miles around was tainted by the smoke, which obscured the sun and had a perceptible influence on the atmosphere. We were, at the time, at our country house at Lachine, and I recollect that we felt its atmospheric effects, although at a distance of nearly a hundred miles.

Having thus spoken of the Destruction and Losses to which the country is subject, I wish to mention also the Produce which it so liberally affords, and also its general Climate, etc. But this I must reserve for my next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CLIMATE AND PRODUCTIONS OF CANADA.

As regards the Climate of the country generally, and especially around Montreal, we have the two extremes of cold and heat. I again quote Lord Lorne's words, "There is honest heat in summer, and honest cold in winter. The sun is seldom hidden, and the air is drier than in Europe. Sometimes the thermometer indicates ninety degrees of Fahrenheit in August, and thirty degrees below zero in January. These extremes of temperature are only seen during a few days of the year, but they are not unpleasant. During most of the months the weather is delightful, and the climate is bracing and excellent. 'I want you,' said a sturdy Irishman to me one day, 'to tell this to my people at home. I came from the county of Armagh; and whilst thatching my house last year in the cold weather, I felt it far less than I did the last time I thatched my house in Ireland.'"

My own testimony quite coincides with that which has been quoted. One usually felt the cold of Canada, when the thermometer was below zero, less than when at a far higher temperature in England. A low temperature however with a high wind (a very rare combination) was almost insupportable.

The Marquis of Lorne goes on to say, "The summer is so ardent, and so certain, that almost any Fruit and Crops are raised. You may see, each summer, fine plants of broad-leaved Tobacco and the Indian corn raising its yellow crown, while the Sweet Melon is abundant, and Grapes ripen in the open air. In the western district Peach Orchards cover the country; and Strawberries, Raspberries, and Currants, etc., are native to the land. If the power of a country can be measured by its food-producing capacity, it is difficult to limit the imagination in estimating the number of souls which Canada's vast area may support."

As to Agriculture, and the mode of Cultivation, we had a favourable opportunity of observing this, when staying at Dunham during our second summer. We there spent four months in the early days of my Canadian episcopate, having hired a nice little house which happened to be vacant.

There we found a peaceful retreat from the bustle and heat of Montreal; and from this centre I was enabled to make several visitations in the south-eastern portion of my diocese. We went to Dunham at the end of June, immediately after the annual Synod, when its anxieties were fairly over; and never did I seem to breathe more freely than when I found myself with my Wife, Child, and Servants established for a time in our village home.

There seemed, at first, to be one great deficiency in our Dunham abode—there was no garden attached to it, and no vegetables were to be bought in the place. But our wants were abundantly supplied, and at times even superabundantly, by the kindness of our neighbours, who sent us more beautiful vegetables of all kinds than we could have procured at Montreal. Potatoes, Cabbages, Peas, Tomatoes, Indian corn, etc., found their way into our kitchen, and were all the sweeter for being freewill gifts. One Farmer, a stranger, drove over from a village twelve miles off with a beautiful specimen of his garden produce as an offering to his Bishop.

In the catalogue of vegetables I have mentioned Indian corn, for it is often eaten in a semi-ripe state as a vegetable. The whole cone is boiled, a

little butter is spread upon it, and it is then eaten *au naturel*, in which state it is really very good.

Dunham is a purely agricultural district, and the Farmers living in it are, for the most part, substantial men, their fathers and grandfathers having been originally immigrants, and having purchased land at a comparatively low price. Owing to the great deficiency of labourers, they were obliged to do a great deal themselves; and certainly they are an active, busy, and hardworking set of men.

In its immediate neighbourhood a great deal of first-rate Cheese is made, and almost every farmer has his herd of cows, varying from twenty to fifty in number. They are milked by the roadside, morning and evening; the milk is then deposited in zinc pails, and placed on a platform ready for removal. A cart presently comes trotting by, picks up the various contributions, and carries them to the cheese factory, where each lot is separately weighed and duly accounted for. Some of these factories receive the milk of a thousand cows. The cheeses, which usually weigh fifty or sixty pounds each, are mostly sent either into the States, or to England; and better cheese I have seldom tasted.

Soon after our arrival at Dunham, the Hay-

making season began. This is a stirring time. The grass is mostly mown by machinery; and is often cut, made, and carried on the same day. Indeed, from its ripeness, and the exceeding dryness of the atmosphere, it needs scarcely any making, but is fit to be carried almost immediately. It is usually deposited in barns; for an open air stack is a rare thing in these parts, being unable to cope with the severity of the weather.

The Corn Harvest soon follows, the most productive crop being that of Maize, or Indian corn. A few Hop gardens also are to be seen here and there; but they are certainly not cultivated in the Kentish style. My dear old Pluckley parishioners would cast a very contemptuous eye upon them; and yet, in spite of weeds and very scanty manuring, they produce a fair crop. I have no doubt that, if more expense in the way of labour and manure were bestowed upon them, they would grow well, and make a profitable return.

The mode of farming is different in many respects from that to which I had been accustomed. Much is done by machinery, and little by manual labour. What strikes one perhaps most, is the speed with which both men and horses move. Instead of a huge Kentish plough, drawn by four

fat horses, you see a light machine with a couple of quick active ponies, which the driver, with his reins round his waist, steers most dexterously between the roots and boulders, with which most of the fields abound. Then they carry their loads in very light waggons, the driver perched on the top, and driving with reins at a good brisk trot. Thus they whisk up their produce, and carry it off to the barn, whilst an English labourer would be crawling about the fields and deliberating as to the next step.

We were much amused one day by watching this process as we were taking a drive along the high-road. We saw in an adjoining corn-field a Waggon, pretty well loaded, and coming towards us. We looked for a gap in the fence whereby it could possibly make its exit, and we could only discover one, and that on rather a steep and perilous bank. So we stopped to see how the waggon would fare. It came up to us swaying terribly from side to side, the driver standing erect on the top of the load, with his legs very far apart, and not only preserving his own equilibrium, but poising the whole load by the nice adjustment of his weight.

When he reached the gap he paused, as if to take aim, and then, giving a shout of encourage-

ment to his little horses, who seemed to enjoy the feat, he dashed through the opening, and, making a sharp turn into the road, trotted along to the barn, and deposited his oats there in perfect safety. It was a great act of dexterity, and would have taken away the breath of our ordinary Kentish waggoners, if they could have seen it.

I have already remarked that there is an abundance of Fruit in the country. I have been told that upwards of ninety thousand pounds' worth is exported in some years. The growth of Apples is considerable; and the best of these, such as the *St. Lawrence*, the *Fameuse*, etc., are better and more wholesome than any which are found in England. There is also a good supply of Fish and Game.

The Maple tree, whose leaves contribute so much to the autumnal scenery, has another excellency. It produces in the spring a valuable sugar which exudes from the trunk when tapped. The Maple-sugar season is quite an epoch in the year. It occurs in the early spring, when the first warm weather causes the sap to rise. An incision is then made in the bark, and the bleeding of the tree takes place. To make the operation perfectly successful, frost at night and a hot sun by day are needed at this crisis, greatly facilitating the flow

of sugar, and improving its flavour. The fluid is boiled, and then becomes solid, in which state it is commonly used; but it also makes a very pure and agreeable syrup.

Few Birds make their home in Canada, most of those which are seen in summer being birds of passage. Of these some are extremely pretty, though as songsters they are inferior to those in England. No British bird however can compete with the *Oreole* in the beauty and brilliancy of its plumage; it is about the size of a thrush, and a good singer. The so-called *Canary* is also a very graceful and pretty bird, in shape like a sparrow, but of a deep yellow with very defined patches of greenish brown. The colours are more decided than those of the tame canaries which we have in England. One constantly sees them in companies of half a dozen by the roadside; and they appear to be so tame that one would expect them to be soon content with a prison life; but this is not the case, for they rarely prosper in a cage. The Canadian *Robin* is as unlike our English redbreast as possible, being much more like a thrush with a little reddish colouring on its breast.

I at first fancied that we had not left our friends the *Rooks* behind us; but on closer inspection I

found that our new acquaintances were something between a carrion crow and an ordinary rook. They have however a very homelike appearance, and a familiar caw which reminded us of the dear old land.

The little *Humming-bird* is frequently seen, and usually in flower gardens, where the gorgeous colours attract it. It is more like a butterfly than a bird, both in its size and its movements. There is, I believe, but one species commonly met with in Canada, but this is very lovely. It seems almost unaccountable how this very delicate little creature, which is a tropical production, should take so long a flight in order to visit Canada for a short month or two in the height of summer. I often saw one in my garden at Lachine, and though they are so bold that they seemed to take a delight in almost touching one in their flight from flower to flower, it was nearly impossible to catch them, and quite impossible to tame them.

There are but few *Reptiles* excepting lizards, which seemed to take a pleasure in exhibiting their antics in public. There is also a little fellow something like a small squirrel, called a chipmunk, which is beautifully mottled, but very shy.

It will not perhaps be out of place if I here mention that the country folk in Canada are very fond of the "Bee" system. A "Bee" is simply a gathering of people together for some special purpose, which can be easily accomplished by numbers, such as ploughing a poor man's field for him, or for rooting up obstinate stumps which impede his work, or for making a new road through a difficult part of the country, etc. In such emergencies a "bee" is resorted to, and all hands are summoned to take part in it.

There is something very genial in this plan for kindling a united effort under special circumstances, and one can imagine that by it many an important work may be accomplished. But the result is not always satisfactory; and the "Bee" system sometimes degenerates into a mere rowdy and noisy gathering, and supersedes quiet and individual labour. More than one of our Missionaries have told me that they have been suddenly startled by the unexpected arrival of twenty or thirty of their neighbours. Having heard that their Clergyman was unable to accomplish some work which he was desirous of carrying out, they have, with the best of motives, constituted themselves into "a surprise party," and have gone to his

parsonage, and taken possession of it with, or without, his permission. They have spent the whole afternoon there working most vigorously; and then have concluded their visit by a dance, leaving the quiet and orderly Parsonage in rather a disorganized condition.

So you see that this "Bee System" assumes at times a somewhat objectionable phase, and is not always very welcome to the person for whose benefit it is adopted.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CANADIAN CHURCH, AND MY WORK IN IT.

BEFORE going any further, it may be desirable that I shall say a few words about the Constitution of the Canadian Church, over which I was called to preside, as also about the particular Diocese of Montreal.

There were nine Dioceses over which my Metropolitanship extended; namely, the dioceses of Quebec, Toronto, Ontario, Huron, Niagara, Algoma,[1] New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and my own Diocese of Montreal.

A meeting of the whole Ecclesiastical Province takes place once in three years; and is called "the Provincial Synod of Canada"; being composed of Clerical and Lay delegates from the

[1] This Diocese was formed during my Episcopate; and the first Bishop was elected by the provincial synod in 1875, each of the older Dioceses of the province pledging itself to contribute a certain assessed sum annually towards its future support.

several dioceses. Its meetings are always held at Montreal, as being the metropolitan city; and the Delegates being picked men, and mostly men of mark, their debates are of much interest and importance.

The Synod consists of two Houses, the upper and the lower house, both assembling in the Montreal Synod Hall, but in separate rooms under the same roof. The Metropolitan is President of the whole Synod; but sits as Chairman of the Upper House, an elected Prolocutor acting as his deputy in the lower. All matters affecting the Church at large are delegated to this Synod; the business to be discussed usually emanating from the House of Bishops, and such business having the precedence of every other.

So much for the Triennial Synod of the Province; but each Diocese has also its own Synod, which meets for the management of its own affairs under the presidency of the Bishop, who has a veto on all acts, none having the force of law without his consent.

Our own Diocesan Synod of Montreal assembles annually in the month of June. It is composed of all the Clergy of the diocese, and a certain number of elected Laymen. Ordinarily the two Bodies

vote together; but on any critical question it is competent for either order to demand a separate vote, in which case there must be a concurrence of Clergy and Laity in order to carry any measure. This privilege however is rarely resorted to. The length of the session seldom extends beyond three or four days.

At these Diocesan Gatherings I always found that much good sense was displayed, and the speakers upon the whole showed considerable ability. They usually spoke briefly, and much to the purpose; and as there existed in the diocese a certain amount of party spirit, it came to the surface on these occasions; and thus many a smothered feeling burst forth and found vent, which would otherwise have continued to rankle in the breast of its possessor.

At one of our synods the Bishop of Lichfield (Selwyn) was present. He had come to us on his way to the States, and stayed nearly a week in our house, paying us a never-to-be-forgotten visit. He was accompanied by his Son (the present Bishop of Melanesia) and five other Clergymen.

Three years after, the Bishop paid us a second visit with a smaller retinue of Clergy. On leaving Montreal they all made a tour in the States, and

we again met them at New York, where the General Convention of the American Church was holding its triennial meeting, for which the Bishop of Lichfield had expressly come. My Wife and I had long wished to see New York, and this was a happy opportunity for doing so. We were hospitably entertained in the same house as the Bishop of Lichfield; and there we stayed a week. The Bishop and I went daily to the Convention, a seat being courteously assigned to us in the upper house, where fifty of their Bishops assembled day after day for three weeks. The debates were most interesting, and the speaking excellent. The oratorical art is cultivated by our American brethren much more than by ourselves.

At the close of our stay at New York, and in the very midst of the Convention, a *General Missionary Meeting* was held. We met as usual in a theatre, no room being sufficiently large for the purpose; and this was completely filled. It was the grandest and most successful gathering I ever attended. The proceedings were enlivened by a good deal of effective music, a large choir and band being present. The Bishop of Lichfield spoke admirably; and at the end of the meeting he left for England, when they gave him

a most complete ovation, parting from him as an honoured and beloved brother, and as the representative of the mother Church of England. Altogether it was a scene that I shall never forget.

Whilst upon this subject, I cannot but express my thankfulness to God that He has in the last few years drawn our sister Churches—namely, the Episcopal Church of America, the Canadian Church, and the beloved Church of England—into more intimate union one with the other. And my earnest prayer is that we may be drawn closer still, for the building up of one great and united Brotherhood, which shall show to the world, by its fruits of holy zeal and love, that God is with us of a truth.

But to return to my own Diocese, and my work in it. One great drawback to the success of that work, which continually presented itself, was the large infusion of the Roman Catholic element. The Romanists had a decided ascendancy in the diocese, and more particularly in the city of Montreal, forming three-fourths or more of its population.

The two Bodies keep themselves tolerably apart from each other, and rarely come in contact. The

Roman Catholics are strict in allegiance to their own Church, and it is seldom that they are drawn away from it. The Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Wesleyans, and we of the Church of England, have each a special organization with the object of effecting their reformation; but certainly the result is not very satisfactory. As far as our own Church is concerned, I must acknowledge that we have done but little. The work however has been carried on under a disadvantage, in consequence of the mission to the Roman Catholics never having been fully recognized by the Synod.

Of the Protestants in the diocese, the Presbyterians have a slight preponderance; but the Church of England takes a leading position, and is regarded with kindness and deference by the other Christian bodies. We have a beautiful Cathedral, and twelve Churches in Montreal alone, and they are most of them handsome Buildings, and in very good taste.

In the Diocese of Montreal there are but few of the aboriginal Indians still remaining. There exist at present only three purely Indian Settlements.

One is at a village called Caughnawaga, about ten miles from Montreal, on the banks of the

river St. Lawrence, opposite Lachine. This village, and the district round it, has been made over to them for their exclusive possession; and there they live in entire separation from their English and French neighbours. They belong to the Roman Catholic Church, to whom they owe their conversion to Christianity.

Another settlement is at Oka, about thirty miles up the river Ottawa. The majority of these are also Roman Catholics: some however owing to a quarrel with their Priests, have joined the Methodists.

There is a third settlement at St. Francis, just on the confines of the dioceses of Montreal and Quebec, but by mutual consent of the two dioceses it is placed under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Montreal. A large portion of these Indians belong to the Church of England; and, as they understand French, they are at present under the charge of a French Clergyman, who receives his salary from the "Sabrevois Society" at Montreal.

To these Indians of St. Francis I paid one or two regular episcopal visits; and I once held a Confirmation in their church, addressing them as well as I was able in French. I spent a most pleasant, and I trust profitable, day among them,

listening to all their grievances, and endeavouring to show them that I was really interested in their welfare.

On entering upon my episcopate, I found the Organization of the Church in the diocese of Montreal, as planned and carried out by my wise and able Predecessor, to be as follows: the Clerical staff consisted of the Bishop; the Dean, who was also rector of the cathedral, having two assistants who were Honorary Canons; an Archdeacon; and four Rural Deans. A few of the parishes had been constituted into self-supporting *Rectories;* and, besides these, there were about fifty *Missions*,[1] more or less dependent on the mission fund of the diocese, supplemented by the voluntary contributions of the parishioners.

The City Clergy are well provided for by their respective congregations, some receiving annually four or five hundred pounds sterling, and one or two even more. But the Country Clergy are

[1] The difference between a Mission proper and a Rectory, is that the former owes its existence and support to the Mission Fund of the diocese, and is to a certain extent under the tutelage and control of the Executive Committee; whereas the latter is almost as independent as an English parish.

miserably paid, their salary varying from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds a year.

It must be remembered that certain lands, called *Clergy Reserves*, were originally set apart by the English Government for the support of the Clergy. This fund was no doubt intended for the exclusive endowment of the Church of England. But the other Christian bodies having put in a claim for participation in it, a compromise was made, by which only a small share fell to the lot of the Montreal Diocese.

Our *external* relation to the Mother Church of England is in one sense gradually lessening. A few years back our Bishops received their appointments directly from the Crown by letters patent. This privilege has however been relinquished by the home Government. Our Clergy also, instead of coming from England almost as a matter of course as they once did, are now more commonly supplied by the Canadian Church itself.

Our *spiritual* relation, however, to the Mother Church is as strong as ever, or even stronger. The following words occur in the formal Declaration of our Constitution: "We desire that the Church in this diocese or province shall continue, as it has been, an integral portion of the Church of

England. And we do declare our firm resolution, in dependence on Divine aid, to preserve those doctrines, and that form of Church government, which are at present recognized in the Church of England."

Such was, and is, our Church Organization, running as much as possible on the well-tracked lines of the Mother Church, but having borrowed some of its lesser details from the Episcopal Church in the States, which is in many respects circumstanced like ourselves. In my own opinion, I can but say that I know of no Ecclesiastical Polity more complete, or more strictly in harmony with the primitive model, than the Church in Canada.

Soon after my arrival, I formed two new Archdeaconries, to one of which I appointed Canon Bond, who was the Rector of St. George's, the largest and most influential Church in Montreal, a man of sterling worth, and greatly esteemed in the diocese. And in the following year, on the Deanery becoming vacant, I made him Dean (an honorary appointment with no emolument), Canon Baldwin being elected by the cathedral congregation as their Rector. A little later I formed a fourth Archdeaconry, appointing to it an earnest and hard-

working man, and of good report also in the diocese, David Lindsay.

On my retirement in 1878, Dean Bond was unanimously elected as my Successor; and there he is at present, the same honest, straightforward, hard-working servant of God as he ever was; and I trust he may long continue to be a blessing to the diocese.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WINTER IN MONTREAL.

ON reaching Canada I saw at once that my wisdom would be to pass the winter months almost exclusively in the city of Montreal, where I should be sheltered from the excessive cold, where there was plenty to occupy me, and where I could carry on the main work of the Diocese, reserving the summer for visiting the Rural Parishes which might require my presence.

In the second spring after my arrival, we built a pretty little wooden house by the river's side, at Lachine, about ten miles from Montreal, which served ever after as our Summer Residence ; and there I passed many months in each year, leaving it from time to time for various Confirmations, etc., in the rural parts of the diocese.

At the close of the summer we used to shut up our little house, and leave it for more comfortable

quarters in Montreal; and such was the dryness of the climate, that, in spite of snow and frost, we usually found it all safe and sound when we unlocked the doors again in the following spring. We had a very large, wide verandah round three sides of the house, which served the purpose of shelter from the burning heat of summer, and of protection from the driving snow in winter.

The situation of our Country House was extremely convenient, from being on the River Ottawa; there was a small railroad also, by which we could in ten minutes get up to Montreal. Thus every facility was afforded me for visiting the principal parts of the Diocese.

No one can tell the refreshment it was to us to get away from the noise and glare of the city, and year after year to rest awhile in that calm and peaceful spot, breathing country air, and subsiding into country life. To that quiet retreat I shall always look back with unmixed pleasure and thankfulness.

As to the long wintry months, we were glad enough to keep pretty closely to our snug quarters in Montreal. The cheerfulness of the streets, and, at the same time, their excessive quietness owing to the whole traffic being carried on by sleighs, which

glide noiselessly over the beaten snow—its many appliances to keep out the cold—the kindness of its inhabitants—the facilities for moving about, etc., —all made it a charming place of residence in the winter. And if any one should contemplate a visit to Montreal, by all means let him make it at this season, for he will then find it in all its glory.

We lived, for the first six months, in a hired house in Drummond Street, which, as I have said, we found all ready for us, having been most generously provided by a few of the leading members of the Church ; and here the time passed as happily as it could in the absence of those beloved ones whose companionship we sorely missed. I had now a great deal of quiet time for gathering up the arrears of work which a year without a Bishop had unavoidably accumulated in the diocese, and also for becoming acquainted with the Clergy and their Congregations in the city. We afterwards lived in another house not far off ; until at length we settled down in our permanent abode, "Bishopscourt," the building of which I have already mentioned in an earlier chapter.

In this cheerful and pleasant Home, looking upon the beautiful Cathedral with its quaint and picturesque Chapter House, and furnished with

many articles which we had brought with us from England, memorials of the kindness of various Friends who had anticipated our wants, and were anxious to provide for our comfort, we lived for seven years. And here no Clergyman, I trust, ever felt that he was an intruder—and the less so as he had perhaps driven many a weary mile to have an hour's talk with his Bishop. And here I often got a little quiet time for preparing sermons, and for other work which needed thought.

My winter mornings were a good deal taken up with letter-writing and with the administration of matters which concerned the several Missions and Parishes scattered about the diocese. These matters were full of interest, but some of them caused me much anxiety. Now and then there came a Letter from some Missionary, who wrote to complain of the unreasonableness of his people; or from some aggrieved Parishioner, who brought a charge against his Clergyman; or another, telling me that some post had become vacant, which I had to fill up as best I could.

But the most trying letters of all were those which contained urgent applications for the supply of ministerial aid, which I had perhaps all the *will* to meet, but lacked the *power*. Here and there,

for instance, a little crop of English settlers had sprung up, and they were anxious to have a Pastor resident among them; and if their claims were not attended to they would soon be lost to the Church. It was often very sad to feel that I could neither send the man who was needed, nor provide the funds required for his support. I was consequently forced, for the present, to ward off the application by the expression of a real concern for their spiritual destitution, and of a hope that it might ere long be relieved.

Still, in spite of these troubles and many others, my winter life at Montreal was a very happy one, with no lack of employment for both mind and body. My chief interest was in the Cathedral; but the other Churches had also a strong claim upon me and afforded me abundant occupation.

The congregations in the city churches were generally good, and the services carefully ordered. There was a Sunday school attached to each church, and some of them were excellently managed and well attended. At the two largest, the numbers amounted to five or six hundred children. These schools are in most instances held in the basements of the churches, the rooms being almost underground. They are attended, not as in England

merely by the poorer classes, but by all, even the highest; and the number of voluntary teachers is large.

My custom was to preach once a month in the Cathedral, and oftener if required. This I much enjoyed, as it was a beautiful Structure with an excellent Congregation. The Cathedral is also a Parish Church; and hence arose at one time a little conflict between myself and the cathedral authorities, owing, as I conceived, to a misunderstanding of my position in this the Mother Church of the diocese. This however was happily terminated long before I left; and a cordial agreement was drawn up, placing the Bishop in his right position as the Chief Pastor in his own Cathedral. A formal agreement was duly signed in the presence of a goodly gathering of our mutual Friends at my Home.

Besides the several fine churches belonging to our own communion, which would be an ornament to any town, there are several handsome buildings in connection with other denominations. Between the various sections of the Protestant body there existed a friendly rivalry, and an absence of that bitterness which sometimes disgraces the members of conflicting religious communities. Those who

were Churchmen were decided Churchmen, perhaps even more so than in England; and, at the same time, honour was paid to the feelings of those who conscientiously differed from us; though we were persuaded that they would be great gainers by joining our ranks, and we earnestly longed for the time "when there shall be one Lord, and His name one."

The Roman Catholics, as I have already mentioned, are by far the most numerous body, and have some fine churches, though out of harmony with our English tastes. Happily there exists a kindly feeling between the Roman Catholics and ourselves, each pursuing their course without molesting the other. And it is well that it should be so, for little indeed would be gained on either side, if controversy and contention were the order of the day. The Anglican Church in Montreal, as a Reformed Church, desires to hold its own, and to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints;" but we wish, at the same time, to speak the truth in love, carefully avoiding the bitterness and harshness of language which is so apt to open wounds never to be healed.

In the streets of Montreal one scarcely ever meets a Beggar, and seldom in the country. There

is a great absence of poverty, except perhaps among the lowest French population. Of course there are no poor-laws or unions, but there are several charitable Refuges, in which the needy and friendless are cared for; and among the Roman Catholics there are many of these on a very large scale. There are in the city two or three undenominational Poor Houses, which are open for the ministrations of the Clergy and others, and are occasionally visited by the Bishop.

But now to speak more generally of the state of things during the Winter Season. The winters in Montreal, with all their severity, are most pleasant and healthy. The thermometer sometimes falls to ten or twenty degrees below zero; but, even when the cold is most intense, it is of so exceedingly dry a character that it is comparatively easy to keep one's-self warm; and usually the more severe the weather, the more still is the atmosphere.

The snow generally comes down, not in large moist flakes, but in completely frozen granules, like coriander seed, so that you have only to give your outer coat a shake, and it all comes off, and leaves you perfectly dry. To walk in the country when the snow is deep is next to impossible, but in town it is delightful. The snow is so compressed

that one treads as upon a white carpet, and it sometimes positively squeaks under one's feet. Armed with a stick with a spike at the end of it, and with a good warm coat, cap, and gloves, the coldest day may be defied. As for the nights, nothing can exceed their beauty; the air is still and pure, and the moon and the stars stand out with a clearness unknown in the eastern hemisphere. The sleighing at such times is most enjoyable.

The general complaint is that the length of the Winters is a little trying to one's patience. Certainly, after looking for four or five months incessantly upon the snow-clad ground, one greatly longs to see the green grass again. And as for the Summers, though frequently over dry, and sometimes oppressively hot, they are, upon the whole, what summers ought to be. Those of 1869 and 1877, our first and last summers, were nearly perfect.

The Canadians know well how to protect themselves against the cold. In November hats are laid aside, and fur caps are resorted to, and these are generally worn till April. Sir Hugh Allan was the only person seen driving about day after day in his hat. The fur cap is not only a comfort, but a positive necessity in order to keep off rheumatism of the head, which with most people would be the

inevitable consequence if the hat system were persevered in. As for general clothing, a good cloth overcoat is perhaps sufficient on most days for walking in the town ; but when it is exceptionally cold a fur coat is absolutely necessary, and always when sleighing. A buffalo coat is the best and cheapest protection, and especially if a fur of richer texture cannot be afforded. There is a little difference of opinion as to whether an overcoat with the fur inside or outside is warmest. This difficult question was generally decided by the fact that our animal friends of the forest invariably wear their fur on the outside. And so the Canadians for the most part adopt the same practice.

On a really severe day, a little caution is needed to avoid the infliction of a frozen nose or ear ; and even then an occasional rub is necessary to keep up the circulation. One has now and then to satisfy one's-self that one's nose and ears are all right, as they are not infrequently frozen before the luckless owner is aware of his condition.

The whole city is at this season in its winter dress. The roofs of the houses, and also the streets, are covered with snow from the beginning of December to the end of March or April, for four or five long months. In many of the streets no

attempt is made to remove it from the wooden sidewalks; but it is usually so beaten down as to make a solid snow footpath. Sometimes the walking is very bad, and I have occasionally had a dangerous fall. In fact, elderly gentlemen like myself were often glad to put on their "creepers" —these *creepers* being something like the *crampons* which are used in Switzerland for crossing the glaciers. However the people in Montreal are not much given to walking. Mrs. Oxenden and I were about the most persevering pedestrians in the place; and this, I am sure, contributed not a little to our health.

The Sleighs, darting about from street to street, are extremely picturesque. Some of them are handsomely got up, with an abundance of fur wraps and other trappings. The motion is agreeable and the pace delightful. We have sometimes been out at night in an open sleigh, when the thermometer has been considerably below zero, without feeling it so much as on an ordinarily cold night in England. The sleighs usually hold four persons, and, being almost on the ground, one steps in and out with the greatest ease. The street sleighs, of which there are plenty, are clean and good, and the owners take a pride in the robes with which they

are provided. Many people keep a sleigh of their own; but we were an exception, and found but little inconvenience.

The roofs of the houses and the church spires are often of zinc, and their appearance is very bright and pretty. Few objects are more striking than a country church with a zinc spire glittering in the noonday sun.

The general Telegraphic Arrangement throughout Canada is excellent, there being a communication between all towns of any importance, and between most villages; and the tariff is reasonable. We adopted at Bishopscourt the House Telegraphic system, which, I believe, is still unknown in London.[1] A dial with a hand to it was put up in one of the rooms, having four uses to which it was adapted. Number *one* was for calling a Messenger, who could be summoned to our house in about four minutes. Number *two* was for ordering a Cab, which appeared at our door in the same short space of time. Number *three* brought a Policeman. And number *four* sounded a Fire Alarm, which was attended to with equal promptitude. This

[1] Since this was written, I believe that the system is being tried in London; and, if carried out half as well as it was in Montreal, I feel sure that it will be regarded as a great boon.

system we found to be extremely convenient, and if I remember rightly the cost of introducing it in our house was only five shillings per annum.

I think I may say that there are more *Conflagrations* in Montreal than elsewhere. This is probably owing to the fact that there are still many wooden houses in the lower parts of the town; and it is also owing to the general use of large house stoves, which are kept burning by night as well as by day during the cold weather. A fire in Montreal is an affair of weekly occurrence, and also in Quebec. The Fire Brigades are most efficient, and the whole system is perfect in its arrangements. There are telegraphic wires which communicate with all parts of the town, and also with the engine stations; and the supply of water is abundant.

The plan of operation is this. When a fire breaks out, some one immediately runs to the nearest telegraphic box, of which there is one in almost every street, having first procured the key, which is known to be deposited in an adjoining house. The box is opened, when a small button presents itself, which, on being pulled, conveys the alarm by means of a telegraphic wire to the nearest engine house, of which there are several in the town. There the horses are kept harnessed, and a body

of Firemen is always in readiness, so that in the course of a few minutes the engine is at the door of the house in danger. By a similar telegraphic wire a bell is sounded on some of the churches, and in six or seven principal places, the number of strokes denoting the locality in which the fire is raging. The cathedral bell being one of the signals, we were sure to hear the alarm, our house being close by, and were able to tell in what district the fire had broken out.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WINTER IN MONTREAL (*Continued*).

DURING our first winter an event took place which caused a great sensation among the community, the arrival of His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, who had come to join his regiment, the Rifle Brigade, and to spend the winter in Canada. He was enthusiastically welcomed by the Mayor and Corporation, and conducted to his residence amidst general rejoicing. I paid my respects to him on the following day with the Dean, and he received us most kindly.

I may truly say that no person ever created more interest, or made fewer enemies and more real friends than our English Prince. The unselfishness of his character, the invariable uprightness of his conduct, his desire to please, which was unceasing but never forced, and his happy way of always doing and saying the right thing, made his presence like a sunbeam among us, and produced

great happiness wherever he went. Both he and his suite made an impression during their stay at Montreal which will never be effaced. In his Household there was no display; but a quiet, refined, and royal tone pervaded the whole of the arrangements.

His Royal Highness was very regular in his attendance in the cathedral, with Colonel Elphinstone and Captain Pickard; and his whole bearing whilst among us was that of a Christian, a Prince, and a Soldier. He might be seen, day after day, driving his phaeton and pair down to the Hochelaga barracks after an early breakfast, or walking home a couple of miles in the afternoon. There was no parade about his movements, but all was natural, and yet most correct and princelike. Twice he honoured us by being present at an evening reception at our house, which afforded us a delightful opportunity for entertaining all our kind friends, to the number of some hundreds, who had given us so cordial and hearty a welcome. The Prince shone much on such occasions by being full of kindness, and by showing always that good breeding for which our English Royal Family are remarkable.

The *Skating Rink* is a great winter feature in the city, and to this the Prince paid almost a daily visit.

It is a large and handsome building, the flooring of which is a smooth sheet of ice, constantly renewed by the inlet of a flood of water. Here hundreds of persons might be seen skating every day, and especially in the afternoon, among whom are some of the best skaters in the world, of both sexes.

We went there on one great occasion, when every skater wore a fancy costume, and it was one of the prettiest sights I ever beheld. The place was hung with bright coloured flags, most tastefully arranged; it was splendidly lighted, and filled with innumerable skaters in their varied dresses, and with a crowd of lookers-on.

The Prince invited us, and also the Bishop of Quebec and Mrs. Williams who were with us at the time, to his gallery, from whence we had a perfect birdseye view of all that was going on. It was indeed a fairy scene to look upon. The skating was wonderful, and the costumes gorgeous. On this occasion the Prince was only a spectator; but at other times he joined the busy throng of masqueraders, being himself no ordinary adept in the art of skating.

The great St. Lawrence is of course completely frozen over every winter; but the state of the ice is totally different from what we had pictured to

ourselves. We expected to see a vast smooth sheet of ice, so that upon this even surface people could walk and drive in all directions; but no such thing. The River is covered with an immense mass of snow and ice jammed together, and presenting all kinds of shapes. In this state of chaos it is perfectly impassable, until two or three roads are made upon it, leading to villages on the opposite shore. Along these roads there is a considerable traffic, as provisions and especially hay are continually being brought in from the country. Certain portions of the frozen river are cleared for skating, but these are few, and but little used. The whole appearance resembles an irregular glacier more than anything else. I believe that since we were in Montreal a temporary railway line has been laid down, during the winter months, for crossing the river.

During the last few years too a huge Ice Palace has been constructed during the winter, which remains perfectly solid for two or three months. It is formed by large blocks of ice, shaped and squared with great care. Thus a solid and durable edifice is erected, and over the whole water is poured, which effectually consolidates the building, and does the work of mortar.

The transport of Ice to England and elsewhere is a flourishing branch of trade. Men may be seen during the winter carving with their saws square blocks of ice from the surface of the St. Lawrence; and then placing these clear transparent blocks on sledges, and conveying them to the depôt, ready for removal on board ship when the river becomes navigable.

Before leaving England I was charged by my doctor to ride; and I was one of the few who steadily persevered in this exercise during the cold weather. It was a great refreshment to me, when wearied with indoor work, to get an hour on horseback two or three times a week; and there were but few days when I was prevented by the cold, although I confess that I had sometimes a great difficulty in keeping up a sufficient amount of circulation. For this exercise, which contributed not a little to my health as well as pleasure, I was indebted to a kind officer commanding the artillery, Colonel Gibbon, who pretended that I did him much service by keeping his two horses in exercise.

The custom of paying friendly visits on New-year's day has long prevailed among the upper classes, both of French and English, in Canada.

These visits are paid by Gentlemen only, the Ladies remaining at home to receive visitors: but an exception is made in the case of the Bishop and the Clergy, who are allowed to consider themselves as *the visited* on this occasion. We received on the first New-year's day nearly three hundred visits; and among them we were honoured by a special one from the Prince, accompanied by his staff.

This is a genial and time-honoured custom, and one that I should be very sorry to see discontinued. It draws out much good feeling; and I have known cases where it has been the signal for a reconciliation between persons who have been long estranged from one another.

As we were, most of us, Teetotalers[1] there was some difficulty with regard to the refreshments offered on these occasions. We made however a compromise, and provided wine and water on a separate table; but the French Mayor was the only person who partook of this beverage, and that because he was too courteous to refuse doing so.

Dinner parties are frequent in Montreal. There

[1] On my arrival in Canada, I found that two-thirds of my Clergy were total abstainers; and indeed it was generally expected of them so to be. Such being the case, I could but join them in this act of self-denial, and show them that I sympathized with them in this excellent practice.

is perhaps too much expense devoted to them; and this prevents all but the most wealthy from indulging in such hospitalities.

I should say that the cost of living here is much the same as in an ordinary English town. House rent is high, and so are all kinds of grocery and dress, whereas meat, poultry, fish, etc., are reasonable and excellent.

There are but few butchers' shops in the streets; but every kind of meat is to be had in the public markets, which are held daily, and are admirably supplied. It is by no means unusual to see delicate Ladies sallying forth after breakfast to make their purchases. Much of the meat is killed in December, and kept frozen through the winter; but in this state it certainly loses somewhat of its flavour and nutritive quality.

It is not at all uncommon, in passing one of the markets, or when driving into the country, to see a large hog standing stiff and erect on all fours, looking quite alive, but having ceased to breathe for many weeks.

The turkeys and fowls are remarkably cheap and abundant; and the game, which consists of partridges, prairie hens (a kind of grouse), quails, snow birds, etc., is excellent. One often saw at

Montreal strings of cock pheasants hanging up outside a grocer's shop, which had been sent over from Blenheim or Stowe; also hares, of which there is only a debased and mongrel kind to be met with in the country.

The Canadians are somewhat demonstrative in their sorrows. The Funeral Cavalcades are of enormous dimensions. It is quite a common thing to see a hearse followed by forty or fifty carriages, and by one or two hundred mourners. There is a very picturesque and beautiful Cemetery on the north side of the mountain, about three miles from the town; and here most of the burials take place. There is however something very sad and unsatisfactory about the ceremony; for, owing to the severe cold in winter, there is usually no service in the open air, as in England; and, from the impenetrable state of the ground, no actual interment can take place. The body is therefore consigned for a time to a public vault within the precincts of the cemetery, and is transferred to its grave as soon as the frost breaks. The Burial Service is consequently read in church before leaving the town.

On the very day after our arrival in Montreal a very kind and wealthy member of our Church

took us for a drive in her carriage, and proposed a visit to the Cemetery. This was not a very cheerful pilgrimage to select; but it was—quite unconsciously on her part—a somewhat suggestive one, especially as she was careful to show me the burial-place of the late Bishop, and a space which some one of his Successors might wish to occupy.

During our residence in Canada, there was at one time rather an alarming outbreak of Small-pox in the lower part of the town, and it was thought well by the authorities to establish a separate hospital for Protestants. But how about the regular Pastoral Visitation of this hospital? It was suggested by me that it would be well to call together our own Clergy, as also the other Ministers of religion. I accordingly did so, and we had a full meeting.

There was however a little hesitation about sharing equally the task of visiting. One of my Clergy, seeing this, got up and proposed that the Church of England should take the exclusive burden upon itself. This met with the ready consent of all; and we forthwith drew up a list appointing a month to each one. And most faithfully and cheerfully was the work carried on. There was no inclination to shrink from what we

had undertaken, and in no single instance did any danger arise. Thus did God bless and prosper our determination to do our duty in His strength, and under His protecting care.

Montreal is decidedly a healthy city during the winter, and unhealthy in the summer, especially for children. There is no lack of Medical advice, and that of a high character. As for the Legal profession, there are almost as many lawyers as there are clients; and yet I am sure that the Montrealers are not a quarrelsome or combative people.

But I must be bringing my Chapter to a close, and the Winter also. Suddenly, at the end of March, the thermometer, in the course of a few hours, rises from zero to forty degrees of Fahrenheit. Two or three days of hot weather ensue, and then a soaking rain, when the sleighs are suddenly put by, and wheels are once more brought into use. The ice on the River, which has measured three or four feet in thickness, breaks up suddenly with a tremendous explosion. The snow disappears, in wondrously quick time, almost before one is able to put by one's furs and take to a more seasonable dress. In fact, the transition from winter to summer is most remarkable, for there is scarcely any intervening spring.

CHAPTER XIX.

MODES OF TRAVELLING IN CANADA.

My duties as Bishop of Montreal divided themselves into a twofold character—those in the City and those in the Country. I soon found it desirable, as I have already stated, to adopt the following plan—during the winter to give myself chiefly to work in the churches of Montreal, and in those rural parishes which could be almost entirely reached by railway; and then, during the summer, to make my journeys into the country, when and where the Clergy needed my services. I preferred this plan to making more methodical visitations in the diocese according to a preconcerted arrangement.

These informal visitations I found to be less trying to my strength, and more in accordance with my own taste, as making my work less mechanical: they were also more acceptable to

the Clergy, who felt that at certain seasons I was at their disposal when they needed my episcopal services.

My Country Visitations then were, for the most part, made during the summer. The ordinary mode of conveyance from place to place was by waggons or buggies. These carriages are extremely light, on four very slight but strong wheels, and hold only two persons, the whole weighing less than an English pony-carriage. They are neat enough in themselves, but from being seldom washed they have a slovenly appearance. Indeed, the buggies are as often as not left out all night, the cushions being removed ; and if a heavy shower should come on, it is all the better, for it washes off some of the encrusted mud which has accumulated during past weeks. The harness is not of the best, nor is there much blacking bestowed upon it.

Almost every one in the country districts has his carriage, and no one dreams of walking any distance. If a countryman has business which calls him to an adjoining village, he does not think of travelling on foot ; the woman who has wild raspberries for sale calls from door to door in her buggie ; indeed, I heard of a beggar near Dunham

who kept his carriage and went about in it applying for alms.

It is curious to see the number of carriages that are usually gathered round the country churches on Sundays. Close to every church there is usually a half-open shed; and this affords shelter to the sleighs and waggons, the horses patiently waiting during the service with a buffalo wrapper thrown over them in cold weather. One sometimes sees from ten to fifty teams[1] tied up, on the coldest day, with the thermometer perhaps considerably below zero, either in one of these sheds or without any shelter at all. This is commonly the case in the rural parts, whilst the owners are in church, having the benefit of a stove, and breathing an atmosphere heated up to seventy degrees; for the Canadians dearly love warmth, when they are within doors.

In these buggies I was usually conveyed during the summer, and in winter in small open sleighs or carioles. The cheerful readiness with which I was thus transported from parish to parish was very striking. No difficulty was ever raised, and no one

[1] The word *team* is used in Canada to signify any number of horses drawing a vehicle. If a person has a little carriage with only two horses, or even with one, it is often dignified by the name of a *team*.

seemed to grudge the use of his carriage, which was forthcoming as a matter of course; and I have never, on any one tour, found it necessary to hire a conveyance. It did indeed make amends for many inconveniences to meet with such invariable and freely offered good-will on the part of both clergy and laity.

The country Roads are never very good; but in the spring and autumn when the rain sets in they are simply execrable. The ruts are in places almost bottomless; and the most skilful driving is needed, as well as specially strong wheels and springs. The mud and slush too are sometimes frightful.

Now and then one comes to what is called a *corduroy road*—that is to say, a road formed by trees laid across as a foundation: and this is necessary where the ground is swampy. Constant ridges, like corduroy cloth, are thus formed; and this causes a most unpleasant bumping, which tries both the carriage springs and the traveller's power of endurance. Occasional holes in a road are bad enough, but these unseen furrows which are concealed by the mud cause no little discomfort, especially after a hospitable repast. No carriages can live upon them but the tough waggons and

buckboards of the country, which can stand almost any amount of jolting. I have sometimes been fearfully shaken, and liable to be upset, but for the skill of my driver.

The style of proceeding is somewhat different from what we are accustomed to in England. The Driver usually holds a rein (or, as he calls it, a *line*) in each hand, and seldom uses his whip, unless it be for some special effort. He is on excellent terms with his horse, and trusts a good deal to his voice, which the animal generally heeds. Many by whom I was driven displayed an amount of skill and nerve which gave me full confidence in the face of serious difficulties.

The little Canadian Horses, which are generally bays, are about fourteen hands high, and are extremely active and enduring. They are capable of travelling a great number of miles in a day. They seldom fall, even on the roughest roads and on the darkest nights; and consequently the sight of broken knees is quite a rarity. I have sometimes asked myself, Why do they never fall? Partly because they are so used to bad roads that they must be always on the look-out; and also because the driver never holds them up, but usually lets them go with a slack rein. In England the

coachman is always trying to prevent his horse from falling, whereas in Canada he lets the horse take care of himself, and so makes him much more independent of the rein. On the same principle, persons crossing the railway lines in England are protected by the officials from being run over, but in Canada you are expected to look out for yourself; the consequence of which is that but few accidents happen.

The Horses have but little beauty to recommend them, but their excellence is undeniable. The ordinary value of a horse of the kind which I have mentioned is from a hundred dollars to a hundred and fifty, or from twenty to thirty pounds. A choice pair would sell for twice that price.

One of the best Drivers I came across was an old member of our Church, named Hackwell. He always placed his buggy and pair at my disposal when I was in his neighbourhood, and himself as my Conductor. The pace at which we went, over not the best of roads, was most agreeable, though it sometimes made me feel a little nervous.

Boscobel, the place at which he lived, was one of our roughest missions; and Mr. Hackwell, at whose house I have often slept, was a well-to-do farmer, who had come out to Canada some thirty years

ago. By his shrewdness and energy he had risen in the world, and had a nice little house and property, living quite in a patriarchal manner with his children and grandchildren all gathered around him ; and to each of his Sons he had given a piece of land, which they worked themselves.

After one of these visits, on the morning of my departure, we breakfasted at seven, and the Mother and three Sons appeared in their ordinary working clothes. The Father had specially desired this, he told me ; for though he wished to do all honour to his guest, he was anxious to show me how they lived, and that work was the rule with all.

This loyal old Englishman had a practice on these occasions of finishing up the Bishop's visit by singing, "God save the Queen," in which all the family heartily joined. And thus he "speeded the parting guest."

There is another mode of Canadian Travelling, of which I was glad enough occasionally to avail myself, namely by the River Steamers, which in this country abound. The large Steamships on the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, and on the several Lakes, are as superior to anything we see in England as the St. Lawrence is to the Thames. They have been called "floating hotels ;" and, as

regards comfort by night and by day, excellent fare, and great speed, they are unsurpassed.

A portion of my Diocese lay near, and even beyond, the city of Ottawa, which is itself in another Diocese, namely that of Ontario. These outlying portions were reached by ascending the river Ottawa as far as the City itself, the voyage occupying nine or ten hours. There one found a smaller Steamer, which carried passengers who were bound northward.

This mode of travelling is most agreeable, both in good and bad weather. The vessels are clean, roomy, and convenient; and I felt as much at my ease in them as in my own house. The meals on board were well dressed, and the food excellent. The proprietors and officials moreover were beyond measure civil and obliging. All this made my little voyages up the Ottawa, which were not infrequent, a pleasure instead of a weariness.

When on the great broad river Ottawa, the scene was often enlivened by the sudden appearance of a huge Lumber Raft, which occasionally came in sight. These rafts bring down the sawn timber from the mills at Ottawa and elsewhere, which is eventually shipped for England or the United States. They are of an enormous size, and are composed of

timber planks bound together by clamps of wood, thus forming a solid stage. They are usually so constructed as to be subdivided into two or three compartments, which can be separated in case of a storm, when the whole, if massed together, would be unmanageable; and this also gives them a facility in passing through the locks.

On one of these floating islands four or five wooden Houses are sometimes erected, to serve as dwellings for the raftsmen during their voyage. Thus they drop down the stream, being steered by long oars. The raw timber, of which the planks are composed, has probably travelled more than a hundred miles from some forest in the interior.

The life of the Shantymen who originally felled the timber is a very peculiar one. Being engaged by the Lumber-merchant, they go up, in the month of October or November, in regular gangs to certain localities in the bush previously untrodden by the feet of men. There they establish themselves during the long winter; and the trees which they cut down are dragged over the snow by oxen, and are then floated down the river to the sawmills at Ottawa and elsewhere.

These sturdy men meet with many hardships and privations. They live well, having plenty of good

frozen beef and pork to support them. They are restricted however from the use of spirits, and indulge in no stronger drink than tea, with an abundance of which they are liberally supplied; and the quality, I am told, is excellent.

The Shanties, in which the Lumbermen are housed, are temporary wooden buildings, each one holding from twenty to thirty persons. They are divided into two compartments, the one for cooking, and the other for eating and sleeping, the latter being usually furnished with two tiers of berths.

An occasional Missionary visits the shanties, attracted by a desire to carry to these men the glad tidings of the gospel. Some of our own Clergy now and then volunteered to devote a week or two to this self-denying service in the course of each winter. But I hope that the time will come when the Church in the Montreal diocese will be able to employ two or three regular Travelling Missionaries, whose time shall be entirely employed during the winter months in going from shanty to shanty, and paying them regular pastoral visits.

But to return to the various modes of travelling which I experienced. There was yet another of which I sometimes took advantage, and very glad

was I when I could do so—namely, by *Railroad.* These opportunities were rare, as there were in my day only two or three Lines intersecting the Diocese.

The Canadian Railway System is, upon the whole, well carried out. The fares are more moderate than in England, and the ordinary luggage of a traveller is free. I never was once charged for mine. The Clergy are allowed to travel at half fare, which is a great boon ; and on some of the lines a free pass was given to the Bishop.

The railway travelling in winter had this great disadvantage—the cars are usually heated to a fearful temperature by a stove at either end, and scarcely any escape is allowed for vitiated air. This I found to be not only unpleasant, but also very hurtful. Sometimes I ventured to open a small crack in the window, but usually some infuriated passenger immediately rose up and implored me to close it.

The Check System is very simple, and insures security. On depositing your luggage a brass check with a number upon it is fixed on each article, and a corresponding check is placed in your hands. Thus no one can claim your box or your bag without producing the check. And it has

this further advantage—namely, that on arriving at your journey's end, you may give your check to a servant or a friend, and he can at once procure the luggage for you, though he may never have seen it before. It is, in fact, a modification of the continental system.

The supply of Porters is very deficient, probably owing to the high price of labour. On the arrival therefore at a passenger's destination, his luggage is given to him on delivering up his check, and then he must get it conveyed to his carriage as best he can. I never knew however a more civil, helpful, and active set of men than those at the Montreal Station; and as an instance of this, I will mention the following incident.

On one occasion, when I was going to make a Visitation Tour, I got into the train at Montreal; and, just as it was moving off, I discovered that my robe-case was left upon the platform. I called out to the Head Porter who happened to be near, and told him of my difficulty. The train was in motion, but he seized my case, jumped into a cab, and reached the first stopping-place on the outskirts of the town just in time to hand me my lost portmanteau. This act of dexterity saved me from beginning my visitation without my robes of

office, in which case I should have been scarcely welcome.

The Pulman car was used in Canada before it was introduced into England. It is supposed to add to one's comfort, but I never found this to be the case. A single night spent even in one of these luxurious carriages is to me the perfection of misery. To be stowed away in a berth, with a double tier of beds, of which there are about thirty in each car, and to be surrounded by a host of sleepers, some of whom are vociferous even in their slumbers, and further to be hemmed in with heavy and closely drawn curtains, is by no means pleasant. And then the jolts and jars which occur at intervals, and the occasional shrieks and roars of the engine, are not conducive to sound sleep. Upon the whole, I am no convert to the delights of a sleeping-car.

CHAPTER XX.

REMINISCENCES OF EPISCOPAL VISITATIONS.

My summer visitations in the rural parts of the diocese, though sometimes irksome by reason of the excessive heat, were at other times very agreeable. And in any case it was always a pleasure to visit the Clergy in their own homes, and the People in their own parishes.

I may truly say that no part of my work afforded me more real interest and pleasure than the Confirmations which I held in the country. My desire was to visit each parish in the diocese at least once in two years. In the city my practice was to hold an Annual Confirmation in each separate church, and the same in some of the country missions. This I found to be very profitable, as it encouraged the Clergy to have a standing class of Candidates, in a constant state of preparation; and these frequent Confirmations

tended in a great measure to the building up of the church in that particular locality. I believe that a greater blessing rested upon our Confirmations than upon any other Christian ordinance.

The Clergy invariably desired, as in England, that these Confirmations should be held, if possible, on Sundays; and this desire I always endeavoured to meet when practicable. In such cases it was the signal for a large gathering. My plan was to begin with the Litany, or some other portion of the ordinary service. Then followed "the Order of Confirmation." Immediately after "the Preface," the Clergyman presented his Candidates, according to this form, which I borrowed from my brother, the Bishop of Quebec:—

Minister. Most Reverend Father in God, I present unto you these persons, that they may receive the laying on of hands.

Bishop. Have you instructed and examined them in those things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health; and do you think them fitted by their devout and earnest character for this Holy Ordinance?

Minister. I have carefully instructed and examined them, and believe them so to be.

I then addressed the Candidates standing before

me; and concluded my Address with a silent prayer, in which the whole congregation was invited to join. I invariably confirmed each candidate separately, which of course could be done with far greater ease in Canada than in England, in consequence of the small number usually confirmed in a Canadian parish. During the Laying on of hands the congregation were requested to be upon their knees. After the service, I usually gave them a second Address, or preached a short Sermon, more or less bearing upon the subject.

It is by no means unusual, in a Canadian Confirmation, to have a large proportion of adults, and even persons of advanced age, among the candidates. I have confirmed an old man of ninety, and several above seventy. Many of these had remained long unbaptized, and had only recently joined the Church, the act of Confirmation being regarded as the public means of reception into our communion in the case of those who had hitherto belonged to other Christian Bodies.

It was my custom to present each person confirmed with an illuminated card, on which the date of their confirmation was recorded; and this I charged them never to part with, but to keep it as a solemn memento of the occasion on which they gave themselves to God.

And now a word or two about *the Work and Salaries of the Clergy*. The Canadian Clergy, as I have before hinted, are mostly ill paid, their incomes being very scanty, barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Their lot is by no means one of ease. It is cast among a people scattered about at wide intervals, and consequently requiring the expenditure of much time as well as strength. They have to build up a Church amidst much ignorance and apathy, and to show the people that they take a real interest in their spiritual well-being. The congregations are slow to learn that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," and that "they who preach the gospel must live of the gospel;" and it is almost impossible to eradicate from their minds the deeply rooted conviction that every Clergyman receives some fixed salary from Government, which of course is very far from being the case.

But, thank God, there are many of the Clergy who, in spite of their straitened circumstances and other difficulties, delight in the work which they have undertaken, and cheerfully throw themselves into it, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, but caring for the souls committed to them, and desiring to win them to the Cross. It is in helping these that a Bishop finds his happiest

work. A visit to them is seldom thrown away, and kind words of sympathy and encouragement are never lost.

Our Missionaries are not only hardly worked and ill paid, but are also exposed to serious dangers. A sad accident happened to one of them when I was at Montreal. A young Missionary had undertaken to exchange duties with a Clergyman who lived in a very rough part of the diocese, at a place called "the Thorn." The afternoon service was to be held in one of the outlying school-houses. The congregation was assembled, and the hour of service had arrived, but no Clergyman appeared. Presently his horse and buggy came dashing by, but without a Driver. The people were greatly alarmed, a few of them rushing out to see what had happened; and at the bottom of a very precipitous hill they found his lifeless body. The horse had evidently got beyond control, and the waggon had probably struck against a large boulder in the middle of the road; he was thus thrown out, and his death was probably instantaneous. He was a good man, whom we could ill spare. A memorial stone was erected on the spot to record his death, which will long be remembered in that mission.

Some of the Missions are most discouraging,

and require much patience, especially at starting. I will give as an instance a Mission that was set on foot in the neighbourhood of Arundel, a part of the diocese very thinly inhabited, and only recently cleared. It was determined however to break ground there. The Clergyman who undertook the work had for several years been comfortably placed in one of the snuggest little parishes in the diocese. There he had but a small charge, little work, and a delightful parsonage. I suggested to him that, being in the prime of life, it was hardly right to allow his years to pass away without adequate work to employ him. Having duly considered my remarks, and weighed the consequences, he wrote to me after a few weeks, offering himself to me for any mission work that I might choose for him. I told him of this Mission of Arundel which we hoped to open ; and he at once consented to undertake it, though at a sacrifice of income, and at a still greater sacrifice of ease. Going there under these circumstances, I felt sure that God would bless him, and remove every difficulty out of his way.

Mr. Evans gave me an account of his first visit to one very rough part of his new district. He drove to the house of one of the principal Farmers

in the locality, meaning to pass the night there and go the next day to other houses scattered about the neighbourhood. He found that there were some alterations going on in the house, and that about twenty or thirty workmen were congregated for the purpose. He proposed to the Farmer that he should give them a service that evening, to which he assented. Several of these men were Roman Catholics, and but few were Church people. This however did not deter him. Presently, when the hour fixed for his service drew near, to his horror he heard a fiddle strike up, and there were unmistakable signs of dancing. This was a little too bad, and he felt that all hope of sobering down such a fickle crew for a specially religious service must be abandoned. In a few minutes however the Farmer came in, and said that they were all assembled and ready. He forthwith went into the kitchen, and there he found the men congregated, and all apparently quite willing to listen to him.

He told me that, in spite of all these concomitants, he never had a more promising service. The little freak was an ebullition of their spirits, and it was followed by great sobriety of demeanour and by apparent earnestness and attention. This is the sort of rough-and-ready work that a Missionary

has to undertake, undismayed by whatever obstacles may arise.

I will mention another instance. At the opposite end of my diocese, bordering upon the States, lies the district of Glen Sutton, a mountainous district, beautiful to look upon, but until lately utterly destitute of spiritual culture. At one of our Ruri-decanal Meetings it was suggested that as neither we nor any other Christian body were making any definite exertions for the evangelization of this large area, something ought to be done for it. The suggestion however fell somewhat flatly, and the idea found no favour at the meeting. In the following year the case was again brought forward, and by the same Clergyman, Mr. Smith, who was the incumbent of an adjacent parish. He was a man of wisdom, and one whose opinion was not to be lightly esteemed. He had meanwhile spoken privately to me, and made me feel that the idea was worthy to be entertained: so I promised him my hearty support.

It ended in my expressing a wish that some experienced Clergyman in the neighbourhood should volunteer his services, and should go, with the consent of his people, into the proposed district for a month, to test the ground, and then

report to me. This again was received in silence, and the meeting broke up without any one volunteering to lend himself for the proposed investigation.

A fortnight after however I received a letter from Mr. Smith himself, to say that he had considered the matter and consulted his people, and that he was himself prepared to act as a Pioneer. He accordingly went: and at the expiration of a few weeks, he reported to me that he had visited about sixty farmhouses in the district, the occupiers of which had migrated from the adjoining American States; and that there was not a single member of the Church of England among them, but that the whole district consisted of a motley conglomeration of persons belonging to every conceivable sect with which America abounds. In spite of this, they received him most kindly, and he expressed his firm persuasion that, if a Mission were formed, there would be a fair prospect of success.

Accordingly, as a preliminary measure, I went with Mr. Smith to Glen Sutton, on a certain Sunday, to take a survey of the district, and to judge for myself if a Mission there would have a fair chance of success. We held a service in three different localities, and gave notice that we would

return on the following day with the view of meeting a few of the leading people. We did so, and some twenty of them met us. We addressed them, but had great difficulty in getting them to state their wishes and feelings. The pith however of what they did say was this: "We have had, now and then, a stray preacher coming along, and giving us a sermon, etc.; and we have been glad to listen to him. But now, as the Bishop offers to send us one of his Clergy to reside among us, we thank him for his offer, and we will give him a welcome." This was enough to encourage us, and it meant more than an empty form of words.

The next step was to send, first a Lay Reader for a while, and then an Ordained Clergyman, and thus to establish a regular Mission among them. And what was the consequence? Two good congregations were soon gathered, numbers have since been baptized, and within two years I held three Confirmations there of a most interesting nature.

I shall never forget the first of these Confirmations. We met in one of the little rough Government School-houses, which are to be found all over Canada, and where the service was held for lack of a church. The room was crammed with people, many of whom had never seen a

Bishop, or witnessed "the Laying on of hands" before. Our Prayer-Book was a volume quite unknown to them, and they had much difficulty in unravelling its intricacies.

When the ordinary Prayers were over, and the Confirmation service began, the Clergyman held up a list of about ten Candidates, who had been baptized by him a few days before, and whom he had carefully instructed, believing them to be really anxious about their souls. He then called them up severally by name; and one after another stepped forward from different parts of the room, and ranged themselves before me, their ages varying from twenty to sixty or seventy. As I put to each of them the important question, "Do you here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise that was made by you at your baptism, ratifying and confirming the same, and acknowledging yourself bound to believe and to do all those things which you then promised?" the simple answer which each one made, "I do," was most touching. It was indeed a very solemn service, and we all felt that there was a blessed reality about it.

These were the firstfruits of the spiritual harvest at Glen Sutton; and many have, I trust, been since

added to their number. A pretty little Church was afterwards built, and I was called to consecrate it when finished. The work quietly progressed; and I do believe that God blessed and owned our efforts.

At the last visit which I paid to Glen Sutton, I went early into the church, and there I saw a group of about twenty men sitting together in one of the pews—men varying from thirty to sixty years of age. They were reading the Bible verse by verse, and an old man with snow-white hair, one of their own class, was explaining it to them to the best of his power. This, I was told, occurred every Sunday; the class regularly met in church before morning service, and consisted of men who were anxious to become acquainted with the word of God.

I might speak of other Missions; but the three which I have selected will serve as specimens of what mission work often is, and will also show that God's blessing is not withheld from His servants. I believe that their work has His approval and His blessing, and that it is growing steadily throughout the diocese. God grant that it may continue to prosper under the earnest superintendence of him who now fills my place!

Few Bishops have come in contact with more varied characters, or met with a greater diversity of work, than I did during my nine years in Canada. Sometimes I preached in log-houses, sometimes in school-rooms, sometimes in the most rustic churches. Sometimes I passed over half-charred tracts, sometimes over roads which jolted me almost into a jelly. And sometimes I glided over the breast of the calm and beautiful rivers of St. Lawrence or Ottawa.

On these occasions I was almost always housed by the kind and hospitable Clergy. At their humble parsonages, which are much less luxurious than those in England, the Bishop was always sure to meet with a warm reception, and was always a welcome visitor.

From these official journeys I usually returned to Montreal, or to Lachine, pretty well knocked up, and very thankful to be once more in my own comfortable home. The rough roads and the daily change of quarters were very trying to me; but all these were, I hope, cheerfully borne, since I was in the pleasant path of duty, and engaged in the service of a loving Master.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PERILS OF WINTER TRAVELLING.

I HAVE already said that, during November and the five following months, I considered myself debarred from regular visitations in the diocese, on account of the severe cold. There were times however when I was forced to break through this rule, and hold confirmations and other services in distant parts of the diocese; and these were sometimes undertaken with much discomfort and no small risk.

Once it happened that, during a spell of unusually severe weather, when the snow was very deep on the ground, I was engaged to visit a couple of Missions at some distance from Montreal. Mr. Pangman, a great friend of mine, invited me to make his country house my head quarters for the purpose, promising himself to act as my charioteer. So there I went with Mrs. Oxenden; but the

expedition to the two missions next day was out of the question for her, for a great deal of snow had fallen, and the weather was unusually severe: the little Snowbirds were also chirping, which was the sure signal of a coming storm.

He drove me in his Tandem Sleigh, and a most bitter drive we had, and not without a certain amount of risk. One of these Missions, if I remember rightly, we had to give up. We succeeded however in reaching the other, somewhat after the hour fixed. Had it not been for my admirable fur coat and cap, with the addition of my wife's cloud closely covering my face and acting as a respirator, I could not have borne the cold. The skill too of my driver made me feel quite safe.

The Church was isolated, and in about as desolate a spot as one could imagine. The scene was most striking, with a sheet of snow on all sides. The fact of the Bishop driving up to the church door in a tandem, was thought nothing of in that land of sleighs and snows; nor was my dress regarded as unepiscopal in a climate where all formalities were hopeless.

We had Service immediately on our arrival; and I preached as well as I was able, considering that my feet and hands were almost in a frozen condition,

and my teeth chattering with cold. The service being over, we turned our faces homeward, and after many difficulties, we reached Mr. Pangman's house before dark. And glad I was to be repaid for my suffering by a good dinner, kind and hospitable hosts, and a snug house in which to rest my limbs.

There were two or three other occasions when the cold was even more intense, and when the thermometer was *considerably below zero*—I think I may say twenty or thirty degrees below; and my work was then attended with considerable peril.

On one of these occasions, on a most bitter morning, I started soon after breakfast from the Parsonage where I had been sleeping, to make a journey of about fifteen miles, the country being deep with snow. The Clergyman, who was going to be my conductor, told me that I must be prepared for the worst; and he then most carefully wrapped me up, and put me into his sleigh. We had to travel with an unusually cutting wind at our side. When about halfway, we got out of the track, which was hidden by a huge drift of snow, and there we stuck fast. But my Friend, after much toilsome effort, at length succeeded in extricating us; and on we went, eventually arriving safely at the Farm House whither I was bound. It was a

neat-looking house ; but, as my host told me, one of the coldest in the country, and built entirely of wood.

After a good supper I went to bed, and found myself in a comfortable room, with a little stove, and a roaring fire in it. This, I thought to myself, would at all events keep me tolerably warm during the night. But I was mistaken ; for, though we heaped on as many logs as the stove would hold, the fire went out before midnight. My host, when he wished me good-night, had evidently some misgivings as to how I should fare. The room soon became bitterly cold, in spite of the stove ; for the wind blew directly against, or rather through, the window. Fortunately I had with me my faithful and invaluable companion, my india-rubber bag, which was filled with boiling water, and placed in my bed.

Thus I passed the night, never venturing to lift my head from under the clothes, and like St. Paul, I "wished for day." In the early morning, my good friend came into my room to see how I had got on. He lighted the fire, which had long become extinct, and then showed me my water-jug, not merely frozen over, but consisting of *one hard block of ice.* I tried to get up and dress myself, but quite failed

at first, through the intense cold, which nearly paralyzed me. After a while however I succeeded, and to my great joy and thankfulness got down to breakfast.

Never have I passed such a night, and never were my vital powers put to so severe a test. But God, in His great love and mercy, preserved me, and enabled me to attend the Service and hold the Confirmation for which I came. I found however that the warmth of my feelings, as well as that of my outer man, was considerably checked by all that I had gone through. But for my hot-water bag I verily believe that I could not have survived the night.

I undertook another somewhat perilous journey in the following winter, to a place called Clarendon, an important and flourishing Mission about two hundred miles from Montreal, on the north-eastern verge of the diocese. As far as the city of Ottawa, and a little beyond, the railroad came to my aid; and then it was necessary to cross the frozen river. A few days before I was due, there came a sudden and decided thaw, which caused me serious misgivings as to my journey; and I telegraphed to my friend Mr. Robinson, to whose parish I was going, to know if the River

could be safely crossed. In reply he told me that it would require many weeks of thaw to make any great impression on the ice, and that it would be perfectly safe for me to undertake the journey.

At the terminus of the Railroad, Mr. Robinson met me. He was a leading Clergyman in those parts, a great friend of mine, and one of our best and most devoted Missionaries. He was moreover a most skilful driver, and the kindest of men. To his care therefore I felt that I could safely intrust myself, and in his sleigh we crossed the River, the breadth of which was about two miles. We then took to the road, or rather to the snow track, which brought us in a couple of hours to his parsonage at Clarendon. Here I stayed a few days for a Confirmation, and for other parochial objects.

The day of my return home proved to be intensely cold, and we had to drive some ten miles, with a most piercing wind directly in our teeth. Though wrapped in a thick armour of clothing, with a veil over my face, and a foot-warmer to keep my extremities from being frozen, I suffered greatly, whilst my gallant friend heroically drove me without flinching for a single moment, though

himself a very delicate man. It was indeed a most perilous journey: fortunately it was exceptional, and never afterwards did I repeat it at a similar time of year. My future visits to Clarendon were, be assured, in the summer, when there was no snow to freeze me, and no icy wind to scarify me.

In the same winter, one of our young Missionaries near Clarendon had a narrow escape of his life. He was crossing the river at dusk, not far from where I crossed it, and missed his track. The wind was blowing and the snow falling, and he completely lost his bearing. Fearing lest he should come upon one of the airholes—large openings, of which there are always several on the ice—he was forced to halt, and wait for the morning light, before he could pursue his way. He took his horse out of the sleigh, and shared with the shivering animal the few wraps which he could muster. And in this plight, lonely and unprotected, he waited for the welcome dawn. He was by no means a strong man; but God in mercy preserved him, and at length he reached his home in safety, having had an almost miraculous escape.

To similar dangers our noble Missionaries are frequently exposed; but they are willing cheerfully

to encounter them for their Master's sake, and show much cleverness and skill in surmounting them. The experience of many of them is akin to that of the apostle, "A day and a night have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils in the wilderness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." My own trials were few and far between; and they were light when compared with those of my Clergy

The Marquis of Lorne speaks of the perils to which both the Bishops and Missionaries are exposed in Canada. "Long and wearisome journeys," he says, "have to be undertaken; and it is not possible to visit all the numerous stations during the best time of year for travelling. Often winter storms must be faced, and the Minister of the gospel must keep his appointment, in spite of all difficulties of weather and distance.

"A friend of mine, a Bishop in Ontario, travelling alone in a gig, and driving his horse, found himself one evening, when the cold had become intense, so benumbed that he could not hold the reins. He got out and ran; but when again seated the numbness returned, and he finally lost consciousness, his last recollection being that he had no feeling of pain from the cold.

"The horse pursued his way, his unconscious Master retaining his seat. The animal stopped, after what must have been the lapse of two or three hours, at a small wooden house; and the settler, coming out, found the Bishop apparently dead. He was brought in and revived with great difficulty, the frozen limbs being rubbed with snow and the coldest water. My Friend described his return to life as the most agonizing experience. The pain was intolerable. His face, eyes, and limbs were racked with torture, and he never quite recovered the effects of that night's drive."[1]

Whilst upon this subject, I must mention yet another, though a less perilous adventure, which befel me in company with my friend the Bishop of Quebec. My Wife and I had gone to Quebec, a distance of a hundred miles or more from Montreal, to spend a day or two with the Bishop and Mrs. Williams, and from thence to go to Lennoxville for a college gathering. It had been snowing hard for some days, and the cold was intense. The Ladies gave up all idea of going to Lennoxville, as they had intended; and the Bishop, Mr. Charles Hamilton (afterwards Bishop of Niagara) and myself started alone, as we were anxious to keep

[1] "Canadian Pictures," by the Marquis of Lorne.

our engagement. It involved a railway journey of about two hours. We got into the train, and all was well for the first hour. Suddenly we came to a stop, and the guard put on a very mysterious countenance, and presently informed us that we were opposed by a wall of snow, that we could proceed no farther, and that we must needs return to Quebec. But *how*, for the train was immovably jammed in the snow? Fortunately there was a rough apology for a sleigh to be got at a house near at hand. So we three got into it; and the highroad being blocked, we held a council of war, and decided on keeping the Railway Line as being the safest track, and marked out by the telegraphic poles.

The Bishop, who was a more experienced traveller than myself, had with him as usual his buffalo coat, but I was ill equipped for such a journey. Mr. Hamilton, seeing my pitiful condition, came to the rescue, and insisted upon my wearing his thick fur coat, declaring that he could get on extremely well without it. Good kind fellow—nothing would satisfy him but that I should accept his generous offer. And so we sleighed on, and, after a thorough jolting over the rails, we at length reached Quebec in safety, to the amazement

of our respective Wives, and none the worse for our escapade.

Lennoxville, to which we were bound, has a Church of England College, common to both the dioceses of Quebec and Montreal, but situated in the former. The senior department of this institution is a College with a Principal, Professors, Tutors, etc. It has also a Theological Branch, which serves for the training of candidates for holy orders. Of this college the two Bishops are *ex-officio* visitors —the Bishop of Quebec being the president, and the Bishop of Montreal vice-president.

In consequence of its nearness to Quebec, and its distance from Montreal, the college was comparatively useless to our diocese. I however generally attended its meetings, as my Predecessor had done; but I confess that I found them anything but agreeable, as there existed there a strong sympathy in favour of Quebec, and sometimes a direct antagonism to Montreal. Some of these meetings were most distasteful to me, as I felt myself in a false position; and they were rendered the more so by the presence of one or two who made no concealment of their opposition to any step which seemed to favour the diocese of Montreal. This was especially the case with one

who took every opportunity of showing a vindictive spirit towards my diocese—a very clever man, and at other times not wanting in kindness and courtesy.

After trying hard to bear patiently the state of things at Lennoxville, I at length felt justified, much against my will, in taking a step for the good of my own Diocese. I decided on establishing a Theological college in Montreal for the training of our own Candidates for holy orders. With this view I procured from England the aid of a first-rate man, Mr. Lobley, a late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who undertook the office of Principal. He was a little too much of a Churchman for some of my friends at Montreal, but he was a good and able man ; and in the face of many difficulties, which he fearlessly surmounted, he started the College, which has now become a prominent and useful feature in the diocese. On his subsequent promotion to the Principalship of Bishops College, Lennoxville, he was succeeded by Dr. Henderson, under whose steady and unflagging superintendence the College still flourishes.

I have somewhat digressed ; but I now return to my little perils by land and by water. There was yet another occasion when danger seemed to be

near, which I do not like to omit. In the present instance my Wife was a sharer with me. We were spending a few days in the country house of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, at a place called Coteau du Lac, on the broad river St. Lawrence. I had a visitation to make on the other side of the river; and, as there was a little rickety steamer which made the passage two or three times a day, I gladly availed myself of it, the crossing being about two miles. Mr. Simpson went with us. On our return, as we were getting on board, we saw a dark, heavy thundercloud in the distance, which made the Captain a little anxious; but thinking that we should just escape it, he decided on leaving the pier. When we were about halfway over, the storm burst upon us. There was a violent hurricane, with lightning and loud claps of thunder; and our poor little steamer could not make head against it. She was forced out of her course, and there was some apprehension lest we should be driven towards the Rapids, which were about a mile off. There were some twenty persons on board, chiefly women; and great was their consternation, which they by no means tried to conceal. Certainly for a time we were in some danger; and, all hope of reaching the proper landing being abandoned, we were glad to

make the shore at a spot higher up the river. Our peril was fully appreciated by our friends at Coteau, who had watched our little craft in its distress; and we all felt thankful that our voyage had ended so happily.

I have dwelt a while on some of the perils and privations to which we now and then were exposed during our life in Canada. They were however but few; and, upon the whole, I may say that the nine years that we spent there were passed with but scanty troubles and abundant blessings. I have often felt that, had I been ten years younger, I should have regarded these little occasional excitements as contributing to, rather than detracting from, the enjoyment of my Montreal Episcopate.

CHAPTER XXII.

CLOSE OF MY CANADIAN EPISCOPATE, AND RETURN TO ENGLAND.

THE Canadian portion of my life was now coming to a close. Having, in the early part of 1878, received sundry indications that, on account of my age and of my decreasing vigour, I was becoming scarcely equal to meet the trials and labours of my important post, I determined to resign my charge into the hands of the Synod, assured that they would intrust it to one better fitted than myself to undertake it. Lately too I had experienced an increasing difficulty in mastering the rough work of the diocese, so that the idea of resignation pressed itself more and more upon me.

After much thought, I announced my intention in a letter addressed to each one of the clergy separately. This I did, in order to avoid the possibility of their fancying that I took one and

another into my exclusive confidence: it came therefore as a surprise to most of them, no previous hint having been given by me on the subject.

The news having been thus publicly announced, a Deputation of the Clergy came to my house, and with much kindness urged me to reconsider my determination; but having once formed it, and that after very serious consideration, their wishes, so affectionately expressed, did not make me waver. I assured them that my mind was fully made up, and that I could not change it.

The result of this decision caused me much pain, and deep searchings of heart. But I am unwilling to dwell upon it; nor will I enlarge upon all the painful preliminaries consequent upon our departure —the sad leave-takings with those to whom we had become so sincerely attached,—the public presentation of addresses, which tried me to the very heart's core—and, not least, the reception of a beautiful Memorial from the Clergy and Laity of the diocese, containing the Photographs of my beloved Clerical Flock; illustrated by many of the Canadian scenes, in which I was most interested.

Instead of preaching a single Farewell Sermon, I preferred having a closing service in each of the city churches. This I found to be very trying, but

less so than a united leave-taking in the Cathedral. The latter would have been a greater strain upon me than I could have borne.

Then there was the public sale by auction of our cottage at Lachine, and also of our furniture at Bishopscourt. This, and many other painful arrangements consequent on our departure, distressed and worried us greatly. And being now forced to vacate our home, we were glad enough to take up our quarters for the last week with some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, who were ever ready to assist me, and who now kindly threw open their doors to receive us. I may with truth say that these last few days which preceded our departure were the very saddest of my whole life.

Suffice it to add that, on the 10th of May, 1878, we bade a sorrowful adieu to our Adopted Country, and to those over whom God had made me Overseer, and whom I loved so well. And at length we got on board the huge river-steamer bound for Quebec, this being the first stage of our journey homeward.

That day of parting from our Friends who crowded round the Steamer, and from scenes which had become so familiar to each one of us, I shall never forget; and though they were soon out of sight, they lingered, and still linger, in our memory.

After spending two days at Quebec, with our friends the Bishop and Mrs. Williams, we embarked on board the *Sarmatian*, and committed ourselves to the Atlantic, on our homeward voyage.

The vessel was full; and among the passengers was the Bishop of Fredricton, who a little later succeeded me in the Metropolitanship,[1] and was now on his way to attend the Lambeth Conference. We had a fair passage, but suffered quite as much as on our previous voyage. We were one Sunday at sea, and I was able with the Bishop's help, to address the mixed crew of passengers and returning emigrants, but with considerable difficulty. The Bishop also preached to them in the afternoon, and with good effect. On the tenth morning we reached the coast of Ireland, and on the next day, the 21st of May, we landed at Liverpool.

Having passed a night there, and collected our luggage, we got into the Great Northern train for London. We were charmed with the courtesy shown by the guards, porters, etc.; they seemed to vie with one another to render our journey agreeable. A tall Guard, for instance, walked up to us, and

[1] On resigning my metropolitanship, the office was made elective. The Bishops of the province now meet in council, and choose their own Primate.

asked if we wished to be alone ; upon which he put us into the cleanest and best-stuffed carriage I was ever in ; and then, to crown all, he stuck a paper on the window with "Engaged" upon it.

This reminds me of a story I once heard of Bishop Wilberforce, who usually wrote his letters during a railway journey. He was sitting, on one occasion, with the opposite seat filled with his papers, as usual, when a gentleman opened the door and seemed disposed to sit down on his letters ; upon which the Bishop said, "That seat is engaged, sir." "*Occupied*, but not *engaged*, I presume?" was his reply. He did not however dispute the Bishop's arrangement, or disturb him in his busy work.

Great was our joy to find ourselves once more on English soil. We went straight to Fairchildes, where our loving Friends, the Daniells, greeted us with a most hearty welcome, and made us feel that they were happy, as well as ourselves, that we should be once again together.

But though happy with our present surroundings, we felt that the past would not soon fade away from our minds, and that Canada would still retain a large portion of our hearts. May our thoughts, our affections, and our prayers often

revert to those scenes where the most eventful period of our lives was spent! "If I forget thee, O Land of my deepest interest and of my truest joy, may my right hand forget her cunning; yea, if I remember thee not above my chiefest joy." Look, O Lord, with Thy favour on that dear Country. Bless with Thy constant guidance and presence the Church which Thou hast planted there, and make it to grow and prosper. Be with the Clergy; support them in their toils; cheer them in their hardships and trials; make them faithful and true to Thee. And may Thy special blessing rest upon him who now fills the sacred office to which I was called, and from which I have now retired by the leading of Thy providence.

When I reflect on the Canadian episode of my life, it seems to me like a parenthesis in my existence. Those nine years stand apart from all the rest, most sacred, most eventful, and thickly crowded with adventures of vast importance. Critical as that first great change was to me when, at the age of twenty-three, I bade adieu to my career as a layman, and was set apart for the blessed work of the ministry—as great, or even greater was the crisis when, at the age of sixty-one, I was suddenly called upon to resign my peaceful charge; to bid

adieu to my friends, who were, many of them, endeared to me by a lifelong affection ; to quit the shores of my native land ; and to assume an office of unspeakable responsibility in an unknown and far-off Country.

The change was indeed great when, in 1869, I found myself in Canada, surrounded by strangers, and called to undertake the spiritual government of the Diocese of Montreal, and the superintendence of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada. It was as great a change as that which David experienced when, from following his quiet pastoral charge among the fields and mountains of Judæa, he was summoned to place himself at the head of God's people Israel. Truly, as I look back, I marvel at God's great goodness in bearing with me, and His great mercy in aiding me when I most needed His gracious help.

Those years were marked by many difficulties and anxieties, by many errors in judgment, and by many shortcomings in practice. But above them all a Father's love and mercy predominated ; and He enabled me to steer through the many shoals which from time to time obstructed my course.

My return to England was in the year of the

Lambeth Conference, and the time of its Meeting was drawing near. The dear Bishop of Lichfield (Selwyn) had most kindly made us promise that one of our first visits on reaching England should be paid to him. But alas this happy and longed-for visit was not to take place. He was called away to a better Home just before the gathering of the Pan-Anglican Synod—a gathering to which he had long looked forward with intense interest, and of which he would have been the very life.

My Resignation was not to be carried into effect until after the Conference, I therefore took part in it as still Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan. Exactly a hundred Bishops were assembled at the conclave, and perfect harmony reigned among us. The Colonial and American Bishops were extremely gratified by the reception they met with; and I heard afterwards from more than one of the latter, that they were especially struck by the good sense and ability which Archbishop Tait showed in presiding over the assembly, and by the cordiality shown by him, and by their English brethren. His reception of the Bishops in the Cathedral at Canterbury, sitting, as he did, in the so-called "St. Augustine's chair," was very touching, especially when he referred with much feeling,

but with great self-possession, to the recent death of his only Son, and when he tendered his thanks to the Bishops of the American Church for the kindness which they showed him during his recent visit to the States. I feel assured that a signal blessing rested upon that great Episcopal Gathering.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER YEARS IN ENGLAND AND ON THE RIVIERA.

On our return to England I was so marvellously invigorated by the change of scene and climate, and by the rest from all anxious cares, that I seriously doubted whether it was not my duty to recall my resignation, and devote a few more years, if God should spare me, to foreign work. I positively went so far as to contemplate making certain purchases with a view to enabling myself, should I go back, the better to face the difficulties and trials to which the Canadian climate had exposed me. But it was clearly the opinion of some three or four prominent persons, on whose judgment I relied, that I ought not to change my purpose. I determined therefore to abide by my original decision.

On settling in England almost my first Sermon was preached in Canterbury Cathedral, with which

I rejoiced to feel myself still connected. I also preached in St. Paul's at one of the evening services, where there was, as usual, a vast congregation ; and, as I had not Canon Liddon's voice, I have no doubt there were many whom I failed to reach.

During the summer I received a letter from Mr. Walsham How, now Bishop of Wakefield, suggesting to me the chaplaincy of Christ Church, Cannes, which had fallen vacant by the failing health of Mr. Rolfe, who had long and faithfully filled the post. The incumbency was placed at my disposal by Mr. Woolfield, the kind and liberal founder of the church. Being anxious for some suitable ministerial work, this at once commended itself to me. I was glad to pass the winter in so delightful a spot, and to minister to so choice a congregation.

Our residence there from October to May was most agreeable, and the kind of work was just what I desired. No post could have been better adapted to my wants at the time.

In the course of my ministrations I came in contact with two or three cases of confirmed unbelief, which I had never experienced either at Pluckley or in Canada. One case was that of a Lady of great cultivation and refinement. She was much afflicted, and was a most patient

sufferer. From her manner one would have guessed that all was right within; but alas she was destitute of that peaceful trust which God gives to those whose minds are stayed upon Him. She had for years lived a suffering and weary life without the comfort of His presence who could indeed have brightened it.

Another case was that of a Lady whom I was asked to visit ministerially. She was confined to her sofa, and had long been suffering from a deeply seated complaint. It was only after three or four visits that I discovered the dreary void in her mind. She had received me gladly, saying however but very little on matters of the chiefest interest. The secret of her scepticism at length came out; and I found that she regarded the Bible merely as the word of man, and not as the word of God. I told her that I would still visit her, if she desired it; but on condition that she would allow me to read the Scriptures to her, and pray with her. I did so with her full consent; but whether any real impression was made I know not. I have received no tidings of her since, and I must leave her case in God's hands. We shall meet one day at His bar; and oh that we may meet there with joy and thankfulness, and not in sorrow!

Our Sunday services at Christ Church were most interesting and enjoyable to me. I received a great deal of casual assistance from Clergymen who happened to be passing the winter at Cannes; and, during a portion of the time, I had a regular Assistant, Mr. Lloyd, who shared the labour with me. The church was extremely well filled, and the congregation attentive and intelligent. The sick who required attention were much fewer than I expected, but of these there were some to whom I felt a special pleasure in ministering.

During our winter at Cannes I was greatly interested in a young Frenchman who sought me out. He was a man of very taking manners and apparently very anxious on matters regarding the faith. He wore the dress of an Ecclesiastic, and represented himself as a student at the Missionary College at Lyons. He often surprised me by coming to my house in broad daylight in his canonicals, and this awakened a slight suspicion in my mind. I felt that mere discussions on the questions between us and Rome would be of little use; and I therefore told him at starting that, if he was willing to come to me from time to time, and go into the matter carefully and prayerfully, I, on my part, was quite willing to receive him.

He expressed great dissatisfaction with his own Church, and a desire for information regarding the Church of England. Feeling however that he might possibly be laying a trap for me, I was on my guard, and was forced to deal warily, as well as earnestly, with him. To this day I know not whether he was true, or if there was some ulterior design in his intentions. He appeared to be convinced; and even went so far as to express his willingness to place himself under instruction in some Church Institution, as a Candidate for holy orders. I proposed one or two courses which I deemed advisable for him; but there was a little hanging back. As regards his eventual history I know nothing, never having heard of him since, and not knowing where he now is, or what has become of him. God knows that, however defective my teaching, I at least was true to him, and I can only trust that he was also true to me.

Towards the end of my chaplaincy at Cannes, in the spring of 1879, being as yet ignorant of what our next step would be, I received a most kind and cordial letter from my Friend, the Bishop of Dover, telling me that Mr. John White, of St. Stephen's, near Canterbury, was dead, and offering me the Living, which he felt would, in many respects, ex-

actly suit me. It was a nice, quiet parish, within twenty minutes' walk of the Cathedral, and yet thoroughly in the country. After due consideration of the pros and cons, I at length accepted this offer.

Here was a post within fair compass of my strength, and for situation most desirable in every way, being only nine miles from the home of my earliest days, in a neighbourhood to which I was attached, in my old diocese, and in the midst of all my friends. It did indeed seem to be a providential appointment; and there, in that favoured spot, we established ourselves, feeling that a pleasanter retreat could scarcely have been provided for us.

"The Village of St. Stephen consists of a cluster of Cottages and Almshouses, an ancient Inn, a Village School, and the fine Mansion of Hales Place, with its well-timbered park and noble group of Cedars.

"The Church is one of great antiquity, parts of it dating from the Twelfth Century; it is also of considerable historic interest.

"Archbishop Langton attached the Living to the Archdeaconry, then held by his Brother Simon; and it continued to be the residence of the Archdeacons of Canterbury for Three Centuries."[1]

[1] "Rambles about Canterbury."

At one time Archbishop Baldwin contemplated the establishment here of a College for Secular Canons, with the object of transferring to them the right of electing to the Archbishopric, claimed hitherto by the Monks of Christ Church, Canterbury. The Building was actually begun ; but the Monks, whose privilege was so seriously assailed, procured a Papal Bull prohibiting the undertaking.

The welfare of the Parish had been carefully and affectionately watched over by my excellent Predecessor ; and I found that the Services were hearty, and the Singing excellent. In the church however the old style of high and unsightly pews, and other objectionable features, prevailed ; and I therefore soon determined on carrying out sundry improvements. This was accomplished, I am thankful to say, with very little difficulty, and with scarcely a single heartburning.

I felt also that a little Mission Church was needed in a distant part of the parish, called Tyler Hill ; and here, with the assistance of my valuable and energetic curate, W. D. Springett, a simple service was held.

I had not been long at St. Stephen's when a Roman Catholic College sprang up, somewhat altering the complexion of this quiet and united

parish. Miss Hales, my Squiress, was unfortunately obliged to leave her place, and sell her property. The former was purchased by a body of French Jesuits, who had recently been expelled from Paris, and were anxious to get a footing in England. Hales Place was the spot of all others for their purpose, and there they established a first-class school by the name of "St. Mary's College." They laid out a considerable sum on the house, nearly doubling it in size; and there they formed a most thriving school for a superior class of French boys. A large and efficient staff of teachers was gathered, under the rectorship or principalship of Mons. du Lac, a most accomplished Frenchman, of good family, and of high repute in Paris. I received from him nothing but kindness and courtesy, and not the slightest indication of any interference with my work in the parish. Still I regret that they are there, and I cannot but foresee that their presence may eventually lead to certain complications which we shall one day much deplore. They appear as yet wholly unaggressive, but time will show whether this neutrality will be continued.[1]

[1] This college has since been broken up, and has passed out of the hands of the Jesuits, the property being transferred to another Roman Catholic Body.

For six years I worked on happily, and I trust usefully, in the parish. But, after a while, I found the English winters too damp and trying for me; and, in 1884, we went to Biarritz for the six winter months, leaving my flock under the care of my Curate. The same necessity recurring in the following autumn, and the probability of my never being able to pass a winter in the parish, I thought it right to resign a charge which I could not fulfil satisfactorily. I therefore gave up my ministerial work there, feeling that I should then be justified in absenting myself from England whenever it might be necessary. This was in 1885, the sixth year of my incumbency.

Thus I was called upon to bid another farewell, and to burst the bonds which bound me so strongly to this my last and very dear flock; and also to break up a home to which I had looked forward as being the last home of my wandering life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUMMERS IN ENGLAND AND WINTERS IN FRANCE.

DURING seven successive years, from 1884 to 1891, we have spent seven or eight months at Biarritz, where the climate, I am thankful to say, admirably suited me. Its temperature is something between that of England and the Riviera, never very warm or very cold. The climate is dry, free from fogs, and sufficiently bracing to keep one up to the mark. Upon the whole, I should say that Biarritz is the healthiest place I ever lived in. The number of English Visitors is large, and gradually increasing, so that we have at times found it a little too gay for our quiet-loving tastes; otherwise it is nearly perfect as a winter resort.

One great recommendation of Biarritz is the well-ordered Church and Services. There has been at times a little talk of building a second church;

but I devoutly hope this may not be carried out, as it is too often the signal of a party springing up, and it is apt to engender strife and division, in the place of harmony. The Chaplain, Mr. Broade, has always kindly allowed me to take part in the Sunday services ; and it has been my custom to preach on alternate Sundays. This has added greatly to my pleasure in wintering at Biarritz, and I have felt it to be a great privilege to be thus permitted still to minister in God's Sanctuary.

Our two first winters we spent at the Hôtel Continental, where we were most comfortable and happy. We had snug and sunny rooms, and became much attached to our kind host and hostess, Monsieur and Madame Peyta. After a while however we got weary of hotel life, and, on our return to Biarritz in 1886, for our third winter, we engaged a most convenient and suitable lodging, where we were glad to pitch our tent more permanently.

The chief beauty of Biarritz consists in its remarkable seaboard. It looks out upon the great Bay of Biscay, and its shore is studded with grim, picturesque rocks, against which the huge waves of the Atlantic beat at times with unchecked violence. A more glorious sight than

a rough sea, dashing against these rocks and lashing the shore, can nowhere be seen. The sunsets too are unusually gorgeous, the sun hiding itself behind the Spanish mountains in winter, and dipping down into the open sea in summer.

One is never tired of looking at either of these views; otherwise neither the town nor the neighbourhood have much claim to beauty, there being a great lack of shade in the streets, and of gardens attached to the houses.

The whole country around Biarritz, extending from Bayonne to St. Sebastian, is full of historic interest to an Englishman, since it was all traced and retraced by our soldiers during the Peninsular War. Bayonne, St. Etienne, Anglet, the Mayor's house in the immediate neighbourhood of Biarritz, the shores of Lake Moresco, Bidart, Ghétary, St. Jean de Luz, and La Rhune, are all places on which our troops left their mark, and stained the soil with their blood.

Biarritz, though not actually within the Basque Country, is on its confines. The *Pays Basque* embraces the western portion of the French Department of the *Basses Pyrénées*, comprising the country from Bidart to the Pyrenean chain, and

extending far beyond the Pyrenees into Spain. The language has no affinity with that of the French or Spanish ; and many of their customs, and some of their laws, are distinctive also. They are a fine manly race, and a moral and religious people ; of sober, industrious, and thrifty habits. Their churches are unusually large for the population, and a triple gallery is characteristic of them all. Their houses, though of humble pretensions, are decidedly picturesque, with a good deal of wood-work visible on the outside.

Biarritz is a fairly cheap place of residence compared with other French watering-places—certainly cheaper than Pau or Cannes ; and as for climate, I have personally much reason to speak well of it. Its nearness to the quaint old city of Bayonne is also a great recommendation, there being two rail-roads between the towns.

I have said thus much about Biarritz ; it has served to us as a second home for the last seven years, and afforded us a most agreeable refuge during those years.

The Princess Frederica of Hanover and the Baron have a special affection for Biarritz, owing principally to her having passed several winters there with her Father, the late King of Hanover.

The presence of Her Royal Highness gives a tone to the English Society, and her kindness makes her very popular.

A Nephew of my old Friend and Schoolfellow, Sir David Wood, was for two winters her Gentleman in Waiting, and our intimacy with him has had a happy termination in his becoming our Son-in-law. Greatly as we shall miss the bright and joyous presence of our only Child, we so fully trust him with her future, that we certainly would not have it otherwise.

The greater part of our sixth winter we passed at St. Jean de Luz, nine miles distant from Biarritz. The reason for our migration was that we longed for more rest and quiet than Biarritz afforded us, the gaieties of that place increasing year by year. This change of residence fully answered our purpose. We had a small but most convenient house there, with plenty of sun, and a lovely view of the mountains. We were glad however to return to Biarritz in the month of April, when its gaieties were fairly over.

Our practice has been to go to England in June, and to return to the south in October. But in the summers of 1888 and 1889 we passed some months in the Pyrenees; selecting Argelès, Eaux Bonnes,

Eaux Chaudes, and Bagnères de Luchon as our resting-places.

The former of these places, Argelès, is remarkably pretty, and a spot that one never gets tired of. The view from our windows at the Hôtel de France—an hotel which we are specially fond of, and where the Host and Hostess have always made us extremely happy—is a feast in itself. Argelès is just at the entrance of the mountains, and it affords a delightful change to those who have been wintering at Pau or Biarritz, being intermediate in point of climate between those places and the actual Pyrenees. It is also an excellent centre for excursions. From it one can visit Cauterets, with its beautiful Lac de Gaube and Pont d'Espagne, Luz, and St. Sauveur, places that are well worth seeing. The beauties and wonders of Gavarnie are also within reach, by starting early from Argelès, and returning for a late dinner. They usually put four horses to each carriage, changing them at Luz or St. Sauveur.

The road over the mountains from Argelès to Eaux Bonnes (open in June) is one of the most striking in the Pyrenees. It takes a good long day, the distance being about twenty-five miles, which are as bad as forty in the plain. We were never able to manage it.

From Argelès the drive is easy, *viâ* Lourdes, to Bagnères de Bigorre, or one can travel all the way by train. Bagnères is extremely pretty, and very clean, but a little relaxing: there are many beautiful excursions in the immediate neighbourhood.

Beyond it is Bagnères de Luchon, the most eastern spot in the Pyrenees to which visitors resort. This is perhaps the prettiest and most interesting place of all, but a little expensive, especially during the short season of July and August, when the French congregate there, and make it exceedingly gay.

But to return to Argelès, where we have frequently stayed for two or three weeks. Whilst there we once witnessed an out-of-doors ceremony which greatly struck us. In the morning of Monday in Rogation week we were awakened early by the annual Procession of the country folk passing under our windows. They were headed by a parish Official with his wand of office, and adorned with a huge cocked hat, and a good deal of lace and gold. Then came the stately Curé and his two assistant Priests with their Acolytes, and some Sisters of Charity (Sœurs de la Croix.) And in their wake was a mixed throng of about a hundred and fifty women and children, all in their best attire,

and many of them wearing the pretty red or blue capulet of the country, which contributed not a little to the picturesqueness of the whole cavalcade.

They chanted a Litany as they moved on; and their singing sounded very sweetly as they passed under our window in the early morning, their voices getting fainter and fainter until it was at length lost in the distance. They had begun the ceremony with a short Service in the parish church, and then had proceeded into the fields, from whence they were now returning.

In England the ancient ceremony of "beating the bounds" is still observed at this time of year in some of our country parishes. It is however a merely secular, and sometimes a very boisterous, proceeding; but *here* the ceremony partakes of a decidedly religious character, the object being to ask God for a blessing on the sowing of the seed. The Villagers, of whom I have been speaking, had on this morning stopped at certain spots to put up their prayers to Him in whose name many a busy labourer was at this season either preparing the soil with his patient oxen, or actually sowing the maize and other seeds for a future harvest. When we saw them they had gone their rounds, and were on their way again

to the House of God. And there they once more knelt in solemn prayer to the great and gracious Giver of the various fruits of the earth, with a conscious feeling that He alone could prosper the work of their hands.

It was a beautiful idea, and the ceremony was well carried out. I could not but feel that it would be well if we had annually a similar Service in our English Rural Parishes. Have we less need of God's blessing than these hardy and simple-minded mountaineers? Has our agricultural skill superseded the necessity of help from above? Within the last thirty years the introduction of Thanksgiving Services at *the close* of harvest has sprung up in most of our English parishes; and these services have met with an unexpected and surprising popularity. But thankfulness for blessings *received* is not our only duty: prayer—earnest and believing prayer—should also *precede* it. The one we have done, but the other we have left undone.

If a similar custom were introduced in our parishes, surely it would call forth God's approval and God's blessing. It need not of necessity be connected with this Rogation season; but since such a time is already set apart by our Church for special public prayer, why not utilize it for this definite

purpose? I feel sure that our people would respond to and welcome such an ordinance. At all events a Service of some kind might be held in church at *sowing time* in all our country parishes, and a large blessing would assuredly follow. For has not God said, "Prove me now herewith, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it"?

One great defect in this ceremony at Argelès was the inappropriateness of the Prayers offered. It was a General Supplication rather than a Special Form of Prayer in connection with the sowing of the seed, the growth of the corn, and the eventual harvest. As far as I could learn, they used "the Litany of St. Joseph," which was anything but adapted to the occasion.

On leaving Argelès we once went to the *Eaux Bonnes*. This is one of the prettiest and healthiest places in the Pyrenees. The English rarely go there, preferring the *Eaux Chaudes*, a cooler place, and more retired. The *Eaux Bonnes* is dry and sunny; perhaps a little too trim and neatly kept. In fact, everything is done to attract the French Visitors, who congregate there in shoals during the months of July and August, making the little place

extremely gay. But we went there before the season began, and found it delightful. There is beautiful scenery to feast upon in all directions, and the walks are mostly within the reach of moderate people like ourselves. Some of the Hotels are very expensive, but ours (the Hôtel Bernis) was clean, comfortable, and reasonable. We intended to stay only one or two weeks, but we remained there six, and were sorry to leave it.

We made a few excursions from the Eaux Bonnes. That to the *Cascade du Hêtre* is an easy hour's walk on the road to Argelès. We also drove to *Gabas*, about seven miles beyond the Eaux Chaudes, where one gets a fine view of the Pic du Midi. Both of these were well worth a visit.

From the Eaux Bonnes we changed our quarters to the Eaux Chaudes, the distance between the two being only five miles, with a first-rate road connecting the two places. Here also we spent six weeks, and found a complete retirement from the bustle and gaiety of the place we had left.

The Eaux Chaudes, consisting of a few houses and two hotels, is beautifully situated in a deep gorge. Here were no French visitors, and only five English families. I held a short service in the

French Protestant Church, both here and at the Eaux Bonnes, the congregation of course being very small.

One great advantage in visiting the Pyrenees is that almost every place is easy of access, far more so than in the Swiss Alps. Here the roads are as good as in the neighbourhood of Paris. The French, as I have before remarked, understand road-making and road-keeping far better than ourselves.

At the end of six weeks, I went to England for a month, paying a flying visit to my Brother and my two Sisters—the only survivors of our once large family. My Brother being in his ninety-third year, and I in my eightieth, I felt that we dared not let the summer pass without meeting; and I was amply repaid for my solitary journey, and for my temporary severance from those whom I left behind.

On my return from England, towards the end of September, I again joined my Wife and Daughter at Biarritz. The Spaniards and Russians, who muster there pretty strong in the summer, were still in possession of the place, and we had an opportunity of getting a little glimpse of things during their occupancy. Every Lodging had been

let, the Hotels had been completely filled, the Casino had opened its doors to the lovers of dissipation, and everything had been at summer price. The streets still swarmed with Spanish visitors, and the sea-shore was all alive with bathers. It was well for once to see Biarritz in its summer phase ; but happily it soon reverted to its normal condition, which had been completely disturbed during the past four months. And here were we again, resuming our winter habits, and in the enjoyment of our winter home.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY CLOSING YEARS.

I HAD often hoped to spend my closing years in some quiet home in England, where I might enjoy the happy and peaceful companionship of those who are near and dear to me; but it has been otherwise ordered, and I have found myself compelled, each winter, to seek a warmer and drier climate elsewhere. On my account therefore it has been necessary that we should lead a somewhat migratory life; and we are very thankful to have found so suitable a refuge as Biarritz afforded us.

Our periodical residences in the south of France have not been without their advantages, and our occasional intercourse with the French whom we have come across has been most agreeable. With the upper class we have not come much in contact, as the English Visitors live very much apart from them. But the very necessaries of life compel us

to become acquainted with the middle class, wherever we go; and, as it has been well remarked, "Le Peuple fait les trois quarts de la nation." I have always found them civil, courteous, and kind. There is an absence of vulgarity and pretension about them which has especially struck us.

The French Peasants too are well conducted, and decidedly more intelligent than their *confrères* in England. The dress of the Men is generally suitable to the work in which they are engaged, and that of the Women is neat and well put on. They have generally a neat jacket or shawl, or an exceedingly white apron which sets off their humble clothing; and a pretty handkerchief twisted round their back hair, and taking the place of a cap, gives a specially neat appearance. Their dress is the perfection of good taste; and there is a sprightliness about their manner and gait which is seldom seen among the same class in England; nor do they ever seem to ape the finery of those above them. They are generally inquisitive, and fond of questioning one about one's country.

The French have the character of being unkind to their Dumb Animals. I must however make an exception as regards the oxen, whom they usually treat with a great deal of care and attention. Of

these there are many fine specimens at Biarritz. They are generally used upon the land, and for moving heavy loads. The yoke is fastened on their foreheads, from whence the whole draught is obtained. This gives them an imprisoned appearance, and they seem to move with great difficulty and with measured steps. Hence arises the idea that they are unkindly treated; but I believe that the slow pace is natural to them; for they scarcely ever travel at the rate of more than two miles an hour. Their Drivers are very skilful, using a long stick with a little iron point, by which they steer them very cleverly, and also by a plentiful use of the voice. These oxen are usually well fed and carefully looked after; and I am told that a pair which have long worked together become so attached to each other, that when one dies its fellow-labourer is apt to pine away.

But certainly kindness to animals is not an invariable feature in the French character. One sees occasionally painful instances to the contrary. They are very apt to overload their horses, and then to punish them when unequal to the task required. Most of the horses have some raw place about them, caused by their needlessly stiff and ill-fitting harness; and, when this is complained of, the

usual reply is, "N'ayez pas peur," as if the injury inflicted was likely to affect one's-self rather than the uncomplaining animal. There is one practice however in which they show more humanity than ourselves—they provide all their carriages, even their two-wheeled carts and traps, with breaks; and this is a great saving to the animals employed.

A Local Society has recently been formed at Biarritz, of which Princess Frederica of Hanover is the Honorary President, and in which Her Royal Highness feels a great interest. It has been taken up warmly by the French, and is doing a good work, especially in the way of awakening a feeling for dumb animals in the schools and among the rising generation.

In many respects the Lower Orders are more moral and perhaps more honest than in England, though less truthful. One seldom hears of burglaries in the rural districts of France; and one rarely comes across the evil-looking men and women who frequent our towns, and form the staple of our lowest and most degraded class.

The French Servants are good, and work harder and with more willingness than our own, turning their hands to almost anything though it may not happen to come strictly within their sphere.

They are very faithful too in their attachments. The skilled workmen, such as Carpenters and Masons, are certainly very clever in their trades.

The Women all over France adopt the practice of carrying extremely heavy burdens on their heads —huge baskets and pitchers, for instance,—under the weight of which their Sisters in England would groan piteously and move most awkwardly, whereas they bear them with a surprising ease and grace.

The observance of Sunday in France is not what it ought to be. It is, with the majority, a cheerful and happy day, but not a holy day—a day given to pleasure, but not to God. Their races and other public amusements, as well as their political gatherings, are mostly relegated to Sunday. I must own however that they amuse themselves much more rationally, and with greater propriety, than the English. In many parts of the country, and especially in the Pyrenees, one sees the Peasants dancing on Sundays, but even when so engaged their general bearing is natural, modest, and decorous.

Although the French cannot be called a religious people, owing to the dark stratum of infidelity running through the nation, and more especially through its upper class, yet there is a good deal of Church observance and of reverence for religion

to be taken into account. I should say that among the peasantry and tradespeople there is certainly a better spirit; and there is moreover a degree of openness about their acts of devotion, which shows that they are not ashamed of their religious convictions. In this respect I must acknowledge that they often put to shame the false timidity of English Churchmen, not scrupling to carry out the requirements of their own Church, and to abstain from what she forbids, whilst we shrink back from our allegiance to Christ, and to His commands.

When sitting at our window in the Hôtel Bernis, at the Eaux Bonnes, and watching the numbers of men and women who came day after day to the church which was hard by, undeterred by the drenching rain which fell almost continually whilst we were there, I could not for a moment suppose that religion was dying out in France. It is true there is a determined political opposition to it; but there is a religious feeling still prevailing among the masses, especially in the Pyrenean and Basque provinces. And there is much that leads one to believe that throughout France there is a smouldering flame, which only needs a change of outward circumstances to burst forth and rise with

a clear blaze. It appears to me that there is a strong undercurrent of religious feeling in the country, which is at the present moment dammed up by restrictive enactments, and by the viciousness of public opinion, but which will burst forth as a flood as soon as the opposing pressure is removed.

But is the existing religion of a true and healthy type? Would that it were! The Roman Catholic creed is crowded with errors, and its practice suffers accordingly. It needs reforming as well as reviving; but of this there seems to be but little prospect at present. It is true there is a small band of Protestants scattered through the land, a few persons of genuine piety and zeal: these however are but "a feeble folk"—feeble in numbers and influence—feeble in their aggressive force—feeble in the light which they diffuse—and beyond measure feeble in their public ritual and devotions. Their "culte" is miserably dry and unattractive, and lacks the essential features of true worship. They stand during their Public Prayers, and sit whilst Singing the praises of God. Their Services are infrequent, and there is but little feeling of reverence and devoutness when in the sanctuary of God. The Holy Communion is seldom administered.

The Gallican movement, and that of the Old

Catholics, strikes one as being more hopeful agencies for good; but these have made but little progress in France, and they seem to lack at present the vitality and force which are requisite.

May God bless these several efforts to propagate a purer faith, or else raise up some new agency from an unlooked-for quarter—a yet more powerful awakener for this strong but erring Church! May He revive His work in His own best way, and in His own good time! May His Zion be a city, whose foundation is of solid gold, and whose streets and palaces are beautiful in their symmetry!

One of our last summers in the Pyrenees was spent at Bagnères de Luchon (in 1889). We hesitated about going to England, much as I desired to see my Brother, whose great age rendered his life very precarious. I kept myself in readiness however to go off should they need my presence; and in August we were summoned to England, though alas too late to see him still alive.

Luchon is called "the Pearl of the Pyrenees," and is truly the sweetest of all the mountain watering places. It is thoroughly French, with beautifully clothed mountains all round it, the ground in every direction carpeted with wild flowers, and with points of beauty and interest in all direc-

tions. As we passed through the country between Montréjeau and Luchon we were struck by the way they have of training their Vines. It seems that they plant a dwarf kind of Maple Tree (*erable*) in the vineyards, about fifteen feet apart, which they prune with great care, just leaving a sufficient number of branches to support the vines. These little trees last for years, and the vines cling to them, producing a sufficiently luxuriant growth, and a very picturesque effect. It struck me that some such plan might be adopted with our Kentish hops, thereby saving the great expense of poles.

During one of these summers I undertook the Chaplaincy at Luchon. It was a very easy post, with scarcely an average congregation of twenty, but few of our countrymen being in the habit of visiting this lovely spot. I undertook this experiment with some fear lest I should be unable to carry it out; but God gave me the needed strength, and I much enjoyed the interest which it afforded me. Here we stayed during the months of June and July. We were at the Hôtel de la Poste, a small but most comfortable hotel, kept by the brother of M. Peyrafitte at Argelès; and here we were treated as friends, with the greatest kindness and

attention, which rendered our *séjour* under their roof most agreeable. My Daughter made many excursions, for instance to the Entecarde, the Port de Venasque, the Lac d'Oo, the Valley du Lys, etc., enjoying herself extremely, and acquitting herself well as a mountaineer.

We came in for a wonderful Fête on St. John the Baptist's day. It was a curious mixture of a secular and religious character, and there was also a slight ingredient of paganism. A huge Tree was erected in front of the bathing establishment, completely hollowed out, and filled with some inflammable matter, with a cross on the summit. The Curé of the parish was present, and at a given signal he set fire to the tree; and, whilst it burned, the populace ran about in all directions with torches in their hands, shouting at the top of their voices. We were told that all this had something to do with the hay harvest, but I could not ascertain what the connection was. Every one seemed to be in good humour, and there was no rioting, nor any approach to intemperance.

A few weeks later there was another public Ceremony. It was a Procession of Guides, in their costumes, who paraded the town on horseback, preceded by a band of drums, and a posse of

torchbearers. This was an extremely pretty sight, the number of guides amounting to about fifty.

I had been at Luchon about fifty years before, having gone there from Aureillant with my Sister. Two things I well recollect in connection with my former visit. One was a Sermon which we heard at the parish church, the subject of which was the all-prevailing intercession of Mary. The preacher's unscriptural teaching so shocked me that I remember writing him a letter, exposing the unsoundness of his doctrines. This, of course, he did not condescend to answer; but, as might be expected, he treated my interference with a dignified silence. The other circumstance was an excursion which we made to the Spanish Village of Venasque, where we slept at a miserable inn, returning next day to Luchon. This was a great feat for us, and it is one which the visitors in these days rarely think of attempting.

And now I come to the close of my journal; for it is better that I should do so, lest I should be prevented from finishing it by the increasing infirmities of old age, or lest it should be abruptly terminated by that event which I must very soon expect.

It has so happened that a very large portion of my life has been spent abroad. This, as the reader of these pages is aware, has not been from choice, but from necessity, and chiefly from my inability, on the score of health, to remain in England. But I love my own Country the best of all lands, and I still trust that my last days may be spent there. I greatly regret that, at my age, I should be still a wanderer; and I grieve that, for my own sake, and still more for my Wife and Daughter's sake, there is no spot in this wide world that we can call our Home.

I have felt of late years, sometimes painfully, the want of regular employment, and of that which until lately has given me a definite interest in life —such as pastoral or episcopal duty. But I have no reason to complain; for though I sometimes almost forget that I am not still young, I must needs at my age soon cease from all regular public ministrations. And ought I not now to be giving myself more exclusively to the moulding of my inner feelings and my inner life, so that when "the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl broken," however abruptly, I may not be found unready, but may pass peacefully to my Home Beyond? Of this I am fully persuaded—that but for my Saviour's

Cross, I should indeed be desolate; and that without Him, as my Atoning Sacrifice for the sins of a long life, as the Almighty Helper of my weakness, and the beloved Friend of my soul, all my hope for time and for eternity would be scattered to the winds.

In looking back on my past life, I feel that no one can have greater cause for thankfulness than I have. Goodness and mercy have indeed followed me along my earthly course. Though naturally delicate, I have never had any decided illness. I scarcely know from my own experience what physical pain is, for I have rarely felt it for a single hour. And now, at the age of eighty-three, I experience but few infirmities; and even these are gracious reminders that the earthly house of this my tabernacle will soon be dissolved. God still enables me to exercise my walking powers, to enjoy the society of my friends, and to find delight in our little home circle, though during the last few months it has been providentially diminished by our Daughter's marriage.

And then too how great have been the blessings connected with my Ministry! Since my seven years of incapacity and repose, I have been permitted to labour in my blessed calling without any

serious interruption. God has been pleased to raise me to a high and honourable position in His Church—guarding, guiding, and strengthening me for a very difficult and arduous post; and, on my retirement from it, still enabling me to continue, up to this hour, the privilege of being permitted to speak in my Master's name and to bear my public testimony to His most precious truth.

For all these blessings I desire to thank Him. And having reached, and even surpassed, the usual term of life, I may thankfully exclaim with the apostle, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

May the short time yet spared to me be so spent as to promote God's glory, the welfare and happiness of those who are very near and dear to me, and in the process of ripening for the world before me! May God in His mercy grant this for His dear Son's sake!

THE END.

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