

**DIARY OF A  
SECOND VOYAGE  
TO  
AUSTRALIA**

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**1897 — 1898**

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**By ROBERT ROBERTS**  
Editor of The Christadelphian

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## FOREWORD

Brother Robert Roberts made two long voyages to Australia and New Zealand. The first was begun in August 1895 and completed by his return to England in August 1896. The second voyage was begun in August 1897 but he never saw England again as death intervened during the return trip: he ceased his labours in San Francisco on 23rd September, 1898. This diary of a "Second Voyage to Australia" was originally published in "The Christadelphian" as a series of articles written by brother Roberts and sent to Birmingham for printing in order that a very interested Brotherhood might be informed of his activities in "the Colonies"

In 1971 the Sutherland Ecclesia, in New South Wales, as part of their sponsorship of a Bible School, republished brother Roberts account of his first "Voyage to Australia, New Zealand and Other Lands". It had been published as a book in 1896 after many requests from friends for earlier serialised articles to 'appear in separate and complete form'. Very few of those old copies were still available and the Sutherland Ecclesia served a treat to the Brotherhood when they published their volume in 1971.

Yet the "Diary of the Second Voyage to Australia" has never been available in book form, despite the fact that in many ways it was more significant than the former trip and many readers of both diaries feel that this volume is even more absorbing than the former.

Lovers of the Truth will be stirred spiritually as they peruse these pages. Here is an elderly man, of poor health, of profound persuasion in the Truth of the gospel, of strong passions and sympathies, now battle-worn and weary, seeking to find some respite in the undeveloped colonies of the southern seas. He had been Editor of "The Christadelphian" magazine for 35 years, from its inception, and had stood for the principles of Christ throughout those founding years in Birmingham, at the hub of the Truth and as the inspiration to a fledgling community now scattered from Aberdeen to Invercargill, Dunedin, from Hong Kong to Guyana. The sole driving and uniting power that gave life to these dispersed remnants was the pen and mind and heart of Robert Roberts. The Truth of Christ was his total occupation and wherever there were believers of the Hope of Israel, never mind their circumstances, Robert Roberts was interested in them and the progress of their labours.

To this day there are fragments of his penmanship found in widely dispersed parts of the world. Brethren in Jamaica can display old letters from almost 100 years ago, passed down to them by their forebears, from the time before the turn of this century when there were some 400 members in Jamaica who desperately waited upon those letters of great inspiration that came so consistently across the Atlantic from the small office in 64 Belgrave Road, Birmingham. This present volume contains facsimiles of personal letters to Australian brethren, and there were many others across the country, in city and out-back, who received personal recognition of their interest and labours for the Truth.

Whoever was for the Truth, whether searching or convinced, prominent or obscure, Robert Roberts went out to find and encourage them, to answer their questions, to provide advice in their ecclesial and family affairs, to stimulate their promulgation of the Truth and stir their hearts to a firm unity among themselves.

Several years ago the present writer stood upon the highest deck of the large and modern ferry that serves to unite the North and South islands of New Zealand. The wind was typically powerful and the waves so high in this boisterous Cook Strait that the land ahead, the site of the city of Wellington, slipped in and out of view. We stayed ourselves against the sweeping wind and contemplated the days of old. When Robert

Roberts plied these waters he did so in what was relatively a bark, a windjammer of one hundred tons or so. Whatever was the Editor of "the Christadelphian" doing down in those most southern parts of the civilised world? There were no large and well appointed cities, no established system of transport, no sealed roads nor brethren of means to provide the comforts of 20th Century life. Why did he leave the warm hearth of 64 Belgrave Road, the rooms he knew so well and the loyal band of hard workers that were such comfort in the great work that filled his daily programme?

Down in the uncertainties of the Southern Ocean or on land along the dusty or muddy primitive tracks that were only just beginning to open up the countryside, amidst many privations and discomforts, Robert Roberts sought out the lovers of the Truth. This was the work of a shepherd, of a father, wonderfully interested in the spiritual welfare of that young flock which was dispersed upon the hills and valleys of Gentile lands. "From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the Righteous One" (Isa. 24:16, R.S.V.). Robert Roberts was a man of God and he saw the work of the Truth as the work of God and he was bent upon sowing the glory of God in the hearts of the sons of men.

High above the wind and waves of the Cook Strait the strength of his faith was apparent to us that day. And those thoughts came because we had been reading the Diary of the former voyage. We have confidence that these further details of the life of brother Roberts may touch the hearts of many more of our generation who live in this cold and indifferent world.

It is a joy to record that it was a group of young brethren who prompted the thought of this volume. They had been looking for something suitable to commemorate the 17th Australasian Youth Conference, being held in Adelaide, September, 1983, God willing. It seemed good to them that this impressive account of brother Roberts' last year of service should be associated with their Youth Conference, being held over eighty years later. We thank God for their thought and inspiration and can but pray that many of them may be moved to emulate the dedication of this servant of God.

Many hands have co-operated in the preparation of material. Brother Alfred Nicholls was pleased to permit a reprint of the articles and provided several extra pieces; Sister Edith Ladson (granddaughter of bro. Roberts) supplied photographs and Sisters L. Watson and Jean Galbraith supplied valuable items. The collator and driving force was Bro. Graham Travers, whose tenacity and explorative work for the manuscript is a story in itself! There were a number of members of the Youth Conference Committee who helped in various ways. It is lovely to see the young looking back to the path of their pioneering brethren and we trust these pages may stir the heart of all who read them to consider all the way that we have come!

On behalf of the Committees of the 17th Australasian Christadelphian Youth Conference and the Christadelphian Scripture Study Service,

Andrew Johns,  
Brian Luke,  
Secretaries.

# 1. PROSPECTS OF A JOURNEY TO AUSTRALIA

1

And now, just as the diary finishes, I am on the point of re-embarking for Australia—this time taking with me sister Roberts and our two daughters, and our helping sister-maid, who, like some others, has become an outcast from her people for the truth's sake, and will go with us where we go, and dwell with us where we dwell. This is a totally unanticipated development, and coincides curiously with several things. I have just finished lecturing through the Bible. About 30 years ago, I began at Genesis in the selection of subjects, and have gone steadily through, book by book, year by year, instead of taking subjects at random. I have now reached Jude (the Apocalypse I have separately gone twice through during the period mentioned), and therefore have completed the survey of the Bible during my presence in Birmingham. I did not know that when this survey should be complete, circumstances would be in a form requiring my transfer to another field of labour. It is just 40 years since I left my native city, full of ardour for the hope of Israel (not in any degree since abated) and full of expectation concerning the signs of the times, but without the least idea of the work that has since developed, or the least purpose in that direction beyond the determination that must fire the soul of every enlightened man—"to speak of the glory of Yahweh's kingdom and to talk of His power." It is now 1897, as everyone is aware—the termination (as everyone is not aware) of a period of 1,290 years since the legal establishment of the Papacy in Europe as the government of the consciences of men—and the Eastern Question has in this year taken fire, and is now smouldering, with possibilities of European conflagration, while movements are astir among the Jews for the reconstruction of their nationality in the Holy Land.

I say these are curious synchronisms, which inevitably cause a feeling that there may be something in them—something of a nature to be expressed in the apostolic description of the corner that had been reached over 1,800 years ago: "upon whom the ends of the world have come." But, of course, there is no certainty. They may be the merely fortuitous combinations of cir-

cumstance: but they may not. They may be in the plan of things. Whether or not, there they are, and I go—not "for good," so far as human purpose is concerned. I should be sorrier than I am if it were for good. I return in twelve months or so, if the Lord will: and while away, I will be in communication with readers through the *Christadelphian* in the usual way. There will be no break and no difference in that respect. Some matters may not receive such prompt attention: that is all. But other matters will receive the same attention: for brother Walker will have charge of the office and attend to all the requirements he can.

But what I more particularly wanted to talk about was this diary. I am in somewhat of a dilemma. I have been earnestly implored to continue it; and, on the other hand, there are those to whom such a thing would be a cause of considerable disgust. How to decide in the presence of such divergent sentiments is a little difficult. My own feeling is that the diary has spun out too long already, and that any further voyaging notes must have that sameness that causes weariness even of the best things. But friends, numerous and heartily, deprecate all suggestions of this sort. This makes me waver. Then I take a glance at the disaffected, with their critical telescopes, and I am inclined to say to myself, "You had better not." Then I think again, "If you can gratify and profit many scattered weary lovers of Christ by a little innocent prattle about ships and sea, water and weather, and passing incidents, why should you be deterred by the frowns of such as are sour for reasons that are not good, and of which they will be ashamed when said reasons are analysed in the divine light of the judgment seat? You will inflict no hardship upon them. They can always skip what they don't like." And this seems on the whole sound reasoning. But then again, there is just the argument against repetition. We are going over the same ground somewhat, and repetition is not interesting. The best conclusion will be a compromise. No doubt, in another voyage, under such very different circumstances, there will be much

that will be new and interesting, though much that will be the same. What is the same can be left out. What is fresh can be jotted down. Notes on this plan must be much shorter than *The Diary of a Voyage*, which is now published in a complete form.

The first voyage was performed in a British steamer of the Orient Line. This is to be done by a vessel of the North German Lloyd Line, the *Darmstadt*, sailing August 2nd, not from London as the *Oruba* did, but from Antwerp, a German port, and calling at Southampton, to pick up British passengers. (If I am not mistaken, the vessel only comes to the mouth of the Southampton river, and takes off the passengers from a tender which goes down from Southampton to meet her.) The German Line was chosen from considerations of economy. The vessels of that line make the same voyage as the vessels of the Orient Line (*i.e.*, by the Mediterranean, Red Sea, and Colombo), with the exception that whereas the British vessels call at Gibraltar, these call at Genoa. From Genoa, I may hope to send my first batch of notes, for appearance in the September number. If too late for that number, then for the number following.

As before starting on the first voyage, there was a steamboat disaster reported on the very ground to be gone over, so now there is news of a serious wreck at the southern end of the Red Sea—one of the P. and O. boats too, reckoned one of the safest lines on the ocean. But it meant nothing for our steamboat in the first case, and probably means nothing now. God rules not only in the kingdoms of men, but in the watery realm, attributed by the heathen to a god that has no existence, by the name of Neptune.

He rules the sea and land,  
O'er boundless realms He sways,  
He holds the ocean in His hand  
And mighty mountains weighs.

If He purpose a safe voyage, there is nothing in the universe can interfere with it. If He intend a temporary taking away, at this particular juncture, from the remaining evil to come, no human precautions can cheat the ocean of its charge. If this is the last word, we say to friends, "Cast not away your confidence which hath great recompence of reward"; and to foes, "Acquaint yourselves with God and be at peace, and condemn not the innocent blood."—

# BRITISH ISLES



## 2. THE BIRMINGHAM TEA MEETING & PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE

**T**HIS is a new diary, that is, if it turn out to be a diary. It will be more a few notes, I think, of the general features of the new voyage—written by many requests, for the pleasure of many friends to whom it is not possible I can write.

The new voyage grows out of the one made in 1895: that voyage sprang out of disasters resulting from efforts to help many who stand in need of it. With those many and their needs I became acquainted as the result of many past activities in the truth. So all things go back and back in a chain of graduated causation.

“Known unto God are all His works from the beginning.” His works are not wholly confined to miracle and revelation. Moses speaks of God “separating the sons of Adam,” and “dividing to the nations their inheritance”: Daniel, of God “ruling in the kingdoms of men.” These were not works in which His hand was apparent. There is much scriptural wisdom in the popular adage, that “Man proposes, but God disposes.” It does not apply to every human transaction by any means, but to some it does apply—to those transactions and circumstances that affect or involve the working out of His purpose among men. In these cases, He brings about His ends by methods that on the face of them have no relation to the purpose aimed at, and that sometimes appear inconsistent with it. (See *Ways of Providence*.) When Joseph, a heart-broken lad, was lowered into the waterless pit by envious brothers, it did not seem as if God were opening the way for Israel’s transfer to Egypt that he might manifest His name in their miraculous deliverance. When Jesus was subjected to the power of his enemies, and hung dying on the shameful cross, it did not seem that God was laying the foundation for the salvation of the world. God has not ceased to work though “darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people.” Human blunders and human crimes are still often the tools by which He cleaves a way in the desert. Over many a concealed counsel of God being wrought out by the actors with merely human views, it may be, it might be still written, as in connection with God’s punish-

ment of Israel by Sennacherib, “Howbeit, he meaneth not.” God often means one thing when human actors, apparently acting by themselves, mean another. Many are not enlightened enough to discern this: but many are not children. Who are and who are not, in the individual sense, awaits His decision in the day of manifestation: but in the generic sense, it is already revealed that the children of the flesh are not counted for the seed: that is, that those who see with the mere eye of the flesh are not children but only creatures transiently here in the fortuitous evolution of the raw material of His work. “They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh: they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit.” The flesh as such is as “a vapour that appeareth for a very little while and then vanisheth away,” but “he that doeth the will of God, abideth (in the upshot of things) for ever.”

If I am being partially transferred to Australia as the result of occurrences purely human on their face, it does not follow that there are no divine aims in and by the case. Every man who commits his way to God, has the pledge of guidance, without any information as to the shape the guidance may take. “He shall direct thy steps” may include any form of guidance, and the guidance is often there when you cannot discriminate it from the mass of fortuitous occurrences which constitute the bulk of human experience. History and experience show this. Individual action and individual plans, conceived with apparently individual spontaneity, may be the very hand of God. Of course, it may be our own hand altogether. All depends upon whether God’s work is concerned. All that man can do, in the absence of express direction such as David had (“Go up to Hebron”), is to commit his way to God in the keeping of His commandments, in the faith that God will direct, even in the midst of the stupidest of blunders and in the direst of calamities. I write for those who do not scoff. The scoffers I leave without wishing a curse to their soul, but much otherwise. If I had been left to myself, I would never have chosen removal to Australia—either partially or wholly. I would never even have



made the visit that has actually been made. I always considered a visit to Australia out of the question—every time it was proposed. Yet here I am, going up the Mediterranean the second time, with a domestic settlement in Australia in view, and with the prospect of becoming only a visitor in America and England—if the absence of the Lord continue. What this may mean, we shall not know till further on.

The process of tearing up the roots that have held us in Birmingham for nearly thirty-four years past, has been a prolonged and laborious one, but being gradually performed, has been accomplished without hurtful stress. We began to get ready eight months ago, for it was early evident to me that the removal had to come, and all things have worked together to afford an



1897 Bro. Roberts & His Family

easy extrication. The efforts made by brethren to avert Australian removal have all been fruitless—efforts against my judgment or inclination, except in so far as inclination would have favoured my remaining in England. Circumstances operating the other way—pushing from England, drawing to Australia—have been distinct and decisive. They belong to private life, and need no more than this general allusion.

Our domestic belongings have all been disposed of by arrangement between sister Roberts and the brethren and sisters in Birmingham, in two sales of a curious kind, effected through the volunteered mediation of a brother and sister, brought to bear most helpfully at the right moment. The usual way is to have the articles, and pay for them some time afterwards. In this case, the articles were paid for first, and delivered several months afterwards. Usually, the prices offered are low, and the price asked for, high. In this case, the prices volunteered were in excess of what, by the devil's rule, is considered "market value," and submitted to on sister Roberts' side only because a costly voyage required the money. Such is the elevating effect of divine principles brought to bear upon human life by the power of the truth. What a different world it will be when all men fear God, believe His promises and obey His commandments.

The formality (not altogether formal) of saying farewell to over 700 brethren and sisters was a difficulty to be got over—difficult in various ways, but chiefly on account of the strain which such a thing involved for sister Roberts. The pleasantest way in some respects would have been to have had a number of small parties in the Garden Room, but sister Roberts' state forbade. I tried to get over it by requesting the ordinary Whitsuntide tea meeting to be considered a farewell meeting, by abolishing the collection and leaving brother and sister Roberts to make up whatever deficiency there might be: but my proposal was energetically put aside—with the energy of kindness, however—by a leading brother, who said the occasion was no ordinary one, and they would see to it that the means would not be wanting for a proper leave-taking. As a matter of subsequent fact, said brother put

down a liberal sum to be so used, and the farewell tea meeting was fixed for Thursday, July 22nd. It was understood it was to be a private tea meeting, held in the Temperance Hall, for want of room at 64, Belgrave Road. Though nominally in brother and sister Roberts' hands, the arrangements were carried through by others, and carried through right royally. The tables (in a new arrangement to distinguish the tea meeting from an ordinary one) were loaded with flowers, as well as good things for the inner man. The floor was crowded, and the company overflowed into the galleries. Twenty of the young brethren acted as stewards. Being a private tea meeting, sister Roberts presided at the central table: her daughter Eusebia, at the table to her right, and Sarah Jane at the table at her other side. As for



Temperance Hall

me, I wandered hither and thither, as opportunities invited. The meeting was a very animated one, with an undercurrent of sadness. Some said the flowers were out of place. that crape and plumes would have been more suited to the occasion. The answer was—the flowers (many of which had come from quarters unknown) were the expression of love and not of joy; and love was always in place among the friends of God, when joy might not always be possible.

After tea (the company remaining in their seats), I made a very few remarks. I said it might seem as if the meeting being held were a different sort of meeting from those in which they usually assembled. It was so only in form. It was necessarily somewhat personal, but there came time, when the affairs of the truth took a personal form, and when such a form was not out of place. An example of this they would find in the 20th Chapter of the Acts, where Paul, having occasion in a sea voyage to call at the Asiatic port of Miletus, sent to Ephesus, near by, and called for the leading brethren of the ecclesia there, to whom he made an intensely personal speech—reminding them of a certain three years he had spent among them, and of the burden of his speech and of the aim of his labours, and giving them certain advice in view of the fact that he would never see them again in the flesh. I could not say I would see their face no more, but I could say that for over 30 years I had laboured among them with one object only in view, however much unfriendly minds might doubt it, namely, to uphold the honour of God, and promote the well-being of man. If I was going, it was not by my choice: it was through the compulsion of circumstances that had got beyond my control. And if I was going, it was not to new work, but to the same work in a new field. Nor was I going among a new sort of people, but the same class in another country—a class not much reckoned of by current methods of regarding people, but people of great estimation when reckoned according to God's standard, which the world did not recognise—the sort of people described by God himself when He said that for them "*that feared the Lord and thought upon his name,*" "a book of remembrance was written before Him: and they shall be

mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." This class had been created on the other side of the globe by the agency that had created them here—the agency that had developed them in all ages of the world—the exposition and agitation of the things testified in the word of His truth. The form of this exposition and agitation differed with the differing circumstances of the nineteenth century, but the result was in measure the same—the establishment of that conviction in good and honest hearts, which produced the faith that worked by love, and affected the main-springs of human action, with the result of producing "the fruits of the spirit," and "a new man in Christ Jesus." In our age, this result was almost exclusively confined to the English-speaking parts of the human race. The literature of the truth in our day was chiefly an English literature. God had not given the gift of tongues in our day, nor had He started any promising activities in other languages than the English. There was religious activity enough among foreign nations, but it was not the activity of the truth, but of superstition garnished with scripture names. The truth had been revived in the nineteenth century by the instrumentality of Dr. Thomas: the results of its agitation had been meagre both as regards the number who had come under its influence and the intensity of their assimilation to its power, as compared with the harvest of the apostolic age: but as compared with the darkness and the sterility that prevailed in the ecclesiastical communions for centuries, there was something to be thankful for in the green sproutings that had followed the modern sowing of the good seed. There might yet be a great improvement in this respect. All depended upon the extent to which the scriptures were privately read. The scriptures were the ultimate source of all spiritual power. They enshrined the facts and principles which, when transferred to the mind and heart in daily intimacy, became the purifying, and warning, and ennobling "power of God unto salvation." The scriptures had lost none of the power which Paul ascribed to them, when he said in the farewell speech delivered at Miletus, that they were "able to build up and give men an inheritance among all them

that were sanctified." The parting advice he should give them would be to stick close to the scriptures in daily methodical reading. They would soon get out of reach of their power if they neglected them: they would be astonished at their power if they gave them the place they ought to have. The only practical point he would press upon them in parting was the great importance of heeding the commandment which forbade "back-biting with the tongue and taking up a reproach against our neighbour." It was expressly declared in Psa. xv., that they who indulged in that almost universal practice would not be admitted to the kingdom of God. This was a future penalty of unspeakable terror: but even now, there was a terrible plague following in the wake of back-biting. Back-biting was to bite a person when their back was turned: to speak against them when their back was turned. The rule about the matter was simple. We were, of course, all of us more or less faulty and short-coming: but we were not allowed to speak about each other's faults—still less to help in circulating reports that might be untrue. We were allowed to confess our own faults, or if our neighbour's faults were serious, we were allowed to speak of them to him "between thee and him alone." We were not allowed to "go up and down among our people as talebearers" or to make ourselves "busy bodies in other men's matters." Our part was to be silent about our neighbours unless you have something good to say. I took them to witness how often for thirty years past I had had to insist at management meetings on this rule, and to stop the mouth of the accuser in the absence of the accused, still more in the absence of that course of private interview for which the law of Christ called. I implored them to stand as with a drawn sword over this principle. Their present well-being as a community depended upon it, not to speak of their acceptability with Him who would judge us all presently by the standard of His revealed will. Nothing would sooner chill and disaffect and finally disintegrate them, and scatter them one from another than the habit so common among men of repeating evil rumours or indulging in personal criticism, or making charges on hearsay. I was departing at a time that was remarkable in various

respects ; and it was possible my departing might have a meaning not apparent either to myself or anybody else. I had been just forty years at work : I had just finished the public exposition of the Scriptures in Birmingham on a method that had taken us through the whole Bible, beginning at Genesis and finishing at Revelation. It was just thirty years since the temporal power of the Papacy departed. It was just 1,290 years since the setting up of the Roman abomination as the substitute for the Daily Sacrifice of Mosaic appointment. The Pope had just signalled the termination of this period by resuming, for the first time since its suspension in 1867 as the passing away of his power, the public display of his official pomp as head of the church. The Eastern Question was alive again, and in a state of dangerous combustibility. The Jews had called a convention of delegates to consider whether the situation were not favourable for the peaceable re-organisation of their national existence in Palestine under the suzerainty of the Sultan, who was favourable to them. These formed a remarkable combination as bearing upon the hopes we were justified in entertaining concerning the nature and development of the times we live in. Whether there was anything more than a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances time would show. There was probably something in it. Whether or no, it was good-bye for the present, and a step further towards that great goal of history and issue of destiny which in no way depended upon the experiences of any single generation. We should probably meet again in this mortal life : if not, our next meeting would be of much more consequence every way. And we could earnestly pray that God would give us a place together on the right hand of the throne.

Several other brethren followed in the order decided by lot. Their remarks were interspersed by the singing of hymns by fifteen members of the Music Class, whose object (by request, was to show us how beautiful the simplest of our hymns are when they are sung in perfect pitch, time, and inflexion.

Brother Hall had expected to speak, but the lot was against him. He afterwards sent us the written substance of what he would have said, with a request that his

remarks might have publicity. The following extracts may suffice :—“ There are times to speak, as well as times of silence. Brother Roberts’ departure from Birmingham to other lands, after nearly a life-time’s labour, affords a fitting occasion to speak, and when silence would, as it seems to me, be an error. My intimate connection with his work during the past 25 to 30 years entitles me to speak, and I have somewhat to say. When I found the truth 25 to 30 years ago, I had only a partial knowledge of the God and the Christ of Moses and of the prophets, and of the New Testament portion of the incorruptible word. But I had a devout regard for them, and an intense desire to understand. I had been a reverent and affectionate student of the Bible from a boy—I might say with an agony of anxiety to understand. But my studies were in the light of Methodism, and therefore ineffectual. When I found the truth, my joy I could not suppress. My wife thought I had gone mad over my new discovery ; that I should have been greatly exercised was only natural under the circumstances. I shall never forget the morning when I crept up those Athenæum steps and listened at those double doors to hear if any service was going on relating to the matter of Dr. Thomas’s lecture which had opened my mind (I heard him six or seven times). I ventured cautiously into the small and exclusive assembly, and took my seat outside the enclosure which divided the brethren from strangers. Dr. Thomas was there, and spoke with rivetting effect. On the following Sunday morning, I made my first acquaintance with brother Roberts : he spoke, as it seemed to me, with the lucidity, fervour, and zeal of a prophet. It affected me with a curious feeling, as if I had heard the first man of God I had ever heard in my life, outside the written word. Inwardly I fell down on my face to the earth and worshipped, saying that ‘ God was in him of a truth.’ From that interesting and stirring moment of my life, I have gone forward. My affection and ardent interest have never subsided. My mind has received countless items of knowledge ; ‘ line upon line, here a little and there a little,’ quickening and confirming my original impressions of the man of whom I speak—his ability, his character and faithfulness to God and man, and the

great work he has so successfully piloted to this interesting and suggestive stage. As I reflect I feel scarcely able to regulate the emotions of my mind or suppress the ecstasy of my heart. Many look on at respectful distance, hearing only discordant voices, and 'seeing men and things as trees walking.' Pardon me if I say that I feel that I know the full and real import of what is going on. Brother Roberts is entering upon a larger sphere of labour, for which his exercises and experiences of the last 40 years have pre-eminently qualified him, in the mercy and good hand of our God upon him. I am sure that our joy and rejoicing in the work are justifiable, at the prospect opening up before the truth and its friends. I have had no greater ambition during the whole time than to stand side by side, and follow the example of our brother Roberts in his association with the divine work (of which he is the exemplary personification and encyclopædic embodiment in its intellectual and moral features). I pray you will not regard this as enthusiastic man-worship; I am no man-worshipper or flatterer! I love good men. I fully recognise that to God, and God alone (whose work we all are), belongs the praise, but I also fear there is a danger of dishonouring God by an insufficient estimate of the personal instrumentality He creates and employs. One of the greatest national crimes of antiquity was the ignorance and non-recognition of contemporary worth and preciousness, as illustrated in their treatment of leading men and institutions. Think of the prophets, of whom Stephen spake to the Jews in his day, saying, 'Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted and slain, them who showed before of the coming of the Just One, of whom ye have been the betrayers and murderers' (Acts vii. 52: 'And say, if we had been in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets' (Matt. xxiii.)). Our Lord's own subsequent experience furnishes the most striking and notorious illustration of this human infatuation and madness. Time (as Paul said) would fail to recount the cases, not only in sacred but profane records, of those 'of whom the world was not worthy.' The rule has ever been that when the Light has been revealed 'the darkness comprehended it

not' (John i. 5; 1 Cor. ii. 8). There are possibilities and probabilities in our own day and generation, not only outside but even among us who are in 'the fold'—many, it is to be feared, will be wise after opportunity has departed. From whatever point of view we consider the position we occupy in relation to this work of God in our day, we are bound to conclude that this is no ordinary enterprise, but one specially adapted for this particular epoch, and our brother Roberts is the very man demanded by or for the peculiar character of modern times, in this intellectual, scientific, and religious relation to the testimony of the prophets and apostles. At the beginning of this remarkable century 'the spirit of Life from God entered into the witnesses,' liberating the chained and imprisoned intellects which during more than 1,260 years had been subject to Roman power, through superstition and terror. The extreme reaction that set in was provided for by the spirit of God. A man was required like Dr. Thomas with a special organisation and environment to detect, discover, rescue, and defend the Apostolic doctrine from the chaos of human thought, and the lawless speculation of perverted intellects and spirits. His successful labours during 40 years established a foundation for a great work, but the enterprise was extensive, and he died, to give place and opportunity for brother Roberts, then a young man of ardent spirit, endowed with special faculties suited to the slightly-changed situation, doubtless never realising at that early stage the great success awaiting his indomitable and protracted efforts. Now that his career is closing upon us, we can the better realise God's hand in his work. Upon this extensive view of the case (as embracing polemic and editorial work, and benevolent activities promoted), we cannot now speak further. It may suffice in closing, to refer to the 19th century aspect, by the light of the extensive literature we have had produced by Dr. Thomas and brother Roberts, in order to realise the successful character of their work: consisting, first, in the successful conflict with the enemy, upon modern grounds, with his modern weapons; and second, in the creation of a numerous company of ardent, enlightened, and purified brethren and

sisters, who now look forward with abounding hope to the near future for the appearing of our Lord, to plead His own cause and exalt all His accepted servants, small or great, to a higher platform, a more effective form of operation, with the result of filling the whole earth with His glory for a 1,000 years."

Another brother, who did not speak, writes:—

"After leaving the army, I came to reside in Birmingham. I had not previously lived in this town, and having obtained employment, I began to consider the best place in which to spend my Sundays. Although brought up in the 'Church' (of England), I was by no means enamoured of the doctrines of hell, the Trinity, immortal soul, &c.; and, whilst not being exactly full of religious enthusiasm, I wanted to do right and spend my spare time where I could gain benefit with peace and rest. I commenced making a tour of the different places of worship (?) in the city, and I think I visited all the principal edifices in turn, Sunday after Sunday—Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, Methodist (Primitive and otherwise), Baptist, Plymouth Brethren, Presbyterian, and others—and in none did I see or hear anything that gave me any desire to go a second time to the same place. I did not go to any Christadelphian meeting, for the simple reason that I never heard anything of them in all this time, until, in the providence of God, I worked at a place where brother Haddon (now asleep) was employed. He was always talking about the Jews, the land, about folks dying like beasts and going to dust without going to heaven, and such like truths (as I found them to be). After much sceptical sneering and unbelief, brother Haddon obtained a promise from myself and a fellow-employé named Butler to go and hear a lecture by Mr. Roberts, in the Temperance Hall, the following Sunday. We went to the lecture, and, among other strange things I heard, was a statement from the lecturer that, although the saints in the Kingdom of God would be equal to the angels, they would not be provided with wings, and still be able to travel from place to place faster than a railway train; and yet, if they

wished it, they could ride in a carriage with ordinary mortals. Well, this seemed exceedingly comical, so to speak, and so much opposed to universal teaching concerning harp-playing and singing songs in heaven, that I could not drive the lecture out of my head night nor day; and, feeling that I must go and be tickled again, I attended the next lecture, and from that day for many years I never missed a meeting scarcely, Sunday or Thursday. Butler and I were introduced to a brother Matthews, and in a few months were immersed by brother Townsend in the Athenæum Rooms. I was particularly struck with the necessity of being baptised to have a clear start for the prize; and I remember telling good old brother Townsend that, if I had not passed the examination, I should have applied to an ecclesia in some other town, so anxious was I to enroll myself in the Lord's army without any delay. Like the majority at the Temperance Hall, I owe all I know to brother Roberts; and it has grieved me more than I can say to see the opposition to him manifested by some, and to hear the untruthful charges brought against him. Our Heavenly Father has blessed him with knowledge and power, and he has given what he knows to us and all, and has upheld God's word in its integrity; and some of us love him for that more than for anything. The ecclesia has increased to such an extent, and there are so many young brethren and sisters with the radical republican spirit, that they are beginning to act upon the popular error, that the voice of the majority is the voice of God. I am glad of the increase, but I wish the younger amongst us would allow the older and tried ones to manage the ecclesial business and do the speaking. I am afraid it will be seen that the proposed alteration of the constitution was expedient when it is too late; we cannot control majorities in the ecclesia: we can only pray that Christ may soon come, or that God will guide their hearts and understanding in the right way."

Before the close of the meeting, sister Roberts said good-bye through me, fearing to shake hands with several hundreds of people. She then withdrew. As she walked out the whole assembly rose to signify fare-

well. Next morning, early, she and her daughters left for London by a train whose hour of departure had been concealed, to avoid an ordeal which sister Roberts was not quite fitted to go through. The object of her visit to London was to spend a week or more with her son, and a dear circle of friends, whom it was possible she might not see again. I stayed five days longer, to wind up various outstanding little matters, and spend the last Sunday in Birmingham (July 25th). There were large meetings, morning and evening, and hearty leave-takings, especially in the evening, when almost the entire meeting came on to the platform informally, and bade individual farewells to the number of—I don't know how many—several hundreds I should say. The process occupied three-quarters of an hour. I never shook hands with so many people at one time. It was not merely shaking hands, but talking to each, recalling names and faces not seen many times by me, though never far off any Sunday. All this, after an energetic lecture, was somewhat of a tax. I could not have gone through it when I left Birmingham two years ago. I was reminded by more than one that on that occasion, I slunk off before the close of the meeting. You see, I was obliged to do so then. It was a feat to get through the meeting at all that time. This time, I was in a very

different state—both mentally and physically. The subject of the lecture last time was, "The end"—supplied by the words of Peter (I think)—"Hope to the end for the salvation to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." This time, the subject was "The last message"—being furnished by the fact that in the progressive lecturing through the Bible, we had got to the Apocalypse—"God's last message to men." This had been twice thoroughly gone through in past years, so that it was not really scamped in being now treated in one lecture. I did not turn the subject to any personal applications, but endeavoured to illustrate the character of the Apocalypse as a whole by sampling its character, (1) as showing God's estimate of individual character, and the ground we have for individual hope. (2) As throwing light on European ecclesiasticism in church and state, as to how God regards them: and as to the attitude His servants should observe towards them: and (3) as revealing the reality and glory of the purpose God has formed to abolish the present order of things, and to establish "new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." These are great and lasting topics, compared with which all personal last messages are as the transient clouds to the sun on any particular day.

12 3. FROM BIRMINGHAM VIA LONDON TO  
THE BAY OF BISCAY

JULY 27TH TO AUGUST 2ND, 1897.

**T**UESDAY, July 27th.—Having completed the last arrangements for evacuating 64, Belgrave Road, which is left in the kindly hands of brother Charles Todd, Superintendent of the Sunday School; and having partaken of the farewell mid-day hospitality of brother and sister Lincoln Hall (living opposite), to whom we owe so much for a smooth release from Birmingham moorings, I and our dear serving-maid of Judah got into a cab that came for us and our parcels, and drove to New Street Station to catch the 2-10 express for London. None knowing of the hour till the last moment, we were spared the pain of a railway-station parting, except with dear Gashmu, whose identity will not long be hidden under that *soubriquet* of Samaritan flavour—undeserved except on one head. It was both appropriate and needful that he

should see the last of us. Two and a-half hours of swift travel brought us to Euston Square Railway Station, London. Getting into a cab, we were soon driving through the busy streets of London to our temporary *habitat* under Edward Augustus's roof, in the neighbourhood of Eaton Square. The distance from one point to the other would be about four miles. Amy had never been in London before, so there was much to interest her. We passed Buckingham Palace on the way: and there were relics here and there of the late Jubilee Demonstration. We had a royal welcome from a little grandson, of whom, if I were to say anything as it ought to be said, I would be suspected of a grandfather's weakness. Sister Roberts I found already much recovered from the preparation fatigues of the previous few weeks. As for the daughters,



Edward Augustus'  
Maid

Bro. Roberts  
Grandson Douglas

Mary Roberts  
(Wife of  
Edward)

Edward Augustus Roberts  
(son of Robert Roberts)

Sis. Roberts  
Grandson Eric

Amy Wilkies  
(Maid of Roberts'  
family)



who lived at the other side of the house, on the south side of the river, some miles distant, they were blooming. (I must say no more lest I get hit over the knuckles.)

*Wednesday, July 28th.*—Made various business calls in the city, making final arrangements for our passage by the *Darmstadt*, and for the transmission of the *Daily News* and the *Review of Reviews* to us in the Colonies. The *Daily News* is the most reliable paper for foreign political news: and the *Review of Reviews* is a sort of literary window from which we can get a view of all that is going on in the world at one glance. The friends of God are interested in the world, though not of it: for it is a world that belongs to God, though it knows Him not: and a world which, with all its confusions and darkness, is being put through a process that is preparing it for transfer to the management and possession of His saints—under which, it will become a blessed and happy world—to the glory of God and the enjoyment of “everything that hath breath.” The present activity of evil is but as the laying on the black paint that prepares the back-ground for the brilliant exhibition to follow.

*Thursday, July 29th.*—Attended the week-night meeting of the Gresham Hall brethren. Brother Boshier was there to see us before our departure. He is about 80 years of age, grey-headed, but wonderfully active for his years. He made some feeling remarks about separation after an association going back so many years; but his remarks were tinged with that glow of joyful hope which the truth alone can give to mortal man. Brother Porter presided, and introduced the topic of the evening in some lucid sentences delivered in a quiet incisive manner, which I much enjoyed. The subject was, “This Historic Interval between Malachi and Christ.” The London brethren have a system of allotting a particular subject to each week-night meeting for (say) some six months in advance. The subjects are always Scriptural, always varied, and always judiciously chosen. (We have often thought of publishing the programme for guidance elsewhere. It would make a good paragraph coming after Bible readings in the “Ecclesial Visitor” page. If brother Jannaway would each month forward in

time a month’s supply, it would come under notice at the right time, and be sure to be used. He might regularly forward, in a form ready to hand to the printer, a paragraph headed, “LONDON BIBLE CLASS: subject for August”—or such a month. A good routine has so much to do with the working of such things.) A brother is appointed to lead off in a 20 minutes’ speech, and the others follow as they feel moved. As all know the subject beforehand, there is generally (we understand something worth listening to. It was certainly so on this occasion. Brother Porter remarked that it seemed strange there should be a gap in the historic record of the divine work with Israel. The interval was covered by prophecy—notably the remarkable prophecy of Daniel xi.—though not by divinely-written history. God had, however, covered the gap in a providential way by the writings of Josephus, the books of the Maccabees, and others. When brother Porter had concluded, he called on me to occupy the rest of the time, and to speak on any subject I chose. But I felt too fatigued to speak at length after the strenuous occupations of the previous three months; and I felt drawn by the subject itself—concerning which, I remarked that while at first sight it seemed strange there was the historic gap spoken of by brother Porter, on reflection it might appear rather that there should have been a resumption of the record after Malachi’s day, considering the state of the nation of Israel after the return from Babylon, as delineated in the writings of the only three prophets that appeared among them after that event—Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi. A human conception of things would have represented that after the Babylon affliction, the people now returned in a purified and acceptable state, and that the further relation that took place though Christ was the consequence of the nation’s spiritual improvement. How far from this was the actual state of things as described by God through these three prophets. The word came to Haggai, “Ask now the priests concerning the law. . . . If anyone that is unclean by a dead body touch any meat, shall it be unclean? And the priests answered, It shall be unclean. Then answered Haggai

and said, *So is this people and so is this nation before me*, saith the Lord, and so is every work of their hands, and that which they offer is *unclean* " (ii. 11). By ZECHARIAH, the word was this: "Speak unto all the people of the land and to the priests, saying, When ye fasted and mourned on the fifth and seventh month, even those seventy years, did ye at all fast unto me, even to me? And when ye did eat and when ye did drink, did not ye eat for yourselves and drink for yourselves?" (vii. 5-6). By Malachi, the condemnation is still more express and severe: "And now, O ye priests, this commandment is for you: if ye will not hear and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto my name, saith the Lord of Hosts, I will even send a curse upon you, and I will curse your blessings. Yea, I have cursed them already, because ye do not lay it to heart. . . . Ye are departed out of the way: ye have caused many to stumble at the law: ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi, saith the Lord of Hosts " (ii. 1-8). It was truly "out of the dry ground " that the root of David shot forth by the power of God in the days of Augustus Cæsar, and not as a germination in any way produced by a fertile soil. The nation was permitted to exist during "the historic gap " not because the nation was in a state that was pleasing to God, but because His purpose required that it should remain "till the seed should come to whom the promise was made." By a similar mercy and restraint of wisdom, Gentile society was tolerated, not because God found pleasure in it, but because His purpose to "gather together all things under one head," required that it should continue a certain time that a certain work of preparation might be done. The end of it would come in storm at last, as the end came upon Judah 36 years after the crucifixion of Christ. Happy should we be if counted among the Lord's friends in that terrible crisis.

*Friday, July 30th.*—After a morning expedition in quest of tracks of mystery on behalf of a New Zealand sister, whose father disappeared three years ago and was ascertained to have died in London, sister Roberts went, by appointment, to meet a company of London sisters at the house of sister A. T. Jannaway, while I gave the

evening to writing at my son's house.

*Saturday, July 31st.*—The day was given to natural history for the behoof of the aforesaid delightful grandson, "Douglas" (self-named "Gugga"). He had never seen the kind of creatures that are cooped up in the Zoological Gardens, except in pictures; and for some time, it seems, I had been under contract, without my knowledge, to introduce him to the wonderful sight, in conjunction with the other "grand-papa"—(how insensibly we glide from the fresh beauties of early life, up and up—into the "sere and yellow" state of things more or less represented by the title "grand-papa," which, however much we may resent it, we are obliged to accept as a simple matter of fact. That "we all do fade as a leaf" would be very sad were it not for that uncontradictably authentic other fact that "there shall be a resurrection, both of the just and of the unjust," and that, if happily

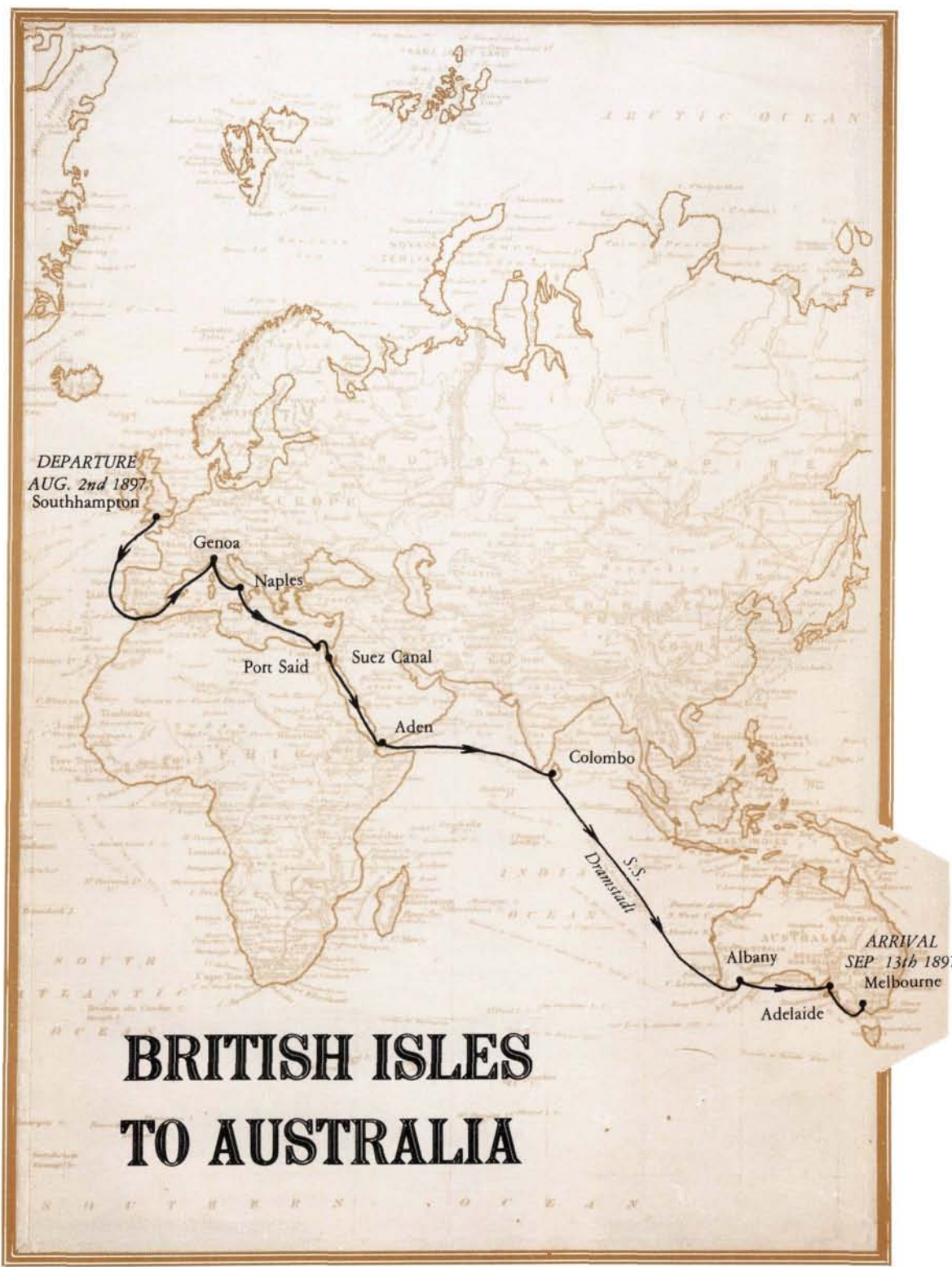


Bro. Roberts—His son Edward Augustus and Grandson, Douglas.

belonging to the former, we shall enter upon an everlasting youth, not marred but graced and ennobled by the fact that we shall, cordially with our father Abraham, be fathers, and truly "*grand*"-fathers to the happy people in the fear and love and service of God. (Oh, happy day! tarry not.)—Mr. Matthews, the husband of sister Matthews, a very Cornelius—let us hope in all points ultimately—came along with sister Matthews in a conveyance to Westminster Bridge, where we—(that is, the delightful Douglas, the other grandpapa and grandmamma, and the happy mother)—were to meet them by 'bus at a certain hour. We would have been there to the minute, as all people ought to be who make appointments: but a Colonial or other regiment, connected with the recent festivities, blocked the way, and compelled us to walk when we ought to have trotted. The day before, the King of Siam interfered with sister Roberts' punctuality in a similar way. For such causes, unpunctuality will be excused. For any other cause, under personal control, people ought not to excuse themselves. We duly reached the best collection of wild animals in the world, at Regent Gardens, and found pleasure in the indescribable pleasure with which the bright and beaming child beheld the strange and varied forms of life behind bars and cages. The elephants carried the palm for impressiveness; the monkeys for grotesqueness; the rhinoceros for terror; the hopping kangaroo for graceful and amusing agility; the crowned crane, for responsive and ostentatious display. Two hours quickly went without weariness. We then found it more difficult to get out than it had been to get in. On our return home, an hour late from this cause, the first thing after dinner was a proposal by the charming "Gugga" to "go see the elephant again"; but, needless to say, refusal to bring in the bill was carried by a large majority.

*Sunday, August 1st.*—Large meeting at the breaking of bread at Gresham Hall—brother Meakin presiding. Brother Arthur Jannaway, at the announcement interval, after pleasing reference to the work of the past 30 years in connection with our presence for the last time prior to departure for Australia on the morrow, asked prayers for journeying mercies on our behalf. Brother Meakin, in complying with the request, broke down. I was then called upon to

address the assembly. I said we were there to get away from ourselves—to rise above ourselves—to soar away into those realms of mental view that showed us present circumstances as a transient thing; and the past in its scriptural phases as an earnest reality, bearing promise of a future well worthy of all our anticipations and all our exertions. Having amplified these ideas, I said if all went well, I should see them again in 15 months or so. Leaving arrest of life out of the question, only one thing could prevent it, and that was the coming of the Lord. Return to England was not to be mentioned alongside of this. The Lord's coming would be as the advancing tide sweeping away all the sand castles of the children on the shore. He might come within the next twelve months, but there was no certainty. I hoped with all my heart he would, but I feared he might not, for the two reasons—1st, that the ending of the 1290 was not expressly associated with the Lord's return, but rather by implication with the reconstitution of Israelitish nationality in a germinal form; and secondly, that "waiting" was mentioned in connection with the efflux of the 1335. If the Lord came at the end of the 1290, there would be no occasion to speak of "waiting" in connection with a period expiring 45 years further on. The mention of waiting in that connection seemed to suggest that expectation would be active at the end of the 1290, but that the blessedness would be for those who were found waiting undiscouraged beyond that period, even at the end of the 1335. The matter was involved in a degree of uncertainty that shut us up to the attitude prescribed by the Lord when He said "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." This was probably intended, and in a spiritual sense, it involved no hardship. It placed us on a level with the first century believers, who had no signs of the times and no telegrams. This did not mean that our zeal was to be less. In true and healthy saintship, it could not be less. It did not rest on limited or sensational circumstances. Zeal that was acceptable to God rested on Himself, and not on any proximate evolution of His purpose. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself: on these two commandments hang all the law



DEPARTURE  
AUG. 2nd 1897  
Southhampton

Genoa

Naples

Port Said

Suez Canal

Aden

Colombo

S.S.  
*Dramstadt*

Albany

Adelaide

ARRIVAL  
SEP 13th 1897  
Melbourne

# BRITISH ISLES TO AUSTRALIA

and the prophets." Consequently, however uncertain it might be whether the Lord's coming was due at the end of 1290 or at the end of the 1335, or at any point between, the exhortation of Paul to the Corinthians had as much applicability to us as to them : "Be ye steadfast unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

In the evening, there was a large audience, to whom I lectured on "The Mystery of Jewish blindness and Gentile darkness as elements in the working out of the divine purpose upon the earth." After the lecture, there were many affectionate farewells.

*Monday, August 2nd.*—This was "the fateful day," as Edward Augustus called it. We got up early, after a night of not very sound sleep. By arrangement, a railway 'bus came at 8:30, and took us and our 20 packages to Waterloo Station. What a distracting struggle it is compared with what it might be with proper public arrangements. It is a current saying "They do these things better in France." It would be an excusable variation to say "They will do these things better in the kingdom of God." But people in their heathenism only stare. Given the power and the means, it will be seen how wide of the mark it is to describe the friends of God as "Duffers in everything but the truth"—another way, by the way of defining the character prescribed by Paul : "Wise concerning that which is good and simple concerning that which is evil" : and described by Christ, "Lambs in the midst of wolves." ("But what has that to do with the diary?" enquires our latent friend. We simply give him a look and pass on).—We arrived at Waterloo Station half-an-hour before the starting of the train and found a considerable knot of brethren and sisters assembled to see us off. The special train that was to take us to Southampton (80 miles off) was not up to the platform. At last it came, and then there was the usual rush and scramble. We were fortunate in securing a compartment all to ourselves—seven in number—five voyageurs and two companions going with us as far as Southampton. Having disposed of our numerous packages on the parcel rack or otherwise, we were settling down in comparative comfort when we had orders, "You must all turn out. You have got into the wrong

carriage : there is only one carriage for the *Darmstadt* passengers." This was peculiarly unacceptable. It was not only a manifest blunder of railway management (for there ought to have been an officer in attendance to show the waiting and ignorant passengers their way) : it was a cruel imitation of the tricky boys who tied strings to crumbs and offered the crumbs to the fowls, who eagerly gobbled them, of course, and then found pleasure in pulling up the crumbs from the gizzards of the unsuspecting creatures : worse than all, it had deprived us of the opportunity of selecting an advantageous seat in a proper carriage, and made it certain that with such company and such a formidable equipment of *impedimenta* we should not be able to get seats in one carriage, but should have to scatter one from another and sit gruesomely among unsympathetic strangers, with the possibility of losing track of some of our miscellaneous belongings in the topsy-turvy. What could we do but turn out with an "Oh, dear!" and endeavour to do the best we could in the distracting moment when the green flag is expected to wave. Whether our distress excited compassion, or some master stroke of strategy came to our aid, I know not : but we found ourselves—second class passengers with second class tickets—suddenly pushed into a first class carriage, and after a momentary struggle, better off than we were before. After hurried hearty farewells through the open window to 30 or 40 dear friends, the train moved off, and we were soon among the smiling fields and wooded hills of one of the pretty districts of England—"the garden of the world" for the time being. In a little over two hours and a-half we were at Southampton. When the train had come to a stand, our carriage was uncoupled and run down to the water's edge, almost alongside the tender—a small steam vessel taking in cargo and passengers for conveyance to the *Darmstadt*, at the mouth of the Southampton Water. This Southampton Water is not a river exactly, but a short inlet of the sea, over a mile wide and six or eight miles long. Southampton stands at the head of the inlet. Why the *Darmstadt* and other German vessels do not come up to Southampton instead of waiting at the mouth of the inlet for the tender to bring the passengers down to them we did not ascertain. We might have supposed it was the

uncertain depth of water for large steamers in the mutations of the tide if we had not seen several large steamers moored at the Southampton wharves. Probably it is to escape heavy dues and dock charges. At all events, we had to sail down Southampton Water to get to the *Darmstadt*. It was a pleasant and pretty sail in smooth water. To the left, the land was picturesquely wooded—various noticeable buildings showing among the trees. Netley Hospital was conspicuous on our left, about half-way down. This is a very imposing range of buildings, not far from the water's edge—an institution devoted to the training of officers for the naval service. The day was fine, and the aspect of things on land and water, under the bright glances of the sun, very cheering. The verdant shores spoke of plenty: the blue sky of peace: and the white sails here and there, of safety and joy. The only sombre element was the knowledge that in all this, there was more of appearance than reality, so far as the bulk of men are concerned. No: there was another sombre element: we were sad at parting from dear friends in Christ. When men love God, they love one another with an ardour unattainable in merely natural love. The sons of God are commanded to love even their enemies. How powerfully then do they love those who are truly begotten of Him, whose number is not legion among the sons of men. But the sadness at parting among such is devoid of the gloom that belongs to all other partings among men. Because they stand constantly related to a meeting that looms ahead, above and beyond all present vicissitudes. This is not the normal time with them, but the abnormal: "we have here no continuing city: we seek one to come." This is not sentimentality but fact—with the class I am speaking of. Of course, there is a class with whom it is not so—such as have a name to live and are dead, and therefore to whom all spiritual exercises are unnatural. Where the treasure is, a man's heart is. Jesus says so, and we know by experience it is true. Those who love the present world are at anchor here: and any allusions to the coming city with foundations, which God has prepared for those who love him, are liable to seem unreal and out of place. It cannot be otherwise. God has not given them ears to hear

nor a heart to understand to this day. We may commiserate such, but the children of God are not to be extinguished by them. Chilling unfaith prevails, and if reason—*(But our suppressed friend will be making himself heard if I continue like this: so I hasten on with the matters of fact that please him better)*.

Half way down the stream (but is an estuary a stream? A stream is a water that *streams*)—half way down, the *Darmstadt* and another steamer came into view, at anchor at the broad mouth of the inlet. (Behind them was the coast of the Isle of Wight, a few miles off—an interesting object to such of our company as had not before seen the Queen's private residence.) We did not know which of the steamers might be the *Darmstadt*. One had two funnels and the other one funnel. Judging by the two-funneled illustration on the business circulars of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, we considered ourselves justified in concluding in favour of the two-funneled boat: but our tender made for the smaller of the two (with one funnel). The picture on the circulars was no doubt the picture of the best steamer in the fleet: of course, who ever puts the worst sample in the window? Such a thing has been known, but it is not common in a world where the practice is in vogue that was complained of in Israel: "every man doth hunt his brother with a net." Two farewell telegrams were put into our hands before we left the tender—one from Birmingham, the other from Leeds (afterwards another from Ormskirk was delivered on board the *Darmstadt*)—a pleasant and grateful reminiscence of true friends we were leaving behind. As we drew near, the band on board the *Darmstadt* struck up: a pretty ceremony which would be prettier if the state of things behind it was pretty. *(Now, don't be exasperating.)* We were soon moored alongside, and the gangway being quickly got into position, the passengers and their friends lost no time in getting out of the tender into the *Darmstadt*, dragging parcels after them (like the ants on march), because of a demoralising system that makes every man desperately feel that he must look after himself if he does not want to be left in the lurch. Quarter of an hour was consumed in transferring heavy baggage. Then the signal for "all going ashore" to

get into the tender was given, and in another minute, after three cheers, the tender and the *Darmstadt* steamed ahead simultaneously, and presently parted company—the tender turning round to return—leaving us to gaze from the poop deck of the *Darmstadt* at the departing forms of dearly loved ones whom we might never again see in the flesh (though the chances on this point were all in my favour). The tender was soon lost to view, and we were rapidly steaming down the Solent, past the Isle of Wight, westwards towards the Atlantic. Sunshine, sea-breeze, blue sky, and smooth sea combined to impart pleasure.

We were now at liberty to consider our ship. She was not so large as we expected: still she was large enough to be comfortable. Our accommodation was clean and fairly ample. The girls (two daughters and sister-maid) had a four-berthed state room on the starboard side of the vessel, near the stern, with a porthole window that gave them plenty of light, and allowed them an easy sight of the ocean. The two old birds had a shady roost not far from them, in a darkish passage. It did not matter for us. We were accustomed to “put up with” things. Besides, there was not much to put up with, compared with the crowded bins and bunks of a sailing vessel. The electric light could be turned on at a moment’s notice: the cabin was lofty if not very capacious: and the walls were lightened by a free coating of bright enamelled white paint, which almost seemed to have a tile glaze.

Shortly after we were seated on deck, the captain saluted us, and ascertaining our names, asked me, with a beaming weather-beaten face, if I wanted to black boots. I had written a week in advance to say that if the discipline of the vessel admitted of it, I should be glad, for the sake of exercise, to help the scullery boy to polish the boots. The captain seemed to think it an extraordinary joke, and stood there shaking his sides. My daughter Sarah Jane asked him if he would allow. He retired laughing, shaking his head.

The company on board was not a large one—which was an element of comfort. They were largely English-speaking Germans, which was another element of comfort—a problematical saying, which may become intelligible on reflection. You can get on with less ceremony when people

around you cannot readily understand you, and when they are as simple as Germans are, compared with the English. The Germans have not yet acquired the imperial hauteur which renders the middle-class English so obnoxious abroad. There was a sufficient number of English aboard to give us a taste of the national quality, but not in the oppressive form.

We were presently rung into dinner (or “lunch” as they called it: for dinner is the last meal of the day, at six o’clock: and it was now but 1.30). We found the saloon a small one, compared with that of the *Oruba*, containing sitting accommodation for 50 only: but in some respects it was more snug. We were highly favoured in the matter of the allotment of seats (an important item in a voyage during which you have to sit down 120 times at least). Having had some experience on the point, I wrote to the captain before his vessel left Bremen, requesting the allotment of certain seats marked on a plan of the vessel which I enclosed. When we got into the saloon, I found our request had been granted to the letter. Sister Roberts sat at the end of a corner table, on the starboard side of the vessel—I and Amy to her right, and Eusebia and Sarah Jane to her left. Being together thus, added unspeakably to the comfort of the voyage. It was a different affair for me altogether from those owl-in-the-desert experiences which marred previous voyages. The meals on this occasion were far from being an ordeal. I was built round with a wall of reason and love—which made the voyage a source of health and cheer.

Our table was not a large one, still it gave sufficient scope for variety in the type of our immediate neighbours. One of them challenged instant attention in more than one disagreeable way. A red, though not uncomely face, showed that a portly person was not due wholly to nature’s bounty. A bald head and long black beard, and strong eyes, lent to his plethoric corporation a marked individuality which would have delighted a sketcher’s pencil. He was positively phenomenal in his over-blown dimensions, but the dimensions were of the bulbous John Barleycorn rather than the muscular Hercules order. He was an Australian, returning home from Jubilee festivities: but I should say he was not a native, but more likely a reformed English scapegrace,

who had been banished by his family long ago. However that may be, he soon extinguished any interest his behemoth aspect might have excited by his beer-barrel loquacity. When he had squeezed himself with stertorous breathing behind the table, he tried to excite laughter by ironical condemnations of alcoholic liquor, of which he imbibed freely from a bottle before him. Drink, he said, was a great curse, and he meant to put it down—whereupon he emptied a glass down his capacious gullet. Then he wished the entire company the best of voyages, one and all, and would drink to their health. He went on with his fatherly benedictions in a very unctuous and loud-voiced style, which the whole company silently resented. Water he declared to be poison, and advised nobody to drink it. Finding no response to his silly twaddle, he soon waddled out, and was afterwards found by one of my daughters in the shape of a pair of slippers sticking out horizontally from under a tarpaulin or some such cover. It struck her as so comical that she hastened for paper and pencil to make a sketch. But on her return, something had brought on a change of posture—Some ask, "Why will people make beasts of themselves?" Many do this. There are various ways of doing it. None seems more effectual than this, "aye, dram, drammin'"—either out of the beer barrel or wine-bottle, or whisky flask—or over the shining counter of some Wheat Sheaf. The world is destroyed by many things, and by none so terribly as by drink.

It is not quite a mystery when all things are considered. From various causes, most people are liable to depression, and this depression causes the sense of misery that makes people ask if life is worth living. The chief cause is the mental vapidness that comes from lack of the truth, and the powerful incitements it imparts. Alcoholic stimulus, by increasing the action of the heart, quenches this depression for the time, and makes the unhappy victim forget his misery. When his wine has gone out of him, he is liable to feel like Nabal, with his heart of stone. So he must have some more, and he gets into heaven again. But the effect lasts only as long as the liquor is in the blood. Down he goes again, and up he must pull himself with the fiery stuff, till his life becomes a prolonged chronic "bout."

He is more or less drunk all the time: but he is happy in his drunkenness, and he doesn't care, for nothing blunts his feelings to the views of others like drink. It is a melancholy spectacle to see a man under the power of drink. Human nature at its best is a poor affair: still, it has noble possibilities, but as a slave of the bottle, it sinks below the level of all such possibilities, and becomes the odious thing that the Spirit of God has pronounced unfit for the Kingdom of God. The servants of the truth are commanded to addict themselves to everything beautiful and good, and to abstain from, and even abhor, everything that is evil. It is a poor symptom of a man's state if he cannot see evil in the debasing habits fostered by the public-house and the dram shop. I for one refuse to be compromised by men professing the truth, whoever they are, who would apologise for, still more countenance and participate in, the fuddling muddling habits of the English population. They are sunk in uncleanness in many ways already: when they steep in the beer-vat besides, they are unfit for the society of those who seek in much painful endeavour to "cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit—perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."

Our friend of the beer-barrel was tabooed during the voyage, as all similar man-debasers ought to be everywhere.

There was no other quite so offensive among the passengers. There was a bank manager in the Indian Civil Service, returning to Ceylon, full of pleasing conceits of an innocent sort: a tall young evolution and socialist enthusiast from Sydney, who agreed with that comfortably placed arch-pleaser of men, Farrar, that the world would be better without the writings of Moses. Then there was a middle-aged medical man also from Sydney, with that ineffable pity for Bible believers which is the distressing characteristic of modern culture in general. Chilling and killing is the atmosphere around everywhere, on land and sea. Yet, were it otherwise, there would be something apparently wrong; for is it not written that just hereabouts in history, the world would be, in relation to divine things, "as it was in the days of Noah"? So that the very discomfort of universal unbelief brings its own corrective.



## 4. FROM THE BAY OF BISCAY TO NAPLES

AUGUST 3RD TO AUGUST 11TH, 1897

**T**UESDAY, August 3rd. — Passing through the Bay of Biscay: perfect weather: cloudless sky: bright sunshine, without too much heat: smooth sea. No land in sight. Out on the boundless ocean. Our little maid who had never seen the sea is struck with its immensity. After breakfast, we had our reading in a corner of the saloon table when the things were cleared away. It was a delightful exercise. It always is so, but some times more than others. What a feeding and calming and strengthening and comforting of the mind it is to listen to God's voice, direct, without the intervention of any human colouring whatever. How empty we become without it. At first sight, it might seem as if it could not matter much whether we were acquainted or not with the history of things recorded in the Bible. The actual fact is different from the plausible thought. The present hour is redeemed from its pettiness and weary emptiness, by the mental view of all that is involved in the story of God's doings with Israel. Out of it springs a strong principle of present action—a basis of present communion with the Eternal—and a constant prospect on the forward horizon that exhilarates the spirit with the expectation of unspeakable good to come. No other line of book-reading has these elements in it. History has no urgent interest for those who look upon it as a broken cable, dropped in the fathomless ocean of the past. Science is interesting to intellectual curiosity: but there comes a moment when the spirit is overwhelmed with the fundamental mystery of things, and the apparent objectlessness of individual life. Literature is after all but the written impressions and musings of mortal brains like your own—yielding no rock to stand on. God alone—in His authentic dealings with Israel, by Moses, the prophets, Jesus, and the apostles—gives the perfect satisfaction that comes from the blending of all mental function. All history — all knowledge — all personal desire — all concern for righteousness — all longing for the true, the good, the immortal, the perfect—has its place in the knowledge of God that comes from daily intimacy with the written record

of His deeds and thoughts. The 119th Psalm does not praise the written testimonies too strongly. Tongue cannot tell the sweetness and the peace that are in them. Yet people feed on the literary husks of the hour, and wither into ignoble *ennui*, that ends at last in death of all kinds. (But I find I am indulging in the line that is distasteful to my elbow critic.)

Our meals are rather frequent: breakfast at 8: lunch (a substantial meal), 12: tea at 3: dinner, 6: and snacks, if you like, before going to bed. I suppose voyagers at sea would grow weary if it were not so. They get weary enough as it is. I wish we could have three simple meals instead of four elaborate ones: some people find two enough, if they are suitable. I think that would do for me very well. But we are obliged to conform when we are one of a company. On the whole, it might be worse. It was worse on board the *Miowera*, and it was not better on the *Oruba* — though by the standard current among the people who "fare sumptuously every day," the *cuisine* of both vessels would have been pronounced "excellent." The German table has more of the simplicities of domestic life, which are more contributive to true gastric well-being. The high-class *menus* minister to pride but not to comfort. The German stewards, too, are simpler than their English *confreeres*—simpler in the good sense: for there is a simplicity that belongs to the highest standard of human conduct—the divine—as when Jesus said "Learn of me: I am meek and lowly of heart." The English steward takes on some of the contemptuous *hauteur* of his superiors. A man should be courteous, whatever else he is—courteous without being patronising: modest without being inane: kind without being cringing. The right mixture we shall not see general till the law goes forth from Zion—first, with startling vigour, and then with the gentleness of rain on the mown grass.

We found it somewhat of a practical inconvenience that the stewards could not speak English and we could not speak German. There was a certain compensation in the amusement arising from incomplete efforts at intelligibility, and in

the necessary resort to those primitive signals that are intelligible to all races of mankind. We picked up a few fragments of German, and at last got on fairly well. In the abstract, it does seem singular that men of different countries, exactly resembling each other in all their instincts, capacities and necessities, should differ so radically in that one faculty which distinguishes them from the brute creation, and which constitutes their principal link with one another. There is a reason for it, which the Bible and the Bible alone furnishes: and there is a prospect of an end to this relic of barbarism which the Bible and the Bible alone holds out. The Kingdom of God to come, which is the solution of so many—(*But here I have a rude reminder*).

In the evening, I did some writing in the saloon under rather difficult circumstances. Our saloon looks out at its fore end on the hatch deck lying between the second and third class saloons. On this deck, the steerage passengers spend most of their time, which they beguile in various games and musical performances, vocal and instrumental. They have among them several of the Colonial troops who took part in the Jubilee celebrations. A grateful country had provided them a free second class return passage: but they are not at home among the fairly civilised occupants of the saloon, and have chosen to rough it among the steerage passengers, among whom they are an added element of spice. They are a dare-devil set of fellows, full of good-humoured larks. They have got up a sort of drum-and-fife band, with the addition of a concertina and tambourine. To the music of these, they go through all kinds of antics—including a mock procession, which is greeted, of course, with shouts of laughter. As I said, our saloon windows overlook this scene, and as they are open for ventilation, the sounds come through without much loss. It sounds like a fair. I struggle along with the pen against the distraction, when presently, a dulcimer, which has been sweetly pounding away all day at "God save the Queen" and "Home sweet home," strikes up a continuation of these melodies, which are not sickening when performed in moderation. Then a gentleman comes and sits down at the piano at my left elbow, and thumps out a something that does not in

the circumstances suggest any ideas. The sensation produced by this combination of sounds, in connection with the underground vibration of the engines, as they force the great vessel through the waters, is as if a fair and an earthquake were going on together. Still, I persevere, when suddenly, with a deafening crash, the ship's brass band strikes up right over head, on the roof of the saloon (that is, on our promenade deck when you go upstairs out of the saloon). This is a quencher. I surrender and go upstairs, and have a soothing walk under the stars.

*Wednesday, August 4th.* — Considerable swell on the water during the night, from the incoming roll of the Atlantic. The vessel rolled and still rolls considerably. Two of our company are victims of *mal de mere* (literally, bad of sea: which being rendered in idiomatic English, means sea-sick—an explanation superfluous for the bulk of readers, but possibly useful to one or two in corners, and not harmful to any). The Spanish coast is in sight on our left: always an interesting sight to those who have never seen any sort but English. The passengers are becoming acquainted with one another. The medical gentleman wants to know of Eusebia if her father is a clergyman! No indeed, noth she: but she could not give a description answering to any known classification. He had heard of the Christadelphians in a far-off sort of way, seeming to regard them as a species of differentiated jumpers, or other rhapsodical obscurants. He understood the words "magazine" and "editor." He considered, from her father's forbidding aspect, that he was a devotee of some sort of misanthropic unsocialism. He little recked the truth, and it would have required a miracle to enlighten him. The dictum of Christ remains unchanged: "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." A portly, full-grown, heady doctor, with no knowledge of the Scriptures, but an intellectual cramming with the technicalities and speculative doctrines of Science, can scarcely on any principle be included among "the babes" of Christ's discourse. Whether or no, he regarded the things that were precious to Christ as beneath his serious notice—as so many others do. The friends of Christ cannot choose to deny Christ in any measure

for the sake of conciliating a class that the upshot of things will show to be mere bags of wind. "The Lord of Hosts hath purposed to stain the pride of all glory and to bring into contempt all the honourable of the earth." "Ye see your calling, brethren, that not many wise men after the flesh, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the might"—(*My elbow mentor*: Now then!)

Our young evolution enthusiast from Sydney—(by the way, it is better to see a young man an enthusiast about anything in the intellectual line, if it is only the varieties of *lepidoptera* than growing up a vapid votary of sport)—said young gentleman showing clear eye and earnest conviction to the extent of his light, sufficiently engaged the interest of some members of our company as to lead them to show him and ask him to read *Nazareth Revisited*. He promised to do so in a manner that seemed to indicate sincere purpose. He afterwards did so in a measure that seemed to indicate an altered attitude. It transpired that he was acquainted with brother Killop, of Sydney. He mentioned him as the only Christadelphian he knew, and said he admired his character so much that he should be glad to know the principles that guided him. The Indian banker turned out to be a Scotchman from Edinburgh, who was acquainted with some of our relations in that city. He had some impressions of things in harmony with the truth, but wanted to know more. He had much conversation with the daughters, and expressed a strong desire that someone on board would tackle their father. All have looked askance as yet, but are very brave in the smoke-room (ha, ha!)—which I do not frequent.

*Thursday, August 5th.*—Day fine, but swell on the water still considerable. Towards mid-day, passed Cape St. Vincent, and veering eastwards towards the entrance of the Mediterranean, the sea became smoother, to the happy relief of our two sea-sick ones. Also, the air became balmier. The band performs on deck at intervals: the steerage passengers drowse during the day, and become chirpy like crickets towards evening, when the whole ship seems to burst into the discordant musical sounds of a fair.

*Friday, August 6th.*—Our passengers had been looking forward to see Gibraltar, at which the *Darmstadt* does not call, but sails sufficiently near to admit of a good view. But on getting up this morning we were informed that we had passed "at two o'clock to-night"—that is, during the night. We were now in the Mediterranean, with the mountainous coast of Spain dimly visible on the left horizon, and the coast of North Africa still more dim on the right. The day is glorious: heaven unclouded, air balmy, sea smooth: the vessel without perceptible motion, except the throb-throb of the engines, which are pulling us rapidly through the water—so rapidly, that we are nearly a day ahead of our time. In the afternoon, several Mediterranean whales became visible on our right bow, both in the white water sprays they sent up from the blue surface of the sea, and the black glance of their fat-looking bodies. They are a small species compared with the Arctic monsters. There was much reading and pleasant intercourse on deck in the intervals of meals, and, on my part, considerable contribution to this record in the saloon.

*Saturday, August 7th.*—It began to be hot yesterday. To-day it is hotter. The sky is not absolutely cloudless, but it is very bright. The sun blazes from the midst of the blue. There is scarcely any wind: the water is like a mill pond in its smoothness, and nearly so in its flatness. Our clothes become oppressive. Sweat sits on the brow all the time, labour or not. We could not do with blankets last night. Everybody is cheerful, and voices are merry in all directions. We are passing the Balearic Isles on our right, as we head towards Genoa in a north-easterly direction. It was one of these islands, if I recollect rightly, that the British Admiral Byng abandoned to the French at the close of last century, and got shot for it.

*Sunday, August 8th.*—Perfect day: sky serene, sea smooth. Occasional peeps of distant horizon on the left (south coast of Spain) and right (the Balearic Isles). It is Sunday, but there is no "service." The only difference appears to be that all the passengers bury themselves in novels instead of stirring about as on other days. There was one difference, but it was not known on board. The company of the Lord's pilgrims—(five in number)—retired to one of their

sleeping cabins with bread and wine, and called the Lord to remembrance in the way he has appointed. It is revealed that the Lord is pleased with the keeping of his commandments. We were therefore justified in thinking that as his penetrating eyes beheld the *Darmstadt*, he would find pleasure in our talking one to another of him, and his wise and wonderful ways, rather than in the people who were steeping their senses on the mental opiates supplied by novel-writers *alias* dream-weavers. Sister Roberts and daughters had talks with the Madras banker on the claims of the Bible. They managed very well to keep him to "the point." When they proposed to bring me to hear, he held up his hands in agony, with a remark to the effect that he was badly enough placed with the ladies of the party: what should he do with, &c? However, he has promised to read (and Eusebia has given him) *Christendom Astray*. In the afternoon we passed within perhaps ten miles of Nice, Mentone, and San Remo, on the south coast of France. The places were quite visible, but of no particular interest except for their beauty and notoriety. Their associations are purely "of the earth, earthy," and of those in the most diabolic form, and therefore strike a discordant note in every breast where God reigns. As we neared Genoa, which the reader will perceive by the map of Europe lies at the extreme north of the Italian seaboard on the west side, the sky became overcast with cloud—great masses of which lay on the range of high hills in the background—probably the result of the alpine chill condensing the vapour produced by the heat of the sun on the water of the Mediterranean. Genoa is the principal sea-port of the Italian Kingdom. It has had a troubled history, reaching far back into feudal times and beyond. It bears its history on its architecture—high, many-flatted houses, crowded together, with only dark and narrow alleys between, except where a leading thoroughfare here and there breaks into the crowded mass. Seen from the sea, the place had the aspect of "a pasteboard city," as Sarah Jane remarked. After dinner, when the ship had come to anchor in the harbour, we went ashore in one of the boats dancing attendance on the arriving boats, and had a walk through the principal street nearest the sea—skirting the harbour. It was lit with

electricity and supplied with horse-trams which were running every five minutes or so. It was Sunday, and the population were out in their best, as in British cities, but they had a very different aspect from British people—small, lithe, sallow, large-eyed, and bareheaded. The street was thickly occupied with restaurants and drinking saloons—mere dens many of them, where the people lounged in the enervating atmosphere of tobacco and other articles never intended by divine wisdom for the use of elohistic man.—(Elohistic, alas! "Was and is not—yet is.") As rain was threatening (but did not come), we cut short our street promenade, and returned to the vessel. The night we spent on board was full of the few miseries sometimes encountered in a voyage at sea. The air was hot and stifling: the harbour redolent of odours not to be described as odoriferous: the donkey engine was busy unloading cargo (what a rattle that means, those know who have slept on a vessel unloading at night): many voices were audible—some riotous and hilarious: sleep, difficult amid such accompaniments, was rendered still more so by the difficulty of sleeping in blankets with such a high thermometer, or sleeping without them with the oozing moistures and perspirations. To make matters worse, we could not have a bath when the horrors of the night were over, because of the foulness of the harbour water.

*Monday, August 9th.*—Just a week since we sailed from Southampton. We find letters waiting, with pleasant echoes from home. We should have liked to answer them, but could not.—(Accept thanks and love, dear brother and sister Cook). After breakfast and a little writing, we went ashore to have a proper look at Genoa. The day was very hot, and we gladly availed ourselves of the offer of a carriage to have a drive round. We had no idea Genoa was such a lovely place. As we ascended the rising ground on which the town is built in the form of a crescent fronting the sea southwards, we found the streets improve in quality till they grew quite light and airy of aspect. The houses are built of lightly tinted stone—creamy and light green, with occasional faint pinks, and a highly ornate style of architecture. One or two streets were wholly occupied with palaces.

The palaces did not stand off the street like English palaces, but fronted flush with the street like ordinary houses—only with more stately fronts. Peeping through the main entrance, you could see trim garden enclosures in ample courts behind. The grandeur inside instead of outside: English palaces seem arranged for public view, while these are for private comfort. A combination of both would be the best. This we shall see by-and-bye (*“Now!”*).—We passed through one or two squares that were like “fairyl-land,” as the saying is. In one of them, behind elegant gardens and statues, there was a background of high cliff, over which a large cascade was falling with white gleam in the sun. The water was supplied, as we were informed, from an ancient Roman aqueduct. When we reached the top of the rise on which the back part of Genoa is built, a fine view of hills and ravines opened to our sight in the valley behind. We descended for perhaps a mile, and then came to the cemetery—the most beautiful cemetery I ever saw. I had no idea there was such a place on the face of the earth. It was in an ideal situation for seclusion—nestling behind the town at the foot of a number of wood-clad hills, which seem to completely surround it. But its chief beauty is inside: the lofty colonnade for family graves surrounding it on all sides. This is divided into two corridors, or cloisters, running side by side: the first, or outer cloister, is for what we may call second-class graves, and the inner cloister, with open archways to the interior of the cemetery, for the wealthy. The first cloister is somewhat dark from having no opening in the walls, but still looks beautiful in its stately gloom in distant perspective. Both walls are lined from floor to ceiling with graves. These graves are not excavations in the ground like English graves, but more like a series of closed shelves, fronted by ornamental mementoes of the dead—inscriptions, portraits, wreaths, lamps, &c. The cloister appears to be flagged with graves as well. But it is the inner cloister that strikes the visitor with a sense of extreme beauty. Only one side of this cloister is used for graves. The other side is open to the daylight through a series of archways running as high as the roof. The side that is used for graves does not at all resemble the walls

of the first cloister. There are no shelves, but the wall is divided into a series of niches or alcoves, in which life-size statuary memorialise the dead. The statuary is in white marble, and mostly consists of groups. These groups are of endless variety in subject and design, and all executed with the most life-like resemblance to nature. There is no uniformity, no repetitions, nothing stereotyped, so far as we could notice: each group was original, and as a whole, they embraced every variety of death-subject. In one, the physician was feeling the pulse of his very evidently death-stricken patient: in another, a husband was leaning broken-hearted against the door of his wife’s grave: in another, an angel was taking the husband, and the family were following with gestures of agonised entreaty, and the angel beckoning them off: in another, an agonised mother was on her knees, and her son standing sympathetically by—and so on through what seemed an endless series of representations through a long vista of beautiful corridors. The cemetery inside the beautiful quadrangle formed by the corridors seemed reserved for the common people, whose graves thickly dotted the ground everywhere—a little in the English style, but not quite—the slabs not so substantial, and the setting of the graves not so regular. Another un-English feature was the use of lamps everywhere—in some cases lit: wreaths also were artificial and durable. The centre of the north, or what we might call the back wall of the cemetery, rose into a stately structure, crowned with a dome, and fronted by Greek columns and frieze, the whole standing at the top of a broad flight of stairs which ascended from a broad central avenue communicating with the entrance. The whole affair was grand: but we could not conceal from ourselves the sorrowful facts behind it (*and here I must sternly insist on my cynical mentor holding his foolish tongue*): 1, that it was the offspring of superstition: and 2, that it was but the garnishing of the sad fact symbolised by the skull and cross-bones: that with all his wondrous capacities and glories, man is but the child of corruption and the heir of death. The spectacle of so much artistic beauty in association with so much of human sorrow, impresses the imagination: but Reason insists on taking the thing to

pieces. What is it all, but so much stone shifted from the quarries, and hammered by grimy human fingers, and placed in position? And what were all the people whose memories are thus vainly sought to be rescued from oblivion by tricks of human art? Even such as we find the mass of human beings in the land of the living—trivial, insipid, uninteresting, benighted, selfish, carnal—and who, where they have attained a degree of culture and intellectual craving, say unto God, "Depart from us: we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." The fact remains, after all the glossing and the forgetting, that death reigns, and that men are, as Carlyle expresses it, "mostly fools"—a dictum which the Scriptures allege with no less energy of speech: *e.g.*, "Madness is in their hearts while they live, and after that they go to the dead." There is but one proper counterpart to this fact, namely, that God has spoken with the intention of mending it all: and that His speech is in the Bible; and that this only is "the good part that shall not be taken away," as Jesus declared.

(*Disregarding our snubbed friend, who will get worse than a snubbing by-and-bye if he repent not*) we return to the ship and find her unimproved as a place of habitation after being exposed in a stuffy harbour to the baking heat of an Italian sun for some hours, and more or less infected with coal-dust from the process of getting in coals. However, as "the light affliction" was "but for a moment," we could endure till the passing of the night brought another morning.

'*Tuesday, August 10th.*—In bright sunshine and on a smooth sea, we steamed out of Genoa harbour at 10 a.m., and were soon skirting the west coast of Italy on our way southward on the calm blue sea to Naples, which we would reach in 27 hours. The land was more or less visible at a distance all the way. In several hours, we passed Caprera, Garibaldi's island, on the left, and then the island of Elba, on the same side, and, at the same time, Corsica, on our right. It would have been a pleasant entertainment to pass written questions round the company for written answers, to this effect: "What great man of modern times was born in Corsica? and who was banished to Elba, and what for? and what event resulted from

his escape to the continent: and please describe what change was produced in the state of the world generally by his career?" It is very certain that the answers would have been very meagre, and a good few absolutely blank. I found the best educated of the company very dim on the question of the French Revolution, though it happened only a hundred years ago. The latest novel, the last opera, the most recent speculation of chameleon science—form about the extent of the intellectual horizon of the moderns where they have any horizon at all. Most commonly they have no horizon, but are built in by the back yard of their own very small affairs. This, of course, is not altogether their blame. It is the inevitable result of the system of things under which they live. No reform of the radical nature needed is possible until God fulfil His promise, and "destroy the strength of the kingdoms of the heathen," and set His own appointed King on Zion with such irresistible power that "the isles shall wait for his law."—It would be a nice thing—and nothing more than reason calls for—if there were an officer on board these ocean steam vessels whose sole business it should be to deliver lectures to the passengers on the various points of interest passed in the course of the voyage; and also to make himself familiar passengers' friend, singling out, in particular, for personal attention and conversation the solitary souls who have no friends and make no acquaintances. This would be scouted as a piece of Utopian idealism in an age which is impelled by a brutal competition into cheeseparing thrifts. But it comes within the conception of true civilization. And it would be distinctly within the promise that God will "give pastors according to his own heart that will feed the people with wisdom and knowledge." Sister Roberts and daughters have been fighting the banker and the evolutionist, who, we find, is a music professor. In the evening, while I was writing in the saloon, Eusebia came down from the upper deck, and said, "Oh, pa, I do wish you would come upstairs: Ma and Mr. Fraser are at it, hammer and tongues, about the resurrection of Christ." I was writing a letter that had to be posted next morning at Naples, so I could not break off: but I said I would hurry up and

come. I did so, but when I got on deck, the episode had passed.

*Wednesday, August 11th.*—Serene weather continues. This morning; we passed several beautiful islands as we drew near to Naples. They looked like “the isles of the blest” on the ocean of everlasting peace: but alas, had we landed, we should have found them no exception to the testimony of Solomon, that “the misery of man is great upon him.” All ideal views of the state of man are fantasies, except those prospectively involved in “great and precious promises” written in the Bible and nowhere else. We steamed into Naples harbour, or rather behind the breakwater (for there is not much of a harbour) about 12.30, to the strains of the ship band, which struck up, as we drew near, according to the general German practice (What for no?—Scotchmen will understand). This musical indulgence will become common, with every other good thing, in the day of the promised blessing. Life is altogether too grim an affair as now conducted. It requires much more than music to end the grimness, of course. Nevertheless, music has an important place and will get it. But the music of the age to come will not be the inane “toot-toots” of operatic origin—invented to stimulate the *blasé* faculties of voluptuaries or gratify the senses of mere worshippers of the imagination. It will be “the music of the spheres” truly—such as was heard on Bethlehem’s plains when Christ was born—dulcet but vigorous, ravishing but noble and grand with the grandeur that can only come with the worship of the Eternal in sincerity, gravity, mercy and truth. (*My mentor shows inclination to draw near, but I beckon him off.*) Lunch being served, we go ashore. Sister Roberts and daughters were very anxious to see Pompeii (some 13 or 15 miles distant by rail), and I had hoped there would be time to take them: but as the vessel would resume her voyage in eight hours, there would only be time to get to Pompeii and back, without inspecting the ruins: so we gave it up, and had to content ourselves with an inspection of the antiquities from Pompeii stored in the Naples Museum. Even this we had to do at a scamper, for it was about a quarter to three when we got there, and the place closed at three. The streets were full of interest for sister

Roberts and the girls, not so much on account of the high and strange-looking buildings and shops, as on account of the busy, short-statured, withered-looking population hurrying about in all directions. A painful feature among them was the number of beggars and priests. The aspect of the whole population was sordid, base, villainous. What else could be expected after centuries of Papal rule? What more demoralising than the doctrine that men can purge their sins by paying the priests once a week? England is bad enough: if the very seat of the beast is unutterably vile, it is no marvel. The vileness seems to infect everything, except shapes and sounds. Art and music throw a veil over the grosser features of diabolism. The restaurants look like dens. We went into one of them for a cup of tea, as the weaker members of the company were in danger of fainting by the way. For one cup of tea and one piece of bread and butter we were charged 1s. each. We could have reconciled ourselves to the extortion if the articles supplied had in the least deserved their name. But the tea was exactly like a cup of the senna tea we used to get in Scotland when our mothers wanted to doctor us without the doctor; the butter was like rancid tallow, and the bread almost as if it had been made of chalk mixed with starch. (I suppose there would be better places, but we did not chance on them.) After escaping from the restaurant we followed Eusebia’s leadership to see the arcade, certainly the most beautiful edifice, of the kind I ever saw—lofty and ornate, as British buildings are not—suggesting even what the glorious temple of the happy coming age will be; but oh, the human part of it!—(and what are buildings apart from people?) “Wherein dwelleth righteousness,” is the best part of the promise of the new heavens and new earth. Even huts and hovels would be tolerable if all men knew and served God and loved their neighbours: but how glorious when righteous people will inhabit noble dwellings?—(*Now, you undivine gentleman, peeping over the rails, be gone!*) On the way back to the steamer, we passed loathsome forms, prostrate on the foot-pavement, besides the more numerous loathsomes walking. Pushing our way through sere and reckless-looking crowds,

wearied in the oppressive heat and the merciless man-hunting bustle proceeding on all sides, we were glad to get on board the comparative quiet of our vessel—though it wasn't very quiet just yet. All sorts of importunists seemed to have got on board in the universal quest for coin. Poor creatures! They say—not there in English—“We maun (must) live.” Carlyle used to say “I don't see it.” Carlyle was more right than many people would care to admit. When the flood came, God did not recognise the “maun live” maxim as applied to sinners. He never does, “though he bear long with them.” “Maun” (must) becomes “must not” with Him at last. It is shortly about to become so on a very large scale. Vast multitudes, sophisticated by the glammers of the day, will be surprised to find what little value God puts on human life when it is divorced from the purpose for

which He invented it. Piles of corpses throughout the wide world, as in the day of judgment on Jerusalem, will confute nearly for ever the favourite popular fallacy that human beings “maun live” whether they honour God or no. (*Our exasperated friend can scarcely stand it longer, but I must cease to take him into account. Truth is true, however invisible it may be to blind eyes, and must not be concealed because it happens to be offensive to the devil.*) At supper table on board, I had my first encounter with the two friends sister Roberts and daughters have been preparing. They had laid the train and now tried to light the fuse, but with only partial success. The enemy, taking the alarm at the first detonation, fled the field—a parable which every one must interpret according to such dim light as the context may afford.



## 5. FROM NAPLES TO THE GULF OF SUEZ

AUGUST 12TH TO AUGUST 16TH, 1897.

**T**HURSDAY, August 12th.—We lifted anchor last night at 9 o'clock. A calm and tranquil sea lay before us in the moonlight. A quiet night and good night's rest waited us, and recovered us from the fatigues of Naples. When we came on deck in the glorious sunshine at 7.30, the Italian coast lay dimly in the shimmering brightness on our left, and the volcano island of Stromboli on our right. Stromboli is a magnificent sight. It consists of a lofty "burning mountain," standing right up out of the sea. Other volcanoes have country round them, but this has no land-margin of any kind—not even a beach, so far as we could make out. And it is always in a state of eruption. At night, it is said the red lava can be seen descending in a stream on one side. All we could see was the constant emission of steam-like clouds which lay in masses on its summit, and rose a great distance into the blue sky. Stromboli-in-the-sea stands between Vesuvius on the Italian peninsula and Etna on the island of Sicily. The constant activity of Stromboli probably saves Vesuvius and Etna from much serious eruption, as all three appear to be chimneys of one fiery subterranean. In an hour or two after leaving Stromboli, we entered the Straits of Messina—the comparatively narrow strip of sea which divides Sicily from the Italian mainland. On our right, was the bright-looking town of Messina, nestling at the foot of high hills behind—said to have been first founded by the Greeks, as a colony, 3,000 years ago. On the opposite shore was Reggio, the modern remains of the Rhegium, at which the vessel named Castor and Pollux, containing Paul, touched on his way from Malta to Rome, after shipwreck (see Acts xxviii 11-13). Our whole course, from Naples to this point, lay on the very waters traversed by Paul's vessel, from Rhegium to Puteoli: for Puteoli lay a little to the north of Naples, on the same coast. It was interesting to realize that we here looked on the very waters and sea-coast on which Paul's eyes rested over 1,800 years ago. Pompeii at that time was a flourishing Italian city. It was overwhelmed a few years afterwards; and the articles we looked on in the Naples Museum

were in actual use at that time. But we could not interest our fellow-passengers in these things. The furthest that the most intellectual of them could go was the association of the Straits of Messina with the Greek and Roman fable of Scylla and Charybdis—of no practical consequence to a living mortal. We said to ourselves, if we were asked why Paul's identification with the neighbourhood should be such a source of interest to us, we thought we could tell. It was not anything there was in Paul as a human being, but what there was in the business that brought him into these waters. It was Paul's master that made us interested in Paul; and we thought we could tell a few things on this head that would both be of the highest interest and of the utmost importance. But we were in the midst of the deaf and the blind, and so had to keep our thoughts to ourselves, in the comforting reflection that it will not be always so. [God's purpose has been declared ("To me every knee shall bow and every tongue confess"), and in this we glory, notwithstanding the frowns of our would-be tutors, who are great on the rubbish in yellow covers which they buy at the railway stalls or get out of the lending library: there sits one of them, yonder, asleep over his novel.] Turning out of the straits to the left, and leaving the stately range of Sicilian mountains that level up to Etna on our right, we skirt the southern coast of Italy (the sole of the boot), and in a few hours are away eastwards, out of sight of land, in the direction of Port Said, which we shall reach in four days.

*Friday, August 13th.*—There is a considerable tumble on the water to-day, causing the vessel to roll a good deal, to the distress of one or two of our company. Hot sun and some wind from the north-east. In the afternoon, Crete came in sight on our port bow. The island was at a considerable distance—perhaps 25 or 30 miles, and we would not have seen it at all but for the great height of its mountains, and the length of its coast (over 150 miles). We were not near enough to get a sight of the European war-vessels on guard over the island. It was a fine sight from an artistic point of

view : but the mind could not but revert to the terrible disclosures of the last two years, with regard to the state of things prevailing in the population. Picturesqueness is often the mere stage scenery of human misery. These noble hills and valleys have been as hell to multitudes for years. We were troubled with a brutal pasha at our own table : but what would it be to be in the power of such a man, as the Cretans have been for several centuries—power not regulated by law but shaped only according to the caprice of avarice and lust ? No wonder the Cretans are in rebellion. They are likely to have success. Though Greece has been crushed and compelled to withdraw her rescue expedition, the Six Powers have the island in hand, and appear resolved to forbid the arrival of Turkish reinforcements and to order the departure of what Turkish troops remain, and to give the island self-government. Though the Cretans are no more angels than the Turks, one cannot help a little gladness at a small reduction in the sum of human misery, especially in a direction (the drying of the political Euphrates) that bears such promise of the arrival of the Great Deliverer, who by war, wisdom and kindness will emancipate not only the subject populations of Turkey but the whole mass of mankind from the terrible state in which they have weltered their chaotic way down the ages to the present unhappy hour. But our passengers took no interest in Crete, and did not seem to be particularly aware there was anything going on there. Between beer, business, and superstition, the whole world seems in an intellectual stupor from which nothing but the smashing intervention of the Strong Arm will arouse them. After tea, I had a brush with our evolutionist friend in the saloon in the presence of a small company, who listened somewhat excitedly. Our friend made light of the resurrection of Christ, yet was disposed to believe in the so-called materializations of Spiritualism. It turned out he had not seen any of the so-called "materializations." I asked him why he believed in them, seeing he had not seen them. He said there was reliable testimony to their occurrence. I asked why he did not believe in the resurrection of Christ, seeing we had reliable testimony.

He said there was no such testimony. I asked if the New Testament did not constitute such testimony. He thought not : Bible writers in general were so flowery and metaphorical that no sufficiently definite idea could be obtained from them. I asked if he was sure that was true. As a whole, he thought so. Let us come, said I, to particular cases. I then read him extracts from the daily readings of that morning, concerning Nebuchadnezzar's siege of Jerusalem, and Christ's having compassion on the multitude, "because they had nothing to eat." I asked if these were flowery and metaphorical. He admitted there might be exceptions. I said I was prepared to prove the reverse, namely, that the rule was precise and literal narrative, and that the exception was metaphorical speech. Was not the crucifixion a literal reality ? He admitted it. And was not the resurrection of Christ narrated in the same literal way ? He thought not. I read specimens of the apostolic testimony on the subject ; what had he to say to them ? He must allow they were plain statements of the resurrection. Why, then, did he not believe ? Because he could not conceive it possible. I said : You believe in the possible "materialization" of disembodied ghosts ; can you conceive of the possibility of such a thing ? He thought he could. What ! said I ; would it be easier to condense a supposed invisible vital spark into a material body than to re-animate a corpse ? Scientific men had testified to the materializations. Does it require science to enable men to see a living man as the disciples saw Christ after his resurrection ? He had no doubt something happened. His own view was that Christ did not really die, but fell into some kind of trance on the cross, from which he afterwards awoke. If he had died, he could not have been brought to life again. I answered that truly no man could bring a dead body to life ; but our friend surely would not maintain that such a thing was beyond the power of God. The testimony of the apostles was that "God raised him from the dead." This was the course of the argument, and an actual part of the colloquy that passed ; but it is not possible to reproduce the byepassages of thrust and parry in which the weakness of our friend's position was made

visibly manifest to himself. The conversation going beyond the limits of time allowed for afternoon tea, we broke it off with agreement to resume another time.

*Saturday, August 14th.*—Our evolutionist friend (the Music Professor) turned up when tea was nearly over. He talked generalities, and did not seem anxious to resume. When a proper opening occurred, I read to him a statement of Christ that "the Son of Man should be *killed* at Jerusalem." I asked if a man who was killed could be said to be in a trance? The Professor said he would not answer any more questions at this time. He did not feel in a condition to do so. He had no objections to listen to me, but he would prefer not to answer questions. I proposed he should question me on the subject. No; he was not prepared to question me. Another time, he might be in a fitter state. It was agreed the conversation should be adjourned. We are expecting to reach Port Said to-morrow.

*Sunday, August 15th*—We were rung for breakfast before the time this morning on account of being close to Port Said. Why this should be a reason for "hurrying up" will be understood by those who have ever been this way before. At Port Said, a fresh supply of coal has to be laid in,—fouling all parts of the vessel with coal dust. The time of stay is only a few hours, and most of the passengers would wish to land. Consequently, breakfast had to be cleared out of the way in good time. When breakfast was over and we got up on deck we were sailing in behind the breakwater that protects the entrance to the Suez Canal. Everybody was impatient to land. We had consequently to relinquish to another period of the day our delightful daily Bible readings by the *Bible Companion*—which we have enjoyed at the saloon table every morning after breakfast since we started. While we were standing on deck among the other passengers, a young man who had been saluting us from a boat among the other boats over our side without our being able to imagine the salutations could be for us, having clambered on board, presented himself to us. It was Edgar Gee, son of brother Gee, who went out with his mother and brother to his father in Palestine some six years ago. He had come to Port Said from Haifa after a long stagnation at the

latter place ensuing on the suspension of the railway works there, and in the absence of any immediate prospect of their resumption. He had been six weeks in Port Said as ship's chandler to a large hotel (the Eastern Exchange)—a post he had obtained through an old schoolmate in the same establishment. He told us he did not like the work or the town or the life at all, but it was his only choice at present, and better than rushing away to nothing at Haifa. He was desirous of getting to Australia if he could. He had heard of our coming by the *Darmstadt*, and resolved to see us. We were very glad to see him, and conversation ensued which may lead to the opening of his way. He took us ashore and showed us round. One of the licensed guides challenged him for encroaching on their duties. Edgar explained that he was not acting as a paid guide but as a *cicerone* to a party of his own friends. The official guide was incredulous, and reported him to a police officer, who quickly lodged the complaint at the police station, at which both Edgar and I had to appear—he to explain that he was a friend to the party and not a paid guide, and I to confirm the explanation, which was quickly accepted.

After making sundry visits on foot, in the blazing sun, we got into a conveyance, and were driven round the Mediterranean Sea front of Port Said. Perceiving a funeral approaching, our driver asked if we would like to go to the cemetery—to which we signified our assent, and went on ahead of the procession. Our company was increased to ten, by four fellow-passengers, who had requested that they might make of our party. We were, therefore, too numerous for one conveyance, and had to get two. Our fellow-passengers were in the first carriage. When we arrived at the cemetery (which was about two miles off, by the sea-side) the occupants of the first carriage seriously suggested the inadvisability of our going in, for fear of infection in these times of plague. There were two smiling native caretakers inviting us to go in. I said I had no fear of infection, and if infection should take effect, it would matter nothing, as we were all bound to go sooner or later, and the sooner we quitted the present evil world, the better, if we had made friends with the coming Reformer. So saying (seeming as

one mad), I and my company marched in. Afterwards, the other company followed, but did not come in so far, and quitted the grounds sooner. The cemetery had none of the beauty of a British, Australian, or American cemetery. There seemed to be no grass or flowers, but only a scant, brown, lank-looking herbage: and as for the graves, crosses and monuments, they looked as if they had been made of burnt wood. While the caretaker was showing us about among the graves, he explained that such a part was for the Roman Catholics, such a part for the Greek, such a part for the Arabic. I asked him what he was. He said (lighting up) "Mahommedan." I asked where Mahomet was. His black shining face expanded into a smile, and looking furtively to heaven, with outstretched hands, he shrugged his shoulders, and said he did not know. I said Mahomet believed in Christ, and Christ went up before Mahomet. He smiled and looked perplexed. When we got to the gate, I asked if there were any ghosts in the cemetery. He looked momentarily serious. I asked if he had seen a ghost. He grinned and said no. Did he know anyone that had seen a ghost? No! I said there were no such things in reality. I said if he could have shown me a ghost, I would have given him a sovereign—whereat he, and some others at the gate, laughed heartily and shook their sides. This led one of our fellow-passengers, a Roman Catholic lady, to tell a story of the Virgin Mary having appeared periodically on a wall, at a certain place. There was no doubt about it whatever. Thousands of people went from all parts of the neighbourhood to see, and she and her brother went and saw. The appearance was distinct, brilliant, and beautiful: but, as they considered it, they came to the conclusion that it was a magic-lantern transparency. Her brother, looking at its surroundings, judged it came from a certain direction. He went round behind and rummaged about, till at last he found a man at work. This rather confirmed what I had been saying, but the lady introduced it as if she were about to relate something with another effect.

Presently, the funeral procession came along. We had got into our two carriages, and waited them seated. They looked at us as they passed. It was a motley proces-

sion. I lifted my hat and saluted my poor fellow-creatures, at various stages of the procession, as they passed. It was wonderful to notice the sweet smile that passed over their faces, and the number that returned the salute. Human nature always shows at its best under the influence of kindness. The day will come—(*But here our friend gives an uneasy snort*).

Making our way back to the hotel at which Edgar Gee and his schoolmate were employed, we had a little milk and tea, and then repaired to the water's edge, where boats were waiting to take us on board the *Darmstadt*, anchored in mid-stream. She had nearly finished coaling when we got on board, but we came in for a few parting gusts of coal dust. When a mode of producing electricity has been discovered that will dispense with coal consumption, a vast reform will be effected in various directions. Among others, sea-voyaging will be delivered from the very considerable nuisance inseparable from re-coaling. In about half-an-hour we lifted anchor and slowly steamed into the canal at the regulation speed of five miles an hour. The scene was superb. The sky bright and tranquil: the air clear with a brilliant clearness: the water smooth as glass: the shades of evening beginning to form in the mellow tints of a far-reaching desert horizon. All was peace. After surveying the beautiful scene from various points of the ship and talking of the circumstances leading to the formation of the canal and the British occupation of Egypt, we retired to one of our cabins and had our Bible reading with much enjoyment, followed by such an edifying breaking of bread, and prayer. How much is missed even now by those who do not believe because they do not read and do not read because they do not believe.

The canal is 70 miles long, and it takes twelve hours to go through. The steamers going through have to show an electric search light in front, lighting up the banks on both sides and showing anything that might turn up in the nature of obstruction or small craft ahead. When we were half way through, something went wrong with our search light apparatus. We were therefore by the laws of the canal compelled to stop till the apparatus was repaired. While we were moored, a French steamboat that

was following us, passed us and went ahead. At first, the French steamer did not know who we were, and was disposed to return our salutations: but when she presently found out that we were German, passengers and crew fairly howled at us. The French have never forgiven the terrible whipping they received at the hands of the Germans in 1870. The Germans would be friends, but the French are irreconcilable. It is one of those national feuds that will probably last till all international hatreds are extinguished in the deluge that will overwhelm the world in the day of Mount Zion. "Good-will among men" will become the order of the day when the foolish nations have the wind knocked out of them by the divine judgments which are alone equal to the needed reform.

We had hoped for a quiet night and a good sleep, passing through the canal. Instead of that, all sleep was killed by the donkey-engine, which seemed to be at work all night, as if unloading cargo. There were also loud voices, and the steady blowing of a whistle. It seems, also, that somewhat of a farce was enacted on board during the night. A certain fledgling on board—with haughty airs, yet somewhat of a simpleton—had managed to make himself odious to some of his fellow-passengers, by some lordly act of officiousness with the captain; and he, having expressed a wish, as the vessel was stopped, to land and walk to Suez, and join the vessel there, they made up their minds to have a practical joke with him. They encouraged him in the project of walking to Suez, and suggested various precautions which they represented to be needful in the risks he would run from the marauding Bedouin. Under their advice, he provided revolvers. They also gravely represented the possibility of accident getting him into straits, and induced him to get ready a supply of provisions. They suggested it would be a wise precaution to make his will in case of eventualities. For a moment, he entertained the idea, but he had not time to carry it out, when they suggested that it would be wise for some of them to go with him, to protect him in case of attack. He thought that a capital idea. It was getting about time to start, and they further suggested that the members of the expedition should have a substantial meal

together before starting. He thought this also a good suggestion, and went downstairs and ordered a supper of tea and sandwiches for five. I heard him give the order at the steward's bar, as I sat writing in the saloon: but I did not at that time understand the meaning of it, but supposed a party was about to get off at Ismailia, to take the train for Cairo. The whole affair being thoroughly arranged, one of the party suggested that the captain's authority should be applied for, for how otherwise were they to get the boat lowered, to land. Certainly. Off he pretended to go to the captain, and returned with the announcement that the captain would not consent. The whole of the company got an intense hour's mirth out of it. I heard the immoderate laughter, but did not understand till next day. I could not listen to the recital without amusement: but I could not have taken part in such a piece of fooling, because of its violation of truth, and its perpetration of refined cruelty. We remarked to each other it was the most curious Sunday we had ever spent.

*Monday, August 16th.*—When we got on deck, we were nearly out of the canal at Suez. After breakfast, we were at anchor in the bay of Suez, and in sight of the place where the sublime events of Exodus xiv. occurred. Everybody was on deck and watching the new scene with interest, but so far as we could make out, none with the interest inspired by the work of Moses 3,500 years ago. As I found myself standing next to our Music Professor, I said, "That is where the children of Israel crossed the sea." "Oh!" said he, in a sceptical tone. "Don't you believe it?" said I. He shrugged his shoulders, held out his hand, and shook his head. "What?" said I, "Don't you believe in Christ?" He said "Yes." I answered, "And Christ believed in the crossing of the Red Sea and you don't: how is that?" With a squirm of agony, he said he thought they ought to have that subject at another time. I asked what better time could there be than when in the very locality where the great event happened? He walked off. No doubt it was rude on my part: but I am not ashamed. I cannot restrain a considerable feeling of indignation at the universal choking, killing, burying, locking-up, and general banishment of God's claims on man's attention. God will Himself shortly avenge this

insane state of things. But that is no reason why His servants should be silent. We talked together of the subject among ourselves, with maps before us, and by-and-bye went downstairs and read the Mosaic account of the crossing of the Red Sea and the drowning of the Egyptians, in addition to our usual delightful daily reading.

In the afternoon, while the passengers were reading and snoozing on deck, they were suddenly roused by the cry "A man overboard!" They sprang to their feet like mad people, and rushed with a shout to the bulwarks. There, in the water, the man was, plainly enough, fast receding with the motion of the vessel, but swimming bravely in the waves. Three life-buoys were thrown to him, one after the other, but they were of no use. The engines were stopped as soon as possible, and a boat lowered. The man could be seen now and then, but at last became invisible in the shadows of the waves. The boat rowed in the direction of the floating life-buoys, and the eyes of a hundred people followed her movements with painful anxiety. The boat itself became at last nearly invisible. It was evident it had not found the man. The steamboat was making a slow circle round the place (which was not far from where the children of Israel crossed). Suddenly, a cry was raised that the man was on the other side of the steamboat, and there he was, about six hundred yards off. Another boat was let down and rowed in the direction where the man had been seen. For a considerable time it sailed about without apparently finding him. The boat was drifting far from the steamboat, and the passengers were giving up the man as lost, when one of the officers went aloft with a glass, and reported that the boat had got the man. The passengers raised a cheer. The boat was then seen pulling towards us. She was soon alongside, and lifted into the steamer. As we looked over the bulwarks while she was being hoisted, it seemed at first as if they had not got the man, but there he was, lying like a dead fish, at the bottom of the boat. By and bye, the other boat came, and was hoisted up, and then the steamer resumed her way, with a feeling of relief. The excitement and intense solicitude of the crowd for the man's rescue, were beautiful to behold: but I could not help reflections.

The man who fell overboard was, before he fell overboard, an object of no interest to anyone on board. Now that he was saved (for he came round all right afterwards) he would sink into the same dead level of disregarded uninterestingness. Yet, while he was in danger of dying, there was an agony of benevolent anxiety on his account, and perfectly frantic exertions and exclamations on his behalf. What a pity, thought I, that there could not be a diffusion of this kindly concern over the unexciting moments of mortal peril: for mortal peril is continually with us. Men who would not lift a finger for each other in the common necessities of life—who even hate each other and slowly kill each other—will be worked up into an honest frenzy of sympathy, if danger takes a dramatic and threatening shape. The cause is largely intellectual. When a man falls overboard, it requires no exercise of mind to realise his danger, and there is no sacrifice of one's own interest in any way, in helping to lower a boat, or shouting to direct the exertions of the rowers. But in the slow-working, but not less real perils of life, it requires discernment and some degree of imaginative power to see it, and, therefore, to be moved by it; and it involves some personal sacrifice to be of any use to the sufferer. And personal sacrifice is chilled off by shortness of purse and other disabilities belonging to the system of society into which mankind have wriggled themselves. "Good will among men" is stifled by the circumstances of men, as in a house on fire, or a ship sinking. Let us have the circumstances altered. Let us have a government, with all power and capacity, that will not have to consult the people as to the laws, and we should soon have that amount of compulsory enlightenment and enforced plenty that will make human sympathy as common as it is now rare. This will not be—cannot be—till God's King reigns, and teaches mankind, with severe strokes, the first lessons of glory to God in the highest. There will then be peace on earth and good will among men: and mankind will be as beautiful and interesting as they are for a moment while straining over the bulwarks of a vessel at sea, when a man has fallen overboard.

The time spent in rescuing the man deprived us of the sight of Mount Sinai. The

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light departed before we got abreast of it. We got a very good view of the hill ranges gradually leading southward towards it; and of the narrow wilderness at its foot, by the sea, along which the children of Israel marched, on their way from Rephidim to the wilderness of Sinai. Sister Roberts and

I read together the account of Israel's journeyings, as we leant over the bulwark on the left side of the vessel, watching the mountain country pass before us like a panorama. Sister Roberts was rather disappointed when darkness fell before the stern elevations of Sinai proper came into view.

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# 6. FROM THE GULF OF SUEZ TO COLOMBO

AUGUST 17TH TO AUGUST 27TH, 1897.

**T**UESDAY, *August 17th*—When we got on deck this morning we were out of the Gulf of Suez and into the Red Sea proper, out of sight of land. The sky was cloudless, the sun brilliant, the air hot, and a considerable swell on the water.—About mid-day there was a sudden and frantic call for a life-buoy. The life-buoys at the stern had all been thrown out the day before to the man that fell overboard, and they had not yet been replaced. It seems one of the firemen had thrown himself overboard. Life-buoys were thrown from amidships, also a red floating sea mark to fix the spot, and, as soon as possible, a boat was lowered and made for the spot—the steamboat stopping and making a slow circle round the spot as before. The men in the boat rowed about for a long time in the somewhat rough sea, but without result. The man who jumped overboard made no attempt to swim, and it was said by those who saw him go over that he sank at once. After perhaps an hour's bootless search, the boat picked up the buoys, and then was lifted on board, and the steamboat resumed its journey. There was not the same excitement or the same feeling about this incident that there was about yesterday's case. There was rather a feeling of resentment against the detention of the vessel for an hour by a suicide—so great a difference to the same event is made by the motives of the action. But, poor fellow, there was not much room for resentment. His business was to shovel coals into the blazing ship's furnace, and it seems the heat of the stoke-hole had become intolerable to him in the added heat of the Red Sea. No man should have such work to do perpetually. In a right organisation of human society, all men should take their turn, and no man should be oppressed and driven to self-destruction. But there is not a right organisation of human society upon earth, and cannot be till the great appointed organiser arrives. He will come in due course, and men shall be blessed in him. A subscription was got up to-day for the benefit of the man rescued yesterday, and also for a widow-passenger who was robbed of £3 while ashore at Naples. It is pleasing to see a heavenly streak like this in the midst

of the darkness. (*Now, you dog, get into your kennel with your growls.*)

*Wednesday, August 18th.*—We began to feel the heat of the Red Sea. Thermometer, 88 in the shade. Still, there is a pleasant breeze on deck, which tempers the heat. Our lordly fledgling of the Suez Canal joke, who is a Roman Catholic, has been considerably flattened out, in various ways. The daughters had assisted the process by conversational tilts on the subject of the truth. They had given him *Christendom Astray* to look at. He showed it to a lady who is also a Roman Catholic. They scanned it over for half-an-hour together and then he returned it with an expression of extreme disgust. This was a day or two ago. To-day, I placed a Bible before him, as he sat on deck, opened at Rev. xvii. He looked up in my face and said, "What is this?" I said, "The Bible," and pointing to the chapter named, I said, "Read that and tell me what it means." And I walked away, leaving the Bible in his hand. I walked backwards and forwards till he had read it. I then said, "Well, do you understand it?" He said, "Yes: it doesn't mean Rome: it means Jerusalem." I said, "That cannot be: read the last verse." He read it. "That great city that reigneth over the Kings of the earth." "Well," said he, "Jerusalem did that." I replied, "Never: especially at the time these words were addressed to John: Rome was mistress of the world. It is Rome. You cannot be saved in the Roman Catholic Church." He rose and went straight to the lady fellow-Roman Catholic. And they talked earnestly together for some time. This lady had made herself very agreeable at Port Said, being one of the two who had requested to be of our party—Miss M. (about 40). So presently, when she was sitting alone, I made bold to say, "Miss M., can we be saved out of the Roman Catholic Church?" She tartly replied, "I refuse to discuss these questions with you, Mr. Roberts." I said I did not wish to discuss the point with her, but merely to obtain correct information as to the Roman Catholic opinion. She said men could be saved out of the Church if they thought themselves right. Her manner



forbad further question, or I might have asked whether the heathen nations did not consider themselves right, and why the Roman Catholic Church sent missionaries to them. But there is nobody so impervious to reason as a Roman Catholic. I contented myself with remarking, "Miss M., you are not a good Roman Catholic."

At our last interview, over afternoon tea-cups, our Music Professor excused himself on the score of being unwell. By-and-bye, he would let me know when his flag was up. He would run it up and nail it up. For several afternoons he did not come to the table. This afternoon he came. After tea was over, and much frivolous conversation had taken place (the company sitting round the table), my spirit wearying under the process, the Music Professor showing no sign, I said, "Mr. F., is your flag up?" "Yes," said he quietly, "My flag is up now." "Good," said I, "Did Christ die?" With a slight gasp, he said, "I will talk to you in private about that." "Why not now?" I said. "I cannot talk about these things before others," he replied, "I am nervous." "You talked before others last time," I answered, "and I can scarcely believe that nervousness is the cause of your wishing to avoid it now. You have talked freely on other topics. The other topics are not important: this is very much so. I think if you felt quite able to maintain the position you took, nervousness would not trouble you." "Well, I prefer to do it in private." "If you very much wish it, I have no objections, but you said you would nail your colours to the mast, and now you desert your guns." "I would prefer it in private." "We have no opportunity in private. You are busy: I am busy. This tea hour is just a convenient opportunity. If you tell me you are not sure of the position you have taken, I will not press it. But the plea of nervousness is inadmissible." And so the matter passed. Mr. F., I feel sure, will never seek me in private. I told him he had branded Christ as an impostor before the company, and that that ought to be withdrawn or substantiated in the same place. We expect to stop at Aden, at the south of the Red Sea to-morrow, and must have our letters ready.

*Thursday, August 19th.*—Another of the firemen missing—supposed to have gone

overboard during the night. He had been talking for some days of throwing himself in the sea. The captain hearing of it had sent for him and asked him if he meant it: because if he did, he would have him put in irons: if he didn't, he had better go to his work. The man said he was not such a fool as to do such a thing, and the captain dismissed him. It would have taken a Solomon to devise a method for frustrating such an act while granting personal liberty.

To-day is a swelter; thermometer at 90. We feel it worst at night, when it is not possible to be under even a sheet, or (tell it not in Gath) to wear the slightest shred of human garments. This would not matter if the unhampered state were not attended with some little danger of catching cold during sleep from the moist state of the skin. We are in a sort of Turkish bath all the time. If this were to last the results could not fail to be serious. We are hoping for a change to-morrow when we get out of the Red Sea, and enter the Indian Ocean. The Red Sea is worst at its southern end. As I write, I perspire in a perpetual pour which drips on the paper. I have to mop my face twice every minute to keep my eyes from being blinded by the welling moisture. It would require a continuous supply of icebergs to keep the Red Sea at a comfortable temperature. In spite of the heat, we had an exciting episode on deck, where it was cooler than below. It was the result of an appointment made in the morning. Sister Roberts and daughters have been dropping the seed of the Kingdom all about the boat in various ways—here a word, there a word, followed by lending of books. A colonial, Kruger by name, has for some days been reading the *Diary*, and says that "interested" is not at all the word to describe his enjoyment of it. He stole to my side this morning and said a certain German pastor among the passengers was desirous of having some conversation with me. He had had some conversation with sister Roberts, and he thought he could show that I was wrong about the millennium and some other subjects. I expressed my willingness. Mr. Kruger said he would like to hear the conversation if I had no objections. Mr. Kruger then went to the pastor, whose name was Check, though spelt in an unpronounceable way, and arranged that we should meet at 3.30 on

deck after tea. When the time came, a number of others had heard and gathered round, and ultimately, all that were on the after deck were listeners. They could not well help being, for the colloquy at last waxed rather lively. Mr. Kruger took the chair, and in two words called on Mr. Check to proceed. Mr. Check said he had not come to debate, but he thought I was wrong. The Chairman: "He thinks you are wrong about the Kingdom. Well, said I, it is a question of what the Bible teaches. Mr. Check had of course noticed in his Bible readings the frequent occurrence of the phrase, "The Kingdom of God," in connection with the gospel as preached by Christ. Yes. What did he understand by it? The state of eternal glory into which the righteous went when they died. I said how could men go anywhere when they were dead? Not the body, but the soul could go. You believe man has an immortal soul? Yes. Can you cite a passage from any part of Scripture that affirms that to be the case? Oh yes: the Bible was full of it. If so, it would be easy to produce one passage. One would satisfy me. He thought for a while, and then quoted Gen. ii. 7: "Man became a living soul." Readers of the *Christadelphian* know so well the line of argument that would follow on this, that it is unnecessary to report it. Suffice it to say that Mr. Check, beaten out of every stronghold, took refuge in generalities about Greek and Hebrew, and the unreliability of the English translation. I got him to admit that he could not make out his case from the English Bible; and I contented myself with denying that he could make it out from any other, and undertook, if he attempted it, to answer him. At the close, it was agreed that next day we should resume on the subject of the Kingdom. It was also requested that I should give a lecture, as the audience were not able to follow the intricacies of a closely-reasoned colloquial argument. I may comply later on. Meanwhile, we have at last roused the company from the torpor into which they were sinking. After the meeting, they stood about in debating groups. It is better they should be excited about something serious than that they should spend time and energy on inanities.

*Friday, August 20th.*—A wretched night with the heat—much perspiration and little

sleep. But when the morning came, we were through the Red Sea, and the thermometer had fallen 8 degrees. All on board quickly revived. The Arabian coast was visible on our left: sea smooth: a thin cloud veil on the sky: pleasant breeze: changed colour of the water betokening approach to land, and a strong odour of sea-coast, which is absent when we are out in the deep ocean. It was anticipated we should reach Aden about mid-day. I made the most of the pleasant morning by writing for the December *Christadelphian* in the saloon. A lady who had distinguished herself for her tireless loquacity, sat near me, pouring out an unbroken stream of the merest commonplaces into the attentive ear of one of the men who had not yet learnt that it was dangerous to turn on the tap. It had been going on for at least two hours (during our Bible reading, and now during my writing). Writing was becoming very painful—the more especially as I was writing on a topic requiring great abstraction ("Law of Moses"). There was no reason why the lady should sit so near me, as there was nobody else in the saloon, and plenty of room at the empty tables on the other side. If the width of the saloon were between us, I felt I should not be distracted by her talk. So I made bold in the politest manner to ask if it would be all the same if she shifted to the other side of the saloon, as I was writing (which she knew). She consented at once, but not with cordial alacrity. Presently, she disappeared, and down came Eglon and two boon companions, and took up their seats near me, where the lady had been, and talked volubly together. This Eglon was the phenomenal tub of a man spoken of at the beginning of the voyage—the most gross and unmannerly and boorish human being, without exception, I ever saw—with just enough education to save him from being quite a pig. Among other remarks he said, "There's nothing vexes me more than to have anybody talking near me when I am writing. It irritates me. I cannot do it." I stopped for a moment to get the thread of my thoughts with an effort. He remarked, "See, that gentleman cannot write," and on he went with the most unmannerly talk, of which I took no notice. I was afterwards informed that the lady had gone upstairs

and complained to Eglon that I had asked her to move because I was writing—whereupon he, with a wink to his companions, went downstairs to continue the nuisance. A colonial passenger who had suffered from the same cause suggested to sister Roberts that I should complain to the captain. "No," said sister Roberts, "Mr. Roberts is a man of peace in personal things, and bears things rather than fight." By persevering and showing no sign of distress, I tired out Eglon and his companions, and was enabled to finish my writing in peace. After lunch, we found ourselves close in shore at Aden. The arrangement for resuming conversation with Mr. Check naturally fell through. We had been told that Aden swarmed with sharks—large ones too, and real man-eaters—epicurean sharks which, having once tasted the sweetness of human flesh, would not look at anything else. Under this idea, a line had been got ready to fish for sharks, while the steamer should wait at Aden. We expected to see at least 50 swimming round the vessel when she should anchor, for so we were told, and we also expected that we should catch so many that it would be a question what we should do with them. The first thing would be to shoot them through the head, so as to deprive them of their dangerous power while struggling on deck after being hauled aboard. But as the famous recipe says, "First catch your hare." The line was duly cast when we came to anchor within half-a-mile of the shore. We watched with great interest for the first ten minutes or quarter-of-an-hour. But never a bite had we, or saw the least appearance in the water that we could construe into the shadow of a shark. Then canoes of natives with articles to sell began to surround the vessel, and kept up such an incessant auctioneer's jabber that all attention was drawn off from the shark line—which was left to itself. For an hour-and-a-half the line hung listless overboard. Then it was pulled in, and it was found that the bait had been nibbled at, and that the fang of the hook was exposed, which rendered shark-catching out of the question. The bait was mended, and the line thrown over again. In a few minutes it was pulled up again, when a shark was seen about 50 feet off taking a sly glance at the bait with a twist of its body in the right direction. This

rekindled hope, but nothing more came of it. When we sailed about 6 p.m., the line was pulled up. I have often noticed that things told you turn out only about a twentieth part true, and less.

Aden is outside the south entrance to the Red Sea, about 50 miles to the left as we sail east, on the South Arabian coast. It is about the dreariest spot of sterile rock and mountain that can be imagined; but it has a good harbour which gives it its value to England. It forms a useful coaling and military station to a power having such extensive dependencies in the Indian Ocean. It is one of a series of connecting links with the mother country: England to Gibraltar, Gibraltar to Malta, Malta to Cyprus, Cyprus to the Suez Canal, the Suez Canal to Perim (in the Red Sea), Perim to Aden, Aden to Bombay. From India to Australia is an easy stretch in continuation. Then eastwards to the Fiji Islands in the Pacific, and thence to South America, where England has several dependencies, or North America (Canada). "A land shadowing with wings" is the only fitting description of a country as Britain is in these latter days.

*Saturday, August 21st.*—Out in the Indian Ocean: a day of bright sunshine and comparatively smooth sea. The voyage is being made unpleasant for us by the studied rudeness of Eglon and his two boon companions. There is a corner on deck at the stern where we have been in the habit of sitting in our deck chairs with our books. The said three came after breakfast and sat down on this spot, and talked and laughed like the jabbering natives in their canoes. I was downstairs writing, but sister Roberts and the girls were there, and reading or conversation in the circumstances was impossible. When I came up, Eglon was laid all along, like a great pig, among my books on the seat by the side of the cabin skylight. It was not our part to strive with such a creature; so I removed a book that I wanted to read, from near his head, and sat down. Then he wanted to know what I was interfering with him for? I replied that God would interfere with us all by-and-by—which acted a little like Abigail's retort to Nabal. We all talked and read without reference to the obnoxious creature, and by-and-by he tired and went away. But afterwards, his two companions,

in our momentary absence, came and laid themselves right down on the deck on the spot where our deck chairs should have stood. When we came, they made rude remarks. We shifted round the corner, remarking that we would take our chairs out of their way. One of them then savagely asked what I was kicking him for—a purely imaginary suggestion which I answered with silence: It is difficult to imagine the cause of their behaviour, unless it be that our whole procedure is a rebuké of their evil ways. They drink strong drink and talk ribaldry, whereas we take water literal and water spiritual—even the pure water of life, clear and crystal. It is very painful to bear, but it is probably a needed offset to the pleasure I have in so much sweet company this voyage, as compared with the other times when I have been alone. A Gentile would storm and pay back and appeal to the captain. No man who seeks to walk in the fear of God and in the obedience of His commandments can allow himself to do that which is forbidden. So we must bear it, knowing it will only be for a week or two more, and “the Egyptians whom we have seen to-day we shall see no more for ever.”

A number having expressed a wish that I should lecture to-morrow (Sunday) arrangements have been made, with the permission of the captain, for me to speak on “An interesting and true story about an ancient king, a captive prince, a troubled night, an exciting day, threatened assassinations, and a wonderful upshot whose effects are visible in the state of the world to-day.” The lecture will be in the steerage, where first and second-class passengers will be at liberty to come. The captain said it would not do to have it on the second-class deck, because he found when the third-class people once found their way to the superior decks it was very difficult to get them off again.

Towards night, the wind freshened and the sea rose. When darkness fell, a rough night set in. The vessel pitched and rolled heavily all night, to the distress of passengers who had hitherto been proof against sea-sickness—including three of our own company.

*Sunday, August 22nd.*—Towards daylight, the sea moderated somewhat, but still it was a rough day, with a very unsteady motion of the vessel. We have been three

weeks out, and our company begin to desire the end of the voyage. Towards noon, we passed the island of Socotra on our right, where the s.s. *Aden* was wrecked a few weeks ago with the loss of 70 lives. There is no lighthouse on the island, and the steamer was drawn on to the rocks by the current during the night. About 50 who remained on the wreck were rescued by a search-vessel after enduring great privations for 17 days on the wave-swept vessel, which was on the point of breaking up when the search-vessel arrived. All who left by boat perished.

Telegrams to the 20th inst. were brought on board to the captain at Aden and were to-day handed round for the passengers to read. The only thing interesting to us was the report that the peace negotiations between Turkey and Greece were at a standstill because of Britain's refusal to join in Turkey's demand to remain in occupation of Thessaly till the payment of the indemnity; also of the departure of the Turkish fleet for Crete, and the intimation of the Admirals of the European squadrons that they had orders to resist the landing of any kind of force from the Turkish fleet; also of the renewal of Armenian activity against Turkey, from the Persian in collusion with the Young Turkish party; also the spreading of Indian disaffection, and the treasonable attitude of the Ameer of Afghanistan, who is suspected of intriguing with the Sultan of Turkey on behalf of Mohammedan interests—all of which are eddies and bubbles on the stream of time in harmony with latter-day expectations.

As the day advanced the weather grew more rough, and the steamboat rolled and shipped water in a way that put the lecture out of the question. One hundred and fifty of the steerage passengers were reported sick. Several of our own company were in the same state. For this reason, not only the lecture but the breaking of bread had to be postponed. (But we had had our daily reading after breakfast before things were so bad.)

*Monday, August 23rd.*—Three weeks out from Southampton. In a little over a fortnight more, we are expected to reach Melbourne—for which our travellers begin to long, as a number of things have combined to rob the voyage of all pleasure.

To-day, we had a funeral at sea—a baby from the steerage, which had died in the miserable circumstances prevailing there, Wrapped in canvas, the little thing, after scant ceremony, was dropped by the captain over the stern into the tumultuous waters. The ceremony was witnessed by a number. When they had gone away, the bereaved father stood alone in the stern, looking disconsolately in the direction in which the object of his love was fast disappearing. I stepped up to him to sympathise with him. His face expressed the deepest grief. I found he was a German, and we could not talk together; but the language of gesture and facial expression was understood.

All day, flying fish were darting past the vessel within a few yards. We must have passed thousands upon thousands. They looked like flocks of small white birds springing out of the water and disappearing in the water again. Several must have come aboard on the fore part of the vessel, but I only heard of one at our end. I did not see it.

The sea was rough all day. It is very fatiguing when the vessel rolls and plunges so violently all the time. It makes every kind of motion toilsome. Even washing your hands at the basin in your state room requires herculean effort when there is a danger of your being suddenly dashed against knob or peg, wall or door, or the corners of your bed. Towards night, the wind moderated and the motion of the vessel was once more tolerable.

*Tuesday, August 24th.*—A dull day, with comparatively smooth sea. The flying fish have disappeared, except an occasional one or two. An albatross followed us for some time. There was nothing of occurrence among the passengers, except the discussion among some friendly to us as to how long we ought to endure the rudeness of Eglon and his band. I told Mr. K— that the Bible was an entire guide to us in the matter. We had as much natural resentment as any of them, but it was a matter of command to keep it at bay—to hold in—to restrain. We were forbidden to retaliate: we were commanded even to return good for evil. “It is contrary to nature!” exclaimed Mr. K—. “No doubt of it,” said I, “that is where the pinch comes in. God has promised to revenge the injuries of His people; and it is

their duty to wait for Him, as He says.” “It is very hard,” said Mr. K—. Eusebia answered, “It is a discipline in preparation.”

*Wednesday, August 25th.*—After breakfast, a squall burst upon us from the north, accompanied by a tropical downpour of rain. The rain continued more or less all day, and aggravated the sense of misery arising from other conditions. We are well into our fourth week, and are experiencing the effects of tropical heat, with the want of usual food and exercise, and the want of usual sleep—body limp, a violent rash all over, and neuralgic pains from constant perspirations. I managed, however, to write some letters to post at Colombo.

*Thursday, August 26th.*—Another squall from the north, but not so violent as yesterday. “Muggy” is the correct description of the state of things above and below. We thoroughly enjoyed our daily readings. We expect to reach Colombo to-night.

*Friday, August 27th.*—When we got up this morning, we were anchored in Colombo harbour. We were called early to breakfast, to allow the passengers to land while the vessel was receiving a fresh supply of coal. Landing was a pleasant prospect after so many days at sea, but the process of getting ashore was almost distracting from a variety of circumstances which might be amusing to relate but which are not worth the trouble. I would not have gone ashore for my own sake, but I was desirous of showing a genuine bit of India and Indian life to sister Roberts and the daughters, and the other sister whom the passenger list called our “beidenung.” I bargained with a native who came aboard early to show us round for a fixed sum. This was the beginning of trouble. But I will not enlarge. Suffice it that when we got down the gangway by the side of the ship, we had to make a supreme effort to avoid being pitched into the water, and then found ourselves in a hot oily steam tug in the midst of coal barges and many small boats being pulled about by jabbering natives. It would not have mattered much if, as we had been given to understand, we had gone straight away, but we sat and sat in the midst of the steam and the jabber till our steam tug, or “launch” as she was soothingly styled, should get a sufficient number of passengers to justify her “master

and owner" in making the trip to the shore. By-and-bye, there came bundling down the riff-raff of whom we had managed to keep clear in the vessel, but with whom we had now to pack almost in herring-barrel proximity. But there, I am entering into particulars. I said I wouldn't. It isn't worth while. After a prolonged trial of patience (all the more difficult in the limp state into which the confinement of a hot voyage reduces the most robust land constitution), our "launch" snorted her way through the moored vessels to the landing place in the harbour. Here we were encountered by a confusing crowd of vehicles and importunate drivers—amongst whom we threaded our way under the guidance of our would-be guide—only to discover we were being drawn into a trap—which we averted by paying off our guide at once. Then we hired a street vehicle on our own account. In this there was a difficulty, as the vehicle would only hold four, and we were five. It was suggested we should engage a single-passenger conveyance—something in the nature of a Bath chair, drawn by a native runner. In this, one could ride alone before or behind, the other four in the carriage. But then came the question, who should this be? All shrank from the grotesque prominence of heading a procession in a Bath chair. As it was out of the question for any of the others if they were to have any enjoyment of the visit, I volunteered, and rode, sometimes before, sometimes behind, and sometimes by the side of the horse conveyance. We were taken all through the beautiful suburbs of Colombo, along the

recently-finished esplanade fronting the sea (called Queen Street in plain English), through some crowded streets. The spectacle of hurrying black and brown people, lithe, spare and nimble, many nearly naked, and all in bright clothing of some sort, was very interesting to my fellow-travellers. When they had had enough, we paid off our conveyance, had a cup of tea at a Kiosk, and then a walk through the streets to the fruit market to get something (water melon, I think) for which one of our company longed. Here we were laid siege to by a crowd of vendors with an importunateness of gesticulating solicitation that could not be realised from any amount of description. Gladly making our escape from the bewildering din, we made our way to the landing place. On the way, we stood still for a quarter-of-an-hour or so in one of the roads, and watched and were watched by the hurrying stream of dusky people, some of whom stood stock still and pondered us as curiosities. When we got on board the steamboat (between three and four in the afternoon) the coaling was finished, and we were in hopes of resuming our voyage immediately, but hour after hour dropped by, and the natives from the boats went all over the vessel, pestering the passengers to buy their wares. When the hour for bed arrived we were still at our moorings. Bed brought no peace, for the donkey engines were at work lading cargo, to a chorus of unearthly noises that requires to be heard to be appreciated. At last, in the midst of the nightmare turmoil, we dozed off, and when we awoke, we were far out to sea, on our way to Australia.

# 7. FROM COLOMBO TO AUSTRALIA & ON ROUTE TO MELBOURNE

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AUGUST 28TH TO SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1897.

**S**ATURDAY, August 28th.—A heavy sea, but bright overhead. Nothing occurred to distinguish the day, except that we were all more or less *hors de combat* except sister Roberts. I was not seasick, but a little unwell from the irregularities of life in a steamboat. An Australian passenger expressed a hope that the lecture would come off next day. I said if the steerage people renewed their wishes in the matter, I might comply; but that if left to myself, I would let the matter slide, as I was not feeling in the best trim, and the weather I feared would not be favourable, as the sea was running high.

Sunday, August 29th.—Sister Roberts' 67th birthday: a taste of "life on the ocean wave, and home on the rolling deep." The voyage of life nigh finished: Amen! There is little in life as it now is, to make continuance desirable. That little is the last thing people around us make calculation for: "the doing of the will of God" in fulfilment of the preparation for what lies ahead. Are we to be scared out of the path of wisdom by the great show of fools. No, thank you. "As for me and my house, &c.," has been the motto of all the Joshuas from the beginning. The daily reading keeps you to it. Nothing else will. We had our daily reading after breakfast, as usual—much enjoyed, of course. In the after-part of the day, we had a delightful breaking of bread in the girls' cabin—being larger and with more light. While I was reading on deck, the gentleman who was to have been chairman at the postponed Sunday meeting, came to me from the steerage and asked if I was going to give the lecture. I said I had no objections if it was desired. He said it was so, and he thought it would be all right as regards the weather, as the people were getting accustomed to the roll of the vessel. "Very good," said I; and he went his way to make arrangements. This was in the forenoon—the lecture to be in the evening. Notices were posted up. On the notice on our saloon door, insulting personal addition was made in writing by one of our barbarians. When the hour came, it was dark, but a large electric light with reflector had been turned on.

There was a large muster of people on the steerage deck. The main hatch had been rigged up as a platform with a backing of flags from a wall. The people were posted about in front and at both sides in all sorts of postures their faces barely visible in the light-illuminated darkness. The gentleman before mentioned being voted into the chair, he gave out the 100th Psalm, which a choir in association with himself sang with some slight assistance from the congregation. When this was done, he called on me to proceed with the lecture. I said I had chosen a story for a subject because most people liked stories. But the story I had chosen was not like ordinary stories. Ordinary stories were mere tales spun out of people's heads for amusement. The story I was going to tell was not only an interesting story, but a true story and a useful one. They would see the proof of this as it proceeded. It concerned a great city that once existed upon the earth, but now was a mass of deserted ruins. The account of its greatness, written by a Greek historian, who visited it over 2,000 years ago, was so extraordinary, that for a long time, it was considered untrue, and that in fact, there never had been such a city; but within our life time, it had been dug up, and great portions of it were removed to the British Museum in London and were now to be seen there. It next concerned a great King who was also a great builder as well as a great fighter—Nebuchadnezzar. A generation ago, it was considered an evidence of a want of education to believe in the historic reality of Nebuchadnezzar, but all this had changed now with the transition from Babylon to London of bricks containing Nebuchadnezzar's name. The account of both was contained in the Bible, and this was proved true to all who believed in Christ, by Christ's approving reference to the book of Daniel, and by his endorsement of the Bible generally as the word of God. The story involved a prophecy of ages to come after, and it was proved true in this other way, that the prophecy had been fulfilled in history. I then recited the particulars of Nebuchadnezzar's dream as set forth in Daniel ii., and was listened to with deep attention. When I had spoken nearly an

hour, I stopped to allow time for questions. But no questions were put. A gentleman proposed a vote of thanks, and expressed the extreme pleasure the lecture had afforded him. He hoped Mr. Roberts would speak to them again. I said I might do so, and the meeting ended. There were many private expressions of regret that the lecture was so short, and some expressions of surprise that there were such things in the Bible.

*Monday, August 30th.*—A bright and lovely day overhead with a balmy breeze but a considerable roll on the water. Devoted the forenoon to writing. Afterwards, saw the telegrams which had come aboard at Colombo. The peace negotiations languishing, the Marquis of Salisbury objects to Turkey retaining Thessaly in pledge, but proposes some other kind of security. Something satisfactory will come out of this deadlock. Kruger in South Africa repudiates British suzerainty again: the red spot not extinguished.

*Tuesday, August 31st, to Saturday, Sept. 4th.*—Days of high wind, tumbling sea, rolling vessel, frequent gusts of rain and—misery. Our company begins to languish, and are of opinion that a sea voyage is a much finer thing to read about than to go through. We have been able, nevertheless, to adhere to our daily routine: 6.45, up, bath and dress; 7.30, deck, walk and read; 8, breakfast; 8.45, daily Bible readings by the *Companion* at a corner of the cleared saloon table; 9.15, I to writing, the rest to walking and reading on deck; 11, I join the company on deck; 12, lunch; 12.30, reading on deck; 1.30, rest, sometimes in the chairs on deck, and sometimes in our bunks below; 3, tea; 3.30, walking and reading till—6, dinner; 6.45, I to writing, the rest to deck; 8.45, I follow the others to deck: after an hour's deck-pacing, conversation or reading, retired below to be rocked in the cradle of the deep. Interspersed with this daily programme, were many scraps of conversation and encounters with passengers—some interesting and some not. Our adversary, the devil, in the burly forms of Eglon and his companions, whom he spoke of as his "pals," were always hovering balefully near, clouding the beautiful light of heaven with their pressure, or jarring the harmony of the winds with their gruff rasping voices. Fortunately, the nuisance was considerably abated by their continual resort

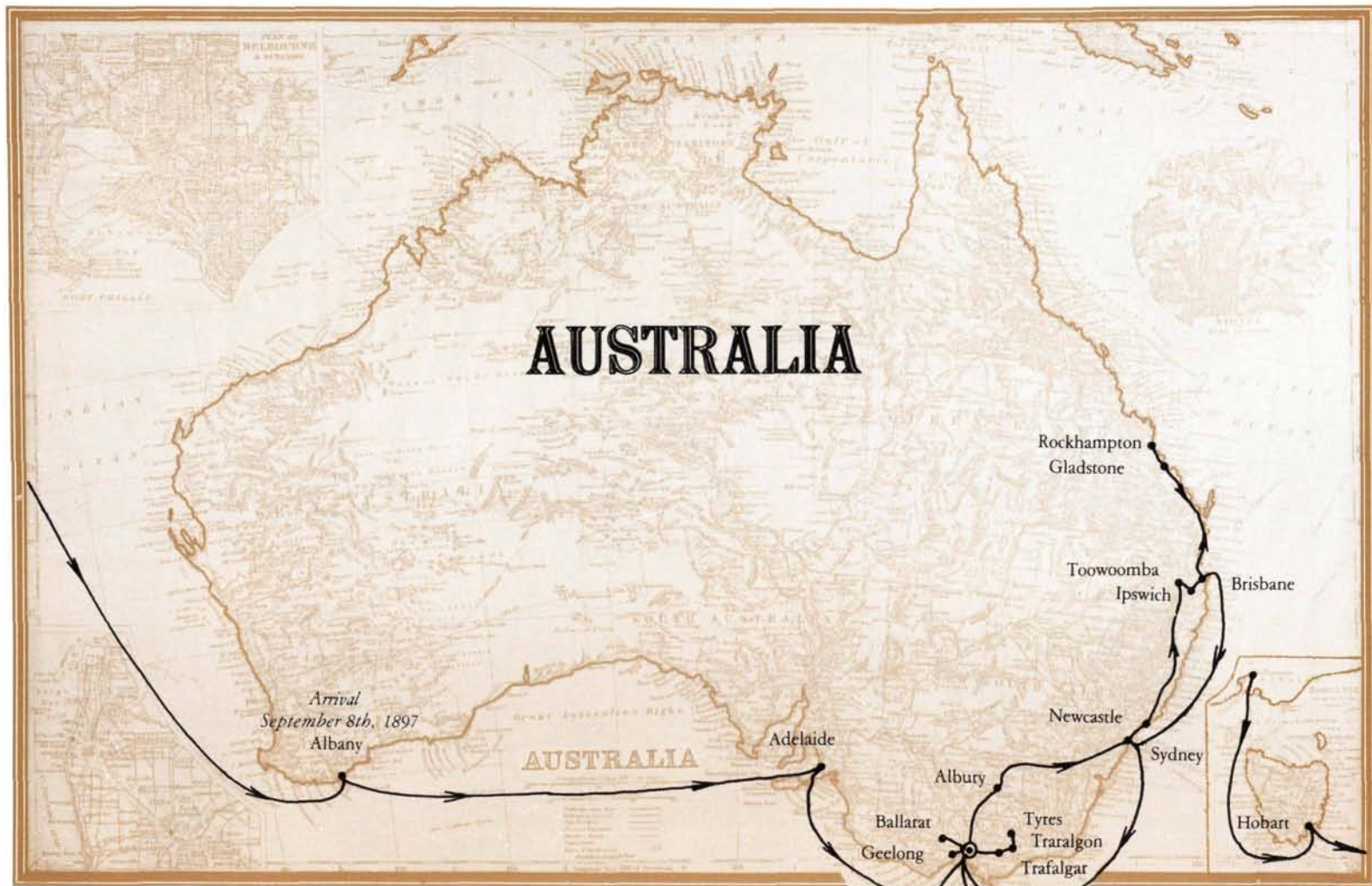
to the smoke room, which was a sort of hell into which they ran as their congenial resort, where devils were at home in each other's company. We had the same adversary in another shape, in some who did not frequent the smoke room: ladies who would not deign even to listen to the word of God: gentlemen who were puffed full of Buddhism or other isms, in blasphemy against Christ: and some of both sexes who were not equal to a thought one way or other on such questions, but who would have been at home in balls and skittles. One of the male dilettantes of this class proposed to get up a fancy dress ball, and approached the daughters on the subject. The daughters faithfully gave the proposal such a reception that it soon fell dead. The gentlemen in question complained that things were "awfully slow." It is said our presence on the vessel has had a restraining influence. The good-natured captain, on his daily rounds, came and gazed at us in perplexity, saying, "You are so industrious: you should get up and dance." Even Eglon and Co. have at last sunk into a sullen silence. Five of us were likely to make an impression—all blowing one way—especially as three of the five were young ladies. Young ladies have a power (if they knew it) which they rarely use on behalf of wisdom. Usually, it is employed to get the knights on their knees, or to kindle the censers of their own vanity. How excellent when beauty and intelligence are consecrated to God. The day will come when the very "bells on the horses" will be inscribed "Holiness to the Lord"—not as a matter of sentimental ornamentation, but as a token of the complete impregnation of human life with wisdom—even as it is now steeped with folly.

*Sunday, Sept. 5th*—A fine day but heavy sea. In the morning we had such a delicious breaking of bread in the girls' cabin. Earlier in the day, there was an enquiry from the steerage end of the vessel whether Mr. Roberts would lecture in the evening? If it was desired, yes. Would he consent to give the lecture in the steerage eating room, instead of on deck, as the wind was high, and many more would come to the lecture if it were given under shelter. I thought I had better go and see what sort of a place it was first. I went. I had to go right to the bow of the vessel nearly: down a steep, dark,



and slippery stairway, into a dark room, lit with dim lanterns, and having fixed benches down each side, and a cross one at the bottom end and in the middle. The steerage passengers were seated for dinner. There was much noise, stuffy odours, and many children and babies. The walls were not close but had openings into adjoining passages, and the roof opened into a very draughty air shaft. Between the gloom, the noise, the stifle, and the draught, it seemed the most unlikely place imaginable for a lecture. However, on the principle of making the best of circumstances, and becoming all things to all men in the right sense, I decided to consent. There seemed more likely men for the good seed of the Kingdom among the steerage passengers than among the fine ladies and gentlemen of the other classes. Ever since Christ preached the gospel to the poor, it has been among them, rather than among the children of pride, that God has found the heirs of His Kingdom, in such as "receive the Kingdom of God like little children"; not that culture is incompatible with faith, but as a matter of fact, human nature being what it is, when it is well off, it generates ideas in the chambers of the mind that disqualify it for yielding God pleasure. "Without faith it is impossible to please him." When evening came, about a dozen ladies and gentlemen from the second-class saloon wended their difficult way on the heaving vessel, along the long, greasy, narrow path by the side of the cooking kitchens, boiler rooms, engine entrances, officers' cabins, &c, and crept down the dark stairs close to the fore-castle, and found a meeting convened—about 100 people, including a good many children whose presence it was feared might interfere with a proper hearing. A Mr. Sweeney being voted to the chair, explained the reason of the meeting not being on deck, and (after a singing by a choir) called on the lecturer. I had promised, in the written notice, to speak of "Some startling things arising out of the image vision revealed to Daniel." I said it had been complained that the lecture last Sunday was too short, and that the subject was one on which we were all agreed. The first point we might mend: but I was afraid there was a mistake about the agreement. Reminding them of the leading

features of the vision, and of the signal manner in which it had been fulfilled in the history of the world, I asked them if they were prepared to believe what the vision taught — that Christ would do for the Kingdoms of the present world what Rome had done for Greece, and Greece had done for Persia, and Persia had done for Babylon? Did they believe that Christ would reappear, and by war abolish the governments now upon the face of the earth, and set up his own authority as the universal law, to be administered through his own resurrected friends chosen by him from previous ages because of their faith and obedience in circumstances of difficulty and trial? I was afraid, as ordinary orthodox Christians, they did not, and could not, believe this! As ordinary orthodox Christians, they believed that they could not die but would leave the body by-and-bye and depart to Christ in glory. The Kingdom of God to be set up at the coming of Christ was outside the range of their faith or expectation. Yet that Kingdom was the burden of all Bible faith from the beginning. It did not depend upon the image vision alone. This I showed in a brief exposition of the promises, the covenants, the prophets, &c. But the most startling thing of all was this, that the Kingdom was the subject of the Gospel preached for salvation by Christ and his Apostles, and that they could not believe the Gospel without believing the Kingdom. I quoted a number of statements from the apostolic narrative in proof of this—pressing this idea home upon them, that I was not giving them my opinions but the testimony of the word of God, and must leave it with them how they were to deal with that testimony. It was contrary to all they had been taught, and were in the habit of believing, but it was true; and in an age of universal jangle and contradiction like this, it was surely a wise man's part to choose that which was true, however unpopular it might be, in preference to that which was false, though pleasing, however many multitudes might believe it. I spoke for about an hour, and then the chairman threw the meeting open to questions. Of these, there were several—of the usual sort. When I had done answering, the chairman tendered me a vote of thanks in the name of the meeting, and said I had not only entertained the meeting, but had



# AUSTRALIA

*Arrival*  
*September 8th, 1897*  
Albany

AUSTRALIA

Adelaide

Rockhampton  
Gladstone

Toowoomba  
Ipswich  
Brisbane

Newcastle  
Sydney

Hobart

Albury

Ballarat  
Geelong

Tyres  
Traralgon  
Trafalgar

Melbourne  
*Departure*  
*May 25th, 1898*

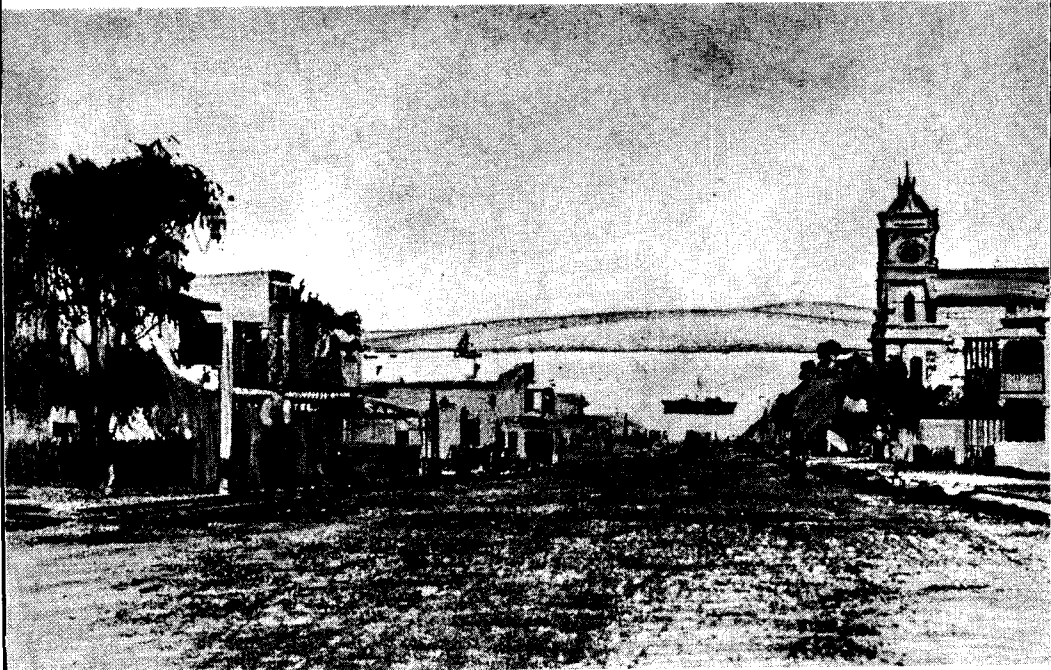
evidently magnetised the children, who had listened with great silence—which was true. The chairman asked me if I would lecture again if we were another Sunday at sea? I said I was afraid it was not likely there would be another Sunday at sea, though it would be another Sunday before we should reach our destinations. According to the captain's expectations, we should be in harbour at Adelaide on Sunday next, and in that case, most of us would be ashore—(we, with the brethren in that city—though I did not say this). But should expectation be disappointed, I should have no objection. I was surprised, I must say, at the suggestion of another lecture after having in my answers to questions, about the death state, the resurrection, &c., so grievously shocked their prejudices. As sister Roberts, they were puzzled between the heterodoxy of the views advanced and the ready and abundant Scripture quoted in their support.

*Monday, September 6th.*—I was surprised to receive a letter written to-day in the steerage, beginning "My dear Brother Roberts." The letter was signed "Ralph Holmes," who, it appears, is a brother emigrating from England to the colonies. He said in the letter, "I did not know you were on board until I saw you mount the main hatch to lecture last Sunday, and I was very agreeably surprised, you may depend on it. I had been feeling like Elijah in the reading for August 24th when he said 'I only am left.' You knocked the wind clean out of their sails last night. It was too strong for them. They are up in arms. They asked me what I thought of it. I said, 'First-class in every respect.' I was just in want of something to cheer me up. I am young in the truth and the least of the saints. With love, I remain your brother in the hope which gladdened David's heart." Immediately after receiving the letter, I made my way to the steerage and found brother Holmes. I found he was an Australian brother (a member of the Ipswich ecclesia) who was returning from England, where he had been on a visit to his father and mother in Northallerton. He had not been able to have access to the *Christadelphian* for about a year, and consequently was in ignorance of our movements. It was, therefore, an inexpressible surprise to him when I stepped forward to lecture. It was now an additional surprise

to him to learn that my wife and daughters and another sister were in the vessel with us. We had some interesting conversation, in which he gave me an account of his introduction to the truth in Ipswich some two years ago. It seems he was at the meetings when I was there, and said farewell at the tea meeting without the least idea it was possible we should meet again. I told him I should introduce him to my wife and daughters at a convenient opportunity. The opportunity occurred two days later, when we had a pleasant half-hour's conference in the second-class saloon.

*Tuesday, September 7th.*—Sighted the Australian coast to-day (South-west corner, Cape Leeuwin) at 10.45. Shortly afterwards the wind fell, and sailing became smooth and pleasant, which, with the prospect of ending the voyage, gave a new access of pleasure to all on board. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." Towards night, one of Eglon's companions threw my deck chair overboard in expression of the hatred which he could not otherwise safely gratify. He had threatened personal violence with clenched fist. I would prefer a lost chair to a broken jaw. The rest of the passengers sympathised. Eglon and his gang landed at Albany to the great relief of the ship. Before they went, they rendered night hideous with their drunken orgies, in which they sang and danced and screamed like maniacs. Human law is powerless to deal with such nuisances. There will be short work with such in the day of the iron rod.

*Wednesday, September 8th.*—When we rose—I can scarcely say when we awoke, for between the whooping savages before named and the noise of the donkey engines unloading the ship, there was precious little sleep—we found ourselves moored to a pier in the snug harbour of Albany, inside St. George's Sound to the left. Some Sydney letters were brought on board in the early morning. I wish the steward had kept possession till breakfast instead of rapping me up at 3 a.m. to receive. I suppose he thought he was conferring a kindness. It was said we would sail at 12 for Adelaide, so we had just time to go ashore after breakfast. It was a luxury to find ourselves once more on *terra firma* after so many weeks on



The snug harbour of Albany, 1897.

the heaving ocean. We clambered along the hill side to the left, gathering some of the beautiful and highly-coloured flowers for which this corner of Australia is famous, and then walked into Albany, which we found a small place, well laid out with pretty houses and well-made roads. We made one or two necessary purchases at the shops, and then returned by the railway which runs along the margin of the sea to the pier at which the *Darmstadt* was moored. The weather had dulled down, threatening rain, and it had become cold before we got back to the vessel. We remembered it was winter. It had been bright, clear and warm in the morning, when we landed. Our little ramble was chiefly noteworthy for the first opportunity it gave our company of acquaintance with Australian skies and vegetation—with both of which they were well pleased. Having completed the discharge of cargo by 3 o'clock or thereabouts, the steamboat slipped her hawsers, and made her way out of the harbour, across the sound and towards "the great Australian Bight," where a run in a straight line of a thousand miles to Adelaide lay before us.

The wind had fallen, and there were many pleasing effects of light and shadow as the sun set in clouds behind the dark mountains, over the dark waters behind us.

*Thursday, September 9th, to Saturday, September 11th.*—Across the "great Australian Bight," is usually very rough sailing, but in this case it was comparatively smooth, the weather bright and light, sailing pleasant, with a sense of getting near our journey's end. At noon, we came close to Kangaroo Island on our right (an island about 100 miles long and 50 miles broad at its broadest part; the kangaroos that gave it its name in the first instance have disappeared. They are still plentiful on the mainland, but are being gradually pushed inland to the north). We arrived at Adelaide between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. We had been hoping to stay here over Sunday and spend the day ashore with the brethren. The captain told us that if we arrived after six o'clock, he could not unload, under the local Sunday laws. But there was a saving clause which he did not add: "Unless we get permission." The permission was obtained, and as soon as we dropped

anchor in the dark, the cargo lighters came alongside, and the work of discharging cargo commenced, with the prospect of sailing at twelve (midnight). Away went our pleasant thoughts for Sunday. One pleasant thought remained; perhaps some of the brethren will come out in the tender. But how can they know when we should arrive? The tender duly came out, but there was no brother on board. After waiting an hour and a half or so in the dark and cold on deck, we made up our minds to retire for the night and get as much sleep as the noise of the donkey engines would allow. (By the way, we hear that hydraulic power has been applied to this work of discharging cargo, with the result that henceforward, when the new appliance comes into vogue, the process will be a noiseless one, which will be a great relief to passengers, who are always sure of a night of misery when they come into port and struggle for a little sleep in the midst of the horrid din of discharging cargo, at a time, too, when the screw engines being at rest, and the vessel in smooth water, a quiet, restful night ought naturally to be expected.) We had not quite escaped into bed, when brother Macdonald and brother Wauchope knocked against me in the passage among the sleeping berths. They had missed the first boat by a few minutes, and after waiting on the pier nearly two hours, they got a steam launch and had come out. It was a true pleasure to see them. I hastily summoned sister Roberts and daughters and our sister-maid, and we all, except one—not the least precious) too far into the preparatory *dishabilles* to present herself—(Samuel and Jeremiah will give her initials—repaired to a corner of the saloon and had a good time for about an hour. Then the departing launch blew her whistle, and the two brethren had to hurry on deck to prevent “getting left.” When they had gone, we had all got below the blankets except one—

when another brother (brother Wenner) was announced in the saloon. He had come out by a later boat on the chance of seeing us. He nearly succeeded. Eusebia, the late member, saw him on behalf of the rest of us. We were sorry not to show ourselves, but “how could we?” Brother Wenner had only a few minutes to spare, and he would have been gone by the time we were presentable. This matter of toilet is a point in which we are behind the lower creatures who carry their ready-made suits always on them and can turn out at a moment's notice—(but there are compensations. Some letters came on board for us from Australian brethren).

*Sunday, September 12th.*—We left Adelaide at 4 a.m.: sleepless night, and consequently dilapidated day, but beautiful weather and smooth sailing. At 11 a.m., we broke bread together in the girls' cabin, sending for brother Holmes to join us. We spent a delightful hour. We do not, in our present state, realise the full sweetness of the worship of God until we are cut off from the association of the truth, and made to herd from frivolous, sterile, and evil people. Last Sunday, I promised to lecture again if at sea, provided it were the wish of the people who had requested the first lectures. Here we were at sea, and the evening coming on, but there was no request. Brother Holmes said there would be none, as my last lecture (which I supposed at the time would be my last, and therefore I spoke plainly), had made their desire go sour. It cannot be wondered at. “Religion,” as popularly practised, and “the truth of the Lord” as revealed in the Scriptures, are not only diverse but incompatible elements. They have no more in common than frenzy and science. It is not an accidental Bible figure that calls the nations “drunk” with the spurious religiousness of Rome. I was glad to be excused another lecture, as I felt out of trim, and not encouraged by the nature of the audience.



Bro. Roberts in Australia, 1897.

## 8. THE ARRIVAL IN MELBOURNE AND SETTLING IN

SEPTEMBER 13TH TO DECEMBER 24TH, 1897.

**M**ONDAY, *September 13th.*—Our last day at sea. Day fine, though cold. The water a little rough. Plenty of sea gulls around us to give us welcome to our new country. The land on our left bends inwards towards Port Phillip, at the head of which stands the end of our voyage. We sail steadily and smoothly along till one o'clock, when we enter "the heads"—that is, the two points of land which form the exit from Port Phillip—said Port Phillip being an extended sheet of water inside, measuring forty miles in any direction, and which is saved from being a lake by said exit through "the heads." Inside the heads, we are in smooth water, and passing close to land on our right, with a dun coast line visible on our left. After two hours' sailing, Melbourne begins to be visible ahead. Everybody is attention, watching the developing tokens of "the desired haven." At five o'clock, we are nearing a wharf, but not supposing it was our mooring place, as we expected to have to sail up the canal by which local steamers go right up into the heart of Melbourne. Presently, the band struck up "Zion's King shall reign victorious," or at least the tune to which we sing that beautiful hymn. As we stood on deck, I declaimed the words of the hymn to the music with great satisfaction, and accounted it a happy circumstance that I should be allowed to land with such a theme on heart and lip. The stewards looking on could not understand my English, and ventured the opinion in their broken lingo that my raptures were due to arriving in Australia! Alas, alas! I could not enlighten them. But the day is coming. "All peoples, nations, and languages" will rejoice together in the true light. While the hymn was in progress, the strains of another band, playing another tune, broke in discordantly. We then found we were mooring close to another steamboat belonging to the same line, "The North German Lloyd." This was their way of saluting each other; very pretty—if (if it had only represented true intelligence and true love). Presently, we were alongside a pier or jetty—the other steamer being at the other side. We had got all our things ready for landing.

A letter from brother Firth, received at Adelaide, had informed us he would be in attendance with three conveyances to drive us right to Orient House, seven miles distant. We had hoped to arrive in time to make this ride in the daylight. We had arrived in the daylight truly enough—5.30: but it was winter in Australia, and soon dark, and our ride was to be as we wished it not—in the dark. However, we had a light landing. A number of people were on the wharf waiting friends in the *Darmstadt*. We scrutinised them in the hope of recognising some one. We were not disappointed. We saw brother Firth, brother Robertson, brother Webb, brother Adair. Half-an-hour earlier we might have seen sister Hanson, who was obliged to leave before the actual mooring of the vessel. We observed two women with the brothers, but we did not recognise them. At last, after much slow work—pulling of ropes and shoutings and din of donkey engines—the gangway was lowered without our being able, from the quarter deck, to see when or where. All we knew was that people were coming aboard. Presently, while we were still staring at the people on the wharf, brother Adair, brother Robertson, and the others, sprang up the quarter deck steps and saluted us. Behind them was sister Frew, of Albury, New South Wales. This was very unexpected and very pleasing. She had arrived that day in Melbourne to meet us. She had come, she said, to be of use to us in our settlement in a new country. Introductions of all these to my *compagnons de voyage* was the first ceremony. Next, the distracting part of the business—the landing of eight trunks, and twenty parcels and valises—which had all to be submitted to the prying officers of the custom house. There was very little prying, however. The brethren had given the officers to understand we were an honest family party and no smugglers—landing for settlement in the British colonies. So the officer looked in our eyes, and asked if it was so, and being satisfied with what he saw and heard, he passed all our boxes without looking into one. Still, the whole process took a weary hour, at the end of which, it was dark, and

Orient House, Coburg  
Melbourne, 25 Sep 97

My Dear Robert Watson,

I have safely arrived at our journey's end, & have been awed in our new home, - in that we have had considerable stresses of various kinds in getting things into order. We are now nearly in ship shape - I received your interesting letter at Colombo. It was pleasant reading to Luke Robert & daughter. Our voyage was a fairly agreeable one in respect of weather, but we had some dreadful company at our table & not only took away much of our enjoyment but inflicted positive pain till we got to Albany, a gang of western Australians, returning from the jubilee celebration - the most rude & offensive fellow travellers I ever met: ribald, drinking songs,

2.  
who took a pleasure in subject others to annoyance. However, I was all over now, I was all in circumstances of peace & even solitude, presenting a good contrast; not only to our six weeks voyaging at sea, but our <sup>English</sup> ~~European~~ life for 30 years past. One feature of our new location lies here, that we being several miles out of Mel.bourne, we are compelled to use a horse & buggy, w<sup>h</sup> entails an amount of manual labour on my part that cannot fail to be advantageous to health. As it was before, I was too exclusively employed on brain work. We shall be glad when you can come & see us. Order & Crow, who is spending a few weeks with us, says she hopes it will be soon, as she wishes to see you before you ~~leave~~ depart. We spent our first Sunday with the Melbourne crew yesterday & had a happy time. Arrangements are in progress for a

a special course of lectures in Melbourne as a beginning to a colonial work. I enclose a couple of the bills. I was not able to do much for the truth on board the German boat ~~because~~ because it was a German boat, & 2<sup>nd</sup>, because the <sup>saloon</sup> company was small, & 3<sup>rd</sup>, because there was very poor capacity among those on board for the apprehension of the high things of the Spirit. However, I gave two lectures & had two limited debates. My wife & daughter had much conversation with the passengers in details.

I am fitting up a room in the house <sup>as an</sup> ~~an~~ office, & will presently commence the work of the book business. The Robertson has handed me over his stock & Mrs Payne is on the point of doing the same.

Our united love to you all in the truth. My

love to your father & brother, commending to their next attention the facts concerning Christ & the celestial all other facts upon earth.

Faithfully & affectionately your brother

Robert Robert



Orient House,  
Coburg,  
Melbourne.

20th September, '97

My Dear Brother Watson,

We have safely arrived at our journey's end, and have been a week in our new home in which we have had considerable stresses of various kinds in getting things into order. We are now nearly in shipshape — I received your interesting letter at Columbo. It was pleasant reading to Sister Roberts and daughters. Our voyage was a fairly agreeable one in point of weather, but we had some dreadful company at our table which not only took away much of our enjoyment but reflected positive pain till we got to Albany, a gang of Western Australians returning from the Jubilee celebration — the most rude and offensive fellow travellers I ever met: ribald, drinking savages who took a pleasure in subjecting others to annoyance. However, it is all over now, and we are in circumstances of peace, and even solitude, presenting a great contrast not only to our six weeks roughing it at sea, but our English life for 38 years past. One feature of our new position has been that living several miles out of Melbourne, we are compelled to use a horse and buggy, which entails an amount of manual labour on my part that cannot fail to be advantageous to health.

As it was, before I was too exclusively employed in brain work. We shall be glad when you can come and see us. Sister Frew who is spending a few weeks with us says she hopes it will be soon, as she would like to see you before she departs.

We spent our first Sunday with the Melbourne brethren yesterday, and had a happy time. Arrangements are in progress for a special course of lectures in Melbourne as a beginning to Colonial work. I enclose a couple of the bills. I was not able to do much for the truth on board the German boat first because it was a German boat and secondly because the saloon company was small, and thirdly because there was very poor capacity amongst those on board for the appreciation of the things of the spirit.

However, I gave two lectures and held two limited debates. My wife and daughters had much conversation with the passengers on details. I am fitting up a room in the house as an office: and will presently commence the working of the book business. Brother Robertson has handed me over his stock and Bro. Payne is on the point of doing the same.

Our united love to you all in the truth. My love to your father and brother, commending to their earnest attention the facts concerning Christ who eclipses all other facts upon earth.

Faithfully and affectionately your brother,

Robert Roberts.

we were duly packed away into the aforementioned three conveyances—which stood patiently waiting at the shore end of the pier. Two of the conveyances were for the persons of the party, and the third (a sort of “float” or lorry) for the belongings—necessarily somewhat extensive on a 12,000 mile ocean-shift from one country to another. We were soon rattling through the streets of Melbourne, but not seeing much in the darkness of the night beyond the flare of the shops and the blinding glare of the electric lights that line the spacious two-mile avenue known as Sydney Road, going towards Brunswick and Coburg. Brunswick is a suburb of Melbourne, containing middle-class streets and houses. Coburg is beyond. In Coburg, we are in “the country.” Two-and-a-half miles beyond the post office,—about half a mile off the main road to the left, in the seclusion of a cross-country road, stands ORIENT HOUSE, our future abode—a large, square structure with a tower. We arrived in darkness about 7.30 p.m. Sister Webb (brother Firth’s sister-in-law) was there to receive us, but we found ourselves in a little inconvenience caused by a misunderstanding. I had informed brother Firth by letter that we were forwarding crocks and bedding as freight. He supposed they were coming in the same vessel with us, whereas they had been sent on ahead in

boxes at that moment lying in the warehouses of the steamship company. Supposing we had these things with us, he had sent away those with which the house prior to our coming had been provided. So now, we were without. We had boxes enough, certainly, but no bedding or crocks. Well, not to dwell on a mere passing hitch, we got through the night by a make-shift.

*Tuesday, September 14th.*—Brother Firth and brother Webb accompanying me to the warehouses before-mentioned, we succeeded, by a wonderful sacrifice of time, in getting the various freight boxes cleared from the customs, and conveyed to Orient House—from which point, the process of settlement began, and after much labour for a week or more, ended in our finding ourselves quite at home in the working of a new home—far out in the sweet country in the midst of an odoriferous atmosphere redolent of sweet briar and some other pleasant herbs. Sister Frew came next day and took up her abode with us, proving of much service to us, especially in initiating us into the mysteries of stabling and horse management.

And here, I think, the Diary must end. On the Sunday after our arrival, we had a very cordial welcome at the ecclesia meeting in the M. U. Hall, Swanston Street, which numbers over 120 brethren and sisters. On



Swanston Street, Melbourne, 1897.

the following Sunday, I commenced a course of lectures, of which a special and somewhat novel announcement had been made in 10,000 handbills distributed by the brethren and sisters. The handbill was printed back and front, and each side was enclosed in a border formed by double rules, of which advantage was taken to insert the following mottoes or legends:—

## FRONT.

*On the top*—Religion delivered from gloom.

*Left side*—Frivolity sobered by wisdom.

*Right side*—Intelligence cheered by faith and hope.

*At the bottom*—Bible facts and reason : come and see.

## BACK.

*On the top* (two lines)—WHERE THE BIBLE PREVAILS, folly ends, despair takes flight : death is vanquished.

*Left side*—The slavery of both superstition and unbelief abolished.

*Right side*—Intelligence emancipated from agnostic darkness.

*At the bottom*—Bible light and joy and love for ever.

On the back appeared the following address:—

## "TO THE PEOPLE OF MELBOURNE.

"In this course of lectures your common-sense is appealed to. You have the Bible, and you revere it. Do you understand it? If you do, you are happy in that understanding; but many of you confess that you do not, and that in religious things, you are in a great fog, and in the multitude of religious opinions, do not know what to believe—which is an unhappy state for earnest men. There is an entire escape from this unhappy position.

"Among the many things that have distinguished THE VICTORIAN AGE—(celebrated this year throughout the world)—none is more remarkable than THE OPENING OF THE BIBLE to speak for itself—not by the consideration of detached texts and statements, but by the study of its entire contents. The result is both delightful and extraordinary. As in physics and astronomy, modern investigation has discovered that learning was on the wrong track for centuries; so in religion, it has been discovered that what is called 'divinity' and the Bible are two

different things. The colleges teach divinity but not the Bible. Divinity is a compound of dim ideas handed down from dark times, when even the priests could not read. These ideas are mainly drawn from human philosophy, which changes from age to age—a very quaggy and uncertain ground to build on. These ideas have become crystallised by the action of endowments established to equip men to expound and perpetuate them; and under their ascendancy, the Bible has dropped out of sight. Thus, although there is much religion of various kinds, there is little Bible knowledge, except as to leading historical features.

"The Bible is a true Book, but it is not read. People cannot read what they are not interested in, and they cannot be interested in what they do not understand; and they cannot understand what their accustomed ideas are inconsistent with. What is wanted is, to put aside human tradition and get back to the Bible. This has been done in the age that has witnessed the development of railways, and telegraphs, and ocean steam travel, and the penny post, and the newspaper press, and type-writing, and a host of other good things.

"The result is astonishing and delightful. We make the discovery that religion is not the mysterious and gloomy thing it has always been supposed to be; and that the state of man is not oppressed by the fearful problems that belong to the old way of thinking; that religion is all about the earth and man and good times coming: that the evil that now afflicts the state of man is temporary: that God's purpose is to people the earth with immortal men who have faithfully come through this evil state in subjection to His will, while the rest disappear: that God and man and futurity, as exhibited in the Bible, can be understood in strict harmony with the demonstrated scientific truths of the age; at the same time bringing individual hope and comfort where science can yield none. The result brings God nigh, and heals conscience with forgiveness, and brightens life with hope, both for self and the entire race: fosters the joy of love and the nobility of knowledge, and the efficiency of manhood in its highest type.

"The enlightenment of the mind in these respects transforms the Bible from a dead piece of antiquated literature into a living

power of light and joy and holiness and life.

"In a country like Australia—in a city like Melbourne—people are more at liberty to consider these things on their merits than at home, where caste prevails, and where it is a social crime to deviate from established ways. Here, in the colonies, people are more on an equality with one another and more free to think their own thoughts and to consider their neighbours' thoughts, and generally to ask with more earnestness than Pilate, 'What is *truth*?' Even in England, the power of an opened Bible has been so great that thousands have hailed the emancipation it has brought them from the shackles of human dogma on the one hand, and the killing libertinism of irrational atheism on the other.

"We appeal to you to give the matter a hearing. If it do for you what it has done for others, you will say by-and-bye that the Bible is a new book; life a new thing; and heaven and earth a new system.—With best wishes, on behalf of fellow-Christadelphian believers, your servant, - ROBERT ROBERTS."

The front page of the handbill was worded as follows:—

**SOMETHING WORTHY OF ATTENTION.**

Bible Things in a New and Reasonable Light.

The inhabitants of Melbourne are affectionately invited to hear a *Course of Lectures* by ROBERT ROBERTS (Author of *Christendom Astray*), who has just arrived from England, in the Athenaeum Hall, Collins Street, as follows:—

*Sunday, September 26th, 7 o'clock.*—**GOD:** Is there such a being? The answer of common-sense, of science, and of history.

*Wednesday, September 29th, 8 o'clock.*—**THE BIBLE:** What are we to think of it? Are we to accept Christ's estimate of it, who knew: or the views of men who stand a long way off from the facts and merely have an opinion?

*In the M. U. Hall, Swanston Street, opposite the Public Library:—*

*Sunday, October 3rd.*—**MAN:** How are we to regard him? According to ancient philosophy, scientific speculation, or Bible revelation? Is he mortal or immortal? If

mortal, is he a transient evolute, or a being with a potential relation to individual futurity?

*Wednesday, October 6th.*—**DEATH:** Is it a change of state or a lapse of existence for the time being?

*Sunday, October 10th.*—**THE FUTURE STATE:** Is it possible to get a clear idea of it? Is it ghost or body? Sky or earth? When we die or when we rise?

*Wednesday, October 13th.*—**HELL:** That dreadful place; Is it a reality? or, rather, is its reality something different from popular conceptions?

*Sunday, October 17th.*—**THE DEVIL:** The evidence of his angelic origin examined and confuted: his origin in the earth: his nature human: his currency extensive and unsuspected.

*Wednesday, October 20th.*—**CHRIST:** What are we to make of him in the light of his works, his character, and his doctrine? Is any explanation possible but his own?

*Sunday, October 24th.*—**THE DEATH OF CHRIST:** An extraordinary event of world-wide fame, with two sides to it: human and divine. Is the common view correct?

*Wednesday, October 27th.*—**THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST:** Did it happen? If so, why? and is the common mood of scepticism, even among many called Christians, a reasonable mood in face of the evidence, and of the apostle Paul's assertion that its belief is necessary to our salvation?

*Sunday, October 31st.*—**THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST** as an event promised, an event needed and an event near. Its personal nature and its connection with saving faith.

*Wednesday, November 3rd.*—**THE COMING KINGDOM OF CHRIST,** the kingdom of David restored: its real nature in a geographical, political, and personal sense.

A second course of Lectures was afterwards given as follows:

*Sunday, November 14th.*—**BIBLE PROPHECY** proved a true guide by the events of the past.

*Sunday, November 21st.*—**THE JEWS:** distinct and indestructible among all peoples: the meaning of such an extraordinary ethnological phenomenon: have the Jews a future? The answer will be found in their

history alone, in connection with prophecy.

*Sunday, November 28th.*—The GENTILES : or European history of Bible foreshadowing, and a consequent guarantee of the finish foretold, when the human race will become one family under Christ returned to the earth.

*Sunday, December 5th.*—The PRESENT STATE OF THE POLITICAL WORLD : or current events considered as signs of the approaching end of the present dispensation.

*Sunday, December 12th.*—The PRESENT STATE OF THE RELIGIOUS WORLD : or the preachers proved all wrong about the Gospel, both as to its nature and to its absolute indispensability to our salvation.

*Sunday, December 19th.*—The PRESENT STATE OF THE SOCIAL WORLD : or current schemes for world-reform to be realised only by the kingdom of God.

*Sunday, December 26th.*—CHRIST'S LAST MESSAGE : or the Apocalypse considered as a practical guide to a correct attitude towards the institution and the practices of men.

The following were delivered on my return from various lecturing visits in Australia :

The APOCALYPSE as a prophecy mainly fulfilled in the European events of the last 1800 years.

The Light thrown by the Apocalypse on the events of the immediate future.

BAPTISM as an ordinance of Christ : is it sprinkling for ignorant babes, or immersion for believing adults? and has it any vital bearing for those for whom it is intended?

MOSES AND CHRIST : the relation of the Law to the revealed purpose of God in the Gospel.

INDIVIDUAL DUTY AT THE PRESENT CRISIS : or, "What ought I to do in prospect of Christ's re-appearance in the earth to judge the responsible living and dead?"

The first two lectures were delivered in the Athenæum, the largest public Hall in Melbourne, next to the Town Hall, and received large audiences and some notice in the daily papers. They were afterwards published as a pamphlet. (*This is the pamphlet advertised as "THE TRUTH ABOUT GOD AND THE BIBLE."*)

*Quote from an Australian newspaper in 1897:*

#### A CHRISTADELPHIAN PREACHER

The Rev. Robert Roberts, a Christadelphian preacher from Birmingham, addressed a considerable audience in the Athenæum Hall last night; the theme selected being, "God: Is There Such A Being? The Answer of Common Sense, of Science and of History". Mr. Roberts is a man of short stature, whose prime has passed, but not his vigour. His uppermost attributes as a preacher, are, his dead earnestness, his disregard for dramatic phrasemaking, and lightning rapidity of utterance. His posturing is unconventional but plentiful. In the opening, he seemed to be suffering from a bad attack of ennui; within a few moments he was hurling reason at his audience with a sling shot.

The whole course was intended by me as a sort of free-will and thank-offering on my part, reasonably due, as I reckoned, for the part performed by Melbourne in the terrible position which I occupied when I arrived here two years ago.

That part consisted in the gift of a handsome residence standing in eleven acres of land about seven miles from the centre of the city. The object of the gift was to enable me to clear myself of the obligations brought on me through the miscalculations and misdeeds of others, and at the same time, to secure my covenanted presence in this part of the world every second year if God permit. The first part of this object cannot be realized without the sale of the place. We can sell in the open market in Melbourne in due course, but some endeavour, I understand, will be made, to get brethren to purchase it as a business investment, obtaining in the rent which we should pay, a proper return upon the capital invested. The object of this would be to keep it out of the hand of the stranger, which the donor desires on two grounds : first, he would like sister Roberts to remain in occupation during the few weary days that remain to her of this probation : secondly, the house was put up to his own designs, from ideas suggested to him while travelling in the east, and partly in relief of penniless workmen, at a time when no work was to be obtained, viz., after the crash ; and having since dedicated it wholly to the truth, he would prefer that it should not pass

into the ownership and occupancy of the mere servants of the flesh. The sale, either to brethren or to strangers, enables me to promise shortly the full discharge of all obligations, and therefore, delivers me from the nightmare which lay upon me oppressively two years ago.

"But don't you find it very difficult—in fact, impossible—to carry on the business connected with the *Christadelphian* and the books in a house where there is no postal delivery and which is 2½ miles from the nearest post office?" On the face of it, it would seem as if it must be so. And at first, I imagined it would really prove a serious difficulty. But under the pressure of circumstances, I went forth with the determination to cope with an apparently awkward situation somehow; and as I advanced, the awkwardness dissolved completely. The bridge that looked like a very difficult bridge to cross turned out to be no bridge at all, but a comfortable resting place by the river side. Not only is it not difficult to carry on the business, but it is actually much easier than in Birmingham, where all the letters were delivered on the spot, and where we had only three minutes to walk to post our parcels. "How can this be?"

Well, when we arrived, we found the house not only well furnished, but provided with a pony and small carriage, to be used by us in going backwards and forwards to the meetings, and in making calls at the neighbouring post office, two-and-a-half miles off. We did not realise at first how indispensable this convenience was. Nor did it strike us as a workable thing. For one thing, we did not know how to handle a horse, and how we should have got on left wholly to ourselves on this point, I cannot guess, except that I cannot but think it highly probable that there would have been some sort of misadventure, and an abandonment of the affair, as impracticable for people who had never had anything to do with horses and vehicles in their lives. It so happened, however, that before we saw house or pony, sister Frew, of Albury, as already stated, met us on landing, and offered her services for a few weeks to introduce us to Australian ways. She was with us more than four weeks. By the end

of that time, we (any of us, sister Roberts excepted) were able to manage pony and carriage as if we had been accustomed to them all our days.

But it was not without some stress of absurd experiences that we attained to this proficiency. The first thing was the attempt to catch the pony, which, having been at large in the adjoining "paddock" for some time, was in no mood to submit to any kind of servitude. Every time we approached her, she made off. We had been told we must not let her get the better of us, otherwise she would never be manageable. So that we began our work with the resolution to persevere. And we persevered. All of us were in it at last—three at one end of field—I beg pardon, "paddock" and three at the other, chasing the creature from end to end and side to side, but with no improvement of prospects. The creature seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and enjoyed letting us nearly get her, and then up with her heels and away with such a good will. The day was fine, and the time sped. Two young men from the road joined us, but gave it up in half-an-hour. A neighbouring farmer then came with a wisp of hay in his hand and cooing words, but at first with no success. At last he succeeded by a stratagem; and we found we had been three hours at work.

Sister Frew soon had her in the carriage and drove us to the post, with all propriety on the pony's part, as if nothing had been the matter. In a few days, after watching sister Frew's performances in the harnessing and unharnessing of the animal, I ventured on the performance with fair success, and the daughters having gone to buy some provisions from a good distance off, I thought I would go and meet them with the carriage, so as to save them carrying a heavy parcel on a hot day. I got along first-rate till I met them. Then I pulled up and invited them in. But they were afraid. I tried to persuade them there was no danger. But I could not persuade them. So I asked them to let me at least have the parcel, and I would drive it home for them. They tried to hand it to me. But in the midst of the argument, the reins had slipped out of my hands, and the animal was out of control. I jumped out and seized its head, but the

reins were entangled in the harness on its back and among its legs, and I found my efforts to soothe it a failure. The keeper of a wayside inn had been watching us, and came forward, remarking the horse was a bit restive. Yes, but the blame was not the horse's; only he did not know, and gave us the credit of knowing all about the business—though he did remark after I got in again that I was not holding the reins properly. The girls were, of course, fairly frightened now, and I had to ride off alone with the leg of mutton—scarcely in triumph. After this, all went well; and in a week or two, we laughed at our opening misfortunes.

Over the daily grooming and stable-cleaning I draw the veil, except to say, that I find them a capital offset to intellectual drain. A pair of hobbles put on the pony's feet when we turned her into the paddock enabled us to catch her easily, until such time as she grew so docile that we only require to walk up to her, and lay hand on her mane.

This pony institution has rendered the book business easily workable in a quiet country side. Of course, if the business depended, like most book businesses—upon the custom of the street, twenty ponies would not remove the difficulty of being seven miles from the heart of the town. But Christadelphian books are not wanted on the street. They are wanted here and there in holes and corners of the world by people who send through the post. The post-office is the counter, as it were, at which the business is transacted. Now, the pony takes us to the post-office in twenty minutes, we get the letters; we come back, we open the letters; make up the ordered books ready for post, and next day, when we go for letters, take the parcels, and hand them over the post-office counter—and the thing is done. At first, I thought it would be necessary to rent an office or small shop near the post-office, but I soon saw this was unnecessary, and that a room in the large house fitted up as an office would be all sufficient. This I find is the case. The book-stock at Sydney and in the hands of brother Robertson, at Melbourne, has been handed over to us, and with a large fresh

supply from Birmingham, has been stacked on shelves, under the charge of my daughter, Sarah Jane, who relieves me of all anxiety as to the department by her faithful and effective attendance to it.

As regards literary work, I made a start with using the same room as that in which my daughter works; but I have greatly improved on that. Surmounting the house is a square tower: in the tower is a square chamber with windows facing east, west, north, and south. To this chamber, admittance is obtained by ladder-steps from the bedroom corridor or landing, through a trap-door in the roof. Readers can imagine the rest. Up in the tower, I know I cannot be interrupted, except from under my feet, which I know will only be on rare emergency, and with timely notice.

We have now got into the routine of things, and all is working smoothly and pleasantly. There was a little home sickness in the establishment, perhaps, for the first few weeks, but now sister Roberts is quite at home and says (if the Birmingham brethren and sisters would just shut their ears for a moment) that she would not like to return home. The daughters, in lesser measure, have expressed themselves in the same way. Weekly correspondence with Birmingham connects the two offices, and nothing suffers from the new arrangement, except, perhaps, brother Walker's collar. The pressure is heavy sometimes, but the horse is going home (Kingdom? Yes), and that makes the pace easier.

We drive into Melbourne on Sunday mornings to the breaking of bread: a brother kindly puts up the pony and phaeton in a grass enclosure on his premises in the centre of the town; we dine and spend afternoon at various brethren's houses by turn—the girls helping in the school; and then return in the conveyance after the lecture.

The first two lectures have been published, and the hope has been expressed that the other lectures will be published also. I think that is not likely. The demand is not sufficient to justify the large outlay that would be required. Besides, the subjects are already amply treated in *Christendom Astray* and other publications. It was different with the first two. They were of a somewhat special character: "Is there a

God?" and "What are we to think of the Bible?"

One little circumstance I must not omit to mention, and that is, that the brethren have succeeded in inducing Cole's Book Arcade, Bourke Street, to devote a stall to Christadelphian literature in the department of "Religious Publications." This may prove an important achievement. It means far more than getting the books into an ordinary bookseller's. Cole's Book Arcade is a sort of national institution. It is the only establishment of its kind that I know of. It is one of "the lions" of the colonies. Thousands of people march through it every day, drawn by its peculiar attractions, one of which is the performances of a superior band at short intervals all day long. It is a book depôt on a universal scale, but not wholly devoted to books. It is a building of three storeys, running through from a frontage in Bourke street to the next street towards the river. But the three storeys are not all floored. The building inside is

open from basement to roof, and the two upper storey heights are devoted to side galleries running round the whole extent of the building. To these galleries, access is obtained by stairways at the end. The ground floor is devoted to new books, magazines and papers of every sort and description, displayed on convenient counters, divided off into numbered sections. In all the sections are seats, at which you may sit and read, out of the stream of visitors. The gallery upstairs is devoted to second-hand books of all kinds, and the gallery at the top to china-ware and works of art. People come in and pass through whether they want to make a purchase or not. It is a pleasant place to have a rest in, to the soothing strains of beautiful music, which doubtless helps to beguile the money out of people's pockets. To have a stall devoted to Christadelphian literature in such a place means that said literature will daily come under the eyes of thousands who, probably, would never otherwise know of its existence.



Orient House, Coburg

20 Oct 1897

My Dear Bro Watson,

A hurried note in response to yours of Oct 17<sup>th</sup>, just to hand - so to prevent clash of arrangements

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We are having capital meetings under the enclosed bill. I am having invitations to various parts of the colonies. I expect to go to Sydney & Brisbane on January and Feb. next returning for a further <sup>several</sup> stay in

2.

Melbourne at the end of Feb. I will be leaving for New Zealand, end of May, & after spending two months there, sail from Auckland for the United States en route for Eng<sup>nd</sup> (if the Lord will)

Sister Roberts & daughters unite in love. My kindest regards to father & Eustie. It gladdens me much to hear of their surrender to the demonstrable truth of the Bible - With love in haste

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Robert Roberts

Orient House,  
Coburg,  
Melbourne.

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Sis. Jane Roberts

### SISTER ROBERTS TO HER CORRESPONDENTS.

N. Coburg, Melbourne, Australia,  
8th October, 1897.

MY DEAR SISTERS, — Before leaving England, many dear sisters in various parts asked me to spare a few minutes to write to them. It would be my wish to be able to comply individually, but it is not possible in all cases. So it has occurred to me that a letter in the *Christadelphian* would reach them all when I could not write to all. And if each one would try and accept this, my printed letter, as personal to herself, there will be no drawback in addressing all at once. I reckon my letter will appear in the January number, so it will be a nice New Year's greeting.

When I last wrote to you through the *Christadelphian*, two years ago, I little thought that I should dictate my next letter to you from Australia. Nothing could have been further from my thoughts at that time, yet here, in the providence of God, I find myself.

You will want to know how I am likely to get along in the new circumstances into which God has unexpectedly brought me, and whether they are better or worse than I anticipated.

You will hear somewhat of the experiences of our voyage through brother Roberts' "Diary" in the *Christadelphian*. Personally, the voyage was much more pleasant than I expected, and I did not suffer so much from the German mode of cooking as some others of our party did. I found that abstinence from their sauces and gravies saved me from much discomfort, and enabled me to get along with tolerable success in this department, though often feeling the lack of "a nice cup of tea," the German article being at best very insipid. The weather, with the exception of about a fortnight during the passage from Colombo to Albany, was exceptionally fine. From the testimony of many of the passengers, who had been to Australia many times, neither the heat of the Red Sea, nor the stormy passage in the Indian Ocean were as severe as is usual in these regions. We all enjoyed landing at the various ports of call—Geneva, Naples, Port Said, Colombo in Ceylon, and finally Albany, the first port on the Australian Coast, where we had just time to go ashore and see a little of the new country, with its neat wooden houses nearly every one of them with a verandah, and a profusion of flowers all growing luxuriantly in the open air, in the early spring. To us the temperature there seemed delightfully cool, after the broiling sunshine in which we had visited the other places.

The voyage, with the change it brought of scene and society, acted as a much-needed something to soften the sadness of leaving, perhaps for ever, the dear ones at home, whom natural affection, and ties still stronger, had woven closely with our hearts. It would have been quite too much to have been transplanted all at once into a sort of desert place—far away from our accustomed busy life in the midst of a large and loving community. After six weeks at sea, we were glad to get out of such cramped and uncongenial surroundings as we had to submit to there, and to address ourselves to whatever the new turning in our affairs might bring. We had much conversation and discussion with our fellow-passengers on board ship, but we met with no ready response to the truth such as brother Roberts did on his first voyage out in the case of Mr., now brother, Watson. We leave results with the Master of the vineyard, having followed up personal effort with books through the post. The day of Christ will reveal the final outcome of that and every other endeavour on the part of God's faithful children to testify for Him.

As regards ourselves, we know not what God's purpose may be in bringing us out here. I was very much opposed to the idea for some time, and thought and hoped that circumstances would arise to prevent it. As time went on, however, my anticipations were not verified, but on the contrary, everything seemed to combine to favour the idea that God was at work to bring brother Roberts to Australia. Having looked at the matter all round, I came to this conclusion, and began to set my face in the direction of preparation for the change. I have all my life striven to conform myself to what appeared to be the will of God in my affairs. The firm belief that God overrules, and even contrives, our most unwelcome experiences, has enabled me many a time to grapple with and overcome almost impossibilities. Then along with this belief comes the strong comfort of knowing that our Great High Priest in God's

presence is a sympathising witness who will plead our cause and grant just the help needed in the hour of trial and distress. In the present case, I realise that, in a sense, it is all the same where our home is. God is just as near in Australia as in England, and *vice versa*, for He is everywhere present.

Brother Roberts and I have made the work of the truth our business for nearly forty years. It has been my pleasure as well as my duty to uphold his hands and smooth his way as much as lay in my power all these years. If the field of his labour has been greatly expanded since we first commenced to labour together, there has come, with increased labour and responsibility, the reward even now of a large accession of loving fellow-labourers in all parts of the world. It may be that the new phase upon which we now enter, will result in bringing the household of faith throughout the world into closer touch. We are all one in Christ Jesus, and it is surprising how soon we feel at one with those who truly love God and His glorious son, of whatever nationality they may be.

The Melbourne ecclesia have received us very cordially into their midst. We shall soon feel at home with them, for they manifest a hearty appreciation of the truth and readiness to serve therein.

Brother Roberts is delivering a course of lectures, which, so far, have been well attended, and we hope to see the fruit thereof by-and-bye. We are well pleased with our home, which is in the suburbs, and seven miles from the meeting; but with buggy and pony at our disposal, through the kindness of a brother, and train and tram cars within two miles of us, we overcome all difficulties. With the help of the pony, brother Roberts is able, with even less stress than in Birmingham, to convey books and parcels to post. In addition to these advantages, he finds the many forms of physical exercise necessitated by our present mode of life—with horse and buggy to attend to, have proved, and are likely to continue to be of the greatest service as an offset to his literary work.

Our removal to Australia may be looked upon by some as a kind of banishment, and it sometimes presents itself to me in that light; but in pondering God's methods with His children in all ages, I perceive that oftentimes He leads them by paths that look very unpromising, but which are indispensable from His point of view, and lead at last to the accomplishment of His purpose in them. So I take comfort, in view of the very high calling to which we are called by the gospel, in thinking that there may be for me, at all events, the element of discipline still further required in the perfecting process. God's ways are not as man's. He puts His people to the proof sometimes by grievous affliction. Even His own beloved son was made perfect through suffering, and He deemed it *necessary* to put him to grief.

God has been very good to us, and led us through many difficult places, and we may well trust Him for the rest of the journey.

We have, since arriving here, already been made to feel that He is working with us. We should have been very much at a loss in many things, and especially in the management of the pony, &c., but for His goodness in sending us just the help we

needed in the person of sister Frew, of Albury, known to the readers of the *Christadelphian* in connection with her brave acceptance of the truth under special difficulties. I had asked her to come and see us; but she did not wait for us to get straight, but came off at once as soon as she knew the *Darmstadt* had arrived. She said she thought she had better come when she could be of use, and this she certainly has been, as she is an all-round clever Colonial girl. Brother Roberts and our daughters can all drive now, having been instructed by her, and for the present brother Roberts is stableman, being able, I believe, almost perfectly to harness the horse by himself. I can speak to his ability in driving, for he took me out for an hour's drive the other day, and managed splendidly. I thoroughly enjoyed the drive. The neighbourhood is very open. Trees and grasses at this time of the year fresh and green, quite English-looking, and the air perfumed with sweet briar and pea blossom shrubs.

You will be able to imagine the semi-country life we live. We have the daily Scripture reading first thing every morning after breakfast. Brother Roberts reads aloud, making comments as he goes along. Amy, our dear sister maid, joins us. She also takes tea with us in the evening, and so shares in the general pleasure and profit of that very social meal of the day, which is always an interesting one; but specially animated when there has been an arrival of letters from England, for then there are topics of extra interest to communicate and discuss.

We are a happy family of the patriarchal type—all busy, and each striving to perform personal duty in faithfulness and love.

We have had rather a toilsome beginning to our life here, so many things being new to us. We found wood fires rather difficult to manage—they were always going out, and the constant vigilance required on this point, and the incessant chopping of wood, seemed likely to try us very much, in conjunction with the kitchen range, which was very refractory. However, we are now in a fair way to overcome on all these points. A visit from the sweep, and a little instruction in the use of the range by those who know more about it than we did, have cured the smoke nuisance, and half a load of coals has proved a great boon, in conjunction with a supply of wood chopped ready for use.

"Orient House," our new home, is known in the neighbourhood as the "large square house with a tower." It is altogether a much larger and handsomer house in every way than I ever expected to occupy in this life, and one which we would not have felt at liberty to provide for ourselves; but God has given it to us by the hand of a brother, who recognises his stewardship in connection with the business of this life, and gratefully renders this service in recognition of God's goodness to him in the present life, and above all for the hope of the life to come.

We accept the gift as from God, and appreciate the spirit in which it has been presented to us by the brother who has acted as God's agent in the matter, and mean to devote it to a continuance of the work in which we have been so long engaged.

I know my sisters would like some idea of the

house as regards details. It is not so very large inside as one would suppose from its appearance outside. The ample verandahs on the first and second floors take off considerably from the dimensions inside, while adding to the imposing appearance of the house in its exterior aspect.

There is dining room and drawing room on the ground floor both of them of ample dimensions. There are two smaller rooms, one used as an office by brother Roberts, and the other as extra stock-room and work-room, a good kitchen and private bedroom leading up from it. Four bedrooms upstairs, two of them being large bright rooms, the other two good rooms but smaller. There is a bath room at the top of the stairs, and at the far end of the spacious landing, a glass door leads out to the verandah, and by the side of the door steps lead up the tower. In it is a light, pleasant room, which brother Roberts will probably take advantage of when requiring special quiet for literary work. There is also from the tower access to the flat roof of the house, from which, as well as from the tower, we have a very extensive view of the country for miles round, the horizon being bounded by a long range of distant mountains. The nature of the landscape all round us is much more beautiful than I had imagined before coming here. On all sides of the house, which stands in true Oriental style, looking due east from the front door, there is an abundance of meadow land, patches covered with yellow, soft broom, and trees of various kinds—the willow, and poplar, also the fir fig, being pleasantly in contrast to the more sombre-hued Australian trees. There are plenty of houses dotted over the vast expanse, and within two miles of us, a number of houses of a superior class, and a very nice well-made public road with trees planted on either side, which makes a lovely drive.

*Later.*—Brother Roberts took me round in that direction yesterday in the buggy (we are told our buggy is really a phaeton because it holds four, two and two facing each other). The hedge roses were out in full bloom. They are much larger and fuller than the English ones, but I fear, like the violets here, they lack the sweet odour of our home specimens. During our drive I saw a remarkable looking hedge. It was composed of very thick foliage, the leaves being long, broad, and irregular, and there was an abundance of some kind of fruit growing on it, something between a plum and an apricot, with all the colours varying from purple to light yellow. It looked very beautiful. I am told that it was what is called passion

fruit, a luscious fruit with juicy seeds inside and a thin, hard skin outside. The driving round in such sweet air is very invigorating, and I am benefiting by it. I have not had, since coming out here, the "gone" feeling I used very often to experience at home, though I am often very tired; but this is rather a digression, perhaps a natural one.

A spacious court is enclosed at the back of the house, and roofed in with lattice work, glass being too hot for the long summers here. It is a kind of fernery with brick footways to the various out-houses, which comprise stable, coach and wash houses, sheds for wood, &c.

The water from a large underground tank has to be pumped up into a reservoir for household use. This, with the many other forms of labour which a house in the country inevitably involves, provides plenty of physical exercise for brother Roberts, in which he freely and gladly partakes as an offset to his steady literary occupation, and with feelings of satisfaction that in so doing he is rendering genuine service and lightening the burdens of other members of the household.

The house stands in ten acres of land. A large portion of this has been enclosed as a garden round the house, and has been planted with trees—some of them fruit trees; also flower beds at each side of the front door entrance. It is really just the right and ample size for a family residence. We could very well do with a couple of servants, but in their absence, and with the help of our valuable young sister who came with us from England, and the ready and willing co-operation of our visitors, we constitute a household of servants—servants of Christ and servants of each other for his sake.

How long we may have to sojourn here we know not. We daily desire and long for the appearing of Christ. Our daily occupation is engaged in as service to him, and in this spirit, whether the time be short or long, we rejoice that we have the prospect, resting on the assured word of promise, on which he asks us to confidently rely, of shortly being called away from this mortal and imperfect service, to be transformed into his glorious image—made partakers of his perfect joy for evermore, and in his strength and gladness to serve and worship as we now cannot; though inwardly yearning for the ability to do so.

Praying, my dear sisters, that you and I may not faint or weary on the toilsome journey, but come off at last more than conquerors through him that loved us and gave himself for us, I am, your sister affectionately in Him, JANE ROBERTS.

# 9. LECTURE TOURS THROUGHOUT VICTORIA

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DECEMBER 30TH, 1897 TO JANUARY 12TH, 1898.

HAVING completed the lecturing work arranged for in Melbourne (covering three months and a half), I proceeded to pay various requested visits in other parts. First on the list stood Gippsland, about 80 miles straight east from Melbourne. This district I had not visited on my first tour. Four places in it were now on the list—Warragul, Trafalgar, Tyers, and Traralgon. I started for these on December 30th, accompanied by sister Roberts, who had not yet seen the interior of the country.

We first went to Warragul. There are no brethren at Warragul. The lecture there was by arrangement of brother Matheson, of Trafalgar, 16 or 18 miles further east. Having a sense of responsibility as a believer of the truth to do all in his power to let his neighbours know of it, he thought Warragul, as a small market town, having a population of perhaps 600, and being a centre for an extensive farming district round, was entitled to more attention than his own place. We arrived about 3 o'clock, and were met at the station by brother and sister Matheson, who conveyed us to the principal hotel of the place. The day was overcast from the smoke of bush fires raging in the district. It looked dull enough to be British, but it lacked the British cold. The meeting was at night in the Masonic Hall at 7.30.

Brother Matheson was hopeful of a large audience, and had come prepared to distribute 100 copies of *The Declaration* free. The company amounted to exactly 40, including lecturer and chairman. This was a small audience by some comparisons, but it was really not bad, all things considered. It was Christmas week; how could ordinary people be expected at such a season to be interested in a subject which they associate with funerals and tombstones? It was a sparsely populated neighbourhood: indeed sister Roberts frequently remarked during the tour that she wondered where the audiences were to come from with nothing but woods and mountains, and an occasional house in sight. In proportion to the population, it was a much larger audience than the monster meeting that came together in Melbourne at the first lecture. Then the

lecture had been advertised as "a Christadelphian lecture." This I cannot but think a mistake. The object in advertising a lecture is to get the people to come. You frustrate this object by putting forward a sectarian association. This association is a fact, but there is a time for everything. Let it be found out afterwards. It will do the public no good to know it in advance. Parade the subject, but do not tell the public it is the Christadelphians that are inviting them. Those who are interested will find this out in time enough, and will not be deterred by it when their eyes have begun to open. To tell them this at the very start is like an angler who should frighten his fish off by some glaring fly.

And then when an audience has been got together, they should not be rubbed the wrong way except in so far as the truth may do so. They should be put on good terms with themselves so far as a respectful and kindly form and method of address can secure this. Brother Matheson did capitally in this respect. He in effect said, "Friends and neighbours, we have called you together because we believe we have something good to offer you. We do not pretend to be better than other people, but our eyes have been opened to the Bible as they never were before, and we see things in it that have done us good, and we believe they will do you good if you will look into them. They may strike you roughly at first; they struck us that way when our attention was first called to them; but a patient attention and a thorough study will, we feel sure, reward you as they have rewarded us with a glad vision of truth such as we never expected to see."

The objectionable way is to make the audience feel that they are regarded as helpless ignoramuses to whom "The Christadelphians" have condescendingly consented to bring the light. It is true, as a rule, that the audience are in darkness, and the brethren in the light; but there is a time to be silent about it. Shew the light and it will dispel the darkness; do not call attention to the lantern—which is a poor rusty affair. Do not say, "the Christadelphians have invited you;" if it is necessary to tell

them what they know, say, "You have been invited to hear a lecture, on such and such a subject, and trust you will be benefited by what you will hear." Who are "the Christadelphians" that they should be paraded? We have received no revelation. We are simply dying men and women who have been permitted to know what is written in the Scriptures concerning God's purpose and our duty. It is this we should put forward and display.

Next day, we went forward to Trafalgar, where brother Matheson resides. It is a place something like Warragul, consisting of a few solid-looking houses clustered round a railway station with a background of woods and mountains in all directions. Brother Matheson owns a large dairy-farm near the line. He has a large family round him who find plenty of occupation in looking after about 40 cows. There is no ecclesia near, and they break bread together in their own house. Brother Matheson was formerly connected with the Campbellites. He occasionally visits the few brethren that live further east, and sometimes goes to Melbourne. We spent a very pleasant day with him and his family. In the afternoon, there was a grand thunderstorm, preceded by a remarkable darkness, followed by a ruddy glare in the sky, and followed by a tempest of wind and a heavy downpour of rain.

Next morning, accompanied by brother Matheson, we took the train for Traralgon, a place like Warragul and Trafalgar, about 20 miles still further east, only in flatter, more open country, and of larger size. Here there is a small company of believers, clustered round brother Tanner—an interesting old gentleman, who has been in the country about thirty years, but who only attained to a knowledge of the truth about three years ago. His joy at the discovery of the truth and his enthusiasm in its propagation are most refreshing in this age of indifference. His wife and (married) daughter are with him in the truth, and there is a heroic sister with an interesting family of sons and daughters living about a mile off—which in the colonies is next door. If we call her sister Ravine, we shall be sufficiently near her name and at the same time observe a necessary anonymity for the time being. We were met at the station by brother Tanner and brother Harry Galbraith, and

conveyed to the house of the former, "Recreation Villa," on a side road.

We did not go there to stay, just then, but to have a little refreshment before being driven by horse conveyance to Tyers—the residence of Harry's father, about six miles up in the bush. Harry lives in Melbourne, but was up on a Christmas visit. After lunch and a pleasant intercourse with the company assembled, our "things" and ourselves were put aboard said conveyance, and off we went. The road lay mainly through the bush to the north of Traralgon, but with a good deal of clearing here and there. It was a good road compared with a bush track, but by comparison with the road to which city dwellers are accustomed, it would be described by various pithy adjectives, according to the differing temperaments of different persons. I should convey a fair idea if I were to say it was good for the liver. Sister Roberts was a little alarmed at the jolts sometimes. However, there was no mishap. I got off before the end of the journey for the sake of a little exercise, having got a rough description of how to find my way. The description proving hazy on one point, I had a longer walk than intended. But it was not a pity. It was a pleasant change to "talkee-talkee," and a luxury in the hush of the woods. I duly found my way at last, and received a warm welcome in brother Galbraith's most interesting household.

Brother Galbraith, like brother Matheson, was connected with the Campbellites, but like him now rejoices in the glorious emancipation of mind that comes with a knowledge of the whole truth, as built up on "the foundation of the apostles and prophets." In this emancipation, he is blessed with the company of a large family circle, embracing the hoary grandsire of 88, and the fair young olive plants growing up around the family board. The grandfather, brother Ross, who playfully says he is 16 when asked his age (twice eight), is not a whit behind brother Tanner in the ardour of his love for the truth, and his eager and robust interest in all things bearing on it. It is a pure gratification to see such interest in Scriptural things. How glorious it will be when the promise is fulfilled: "All shall know me, from the least even to the greatest." The deafness natural to such an

advanced age is the only drawback to intercourse. Stalwart sons share the grandfather's interest, and the father is the centre of it all. It is a patriarchal establishment—a beautiful sight.

But the joy of our visit was somewhat marred by an accident which confined the father to his bed the day before we arrived. He was thrown from a conveyance and broke his leg. Much alarm was, naturally caused by the event at first, but the services of a skilful surgeon soon secured the conditions of ultimate healing and restoration. He was debarred from taking any part during our stay—which we all regretted. I had two conversations with him. He was in a manner thankful for the mishap as a spiritual benefit to himself. Certainly, there is nothing like calamity of any kind for imparting to spiritual things the real lustre that belongs to them. Brother Munnerley also experienced some degree of injury the same or next day from the trampling of an unwilling horse that threw him; but no bones were broken. It is truly written, "We know not what a day may bring forth."

Next day (Sunday, January 2nd) we broke bread in the Mechanics' Institute—a building, practically in the woods—about five minutes' walk from brother Galbraith's house. There are not many buildings like it in the world, I should think. It is used as a place of worship by the various religious bodies in turn—one Sunday, Church of England; next Sunday, the Methodists; then the Campbellites, and last of all the Christadelphians. To-day, it was the turn of the last. Several brethren and sisters were present from Traralgon, having driven over. The company numbered about 25—which was a large gathering of brethren and sisters for such an empty part of the world. We had a very pleasant meeting, at which the only part I contributed was the speaking. Brother Matheson presided—in the evening the audience numbered 50, which was considered a good audience—better, it was said, than ever assembles in the building.

Before our departure from Tyers, we were shown the working of "The creamery," otherwise called a "Butter factory"—a small two-storey building near the meeting-place. Most people prefer the first name as the other savours of smut and oil and grime—which are all absent from the institution

described. It is really a most interesting and most valuable institution. Its adoption must mean almost the rescue of the colonies from the sterility caused by scarcity of rain. It was adopted about five or six years ago. It is a Swedish contrivance for the manufacture of butter by machinery. On the face of it, it would not seem as if such a large effect could spring from so small a cause. It would seem as if the provision of machinery must add to the burden of the dairy farmer instead of lightening it. It certainly would do so if every farmer had to provide machinery. This is how the thing works. A factory is put up in a district—either by a farmer having capital or by all the farmers combining, or by some neighbouring bank. Morning and evening, the various farms round bring their milk to the factory. Note is made of the quantity, and it is then poured into the receiver and passed into the separator, which, under the agitating power of over 4,000 revolutions in a minute, instantaneously separates the cream from the milk, and gives off the cream (by its superior lightness taking it to the top) from a pipe-escape at the top; and returning the milk by a pipe at the bottom. The two streams—cream, milk—commence to flow immediately the machine is set to work. The milk is returned to the man who brought it, who takes it back to the farm, whence it came, for the feeding of calves or pigs. The cream is retained, and put through another part of the machinery which quickly turns it into butter. When all the milk brought to the factory that day is treated in this way, the butter which it yields is made up in boxes and sent to Melbourne (or Sydney as the case may be), where an agent takes it in charge and despatches it to London. An agent in London sells the butter, and remits the money by return mail, and the money is divided among the farmers who contributed the milk. The record kept shows how much each man is entitled to. So many gallons of milk should yield so much butter. To make sure that the milk is not watered, every consignment brought to the factory is chemically tested by sample. If the result shows only half the proper quantity of butter, then the return on that consignment is calculated at only half. There is therefore no motive for adulteration. The adulterator would only give himself

extra labour of carrying the added water backwards and forwards. This factory system allows of a small farm turning its milk to the very best advantage. There is none of the trouble of churning and none of the uncertainty, either as to the quality of the butter or getting a market for it, that used to attend the old system. It has the effect also of securing a better price to the farmer for his work. For under the old system, milk and butter were such a drug in a neighbourhood as to fetch a very low price, whereas now, the butter going straight to London and getting a good price there, it is not plentiful in the manufacturing district and realises a better price. It is a splendid illustration of the good results to be secured by wise co-operation. Doubtless, it is one of a thousand preparations that are going on in all departments of human labour, for the age of rest that is drawing nigh, when machinery in the hands of wisdom and goodness will reduce the drudgery of life to a minimum, and leave the population at leisure to devote themselves to the object of life, instead of wasting and degrading their energies on the mere means of living.

After a day's rest in the peaceful surroundings of a patriarchal establishment in the bush, we were driven back to Traralgon, and housed under brother Tanner's hospitable roof. This was on Tuesday, January 4th. Lectures had been arranged for that evening and Thursday. They were duly delivered in a large hall, but not to large audiences. Brother Tanner was disappointed in the attendance of the public. He is so ardent in his own appreciation of the truth that he expected the community in general would be moved to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing it. Experience dulls down all such expectations. The truth is truly worthy of all the enthusiasm that can be roused; but it requires discernment and inclination. The public, under present guidances, have very little of one or the other — their minds and love are pre-occupied by the present evil world, and where there is any disposition to give things of futurity a thought, it takes the form of the superstitious sentimentality that is content with the drowsy theology of the pulpit. This state of things is almost universal. Public interest in the truth is therefore not to be looked for anywhere. God will make the

public interested in the truth by-and-bye, when He "makes bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations, and all the world shall see the salvation of our God." Meanwhile, it is for His servants to do their duty in the face of indifference and contempt, with the certainty that by their hands or otherwise, the number that He requires for the administration of His Kingdom in Messiah's happy day will be taken out (and purified and made white) from the darkness that now covers all the earth. Brother Tanner did this nobly in the present case, and what if the hearers were a small company lost in a wilderness of empty seats, and the lecture a liquefied murmur of sounds wandering round the echoing walls, it was all as acceptable on high as if the place had been crammed with excited listeners. We left Traralgon by train on Friday, at 9 a.m., January 7th, arriving in Melbourne about 2 o'clock.

On Saturday, January 8th, after a heavy day's work and a refreshing night at "Orient House," I left by the s.s. *Excelsior* for Geelong, where arrangements had been made by the Melbourne brethren for three lectures. My daughter, Sarah Jane, accompanied me; also sister Stevenson. Brother Lee went by an earlier steamer. Geelong is inside "the heads" at the foot of the forty-mile sheet of water that forms Port Phillip, or the harbour approach to Melbourne. There is a small company of believers in the place, of recent origin — consisting of brother and sister Martin, and sisters Smith and Bunce. Brother Kenny is also a frequent and almost a resident brother. We had a pleasant meeting for the breaking of bread at the house of brother Martin, 200, Skene Street. On the Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings, there were lectures in the Y.M.C. Hall, at which brother Lee presided. The audiences were not large, but better than those in Gippsland. The population consists largely of retired people who are religious in the conventional and sleepy way of the churches. This was recognised as one cause of the smallness of the meetings. Perhaps something also was owing to defective announcement. A good deal depends on a liberal and telling method of advertising. But as to this, so little is possible with a community still answering to James'



description, "Poor in this world, rich in faith," that enlightenment can only be thankful and surprised that so much is done as has been done.

Returning to Melbourne, Wednesday, January 12th, I had to make preparations for departure next day to New South Wales and Queensland.

Meanwhile, I wrote the following

ADDRESS TO THE NEW ZEALAND  
BRETHREN.

I am grieved to learn that here and there throughout New Zealand, there is an absence of that perfect union that ought to exist among the Lord's friends. It is certain that when the Lord comes, absolute unity will prevail among those whom he favours. But there ought to be unity now, and among all true sons of God this unity will exist. It does seem a sad thing that among the few friends of the truth in New Zealand—so few in proportion to the population as scarcely to be comparable even to the two flocks of kids to which the Israelites were compared in the presence of the Assyrians—there should be strife and averted looks and paralysis of co-operation.

It is nothing new, of course. The history of the truth since the days of the apostles has been a history of division and bitterness; but, but—there are several heavy "buts" which it is for true friends of Christ to consider. "It must needs be," as Jesus said, "that offences come, BUT woe unto that man by whom they come." And woe also to those who stand by them. There have been men in New Zealand,—now gone from the brotherhood and gone from the truth—who have sown seeds of personal slander and seeds of unsound doctrine. They have manifested themselves before hand. They are already out of the race. But their evil work perhaps remains. Is there no remedy for this? Why should honest men who may have been helplessly victimised in the first instance, continue under an influence in which there is nothing but hurtfulness and calamity? A few questions suggest themselves. By whom has it been dispersed abroad during nearly 40 stormy years? Let the facts answer. Do you think God would have given you a corrupt Gospel in its latter-day revival? If these evil men and seducers say Dr. Thomas and his helpers are not infallible, do you

think these traducers are? If they say Dr. Thomas and his helpers are bad men, are you sure their statements are true? Should the testimony of proved men have no weight in the other scale? I tell you I knew Dr. Thomas and his helpers, and if I were to tell you all I know of their goodness, you would scarcely believe me. And I know also all the men who are their traducers, and if I do not say what I know of them, it is because I have made it a rule of my life to be silent on the faults of other men, and from this rule I will not depart now.

You say, some of you, it seems, that some part of the truth which you have been honoured to receive, is God-dishonouring: What is this truth that you object to as "God-dishonouring?" Do you say that Jesus was not a man, although Peter describes him as such (Acts ii. 22), and Paul also (1 Tim. ii. 5)? Do you say that he was not "made in all points like unto his brethren," although he did no sin? Do you say that he was not a mortal man, and therefore a fellow-sufferer with us, of the evil that came with Adam's disobedience. Do you say that he did not come in the flesh expressly to destroy through death that in it which has the power of death, that is, the (Bible) devil? (Heb. ii. 14). Do you say that God did not require this death at his hands, notwithstanding his own declaration that he had received the commandment to lay down his life? (Jno. x. 18). Do you say that in his death, God did not condemn sin in the flesh, though Paul says he did (Rom. viii. 3); and that in his death, the body of sin was destroyed (Rom. vii. 6-10), that the righteousness of God might be declared for recognition as a basis of the remission of sins? (Rom. iii. 25-27). Do you say the shedding of his blood was not necessary for the remission of our sins, in view of Christ's words at the memorial table? (Matt. xxvi. 28). Do you say that the elaborate ritual of the law of Moses, under which, without the shedding of blood, there was no remission, contained no prophecy of the one great offering on Calvary—the sacrifice of Jesus, who, by his own blood, obtained eternal redemption? (Heb. ix. 12-22-23).

If you say these things, then you are hindered and stumbled by thoughts of human manufacture, which, though plausible to human sentimentality, are destructive of the

thoughts of God revealed to us in Christ, who "of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

One of the greatest glories of the revival of the truth in our age has been the rescue of the death of Christ from all the obscurity and unintelligibility in which it had become involved through sectarian theology. Those who have not suffered from those obscurities will not be likely to appreciate the deliverance that has come. I have no doubt it will seem to you that the old thoughts are easier, and more honouring to Christ; but I also know after a life-time's daily acquaintance with the holy oracles, that they are only easier in the way Peter thought it more proper that Christ should not die at all. You remember what Christ

said to him for his well-intentioned thoughts: "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou savourest NOT THE THINGS THAT BE OF GOD, BUT THOSE THAT BE OF MEN" (Matt. xvi. 21-23). This is the root of the difficulty. All the fog that has been created on this subject in some quarters is due to human thoughts being made to take the place of divine testimony. The result to many an honest soul is the distress of a friction that does not belong to the truth. I pray you may be enabled to throw aside the human thoughts and come into the harmony with that preaching of "Jesus Christ and him crucified" which was the great business of Paul's life (Cor. xviii. 25; ii. 2).

Sydney,  
Jan. 26th, 1898.

ROBERT ROBERTS.

# 10. FROM ALBANY VIA SYDNEY TO BRISBANE

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JANUARY 13TH TO FEBRUARY 18TH, 1898.

I LEFT Melbourne on Thursday, January 13th, at 5.15, for Albany. I was met at the station there, close on eleven o'clock at night, by brethren Dinsmore and Eberle and sister Frew. My visit on this occasion was not to lecture, but to turn the occasion of my having to pass through the place on my way to Sydney, into an occasion of communion and edification. The meeting could not be held that night, of course, at such a late hour. It was held next night at brother Eberle's house, where perhaps fifteen or twenty assembled, including one or two interested friends of the truth. A very agreeable two hours were spent. Brother Eberle called on me to conduct the meeting, so we had prayers, hymns, the reading for the day, and a running commentary thereon.

A number of the company afterwards accompanied me to the railway-station, whence the midnight Sydney express started somewhere about 11.30. The train was uncomfortably full. The last time I travelled this way, I engaged a berth in the sleeping-car. I would have done so this time, but that I was not the holder of a first-class ticket. Second-class passengers are not allowed in the sleeping-cars; and the difference in cost between a first and second class ticket on a run of 400 miles, added to the 10s. or 12s. charged for a sleeping berth, is quite too much for a poor man to pay for the difference between stretching on a board and stretching on a cushion during the seven or eight hours he must give up to sleep during the hours of darkness. But we were not able even to stretch on a board. There were too many people to allow of this. We had to do the best we could, sitting upright in our seats, with the occasional luxury of lifting a foot to the opposite seat when there was an opening between fellow-passengers. To add to the misery, there was a small family party in our compartment, with the inevitable hustlings and occasional squalls. Arrangements ought to be so different, and will. It is nobody's blame that it is not so, but the dispensation's. A new dispensation is looking round the corner.

The night wore away, and by eleven o'clock or so, we were in Sydney. Brother

Jackson was waiting me, and we had to wait together for an hour before there was a tram to his district (Marrickville) where I was to stay during my presence in Sydney. There had been changes with brother Jackson since our last meeting; a wife dead and two daughters planted into Christ represent a revolution under one roof. Next day (Sunday) brought together a large meeting at the breaking of bread, and many hearty greetings. The meeting was in the Odd-fellows' Temple—(the place where the lecture was to be in the evening) instead of in the usual meeting-place of the brethren in Elizabeth Street. In the evening there was a large audience, apparently filling the hall. I was to be three Sundays in Sydney. The brethren had mercifully restricted the lectures to those days—selecting three leading subjects from the Melbourne programme. (1) "The present state of the political world;" (2) "The present state of the religious world;" (3) "Individual duty at the present crisis." There were good audiences at all the lectures. But though there were public lectures only on the Sunday there was plenty of work of another sort between. On the Wednesday nights, at the usual week-night meeting of the ecclesia, I had to speak over an hour each time on the readings of the day. The public were at liberty to attend these meetings, and between brethren and strangers, there was a full hall each time. Then there were sundry private meetings—two of which were openly announced, but poorly attended. These were for private conversational intercourse. Their failure was due to the absence of individual invitation. People don't like to be asked anonymously to a private house. We have all only to look into our own hearts to feel this. Delicacy of feeling deters you unless you are individually invited. "But then," it may be said, "if we make individual invitations, we cause offence to those not invited, and we cannot invite all." Quite so; we are surrounded with difficulties. We have to make a compromise on most of such things. The way is to choose the compromise that has the maximum of advantage with the minimum of the other thing. It would probably be better on the whole to risk a little

unreasonable offence — (an article we are always sure to have some of, whatever precautions we take) than to sacrifice the success of our little opportunities for the sake of a conciliation of which no one is a bit the better.

And then when we come together, the master of the house (or, in the case of an ecclesial social gathering, the presiding brother) should not be afraid to take the helm. There is nothing so helpless as a concourse of people, great or small, without guidance. In the case of a private assembly, if no one takes the lead, the time of the meeting infallibly wastes itself in small talk. Let the brother who has brought us together have a programme, however slight, and when the tea and the conversation have gone far enough, for social purposes, let him pull us up, and guide us with a form of things that will be profitable, instead of leaving us to drift in the shallows of promiscuous conversation, which dissipate our energies and send us home with a feeling that we have wasted our time and perhaps worse. Our days are few and evil, and will not redeem themselves apart from wise initiative.

It was a special gratification in connection with this Sydney visit to find the Comte de Rossi and his lady had become brother and sister de Rossi. It has happened in their case as in the case of a good many others that submission to the truth has been preceded by the ruin of all earthly interests. The process has been so complete in their case as to border on the tragic. It is impossible not to feel deeply moved at the recital where the heart is not a heart of stone. "Heart wrung deep with anguish" must often times have been the experience of our new brother and sister. Yet they front the dread billows of adversity in the beautiful spirit prescribed by Christ when he recommended the washed face and oiled head, "that thou appear not unto men to fast." This is the spirit that as ages have rolled, has crystallised in the habits of the aristocracies of the earth who don't know its true origin. With them it has become indomitable pride, but it began in lowly maxims which became exalted with the change that abolished Paganism and which have made their impression on the civilisations of the time though divorced from the system of divine wisdom to which they

belong. Brother and sister de Rossi do not regret the change in their circumstances. They say if they had not been brought down, they would never have known the truth, and the kingdom of God which they would not exchange for the wealth of the world.

The Count is somewhat of a public character from his contests with the Bishop of Goulburn in matters of ecclesiastical right. In these he evinced a tenacity of purpose which made him formidable and often successful. The same tenacity has been evinced in his intercourse with the brethren. Brother Bell says it is "the tenacity of pugnacity." Brother de Rossi says, "No, it is the tenacity of veracity"—(he must see into the true essence of a thing): which suggested on the part of others, "the tenacity of sagacity," or even "the tenacity of voracity" (of truth all devouring); and, afar off, and not to be mentioned but for the temptation of alliteration—the tenacity of capacity. Loquacity, ferocity and velocity come panting in, half-an-hour after the race is over.

I must not forget to mention another interesting incident during my stay in Sydney. I don't mean the presence of the music professor of *Darmstadt* experience at two of the lectures at least, but the introduction to me by the Count at the close of one of them, of a Miss Marks, who told me she had known and appreciated my writings for many years, and would be glad if I would come and see her before my departure. She was not a resident, but a visitor in Sydney. She lived with her father (a planter) at Tweed River, some hundred miles to the north of Sydney. Her father was also a lover of Christadelphian literature, and indeed might be said to be one of us, though not in communication with any of the brethren. They sometimes visited Sydney on business. She had quite casually noticed by the papers that I was lecturing in Sydney and had come to hear for the first time. Her father was not with her on this occasion, and would be so disappointed when he found I had been and gone. Next day, I went to the boarding house at which she was staying, and had a very pleasant interview of about half-an-hour. Miss Marks I found an exceedingly intelligent and robust young woman of 30—a typical colonial lady—well read in religious literature of all kinds, but

not yet decided. She said there were no books she read with such satisfaction as ours. I did not glean in our hurried conversation how she and her father had come in contact with them in the first instance. It was very gratifying to discover the power of the truth in a quiet and unsuspected corner of the earth. It naturally suggested that there might be many such cases of which nothing will be known till the great day of manifestation. When brethren advertise and circulate the literature of the truth, they may be doing something that they will never know of till the end.

Having finished my Sydney programme, I left the city on Monday, January 31st, by the 6.15 express. Brother Bell, brother Jackson, brother de Rossi, and a number of brethren and sisters saw me off. Sister Reece, of Newcastle, accompanied me in the train as far as Newcastle. She had run down with one or two others to the last lecture in Sydney on account of Newcastle having been inadvertently omitted from the tour appointments. Newcastle is about 100 miles to the north of Sydney, on the east coast of Australia. It is a coal scaport like its namesake in England. The railway journey from one to the other lies through some of the most beautiful scenery in the colonies. The train seems to be most of the time on the top of a mountain range, with tree-clad ravines descending in all directions, opening out to beautiful views of distant valleys and hills beyond. At one part of the journey, there is a tortuous lake that seems to keep the train company for many miles. The lake is shut in by high hills, and presents many a splendid view. We reached Newcastle about 10 o'clock. A considerable company of brethren and sisters were waiting for us on the platform. The train had to stay ten minutes, so we got out and had a very hurried meeting. One of the sisters had brought tea and nice things in a basket, and we sat down on a bench and had a hurried refreshment and rapid talk, "knowing the time was short." The brethren were almost scolding me for passing Newcastle by, but their feelings mollified when they understood it was not so, but that I was being driven by, through stress of circumstances. But why didn't you send word and stay a day, the same as at Albury? Well, I was not sure in the absence of letter,

how much credence to accord to rumours of obstacles. However, I would make up for it by squeezing in Newcastle somehow before going home, even if I had to take the time from Sydney.

Soon the bell rang, and I resumed my place in the train. A sister handed in after me a large basket of beautiful grapes which would have been an acceptable sustenance by the dreary wayside on a long journey; but when I got to the border of Queensland (at Wallangara), the custom house officials took them from me, with the remark that passengers were not allowed to bring grapes into Queensland. It struck me as a peculiar piece of pillage—quite Turkish in its way, but of course, I could do nothing but submit. I was told afterwards it was a piece of unwarrantable confiscation. Grapes in commercial quantities were no doubt dutiable under the laws of the state, but it was sheer robbery to impound the contents of a private refreshment basket. The proposed federation of the colonies will (presumably) end this as between one colony and another. If not federation, then another kind of "ation"—regeneration—will be the end of this, not only in the colonies, but throughout the wide world, and not only this officious tenacity and capacity, but a good many other diabolical things that at present pass muster for legitimate ordinances of government.

After a weary night in the train, trying to sleep bolt-upright on a hard seat, we arrived at Toowoomba at five o'clock on the afternoon of the next day—having meanwhile passed through long stretches of magnificent scenery of wood and hills. Brother Watson was waiting me. It was pleasant to meet him for the first time as "a brother beloved." When I last parted with him (two months after our voyage in the *Oruba*), he was a "stranger and a foreigner," with a strong presumption in favour of the truth, but mixed with a sufficient amount of indecision to render his future course uncertain. Now, he had both hoisted and nailed Zion's flag to the mast and burnt all his boats, and stood forth modest but resolute in the service of the hope of Israel. He conveyed me to the Royal Hotel, where he engaged quarters for us both for two days. I had come to Toowoomba at his invitation to lecture on behalf of the truth. I found the ground had been well prepared. Brother Watson,



Bro. Watson

besides conversing with people on the truth, had advertised *Christendom Astray* in the local daily papers regularly every day for three months, under a contract of which nine months were yet to run. He had also provided a local bookseller (Proban and Co.), with a supply of the work, of which a considerable quantity had been sold. By this means, several people had become interested. The consequence was that at the Toowoomba lecture, there was a large and deeply interested audience. One gentleman (manager of a local cheese factory) came forward at the close of it privately and said that after the reading he had had, the lecture he had listened to had decided him that Christadelphianism was the truth, and his wife, who was with him, was of the same mind. Some others expressed themselves in the same way. Several brethren were present—two called Roberts, from Southbrook, and one of the name of Boon who had ridden 40 miles through the bush to be present.

Next day we went to Southbrook, which is 18 miles distant from Toowoomba by the road and 30 miles by the railway (which

winds and twists about). It will be remembered that brother Watson's farm is at Southbrook. I was a guest here (at Sunnyside) for two days. Southbrook is an extensive township. Sunnyside is the name given to a house which stands on the sunny side of a hill (Mount Watson) in Southbrook. The hill rises behind the house, and in front there is a beautiful view of cultivated and wooded vale with back ground of mountains to the left, and indeed more or less all round. Mr. Watson's "selection," as it is called, contains 1,200 acres of land, part of it in scrub. He has divided the land among his three sons while he is yet alive, instead of leaving them to inherit under a will. Brother Watson's part is the smallest part but the best, comprising the house and accessories, in addition to 175 acres of cultivated land. And has the father embraced the truth yet? Well, no; he is very friendly, but he cannot get over the prejudice against the divinity of the Bible which he has imbibed from various "learned" sources. The God of the Bible is too petty for him. He does not like the "narrow way" and the "few-there-be-that-find-it" doctrine. He wants a God who will be a God and a saviour to everybody. This is a very kindly desire on his part. He might as well want a "nature" that will do no drowning and starving with draught and famine. There is no such God as he wants any more than there is such a nature as he would like. Yet you cannot persuade him to accept the God there is. It seems probable he will go to the grave gazing after a God that has no existence, rejecting "the only living and true God," because He is not what he, a creature, thinks He ought to be. This is a kind of intellectual infatuation that it is very difficult for common sense to understand. It is the characteristic of wisdom by every standard to find **FACTS AS THEY ARE**, and accept them with the utmost docility. The man who dictates to facts is bound to be carried away by their irresistible force at last. During the two days I was at Southbrook, I gave one lecture at Pittsworth, a hamlet of scattered houses about 6 miles away. The audience was not large, but was considered large for the place—perhaps about forty. One of the two evenings, I spent with the Roberts' family, who are all in the truth, except one (the

youngest). They occupy the large farm adjoining Sunnyside. They recently lost the father, who died in the faith. It appears they came from the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, Yorkshire, thirty years ago. The family consists of mother, five sons and one daughter, who, since the father's death, work the farm among them and manage very well. Their acceptance of the truth was a great surprise as well as a great comfort to brother Watson. He says he never did a thing with a more hopeless sense of duty than when he gave them *Christendom Astray* to read. He had begun to be considered in the district a little off his mind, and he expected this act of his likely to add to the evil report. But in some two or three months (during the father's lifetime) he was surprised to receive an invitation to the house, and to find that they had all been reading the book and were sure it was the truth, and wanted some difficulties cleared away preliminary to their being baptized.

It is certainly an extraordinary circumstance that God should have given brother Watson society in the truth on the very next farm to his own, with symptoms in various directions of further increase. The elder three sons are most earnest and interested; indeed, they all are. They are a great comfort to brother Watson.

On Saturday morning, at 7.45 (for there is only one train per day in such a quiet neighbourhood) I left Southbrook for Toowoomba. I was accompanied by the mother and daughter, and the youngest son of the Roberts' family, who were going to Brisbane to hear the lecture of the first week there. At Toowoomba, we had to wait five hours for the express from Sydney for Brisbane. These were the five hours during which on the last occasion, in the very same waiting-room, I wrote the poetical response to Mr. Watson's parting lines. There were no parting lines this time, but there was some writing to be done, which I did in fair quantity while sitting in the refreshment room. The sisters Roberts filled up the time with a visit to some Toowoomba friends.

At three o'clock, we went forward to Brisbane, which it took us about seven hours to reach. We had to pass through Ipswich station, and there brother Philemon Coley, of Coleyville (originally from Birmingham),

was on the outlook for us. He found us out quickly. I said, "Here we are—and here are sister Roberts and her daughter." He sprang forward to greet them, under the impression they were the sister Roberts and daughter I had left at Melbourne, and whom he had not seen for thirty years. "Hold!" I said, "you are making a mistake." Explanation disappointed while quickly putting him right.

At Brisbane, quite a number of brethren were waiting for us. I was conveyed to the house of brother and sister Marriott (Clifton Villa, Boundary Street, Westend), where I was to make my stay for three Sundays and the week-days between. Brother and sister Marriott are newly-married people, who have only recently come into the truth. They were originally earnest Baptists and then Conditional Immortalists. Their joy at finding the whole truth is very refreshing. Sister Marriott, I found, came originally from Birmingham. She and her husband are part of the great harvest that within twelve months, notwithstanding division some time ago, has increased the Brisbane ecclesia from a comparatively small number to something like 110. This increase appears a genuine increase so far as I could judge. A great effect seems to have been produced by the debate which took place last year between Harry Long and brother Bell. The chairman on that occasion (a Mr. Hardgrave, solicitor), was so impressed with the scripturality of what was brought forward by brother Bell, confirmed by private reading, that in two or three months after the debate, he applied for immersion and is now a most earnest, devout, and intelligent brother. It seems that for five years previously, he had been in that state of listless nothingness into which all intelligent men drift sooner or later under the stupefying effects of popular theology. The truth woke him up, and furnished him with exactly what he felt he required.

Another exceedingly interesting case is the case of a tall, energetic, intelligent blind man, but not stone blind, by the name of Brown. He is one of a family of brothers who occupy leading and influential positions in the town and neighbourhood. He says he owes his enlightenment to his blindness—an enigmatical saying which becomes intelligible when he explains. Being blind,

said he, I could not be educated in the ordinary way. I had to be taught reading by embossed books, and the only embossed book I had was the Bible. The Bible was my all in all. I knew it well. I did not understand it, but when the truth was introduced to my notice, I saw it like lightning, and so being blind, now I see. If I had had my sight, I should have been where my brothers are—choked by “the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches and the lusts of other things.”

The interest of his case does not cease here. When he got *Christendom Astray*, not being able to read it, he asked his mother to read it to him. She read the first lecture, but would read no more. Brother Brown then got a brother to read to him. He devoured what he heard. He declared to his mother it was the truth. His mother told him not to be in a hurry, but to take the matter to Mr. Stonewig—a popular episcopalian clergyman, whose church they attended (and who has since been appointed Bishop of Polynesia). Brother Brown went to Mr. Stonewig, armed with a string of questions. Instead of dealing with his questions, he told him the Bible was an imaginative work and not to be understood in the way the people took it. For example, people understood Isaiah liii. to be a prophecy of Christ. Nothing of the sort, said he; it refers to somebody living in Isaiah’s day; so with Daniel and other prophecies. When brother Brown returned and reported to his mother what the clergyman had said, she was astounded. She could scarcely believe it. It set her a thinking. Perhaps her son was right after all. She consented to read the books to him, instead of having him go out to have others read. The result was her own enlightenment. But she did not like the idea of giving up the church. Could she not hold the truth but stay where she was, among the beautiful music and the gentlemanly clergy? She tried, but the experiment failed in her hand. The next time she went, the music did not seem the same. A number of clergy were flitting about in official robes and going through mummeries of performance. She felt disgusted. She never returned. But she had not made up her mind to obey the truth. I was brought to interview her at the house of brother C.

Ferguson, out in the country, at Salisbury, on the south east railway. On the verandah, we had two hours brisk conversation, her delighted son being there, and also brother Hardgrave, the two brothers Ferguson, and brother Arnott, who has taken a leading part in all the steps that have led to so great a diffusion of the light in Brisbane. I was told that on the next day, Mrs. Brown—whom I found to be a highly intelligent and accomplished lady of queenly presence—declared herself finally decided to identify herself with the brethren.

We had good meetings in Brisbane. I spoke in all thirteen times, irrespective of private conversation. There were three lectures in the Oddfellows’ Hall, three in another hall in North Brisbane, three in the Alliance Hall, on the south of the river. There were also three addresses at the breaking of bread, and one address at a large tea meeting held on the Saturday before my departure. Many brethren were present from Ipswich at the tea meeting, because of which, I thought I might be liberated from an Ipswich visit, but a peremptory “No,” was the final answer.

I was thoroughly gratified by my visit to Brisbane. The state of things was a surprise to me—a contrast certainly to what was in the days of poor brother Yardley, who laboured faithfully many years and now sleeps. There was a slight cloud of ecclesial misunderstanding of some sort on this occasion; with this exception, all was hearty and happy and free. It is to be hoped the exception itself will disappear. It is important if withdrawal must take place in any case, that the process should be done correctly as to form, otherwise a root of bitterness is left in the ground that will sprout trouble afterwards. No one withdrawn from should have it in his power to prove the ecclesia to be wrong in the way the thing was done.

Brother Watson, of Southbrook, joined me at Brisbane on Friday, February 19th. It was his summer holiday, and he had made up his mind to spend it with me in journeying to Rockhampton, Sydney and Melbourne. For Rockhampton, we started together on Monday morning, February 21st.



# 11. BRISBANE AREA TO SYDNEY THEN ONTO NEWCASTLE

FEBRUARY 19TH TO MARCH 13TH, 1898.

**W**E started from Brisbane on Monday morning, February 21st, at 7.50, hoping to make the journey to Rockhampton without a break.

I don't know the exact distance, but I should think it cannot be far short of 500 miles. The rail does not as yet go all the way, but only as far as Gladstone, where passengers take a small steam boat on what is called "The Narrows," and do the rest of the distance (80 miles) by water. It was a long weary journey—relieved by the beauty of the scenery, and one or two incidents on the way; such as, first: a sudden salutation through the window from brother Marshall, who is an engine driver on the line; second: the sudden apparition of two brethren who came in upon us near Gympie; third: conversation with brother Weldon, sister Marshall and others at Gympie, while the train was waiting; fourth: the unexpected meeting at Bundaberg station of a gentleman (sugar planter) who sailed with us in the *Oruba* and asked us to be sure and call if ever we came to Bundaberg; fifth: an interesting conversation with a group of thirteen or more school children travelling to Goodwood. Usually, the boat is waiting the state of the tide did not allow of it, so being dumped down in a strange land in the dark, at 11.15, we were told without any ceremony that we could not go on till morning, and must shift for ourselves till then. Weary and not hungry, we threw ourselves within the mosquito nets of a hotel called "The Young Australian," and after a somewhat miserable night, got up in time to catch the early boat. The sail was among quiet waters between wooded flats for 50 miles, and then we entered the Fitzroy River, on which Rockhampton stands. It was hard work puffing up the Fitzroy, for the floods were on, and the down current was strong and rapid. However, after much patient labouring, our little river craft reached her destination, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. But where was the wharf at which she usually moors? There was nothing of it visible; the tops of lamp posts were sticking out of the water, also the tops of cranes and derricks and the roof-ridges of warehouses.

This had been the state of things, it seems, for some days. We managed to get ashore at a small high water wharf, and found brother Cook waiting. He quietly took possession of us and our belongings, and conveyed us to his hospitable abode at Riverside. Here we soon forgot our sorrows for a season. I found brother Cook had arranged for a course of four lectures—(Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Sunday). He was hopeful of a better attendance on this occasion than on the last, first, because of the interest being taken by the public on the Eastern question (on which a number of letters had appeared in the local papers); and secondly, because of his adoption of an improved method of advertising the lectures. He had copied the Melbourne plan of bill—(bordered with mottoes and backed by an address to the people), and this he had had printed on some hundreds of green cards. His expectations were not disappointed. There was a good attendance at the Protestant Hall, Alma Street, at all four lectures—the Mayor presiding on the first occasion. Several cases of interest were spoken of, not as the result of the lectures, but in connection with them—notably the father of the manager of the Toowoomba Cheese Factory, spoken of last month. He had been written to by his son and implored to attend the lectures; which he did, and we had a conversation afterwards. Then there is a lady (originally from Huddersfield) "almost" persuaded. One interesting married young woman, the wife of a Roman Catholic, was immersed on the Saturday evening while we were there. Taking it altogether, the soil, though somewhat arid in a spiritual sense, is not absolutely unproductive. We left on Monday, after spending a pleasant six days in Rockhampton, but I never remember experiencing such difficulty in arranging to get away from a place. The floods had so dislocated usual sailing arrangements that no reliable information was obtainable. There was a necessity for prompt departure because of the next appointment falling on the Wednesday at Ipswich; but how to depart at all was a problem to the last moment. There were four alternative ways, but none of them were

reliable when we came to investigate them. Several long conversations took place with reference to them, but each conversation undid the last. At last, we came to the conclusion that it was not possible to get away in time to keep the Ipswich appointment. The only thing to be done was to draft a telegram to brother Orr, informing him of the complete failure of every effort; and asking him to apologise to the audience that would assemble on Wednesday night. This was done, and brother Watson put the telegram in his pocket, and went out to send it off, but on the way, some sudden light broke on the question, and he discovered we could catch the *Leura* at the mouth of the Fitzroy, at 12 midnight on the Monday, for Brisbane—by going down the river (30 miles) in a small river boat—*Taldora*. We were greatly relieved at the discovery, and of course did not send the telegram. The little boat started at 7 p.m. The sail down was with the current, and therefore rapid. It was on smooth water by moonlight, and therefore pleasant, except for incessant persecution of the mosquitoes. When we got to the mouth of the river, we had to wait two hours or more for the *Leura*. This was a very weary wait in the early hours of the morning in the open air in the dark among the mosquitoes who would not let us sleep. In due time, the *Leura* arrived and we clambered aboard, and ended the tribulation of the moment in the oblivion of a sleeping bunk. When we got out to sea, the weather was rough, and the rolling of the vessel too great to be agreeable. Brother Watson sickened under the process, and was “hors de combat” during the rest of the voyage—which fortunately was not very long. We got into Brisbane early on Wednesday morning, and were taken possession of by brother Marriott, who took us to his house after telegraphing to the brethren at Ipswich when we should arrive there. We went forward to Ipswich the same afternoon, and duly kept the appointment which had seemed for a moment in danger. Brother Watson went forward to Toowoomba while I fulfilled the rest of the programme at Ipswich. His object was that he might make sure of a prolongation of his holiday for Sydney and Melbourne. The meetings at Ipswich were marred somewhat by the great rains; nevertheless,

they were largely attended and full of interest.

At the close of the first lecture, a gentleman-looking man of dark complexion and middle age, enquired through brother Orr if he could have an interview with the lecturer. I have a suspicion as a rule of persons requesting interviews under such circumstances. They usually have a hobby to push, a crotchet to air, a craze to advocate, or alms to ask. Genuine enquirers after truth are usually too modest to obtrude themselves on anyone's privacy, and find other ways and means of following up their enquiries. However, there are always exceptions. The gentleman, coming at last to me personally, said he had been struck with much in my lecture that was in unison with his own thoughts, and he desired to have a conversation on the subject. He was so earnest and respectful that I felt it would be cruel to refuse. So brother Orr invited him to take tea at brother Orr's house next evening. He duly came. From generalities, we soon got at the particular object of his visit. He remarked that I had developed many beautiful matters of revelation from the Scriptures in the course of my lecture, what should I say to the occurrence of such revelations in our day? (Here I began to sniff the usual contraband.) I replied that I would be delighted at their occurrence if they were real. He said there was no doubt they were real. I replied that I should require proof. John had advised believers to “believe not every spirit,” but to try them, whether they were genuinely from God or not, and the test which he recommended was one that was as much within our reach in modern days as in the days of the Apostles. “He that is of God,” said John, “heareth us (the Apostles), and he that is not of God heareth not us; **HEREBY KNOW WE THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH AND THE SPIRIT OF ERROR.**” Anything therefore professing to be revelation in our day, must be in harmony with the teaching of the Apostles.—That was all right, quoth Mr. B.; he could vouch both for the reality and the harmony.—Well, I should be delighted if it were so. Nothing would give me such joy as to discover that God had again begun to speak to man. I would gladly go to the end of the world to get into the presence of such a fact.—Would I be

going to Melbourne? Oh yes; I was now resident there.—Well, there was a people there that he would gladly introduce me to. What were they called? Well, they preferred not to take any name, but simply to enquire after spiritual truth.—But how were they known to other people—by what name?—Mr. B. fought shy of this for a bit, but at last said “Spiritualists.” Oh, said I—I know the spiritualists, and I know the truth is not with them. This opened a powerful passage of arms which lasted all the time that I could spare, because I had certain writing to do that evening, of which Mr. B. had been forewarned. So I retired to another room, leaving him in the hands of brethren Orr and Watson. When I had got my writing done, I returned. They were still at it. I found Mr. B. rehearsing certain experiences with great solemnity and earnestness. Attending a certain man for his maladies, the man said his dead wife was before him through Mr. B.’s touch. Mr. B. looked and saw the wife whom he described to his patient—his patient recognising the description in every particular. Of course—because what Mr. B. saw was his patient’s own cerebral memory of his wife reflected to Mr. B.’s sensorium through the subtle action of electrical affinity. But Mr. B. saw somebody else—a man standing beside the woman. He described him. The patient could not say who that man was. The patient afterwards introduced Mr. B. to his family, and by the description, they said it must be the grandfather. They showed him an album and asked him to look through and see if there was anyone he could recognise. He looked well through it without recognising anyone. At last he came to the photograph of an old man. “That,” said he, “is the man I saw, but his whiskers are longer in the photograph than when I saw him.” “The man I saw,” said he, “was clean shaven and had his whiskers short.” “Well, that is wonderful,” said the family, “because grandfather had his whiskers nearly all shaved away before he died. This photograph was taken some time before his death.” Here I interposed with a question. “Have whiskers ghosts?” “What!” “Have whiskers ghosts?” “You mean have ghosts whiskers?” “No; I mean have whiskers ghosts; because you saw a ghost with less whiskers than the same ghost

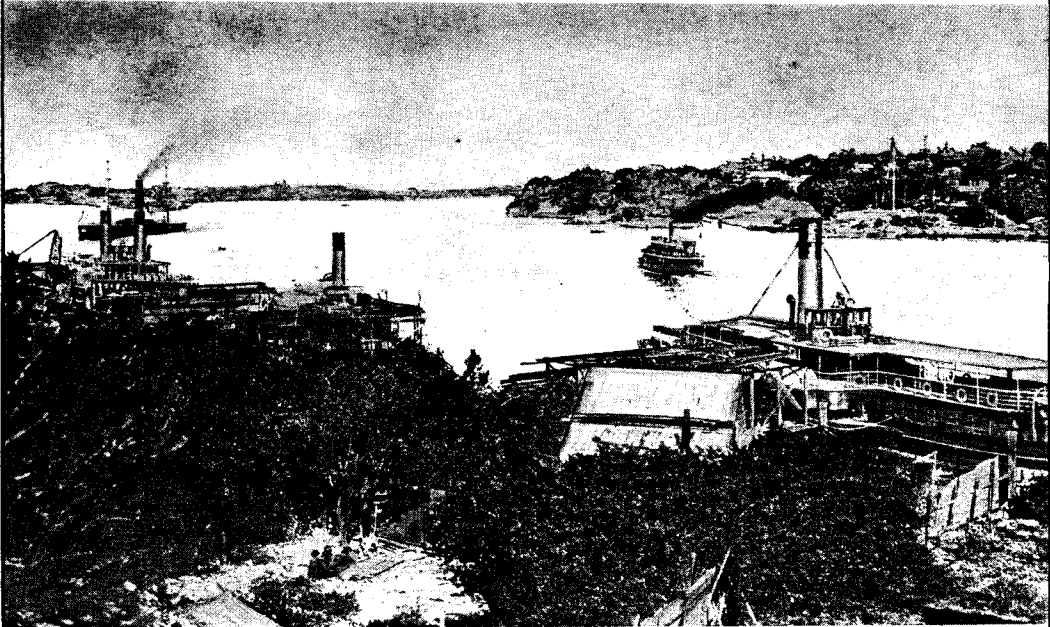
when living had at a certain time before; and I wish to know whether in your opinion whiskers have ghosts: that is, do the whiskers enter into the ghost structure?” Mr. B. thought that was trifling with the question. I said, “No: it touches the explanation of what you saw. You think it was a real ghost: if so, it was minus whiskers that it would have had if some one had not applied the razor; therefore that razor had shorn away a part of the ghost, as well as the material hair.” “Oh! I see,” said Mr. B. “Think it out,” said I; “it is the clue to the nature of what you saw. What you saw was not what you think (a self-existing ghost), but the spectral image of your patient’s memory who saw the grandfather last with shorn whiskers, and therefore had a mental photograph of him in that aspect. You saw that photograph as we all see our own memory-photographs in dreams. If it was a real ghost as you imagine, you are in this dilemma, either that whiskers have no ghosts—and then you cannot explain why you saw any whiskers at all), or that the ghosts of whiskers can be cut away with a pair of scissors, because you did not see the whiskers that had been cut off before the man’s death (in which case he would be bound to admit that any part of a ghost can be cut away during life, and that therefore, a whole ghost ought to be squashed when the body collapses). Mr. B. tried several times to get away from the line of reasoning, but I held him to the point and he acknowledged there was a little difficulty in it. He seemed a candid sort of man, a real seeker of truth for its own sake. I strongly advised him to seek it in the Bible. It was not to be found in any other place. All else was cloudland of human fog and speculation.

The meetings included a tea meeting on the Saturday evening which was not on the programme. The brethren considered that the stress of four addresses would be sufficient for me. But the sisters took the matter into their own hands, and at their cost, provided the tables and issued the invitations. A very hearty meeting was the result. Seventeen brethren and sisters came from Brisbane and stayed over the Sunday.

I returned on the Monday to Brisbane, where I was joined by brother Watson.

We were hoping to sail on Wednesday morning in the *Peregrine* for Sydney, but there was a degree of uncertainty owing to the flooded state of the river. The advertisement on Monday told us that the boat would sail at "9 a.m." On Tuesday, "9 a.m." had been changed to "early." On Wednesday, the information was that passengers must be aboard by 5 p.m., and that they must come to some sugar refinery wharf down the river. Brother Watson and I repaired to the said out-of-the-way spot, but found no steamer at the wharf. However, we had not long to wait. The steamboat was hiding round a corner of the river bend coaling; and by-and-bye she steamed up to her place, where she moored after the usual amount of smoking, and groaning, and straining and shouting. We were glad to get finally aboard and at rest, but we ascertained that the boat would not really start till 6 next morning! There was nothing for it but to settle down and make the best use of the time. Dinner over, we took to letter writing, and were getting along nicely when two voices behind us remarked, "we appeared to be having everything our own way." We looked up and found brother Butler and brother Hardgrave standing over us. Their visit was a pleasant surprise. We did not

suppose there was any danger of a visit in that out-of-the-way place at an hour which had not been published, and when so far as Brisbane was concerned the time of our departure was unknown, but when you have sharp men to deal with, there is no calculating probabilities. We had a long and interesting conversation on the fortunes of the truth in the colonies for the past twenty years, and the wonderfully improving prospects on all hands. Sharp men are jewels when their sharpness is of the order prescribed by Christ, "Wise as serpents harmless as doves." There is sharpness enough in the world, but unmingled with the dove element, it turns to diabolism, to man's distress. We reluctantly said farewell to our visitors, and retired to rest, and when we awoke, we found ourselves moving out of the river. Outside the sea was rough, and most of the company soon surrendered to that most distressing disturbance of the gastronomic equilibrium, *mal de mere*—including brother Watson. We entered Sydney harbour on Friday evening, and found that well adapted trio—brethren Bell, Jackson and Payne, waiting us. It had been arranged that brother Watson should go forward to Melbourne in the *Peregrine* (while I went to Newcastle, 100



Sydney Harbour 1897.

miles to the north of Sydney), but the steamer would be twenty-four hours in Sydney harbour, so the brethren insisted on his landing and spending the night ashore instead of remaining on board all night as he intended. He was conveyed with me to brother Jackson's, where he had a warm welcome (as who has not? The answer is an ugly one—ugly for the parties concerned). Next day, brother Watson rejoined the ship, and I went forward to Newcastle as appointed.

When I arrived here, I found a state of things which took me by surprise and placed me in a dilemma. Besides the ecclesia in Newcastle (numbering about twenty brethren and sisters), there is an ecclesia of about fifty or sixty at a place called Lambton, only four miles off. I had supposed I was coming on the joint invitation of both bodies, which was true in the moral sense only. I found that both ecclesias had been out of fellowship, one with another, for some months, and that if I broke bread with one, I would condemn the other. What was to be done? Why, refrain from both. Yes, that would have been the easiest way, but what a miserable character it would have imparted to a public effort for the truth, which ought to be not only based in unity but conducted in the spirit of cordial and loving co-operation. I was advertised to give three lectures, and how could I even give one with any satisfaction with discord among the brethren? I concluded the best thing to do was to ask the brethren to allow me an opportunity of conferring with both sides face to face before breaking bread. To make such a conference possible, it was needful that the Newcastle brethren should

attend at Lambton next morning, but it was difficult to bring this about, as it was 11 o'clock on Saturday night when I arrived, and there only lacked twelve hours to the meeting next morning and those mostly hours of rest. However, with the enterprising co-operation of brother and sister Harvey, who got up very early and notified all the brethren in time, the difficulty was got over. The Lambton brethren were, of course, taken aback at the arrival of the Newcastle ecclesia bodily. I begged pardon for such a departure from ordinary routine, but explained the object and requested a joint conference before the breaking of bread should be proceeded with. My request was granted, and I at once proceeded to put questions to each side, which in half-an-hour or three quarters, elicited the state of the case, and enabled me to see clearly and press home strongly the initial mistake that had led to the unhappy state of things so long prevailing. I now saw clearly which side to take in case the division should be continued; but I appealed to them whether it ought not to cease, and allow all to become one in a united and harmonious breaking of bread. Both sides responded to this appeal, and I then submitted a resolution ending the controversy and regaining unity—after which brother Shore, the presiding brother for the day, took the chair and the meeting took its natural course. The mistake that had been made was one that is often made elsewhere; and it is almost invariably calamitous in its results. For this reason, it may be well to make it the subject of remark next month without mentioning names or entering upon any personal particulars.

## 12. IN NEWCASTLE THEN HOME TO MELBOURNE

MARCH 13TH TO MARCH 23RD, 1898.

THE matter that had separated the Newcastle and Lambton ecclesias concerned two brethren from whom the latter had withdrawn. The two brethren considered themselves unjustifiably withdrawn from, not only as to the reason of withdrawal, but as to the absence of Scriptural method. They therefore applied for the fellowship of the Newcastle ecclesia—about four miles away. The Newcastle ecclesia did not at once receive the two brethren, but notified the Lambton ecclesia of their application, and requested the opportunity of examining conjointly with themselves the reason of their withdrawal. After some correspondence, the Lambton ecclesia refused this. The Newcastle ecclesia then received the two brethren and informed the Lambton ecclesia of the fact. The Lambton ecclesia then withdrew from the Newcastle ecclesia, and the two ecclesias had remained separated ever since. Having elicited these facts by questioning, and having moreover ascertained that the Lambton ecclesia did really withdraw from the two brethren without summoning them to answer for themselves at a general meeting of the ecclesia, I had no difficulty in coming to a decision as to which section had put itself in the wrong (by an error of judgment.) But my object was not to put either in the wrong but to bring both into union and harmony if possible. I therefore asked whether the original cause of withdrawal from the two brethren was such as could be overlooked, or whether it was of so serious a nature that it must be pressed, even if it had to be done over again in the right way? The answer was, it could be overlooked. This opened up a promising prospect of agreement. The only question to be considered was the method of procedure that had been observed. I said this was more important than it might seem. It was not a mere matter of form. It was a matter in which if the right thing were not done, great injustice might be done and the seeds of much future trouble sown; besides which, every brother's character might easily be placed at the mercy of malice. It ought not to be in the power of any ecclesia to pass judgment on an accused brother in his absence, unless that absence

was wilful. This was an elementary principle recognised in every system of law, ancient or modern, human or divine. It was a feature of British law all over the world—that no man should be condemned without the opportunity and invitation to answer the charge made against him. It used to be the same with Roman law, as casually comes out in Acts xxv. 16: "It is not the manner of the Romans to deliver any man to die before that he that is accused have the accusers face to face and have license to answer for himself concerning the crime laid against him." The Jews observed the same practice: "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him?" (Jno. vii. 31). Lastly, Christ enjoined the same thing in the law of Matthew xviii. for dealing with an offending brother, only that he added the merciful requirement (absent from all human laws), that public accusation should not be made until the accused had been approached personally and privately by the accuser, and a second time with one or two others in case of failure.

Reflection would show that this law was based on the most primitive requirements of justice; for if it were in the power of any human authority to condemn a man unheard, no man would be safe from the slanderer. Every active man had to put up with a good deal of slander as it was; but private slander was a powerless thing compared with what it would be if public accusers were at liberty to act on it—whether on private conviction or private information or private rumour which might arise from private animosity. Our only protection lay in the imperative obligation to grant every man the opportunity of answering accusations that might be made against him, before acting on it to his condemnation. Of course, there might be accusations that were too frivolous to be treated in this serious way—accusations to be passed by, and left to the Lord's judgment at his coming. In that case, there was no danger. But where there must be condemnation, there must be a hearing of the accused before condemnation, or at least the opportunity of it offered to him. And in the case of the law of Christ, there must be no public hearing until the preliminary

private interview required by that law has taken place.

The maintenance of this law was of very great importance to the peace and well-being of ecclesias. I had known much trouble come from its violation. Men easily get into difference sometimes, and under the impulse of hot feelings, they sinned by backbiting with the tongue—or mentioning their grievance to third persons, instead of either seeing the accused for the making of peace, or letting the descending sun extinguish their wrath. By this, the trouble was spread, and then, sometimes, the matter was made worse by an inflamed majority acting against the accused without any compliance with the requirements of the law of Christ—that he should first be heard. A matter between two persons spread in this way to many, to their hurt. For how can people espouse the quarrels of others without being hurt? Sometimes whole ecclesias are involved in a miserable private quarrel, through the wrong course being followed in its treatment. I recollected a case in which for many months, the ecclesias of a whole district were distracted and blighted by the discussion of an affair of this sort which never ought to have been heard of beyond the walls of the house where it originated.

The next mistake was where one ecclesia refused another the opportunity of investigation in a case where withdrawal was resented as unjust. It only required a moment's reflection to see the serious nature of this mistake. An ecclesia might make a mistake. If their decision was to be binding on all others without challenge, there could be no remedy, and a brother must necessarily remain under a perhaps undeserved slur. As a rule, an act of withdrawal by one ecclesia would be respected by another; but if there was objection and appeal to another ecclesia by the brother withdrawn from, there might be reasonable ground for the appeal, and the ecclesia appealed to certainly ought to have the opportunity of judging the matter for themselves if there should appear *prima facie* ground of demur. No ecclesia could say that an act of withdrawal was "their own business" only; because we were all members one of another. An ecclesia withdrawing from one of its members withdrew from one who was in fellowship with brethren elsewhere. There-

fore in a measure, it was the business of the brethren elsewhere as well. Their claims in the case, where serious demur arose, could only be met by granting the right of reconsidering the reason that had led to the withdrawal. It might be inconvenient to have the matter overhauled again. It would not often occur. It was better to have this occasional inconvenience than to have an aggrieved brother disturbing other ecclesias with the ventilation of his complaints; or to have our liberties exposed to the danger of an irrevocable decision at the hands of a few men who might make a mistake. Appeal to the whole congregation is a very ancient right, which we have no alternative but to submit to when it is seriously invoked. If the accused is guilty, it will be easy to show it in the case of such appeal; in that case, the appeal will place the decision beyond question. If the accused is not guilty, the liberty of appeal will save from injustice.

The brethren in the present case had meant well, but had acted wrongly. I recommended them to retreat from an untenable position by ignoring the past, and inviting the brethren who had been withdrawn from, including the Newcastle ecclesia, to return to fellowship. A resolution was unanimously adopted to this effect—after which, we all broke bread together, and partook of lunch together on specially spread tables in the same room after the meeting. Hearty expressions on all sides declared the joy caused by the ending of the division.

I lectured three times in the brethren's meeting place at Lambton, to fair audiences. I was glad when the lectures were over, for I was beginning to feel unwell. I should not wonder if I was touched with the fever that was rife in the district, locally known as the dengue fever. One brother who sat next me had suffered severely from it, and had indeed to force himself out of bed to be at the meetings; after the meetings, he felt much better and I felt rather down. A photographer, at the close of the meeting, pressed me to come to his place and have my picture taken. His wife was a relative of brother and sister Gregory, of Birmingham; and they wanted to give them a pleasant surprise by sending my photograph from the east coast of Australia, where it was not as yet known they were located. I have an almost unconquerable aversion to be photo-

graphed at any time. This time I declared I was not fit to be taken, feeling so unwell. Sister Rees, with whom I stayed, afterwards so pressed me on the subject—almost, in fact, arrested me and marched me to the place—that I gave in. The result was three beautiful pictures, so far as the artist's part was concerned, but as likenesses, they fully justified my feeling of unfitness. They were pronounced inadmissible at home. I am sorry, for the artist's sake, it is so. Anyone desiring to see them, should apply to Mr. McLean, photographer, Newcastle, N.S.W.



Bro. Roberts at Newcastle, March 1898

I left Newcastle early on Wednesday morning, March 16th, arriving in Sydney shortly after noon. Brethren Bell and Jackson—doughty servants of the truth—were waiting me, and saw me into the tram for the house of the latter at Marrickville. I had been away from Sydney six weeks. The week-night meeting was that night. I

was told the brethren would expect me to speak, and also farewell would be said to brother Payne, on the occasion of his removal from Sydney to Wagga Wagga, some 300 miles further south and within 80 miles of Albury. Under the circumstances, I conquered the feeling of weariness that oppressed me, and went to the meeting. After the meeting, the whole audience seemed to adjourn to the railway station to see brother Payne off. Brother Payne has been an acceptable and effectual servant of the truth in Sydney for a number of years. The interest taken in his departure was an evidence of the sense of loss caused by his removal. He was in the Sunday School in Birmingham many years ago, but I had to come out to the Colonies to make his acquaintance and to realise how good is the work done by the Sunday School, where all seems at the time to be darkness, labour, and faith.

Next day, escorted by brother Jackson, I had an interview with brethren Howell and Crane, at the request of and at the house of the former. Their two sister-wives were also present. The object of the interview was to see if it were possible to bring about the restoration of fellowship which had been interrupted by the adoption, on their part, of brother Andrews' denial of light as the ground of resurrectional responsibility. The interview took the form of a conversational discussion of the new views which had caused the trouble. I was told before coming away that the interview would not be without fruit; but so far as brother Howell was concerned, he did not seem able to see through the fog that had been caused by the multitude of artificial words and phrases poured forth. I was sorry for this, for brother Howell has a good name for those excellencies which it is the will of Christ should characterise believers of the Gospel. But the reception of the truth is the first basis of fellowship. An important element of it is rejected when it is maintained that enlightened rebels against the law of God escape resurrectional punishment by reason of their omission of the preliminary obedience called for in baptism. The ground on which God holds men amenable to judgment in any case is the knowledge of His will. Ignorance of this may excuse; but enlightened men are without



excuse. The idea that refusal to submit in baptism will save them from the consequences of their rebellion against the light is "another gospel" which we dare not receive. This is a different case from the case of those who recognise light as the ground of responsibility, but hesitate only as to the extent of its bearings in an age so dark as ours. We parted on the understanding that the matter could not be compromised.

I had received a letter from home, stating that sister Roberts was unwell. Hearing of this, and perceiving my own unfavourable state, brother Jackson pressed on me the advisability of cutting short my stay in Sydney and going home at once. The proposal was certainly an acceptable one, and as there was no appointment except such as I could obtain release from, I considered and decided, and telegraphed home that I might be expected by the ss. *Tyrian*, which sailed from Sydney on Friday, March 18th. When I got on board the boat, I felt very unwell, and arrived home in two days—on Sunday, at 5 p.m., in a very dilapidated state. I found sister Roberts better. For several days, I was unfit for ordinary occupation; but gradually, with the regular, quiet, simple ways of home, I came round, and in two or three weeks was "myself again." I am now looking forward to the New Zealand trip (in which I will be accompanied by sister Roberts), to be followed by a long absence in England—to which I do not look

forward with pleasure.

On my return, I may say I discovered that I had lost my elder daughter, Eusebia, through marriage with brother Thomas H. Firth. Of course, I had heard of the event by post before my return, but it did not come home on mere report with the force caused by actual sight of the fire-side gap. On my departure, had I been asked to name an unlikely event to happen in my absence, this would have been it. The idea in the abstract had been in view ever since a rejected proposal a long time ago; but it was no more likely to be realised when I left Melbourne than at the moment when decisively dismissed four years before. It seemed very hurried and precipitate at the last, and has so appeared to all who have heard of it, but things alter their appearance on a close view. When love begins, other things offer but a feeble resistance. In this case, the "other things" were all in favour of love's consummation. Brother Firth was about to depart on an impending journey and absence of some duration. Eusebia was without occupation and of mature age. Sister Roberts thought there was no reason for delay, and that they should marry and depart together. A council of war came to the same conclusion. A father was appealed to and concurred, regretting only he was too far away to be with them. The rest followed without hitch, and has caused nothing but satisfaction in the immediate circle of those affected.

# 13. LECTURES AT BALLARAT & A SPECIAL GATHERING AT ORIENT HOUSE

MARCH 24TH TO MAY 10TH, 1898.

**A**T this writing, I am on the point of departing by the *Wakatipu* for New Zealand, accompanied by sister Roberts. The brethren and sisters there have rendered this possible by their liberal provision of the expenses of the way. The steamer is three days behind her advertised sailing date, owing to stormy weather—which is a pity; it will curtail our stay at Invercargill, and perhaps come into collision with lecturing arrangements there. I ought to have allowed a margin of a clear week after expected arrival before commencing appointments, so as to have provided for the contingencies of uncertain weather at this time of the year (winter). There is no help for it. Resignation, as cheerful as possible, is the only wise attitude for mortals when things cannot be altered.

Within the last week or two, I have been to Ballarat, accompanied by my daughter, Sarah Jane. I had hoped to have gone on to Adelaide, four or five hundred miles further on, but circumstances did not favour this extension. An Adelaide brother (or rather, one who has been a while in Adelaide and has returned to Melbourne—Harry Gordon) has reported favourably of the brethren there, on most points. If perfect unity could prevail, it would be greater gain, both to the comfort and progress of the brethren, and to the prosperity of the truth as a testimony to the alien. We must be thankful for what good exists. A step in the right direction has been made in the adoption of the music in the hymn-book for the hymns, instead of the melodies popularised by Moody and Sankey—which, though pretty enough from a musical point of view, are offensive to enlightenment through their association with popular sectarianism—which is superstition. When the sons of God come together, they wish to get as far away from their evil surroundings for the time being as possible. It is very certain that when “the redeemed of the Lord return with singing unto Zion,” it is not the hymns of the Salvation Army that will be heard.

The Ballarat brethren asked me to their city with two objects—to present the truth

to the public in two lectures, and to make an effort to promote re-union with the few who had gone out on the Cornish heresy. The latter was attended to first. A meeting of both sides took place in the house of brother Close (16, Bond Street) on the evening of my arrival (Tuesday, May 3rd). The meeting took a conversational form. The difficulty was wholly doctrinal—that is, there was no personal misunderstanding or incompatibility to get over. It was wholly a question of how we were to regard the nature of Christ in the days of his flesh. The brethren with brother Close accepted the testimony of the apostles that Christ was the seed of David according to the flesh (Rom. i. 3), and of the same flesh and blood as his brethren (Heb. ii. 14), and tempted in all points like to them, though without sin (Heb. iv. 15); that he was sent forth in this nature that the power of death in it might be destroyed in his person (Heb. ii. 14) by sacrifice (Heb. ii. 14; ix. 26), God requiring first that that sin might thus be condemned in its own flesh, and the righteousness of God declared in the shedding of his blood be as a basis for forgiveness (Rom. viii. 3; iii. 25). The separated brethren, while also accepting this testimony, could not bring themselves to apply the term “sinful flesh” to the flesh of Christ, seeing he “did no sin.” They admitted that human nature was sinful flesh, and that the body of Jesus was human nature; but, by some unaccountable flaw of logic, they objected to the application of the same description. So far as their scruple was due to feelings of reverence for the Lord Jesus, I told them, it was to be respected; but that these feelings in this case misled them—and misled them to their hurt—seeing the thing denied was the very thing that qualified the Lord Jesus to be an acceptable sacrifice for the sins of the world. His sacrifice was putting of condemned and sinful human nature out of the way—“that the body of sin might be destroyed” (Rom. vi. 6, 10); and if he did not possess that nature, the very thing aimed at was not done.

The relation of the death of Christ to the removal of the curse of the law illustrates

this. He took the curse of the law out of the way—not by being put to death substitutionally for others, but by coming under it **IN HIS OWN PERSON** (see Gal. iii. 13; Eph. ii. 15; Col. i. 22), “Cursed is he that hangeth on a tree.” So he took away the curse of death by bearing it in his own person. It was “for us,” but that was how it was done—**IN HIMSELF**. But when it is said the curse was not there, and that his flesh was not sinful flesh, it deprives the death of Christ of its divine meaning.

I pointed out that with such a view they could not give a reason for the death of Christ. To say that “Christ died because he was killed,” was to deal only with the physical exterior of the event; there was a spiritual meaning to it, which was its all-important essence—a spiritual meaning foreshadowed in all the law, namely: That God must be glorified before man can be saved. Man is to be saved through forgiveness; but this forgiveness He (God) requires to be preceded by the effectual assertion of His supremacy in the death of man in the person of one with whom He is well pleased and whom He can raise in harmony with the law which makes death the wages of sin. Such an one he had to provide himself, for all others had “sinned and come short of the glory of God.” He did provide him in the generation of a Son of his own in the Adamic nature of Mary. The Son resulting from the operation of the Spirit of God upon a human mother exhibited the combination, otherwise impossible—a combination essential to the salvation of man—the combination of spotless character with sinful flesh. The separated brethren did not discriminate sufficiently between character and nature. They seemed to think that sinless character must have had sinless flesh; whereas the very glory of the triumph lay in the perfect subjection to righteousness of a nature inherently sinful. There could have been no victory if no enemy; no “overcome” if there was nothing to overcome. If it is thought more honouring to Christ to say that his flesh was free from stain, it ought to be considered more honouring to say he was free from weakness, notwithstanding that weakness is affirmed (2 Cor. xiii. 4). But in fact, it is not a question of what we may consider “honouring.” It is a question of what is

true and what the wisdom of God has appointed.

We parted in a perfectly amicable way, with a promise on the part of brother Williams and those with him that the matter would be looked into again.

The public effort took the part of two lectures:—1. The present state of the political world as an indication of the nearness of the end of the present dispensation. 2. The present state of the religious world as a reason for individual investigation of the question, What is truth? The audiences were not large, but they were larger than two years ago. On that occasion, no handbills and posters had been issued, but only a newspaper advertisement. On this occasion, no advertisement had been inserted or posters issued, but only handbills. If all three had been employed, doubtless the result would have been better, as elsewhere. But I fully recognize the impossibility of a few poor men doing what might be considered the best in such a matter. The wonder is that anything at all should be done in the circumstances. The brethren did their best, and I did mine, and so these matters have to be left.

We stayed at Reid's Coffee Palace, close to the station. The brethren had engaged rooms for us there, so that we were spared the consuming effects of private conversations, filling up the intervals between writing and lecturing. Ballarat is a fine place. There is a working Ballarat and a residential Ballarat; the latter—with broad and elegant thoroughfares and residences hid in trees—has a fine lake and Botanical Gardens adjacent. The people in this part are well off and religious according to the pulpit model. Consequently, the truth in its own divine simplicity has no attractions. But, oh, won't the fine ladies and gentlemen of Ballarat and every place in the world want to know all about it, when Christ arrives. It will be too late then. They will look back and see the day of opportunity lost.

We returned to Melbourne on Friday, May 6th. The Melbourne meetings are well maintained. Some pain has been caused by the shocking misbehaviour of one brother and the highly unscriptural action of another in connection with it, in seeking redress in the Divorce Court. The incident has discouraged the brethren somewhat. They have

not, however, the cause for shame that they would have if they tolerated or countenanced such infractions of the divine law. When brethren confess their sins and forsake them, they are entitled to forgiveness; but when they defend and vindicate them, they stand in the way of their own mercy.

Brother and sister Thomas H. Firth have gone for a time to Perth, West Australia, 2,000 miles away. They purpose returning in the course of six months or so.

We had a pleasant gathering at Orient House on Tuesday, May 10th. A similar gathering took place four or five months previously. The object was to afford a momentary resting place to the Lord's weary pilgrims as they trudge their way through the desert to the land of promise, and to afford an opportunity of social contact on the basis of the truth—a little of which is profitable. On the first occasion, one half of the better known members of the ecclesia were invited, and on the second occasion, the other half. I told the ecclesia that only accommodation limited the invitations, and that if circumstances admitted of it, I would put up a marquee on such occasions, that would hold them all. Things being as they were, we did the best we could. I did not feel at liberty to confine the use of so large and handsome a house to ourselves. Therefore, we proposed as occasion allowed, to share the goodness of God with fellow-servants in this small way. "Ye are not your own"; "As every man hath received the gift, so let him minister, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God," are practical mottoes with the servants of Christ.

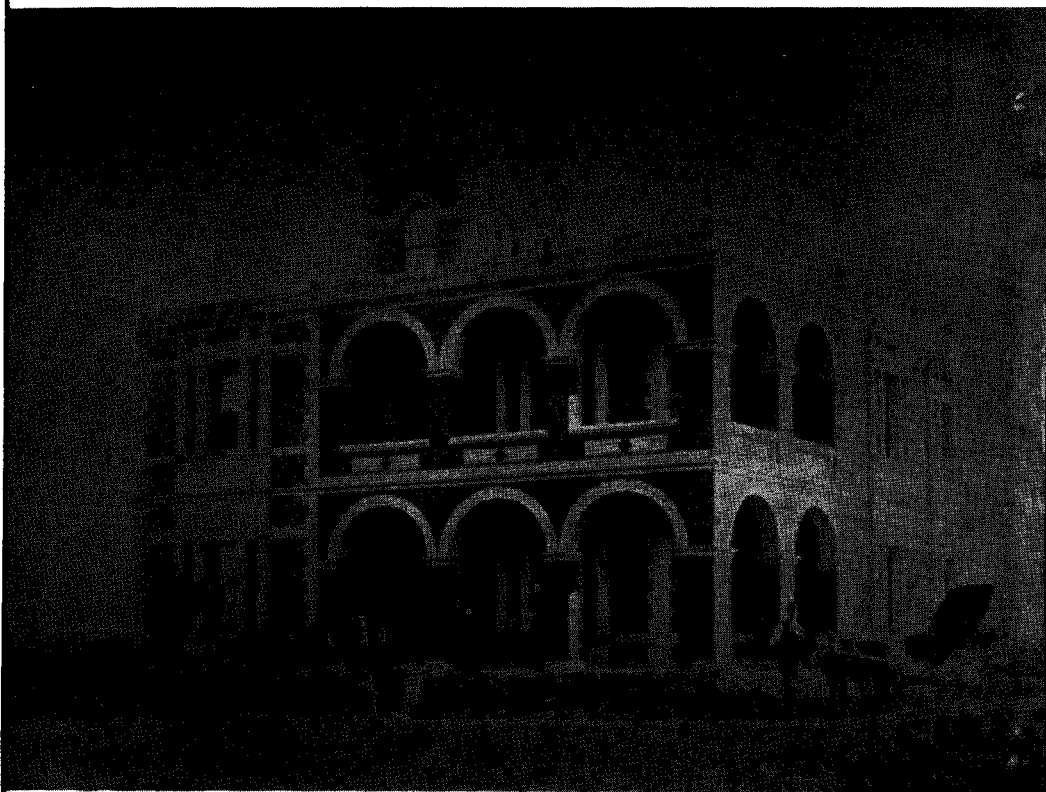
Orient House is two miles from the terminus of the Melbourne tram; and as the intervening distance is rather heavy walking, we arranged to meet the guests at the terminus with conveyances at an appointed hour. Brother Adair lent us his large cab, holding nine. This, with the two smaller affairs of our own—(one of which, with a diminutive pony, was made a present of to our remaining daughter on the occasion of her sister's marriage, till she also should disappear in a change of name)—enabled us to bring them all comfortably to the house, with the exception of one or two who chose to walk. Being arrived, they were

invited to inspect a large historical chart which, on one long strip, had been suspended on the inside wall of the verandah, in the open air. This gave material for profitable conversation. They were then invited to look over the place, including the tower, from the top of which, a good view is obtained of the surrounding country. After this, and a little promiscuous conversation round the fire in the large front room—(they call it "the drawing-room," but this sounds too pretentious, though the room itself is grander than many rooms I have heard called "drawing rooms"—why do they call it drawing-room? It is not used for drawing; perhaps it is the room for showing off the drawings; at any rate, "mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate")—rather a long parenthesis; I will have to begin again. After a little talk in the said "drawing-room," we were summoned by bell into another room, equally large, where the banquet was spread on two large tables. Being seated and the room quite full (literally "to the door") I said a word or two before giving thanks. I said sister Roberts and I made them cordially welcome to our house and table, only regretting it was not a welcome to something better. The time was not far off when we all hoped to receive a welcome that would mean something truly good—an invitation to sit down to eat and drink with the Lord at his table in his kingdom, in the company of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all the prophets. Till then, it was our part to do the best we could in little things, redeeming the time, because the days were evil. I also said that as much of the comfort and profitableness of such an occasion depended upon due order, and upon their knowledge of it, I would read them a brief programme of the proceedings of the evening—which I did. Thanks were then given, after which, an animated repast ensued—all talking freely and heartily. The repast being ended, we adjourned to the aforesaid drawing-room, and formed ourselves in meeting order. The following programme was then gone through—the host presiding: 1, Hymn: "Blessed are they that undefiled"—(assisted by the daughters at piano and organ; a harp was in the room, which anyone able was invited to play, as David would have done had he been present, but no one responded, and the harp remained a silent

onlooker); 2, Brief reading—Isaiah xii. ; 3, Prayer; 4, Address by host; 5, Hymn: "Our heavenly Father;" 6, Addresses by brethren Pettigrew, senr., Galbraith, senr., and G. F. Walker; 7, Hymn: "Oh, why should Israel's sons once blessed;" 8, Addresses by brethren Creelman, Lee, W. Galbraith, and Wharton; 9, Hymn: "Oh, Yahweh listen;" 10, Addresses by brethren H. Gordon, Sinclair, and one or two others. Brother Pettigrew then called for the singing of the Old Hundred, which was done very heartily. After this, there were selections from "Under the Palms" by a few of the brethren and sisters; and last of all, the "Hallelujah Chorus." Prayer ended the proceedings. It was now dark. Our three conveyances, and a fourth (in which two of our guests had

come), drove up to the front door; and receiving each their quota of guests, conveyed them to the tram. And so ended an evening of pure and profitable pleasure, the particulars of which are here written for future advantage. I have been at social gatherings where the time has been wasted in small talk for want of boldness on the part of those in charge to give the thing profitable shape.

Edgar Gee, son of brother Gee, of Haifa, Palestine, is living with us. He has made a photograph of Orient House, which he will send to anyone for 1s. 1d. Address: Mr. E. Gee, care of Miss Roberts, Coburg, Melbourne.



Orient House, 1898

Brother McDiarmid, of Woodside, Otago, N.Z., comments on our reference to the manners of the Colonials. He says these manners are not to be judged altogether by appearance. He speaks as one who knows. The abrupt language of the Colonial is the prompting of a warm heart. His mind is open; his tongue free. He abhors anything that is akin to the wolf in sheep's clothing. He is always in doubt of those who are over sweet. He pays no reference whatever to caste. He has no respect for the golden calf, even if it should have grown into a cow. He loves humility, but is in the habit of calling a spade a spade—even if it offend, always taking into account that no honest man can be offended by truth.

To which my answer is, Well said, but not inconsistent with what I tried to say. If it is going to be a choice between rough goodness and sweet hypocrisy, by all means let us have the roughness; but there is another alternative. This other alternative is visible in the apostolic writings which are our standard. Here we have outspoken independence and sterling worth combined with a sweetness of language that goes beyond even British usage. What could go beyond the tenderness of this: "Dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and my crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved." "We were gentle among you as a nurse cherisheth her children. So being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted to you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls because ye were dear unto us" (Phil. iv. 1; 1 Thess. ii. 7).

Now, it is a matter of command that we be imitators of Paul who is set forth as an example. This imitation extends to speech, which we are recommended to use "always with grace." There is wisdom in the recommendation; for speech makes up a large part of our enjoyment of one another or the reverse. We can encourage or repel according as our words are pleasant or rude. God has constituted us so. The world, in all its races, has declined from His standard in the

matter, as in many other matters. The boor and the savage illustrates the repulsive extreme. There are all gradations upwards, though the "upwards" does not come very far up anywhere.

Our words were intended as a plea for the best thing—the thing God has given us in the meekness and the gentleness of Christ. It is easier to be bluff than to be respectfully spoken. This is where the danger lies. It takes an effort to be "courteous to all men." It is a command that we make the effort, and to put down the old man who at bottom is a bad-mannered savage. Our contention, backed by experience, is, that sweet words help to create sweetness in both speaker and hearer, while the other sort only please the speaker, as the grunt of a pig may be supposed to gratify that particular creature. The honest and thorough-paced independence of the Colonials makes good material for the chisel of the truth, but it requires to be moulded into the right form before it is fit for the King's palace. In all which, of course, we are both agreed.

An extract from a letter from brother Nash, of Stratford, will be interesting. He says:—

"I am thankful that our Heavenly Father has brought me into contact with such literature as I now enjoy. A few years ago, God's revealed truth was to me a profound mystery, and a source of deep anxiety. How often, in the past, have I asked myself—What am I? Whence came I? To what am I drifting? Do I, in reality, possess a never-dying soul? If I strike a beast a severe blow upon the head, it falls senseless at my feet. If something strikes me on the head, I am brought to the same state. Where is thought gone to? How is this if I possess a never-dying soul. I read Joseph Cook's 'Boston Lectures,' and many other theological works, but they left me in a worse position than before. Praise God, knowledge has now come to me. I stand now upon the rock. All things are new. It makes life a pleasure to be able to look forward to such a glorious reality as revealed by God's Holy Spirit."

# 14. FROM MELBOURNE VIA HOBART 91 FOR NEW ZEALAND

MAY 11TH TO JUNE 3RD, 1898.

WE were to leave Melbourne (by the s.s. *Wakatipu*) on Saturday, May 21st; but stormy weather had so delayed the movements of the vessel in her coasting trips round the New Zealand coast that the Company were compelled at the last moment to advertise postponement for three days, and in a later advertisement for four days. The postponement was acceptable for various reasons; the only drawback was its deranging effect on our New Zealand appointments which we could not help. We ought really to have allowed a blank week before beginning appointments in New Zealand so as to provide against weather. But the steamboats had, as a rule, so regularly sailed on fixed dates that it did not occur to doubt their future punctuality.

We said farewell to the brethren in Melbourne on Sunday, May 15th. The delay gave us another Sunday, but we did not avail ourselves of it, but regarded our detention as a mere steamboat incident, and ourselves as on board the vessel. We broke bread together at Orient House (four of us), and spent the day profitably.

Before our departure, a deputation called on us from the ecclesia, with a bountiful contribution to our travelling expenses from the Victorian brethren. This was wholly unexpected and very gratifying. The brethren had already done so much (two years previously) to help in a time of need that nothing was further from our ideas than this additional act of co-operation. The provision for the way had not been without some degree of anxiety—which this generosity removed. I was also more than gratified at receiving unfeigned assurance that our presence in Melbourne for eight months had been a source of strongly-felt spiritual benefit to the community. This is a true reward for a labour that has no element of present advantage in it, and which closes the gates against all popularity with the present evil world.

Our sailing day was Wednesday, May 25th. The starting hour was advertised as "10 a.m." but when we arrived by the ship's side (in two conveyances—one containing the elderly traveller; and the other, driven

by brother Gee's son, containing the baggage)—we found a notice posted up that the ship would not sail till 3 in the afternoon. This gave us five hours more ashore, which, under the circumstances, was not particularly acceptable. When you have got up early and gone through the stress of preparation and ridden through seven miles of raw morning air, it is not pleasant to find that you have five hours on hand that you cannot use to any advantage on board or ashore; not on board, because of the bustle of people and the noise of donkey engines landing cargo, and not on shore, because you are away from all friends and accommodation. We did the best we could.

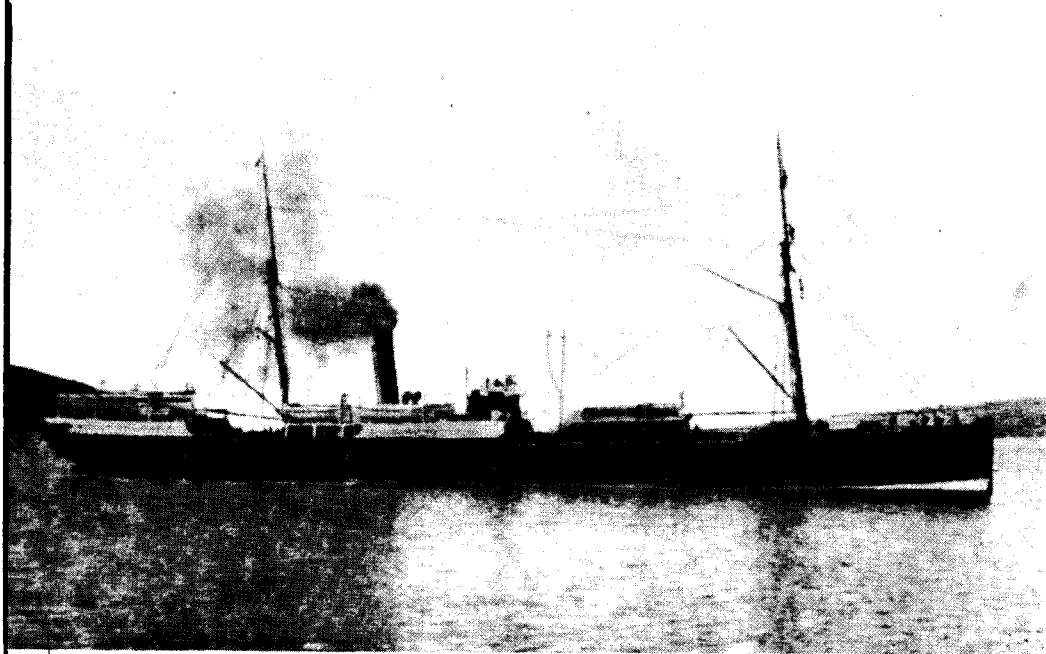
Depositing our things on board, we dismissed the conveyances to return home and got into a tram and paid a visit to the cemetery. This, of course, will sound odd by all ordinary standards. But it was not so odd as it seems. The Melbourne Cemetery is a very beautiful place, and sister Roberts had not seen it though she had been eight months in Melbourne, and then a visit to the place of the dead is helpful to that wisdom which is so liable to die in the bustle of common life. It is profitable to have a constant sense of the fact that in any condition or circumstance of life—prosperous or adverse—agreeable or afflicted—pleasant or painful—we are on the march to the grave.

There is great power in the memory of this simple fact—which almost all men choose to ignore. Men would be different from what they are if they remembered it. Most people think it is a lugubrious subject. It depends upon how they look at it. There is nothing lugubrious in truth, and if men find the most important truth of their lives to be lugubrious, it is because there is something wrong in their relation to the fact. If there were no resurrection, it would not much matter, any way; "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," but seeing that "there shall be a resurrection of the just and of the unjust," and that death (which will seem to introduce us to it in a moment) may overtake us any day, it seems nothing short of insanity to ignore the subject in the way that is the rule.

Speaking of death reminds me of the contact we had with it that morning before leaving Orient House. One of the horses (for brother Firth had left us two horses to take care of during his absence, in addition to the pony and another little creature made a present of to Sarah Jane, *pro tem*, on the occasion of her sister's wedding)—one of brother Firth's horses had fallen down in the stable while eating and could not be got on his legs again. He struggled for two days, and when we got up on the day of our departure, we found him stretched, cold, rigid and dead. What a difference there is between a living horse and a dead horse. Any impression that such a difference between a dead man and a living man gives, concerning a "departed spirit," is quite as striking in the case of an animal. On the previous day, the horse was alive, though prostrate and dying. He responded to my sympathetic fondlings with a wink of his clear eye and nervous breathing through his nose; and now he lay a mere mass of unconscious flesh and bone. He was to have taken our luggage down to the harbour. His place had to be taken by a horse kindly lent us by brother Pettigrew. It was rather a sad inci-

dent, as "Captain" was a very quiet affectionate animal whom we had begun to love.

After our visit to the cemetery, we went down to the steamer and found she could not sail till 5 o'clock, on account of the quantity of cargo to be taken on board. If we had known beforehand, we could have turned the day to some account. However, it was no use grumbling. We gave in, had lunch, and sat down in the midst of the noise, to spend the rest of the waiting time in reading. At last, at 5 o'clock, hatchways having been battened down, the friends, who had come down to see passengers off, were sent ashore; the last bell rung, the gangway unshipped, the cables unfastened, and the vessel swung round and took her departure down the smooth water of the river in the subdued light of a winter sunset. About 8 o'clock, having traversed the 40 mile enclosed bay of Melbourne, we passed through the heads, and were out in the open sea. We expected it would be rough here, but it was not so. There was a roll on the water, but there was nothing to cause discomfort. The night was dull and cold, but there was no wind to speak of. The weather



The "S.S. Wakatipu" 1898



continued like this all the way to Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, which we reached about noon on the second day. Here the vessel made a stay of 12 hours, discharging and taking in cargo. We had no appointment for Hobart—but brother King was waiting, found us out, and took us to his house, where we met several of the brethren and sisters. We spent a few pleasant hours with them—walking out in the afternoon to show sister Roberts the noble views of land and water to be seen from the Domain behind the city.

I have before spoken of the beautiful situation of Hobart, nestling at the foot of high hills, at the inner end of a long, wide, quiet estuary of the sea flanked by hills in all directions. I have also spoken of the ecclesia of 12 that constitutes the lightstand of the place. It was pleasing to hear of further progress and welfare in all senses. There has been a valuable accession to their number since my last visit in the persons of sister Large and her sister—who were both active workers in the Salvation Army or kindred movements. Their zeal and intelligence are now utilized in the channel of Scriptural enlightenment. Brother King has moved nearer the town to a new house, in connection with an extension of business. Over the new house is a hall, which there is some idea of renting for meetings connected with the truth. There were also tidings of the truth taking root in other parts of the island—Zeehan and Huon, if we do not mistake the names. The former is the abiding place of the Mr. Doidge who wrote to me during my last stay in England—he having casually come in contact with *Christendom Astray*. Being desirous of intimacy with the brethren with a view to fellowship, I published his letter in the *Christadelphian* at the time, and recommended brother King or brother Barnard of Launceston to open communication with him. Both did so, with the result that Mr. Doidge came to Hobart and was immersed. Zeehan is on the west coast of Tasmania, about 22 hours sail from Hobart—(there is no railway to the place, though a railway has just been commenced to be made). But for this, and the fact that brother Doidge suffers much on the sea, he wrote that he would have been at Hobart to see us on the occasion of the steamer's call.

Then at Huon, a small place about 15 or 20 miles from Hobart down the water, there is an interesting development. A Campbellite meeting house there has been placed at the service of the truth through the enlightenment of two of the trustees and the passive concurrence of a third. There was not much of a Campbellite meeting, and the trustees are the backbone. They are now brethren. There is an extraordinary case associated with them; the case of an old man who cannot read and who has become stone deaf. He was one of them as Campbellites and broke bread with them regularly. It is probable that with the possession of his hearing or with the ability to read, he would have followed them in the change that has taken place in them; but in the absence of both, there is no avenue to his understanding, and there is no way of making him understand why they should withhold the bread and wine from him. They were in doubt what they should do—whether they should let him go on breaking bread or stop him—which they knew would be to his distress. They asked brother King's advice. Brother King was inclined to say that as they could neither show him the truth nor apprise him of their reception of it, they should, out of compassion, make no change. I said that if we had any liberty to lay down law in the case, the advice he had given was such as must commend itself to every generous mind. But the law of the Lord was the only law we could be guided by till the Lord himself returned; and this law was clear that the fellowship of the truth must be restricted to those who received the truth, which the poor old man in this case did not and could not. I thought it might be possible by some kind of signs and gestures in connection with the Bible to cause the old man to understand that a change had come over them with regard to it, causing them to withhold fellowship; and that the interruption of that fellowship had no reference to him in any personal sense, and was no reflection upon him. The case is exceedingly painful, but it is only one of a thousand pains connected with the present situation of divine things upon the earth. The day of light, solution and comfort is at the door. It is ours, meanwhile, to be faithful to the word.

The steamboat sailed at midnight, and after clearing the picturesque estuary, made

a straight course eastward on the trackless ocean for the southern end of New Zealand. There was not a large company on board, and they were mostly of the plain substantial order that are common to a Colonial population in which the Scotch element preponderates. The second day out from Hobart was a Sunday. Sister Roberts and I would have wished to break bread together, but circumstances absolutely precluded it. We were in separate sleeping cabins—she, one of three women; I, one of four men. The saloon was small and in constant use by the passengers, either for meals, chat or music. There was only the deck besides, and this was a thoroughfare and windy. So we had to refrain. We managed our readings daily, in one place and another.

The weather was cold, dull, and occasionally wet but not boisterous. The sea was comparatively smooth, all the way to "the Bluff" at the south end of New Zealand, close on a thousand miles, which it took us over three and a half days to cover. There had been violent storms before, and the normal state of the sea in these southern latitudes is stormy, so that we were favoured in having a quiet and comparatively comfortable voyage. I was glad of this on sister Roberts' account. Even as it was, she was troubled with a little sea nausea.

There was very little incident on board. One day, the captain opened a conversation with me on the upper deck in a way that seemed to say, "Look here, I am going to have a talk with you, and you needn't think I am going to let you off; so come on." So, of course, I surrendered. It was easy to talk with him, because he had so much to say of a sensible order. He was a tall, capable-looking man of between 50 and 60; a Dublin Irishman as I discovered—which accounted for his being so free and cheery and chatty. He talked about the state of the world, the likelihood of an alliance between Britain and America, the new local Government bill being a bad thing for Ireland, his desire to see a war with Russia, that Russia might get a proper thrashing, etc., all interesting topics in their way.

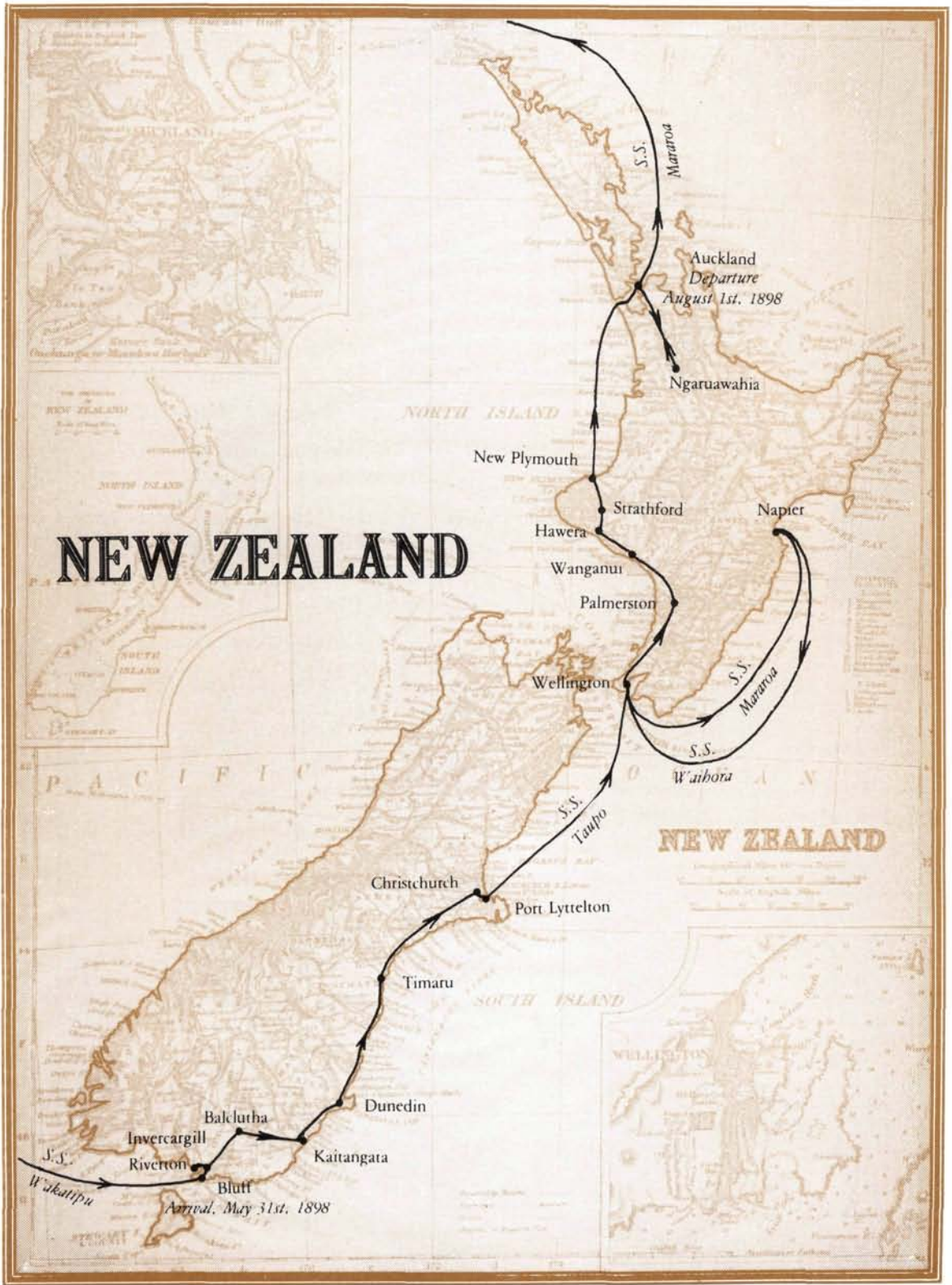
But to see how little it all means, you have only to read any political conversation that is a hundred years old. You can do this any day by means of the political diaries and correspondences that are coming out every now

and then from the press. It was all so important at the time; it has all gone so stale and meaningless with a hundred years. These things divorced from the purpose and the love of God are like spokes separated from the hub and circumference of a wheel. Yet the men are scarcely to be met with who treat them in this connection. Consequently every conversation is lacking salt. I thought I would talk with the captain on his own basis the first time, and that in the next conversation, I would bring the green light of the sanctuary to bear. But circumstances did not give me another opportunity.

There was a Salvation Army official on board—a travelling inspector of properties. He put it in his way to join me in a deck promenade. We both agreed as to the godless state of the world, even of the most respectable society everywhere, and that the world was not coming nearer God with the advance of time. "Yet," said I, "I believe the time will come when God's promise will be fulfilled, that all shall know Him from the least to the greatest." Well, yes, the Salvation Army lieutenant (or whatever he was) believed that too. "But," said he, "it must require some extraordinary agency to bring such a state of things about." "Undoubtedly," said I; "and it is revealed what the nature of that agency will be; Christ himself will come and take the world in hand, and coerce it into divine subjection." I thought he looked disappointed. He appeared to be opening the way for the suggestion that the Salvation Army movement might turn out to be the agency so much to be desired. I quoted various Scriptures to him in elucidation of the idea he had expressed, but I had only a courteous—not an attentive listener.

He afterwards gave me some Salvation Army literature—(profusely and beautifully illustrated)—going to show the extensive work the army is doing, in helping the destitute and rescuing the fallen. I could not but think it an interesting phenomenon, but it was not possible I could accept it as a substitute for the work established by the apostles, the work of taking out a people for the Lord, by the preaching of the gospel and the application of his commandments—in preparation for his use in the day of his own power and glory at his return. It may subserve some preparatory purpose—as even the

# NEW ZEALAND



Papacy itself has done in subduing the northern barbarians and fitting the nations of Europe for divine treatment by means of the kingdom; but it cannot justify men before God unto eternal life. This is an affair of enlightened submission to the claims of the gospel for the glory of God, and not of ignorant excitements for the benefit of man.

There was a meeting in the saloon on Sunday evening, under the leadership of the Salvation Army official. The best part of it was the reading of Jno. iii., on which, however, nothing was said. One of the passengers delivered a sermon on Joseph—mildly good so far as it went, but leaving the roots of things untouched. Hymns were beautifully sung and the people were made to feel good. But it was all outside the question—"What is pleasing to God as revealed?" It is divine feeling that governs the situation—not human; people forget this, or they would be anxious to know the mind of God by studying the Bible, where alone it is to be learnt in our day. When Christ comes, it will be learnable in another or a supplementary way. But for many, that will be "too late."

There was an orphan girl of 16 or 17 on board, travelling all by herself, with whom sister Roberts had more than one interesting conversation on the truth, ending in a promise to send her *Christendom Astray* to read, as the girl seemed anxious to be enlightened. Sister Roberts was afterwards surprised and pleased to discover that she was a cousin to a sister in the faith in Invercargill.

We arrived at the Bluff on Tuesday evening, at 5.30, in moonlight. It took us a good while to moor at the wharf, which was a cause of some anxiety, because the train that was to take us to Invercargill (17 miles distant) was due to start at six o'clock, and there was no other that night. It would not have mattered for ourselves to have stayed at the Bluff all night, but the probability was—(and it turned out to be the case), that a lecture would have been arranged for that night, and after missing the one that had been arranged for on the Sunday night in the expectation of our arriving on Friday or Saturday, we felt it would be the complete spoiling of our Invercargill appointment if we could not now land in time to catch the train. The gangway was let down on the wharf at just

five minutes to six. At that moment, brother Jno. Brown, "the first Christadelphian of New Zealand," otherwise known as "honest John Brown," sprang out of the darkness on to the deck of the *Wakatipu*. He found us at once, as we were on the look out. He said, "Where are your things? We must get ashore at once; the train starts in five minutes, the station is close at hand." I dived below for the said "things." It was dinner time. The passengers were all seated at the tables, and the stewards "nipping about," with just room enough to pass between the tables and scarcely that. My cabin where the things were, was at the other end and beyond, in a narrow passage. There was no other way of getting to it but right through the guests. There was no help for it but to go forward. The forward journey was comparatively easy, but the return journey loaded with things and jostling between rows of seated passengers liable to consider themselves injured, was an affair calling for nerve and determination.

What were the stewards about that they did not carry the things for you? Well, you see, they were busy carrying about plates of soup and other things and could not spare themselves for bundles and valises; so I had to do the best I could for myself. Brother Brown and sister Roberts were upstairs impatiently expecting the things, to carry them to the train which was standing with steam up ready to blow the whistle. I could not carry all at once. It would have taken three journeys to do it, but going back the second time, one of the stewards took pity on me (or rather, I fancy, on himself, for he saw the chance of the customary gratuity slipping through his fingers), and came and helped me. Between us we got all up the second journey, and laid them down at the feet of brother Brown in the dark. He seized one or two; I, some of the others, a porter the rest; and we bundled down the gangway, in the dark, before the steamboat had really moored, and while the gangway, not fastened, was passing between the high side of the vessel and the low-lying wharf at an angle of about 45 degrees. It was really a dangerous operation, and there had to be a pause between the landing of the first part of the procession and the hinder end. However, we got

safely on to *terra firma*, and then there was the usual scramble among porters and Custom House officials—this time in the dark, and wet—rather distracting.

The revenue officer had to inspect our eight or nine packages. "Take my word for it," said honest John Brown, "all is right—no contraband." It is useful to have an honest man by your elbow sometimes. The Custom House officer did not know us; but he knew John Brown, and so he passed our things without examination. "What is that?" said he, clutching at the small leather case containing my Bible. "Only a Bible," said I; "the best thing upon earth: pity there are not more of them in use." "There are too many of them already," quoth he. "Oh no," I answered; "the people don't understand the Bible, that is the trouble; if they understood, they would see it was the best thing in the land." I think he mistook me for a cleric—which, said even sister Roberts, I looked rather like. What a pity! The last thing in the world I would look like; but this is a point you cannot always control. With a critical wife supervising and interested friends suggesting, one gets wheedled out of his own simple tastes—for the sake of peace.

We then made a rush for the train. The head of the procession got ahead in the dark, and forgot that the hinder end did not know where the train was. So we suddenly found ourselves in the dark, ignorant, and without guidance, and consequently momentarily helpless. Sister Roberts, who has "got a good Scotch ('Englified') tongue in her head," enquired of a passer-by, and we got on to the right track, after going a little on the wrong.

The train, which had waited for us a little—(John Brown had asked them to wait, and someone had telephoned to Invercargill—right into brother Mackay's house; you see his house is the office of the Town Clerk: "Brother Roberts has arrived, and will be in Invercargill in time for the lecture")—started at once, and in a little over an hour, we were in Invercargill. I had asked brother Brown what time the lecture was. He said, "Half-past six." He meant the lecture on Sunday, which brother Mackay had taken in my absence—but I did not understand. I supposed he meant the lecture that night. I asked how we

should do then, as it was now near eight? He said brother Mackay would keep the people together and engage their attention till my arrival. I expected to have to rush from the station to the meeting-place, and to find brother Mackay speaking, and that I would have to do a little finish. I was puzzled, therefore, when I found brother Mackay waiting our arrival at the station; and still more puzzled when he deliberately conveyed me to some tea-rooms for a cup of tea—extraordinary tea-rooms, certainly, they seemed to me; no light outside or in; no sign of a soul about. The street door opened at last, and we were shown upstairs—several flights of dark stairs—by the light of a candle; then at the top of the house, a snug enough room, with a fire and tables—several ladies in the room—some confusions on the subject. First supposed they were guests, then waitresses, and then found they were—one, the wife of John Brown; and the others, I think, some kind of relations.

Sister Roberts and the things had been driven straight to brother Mackay's house, about a mile out of town. There she was heartily received by sister Mackay (originally of Tamworth, near Birmingham) whom she had not seen for over a quarter of a century. As for me in the tea rooms, a hurried cup of tea, and then I was marched off in the darkness and the rain to the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, where an audience filling the hall was assembled. Then I discovered the mystery of things. The meeting was for eight o'clock. It was now five minutes past. Brother Mackay had lectured on the Sunday night in my place (6.30), and had asked them back for Tuesday night in the hope of my presence. Brother Mackay explained the situation to the audience, and begged their indulgence on the score of my having marched right off the steamer on to the platform. It certainly was not a good preparation, but I managed to get through, and (as I was told) with much satisfaction to those assembled. I think the subject was "The Coming Kingdom of Christ; its nature and reality from a geographical, political, and personal point of view."

The chief feature of the occasion was the presence of several "disciples"—(otherwise known as Campbellites)—who had for some time been interested in the gospel of the

kingdom—notably, a sturdy family of grown-up sons, who, with their earnest-minded father and mother, were the backbone of the Campbellite meeting. We use the term “Campbellite” merely in a distinctive, not in a scornful sense, being unable to concede the term “disciples” as being applicable, for disciples are those who submit to the teaching of a master; which the Campbellites do not do, except in very feeble measure, to Christ.

One of them obeyed the truth some time ago, and he is likely to be followed by them all by-and-bye. Their name is Todd. They have another brother up the country, —a medical man—who is also in the faith. Next day sister Roberts (who with sister Mackay, entered the meeting shortly after the commencement of the lecture) paid Mr. and Mrs. Todd a visit at their house, while I did my writing at home. Afterwards, on

other days, she paid other useful visits. On Wednesday night (next night), the subject was “The Resurrection of Christ as an event that really happened; its nature and bearing on the purpose of God”—or something to that effect. Then a third lecture was arranged for the Friday, “The Millennium near and its nature when established.” Thursday was blank and given to writing. Friday also was to have been blank, but for the steamboat having taken away the Sunday lecture, and the Riverton brethren refusing to give up the coming Sunday. Friday made the third lecture for Invercargill, so that nothing was lost of real work. It only made it a little harder for me, but no real harm was done. Considering that the steamboat was four days late, we got through the Invercargill appointment wonderfully well.

# 15. FROM INVERCARGILL DISTRICT 99 TO DUNEDIN

JUNE 4TH TO JUNE 15TH, 1898.

ON Saturday afternoon, June 4th, we went to Riverton, about 20 miles west of Invercargill, on the coast. We arrived at six o'clock, and were met by brother W. Roberts, and an interested stranger, Mr. Young, and also by brother Moore's son, who drove us all to his father's house, where we were to stay—a mile out of Riverton, at Saw-mill View, a quiet romantic spot by a riverside, among scrub and trees, among hills with snow-capped mountains in the distance. We spent the evening in conversation on various matters connected with the truth. We ascertained that the truth is making some promising progress in Riverton. The station master, Mr. McSwan, and his wife, have rendered obedience and are likely to be of great service to the young people, of whom there are a goodly number. They require taking in hand with the kindly guidance of wisdom. A weekly meeting for the practice of music is likely to be organised, with the added feature of instructive reading; also a Bible class on Sunday evenings—and perhaps a Sunday school.

Next day (Sunday), we walked into the meeting for the breaking of bread, which was held in an upper room, on the main thoroughfare of the town. The principal object of the address which I was called on to deliver was to point out the practical urgency of the truth as a rule of life which only could be brought to bear in its power through the daily reading of the Scriptures. In the evening, there was a lecture on the superiority of the Bible view of man as contrasted with the view created by either ancient philosophy or modern science. The lecture was given in the old chapel with the nailed up windows, in a narrow lane off the road. There was no other place to be had. The public hall in the place was in the occupation of the Salvation Army, and they refused to give it up. On the way to the lecture, we passed one of their noisy assemblies in the street in front of their hall. At intervals of brass band, and singing performances, a young woman was holding forth, thanking the Lord for what He had done "for me," and how that "I" was no better than any of you, but He had had

compassion on "me" and was upholding me day by day. Oh, therefore come to Jesus, &c., all very touching in its earnestness, but lacking every element of true godliness. "We preach not ourselves," says Paul, but these people do nothing else than preach themselves, and incline the people who listen to them to think mawkishly of themselves instead of looking up out of themselves to God, and fixing their attention and their affections on the great things He has promised to do, and the beautiful things He requires of us. This Salvation Army movement is part of the dense darkness that covers all the earth. It is a little less dense than some parts of the darkness. It has, as it were, the flare of naphtha lamps about it. What we want is the light of the sun. This light shines in the Scriptures—nowhere else at present, except where those Scriptures have obtained a full and healthy lodgment.

Next day, in the afternoon, we proceeded to Otautau, a neighbouring township of a few hundred souls where the truth has already obtained some lodgment through private agency. We were conveyed to the house of brother and sister Railton, of some six years standing in the truth. Brother Railton is employed in connection with the railway. An hour after our arrival we were taken to the Town Hall, where a good audience had assembled to hear of the clear revelation contained in the Scriptures concerning the true future state, though all so silent concerning the "future states" of sectarian theology or pagan philosophy. Some questions were proposed for the benefit of others by the medical man before referred to—a member of the Todd family in Invercargill. Next night, there was a similar audience to hear of "The coming Kingdom of Christ." A number of the brethren and sisters were up from Riverton. Sister Roberts went by request and saw Miss Todd, who keeps house for her medical brother, and who is with us on most points. She has a difficulty as to re-immersion. This difficulty is easily surmounted when once it is distinctly recognised that the only immersion God has required is the immersion of those who believe the whole Gospel as

preached by Paul, and that any other immersion is necessarily nothing. What Paul said of circumcision is true of immersion. "Circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping of the commandments of God" (1 Cor. vii. 19).

On the Wednesday, we returned to Riverton, where a closing lecture was given on Thursday in a hall not warm, to an audience not large.

On Friday, we left early in the morning for Balclutha, some 80 miles north of Invercargill. It was bitterly cold. We had to pass through Invercargill and stop the best part of an hour. Brothers and sisters Mackay and Brown, and sister Wood met us and forwarded our way with many acts of kindness. We resumed our journey shortly after eleven and arrived at Balclutha about three o'clock. There was a mystery about our stopping there. Our real destination was Inch-clutha, at the hospitable abode of brother W. Moseley. To this, there is no railway. The railway station to stop at for Inch-clutha is Stirling, some few miles beyond Balclutha. Why then did we stop at Balclutha? We were informed at Invercargill that the train we were in did not stop at Stirling, and that we must get out at Balclutha, and stay an hour for the slow train which would take us on to Stirling—which it truly did—only we could have gone on to Stirling with the train that brought us from Invercargill. It was not true that it did not stop at Stirling; it did. There must have been some misinformation, or perhaps there had been some change, or perhaps there was some plan in it. At all events, there was this little fact: At Balclutha stays a sister Ayson, a widowed sister of brother Moseley's, and her daughter; and also near by, another sister of his, a sister Griffiths and her daughter. These were at the station, and hurried us off to the house of the former for a little refreshment and conversation. At the end of which, we returned to the station, and with Ella Ayson, went on to Stirling, where we were met by brother Moseley and conveyed to his house, three miles distant. Here we remained in much comfort for three days. There was to be a lecture at Kaitangata on the night of our arrival, but through a miscarriage the brethren who were

to have made the arrangements on learning of our landing, had remained uninformed on that necessary point; consequently, when we drove through the cold and the dark to the place of meeting, there were no lights, no open door, no audience, and no prospect. I was not sorry, being fatigued, but brother and sister Moseley were not similarly indifferent. They vowed such a thing should never happen again. As it was, we drove home again, and solaced ourselves in the comfort of a blazing fireside. Saturday was given to writing, and in the evening, there was an informal social gathering of the Moseley's family—which is a wide and an interesting one—reminding us of the days of old in Israel, when every family, fixed on its own inalienable inheritance, could branch out joyfully on all sides in the abundance of all good things which God had given them. We had a pleasant evening's intercourse on the things of God. Next day (Sunday), we drove over to Kaitangata and broke bread with the brethren in the morning, and in the evening again, to lecture on "The Gospel of the Kingdom."

On Monday, we left in the afternoon for Dunedin, about 50 miles further north. Brother John Moseley and sister Miss Moseley accompanied us. Brother William was to have done so, but was hindered at the last moment. Arrived at Dunedin, we were taken charge of by sister Barclay, who was assisted by young brother Holmes and brother Packer. We arrived at the house of sister Barclay about six o'clock, and after tea, had a pleasant evening's intercourse with a small company of friends. No arrangements had been made for lectures for various reasons; but the time was not spent without decided advantage in spiritual directions. After a forenoon's writing, we went next day to Green Island, where we met a pleasant circle of friends in Christ at brother Campbell's. Next night in Dunedin there was a tea meeting, the first of the kind in Dunedin. It was held in the rooms of a Young Woman's Protection Society—or something of the sort. Brother Campbell occupied the chair. There would be about fifty brethren, sisters, and friends present. There was a very hearty and profitable meeting. Brother Campbell, in defining the objects of the meeting, said, among other



things, it was held in honour of brother and sister Roberts. In my address I asked brother Campbell to put his pen through that part of his speech, as that was the way of the world, and the Lord had said "It shall not be so among you." He said to the Jews, "How can ye believe that receive honour one of another and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" Brother and sister Roberts were mere servants of the truth, strong to do a dutiful part in a generation that so far as they were concerned must soon end. At the close of my remarks, the chairman called on sister Roberts to speak. This, without rising, she declined. She said she was pleased to be with them and to see their faith, but did not feel at liberty to address them (under the apostolic law which commanded that women should keep silence in the assemblies). There were addresses following, by brother M'Diarmid, brother Holmes, brother Heenan and another—whose name I forget. Brother Heenan, who lives some ten or twelve miles out in the neighbourhood of Mosgiel, gave a very interesting recital of the way he came to the truth. He had been a diligent reader of the Bible, and being unable to reconcile it with the Presbyterian teaching to which he was accustomed, he had nearly come to the conclusion that the Bible must be a myth when it occurred to him that perhaps it was the ministers that were wrong. With this idea, he renewed his

interest in Bible studies, and was putting this and that together and wondering if anybody else had the same ideas as himself when he commenced to look in the book shops of Dunedin, in the hope of finding some book that would help him. In this search, he came across a copy of *Eureka* in a second-hand book-stall. The title struck him because he had been connected in a gold-mining claim of that name. He knew it meant "I have found," and thought most likely the writer had been making discoveries in the Bible similar to his own. He stood and read a page and a half, and felt sure it was so. He asked the price, £4 15s! the price staggered him. He asked how much he might have it to read for? 2s. per week. And would the reading payments stand for purchase money in case he decided to buy? Yes. With this he took the first volume, and afterwards purchased the whole. It was not, however (he said), until he had obtained *Twelve Lectures* (now *Christendom Astray*) from the same man (Jock Graham) that the fog finally cleared all away and he was enabled to see the whole landscape of the truth clearly. It was stated during the meeting that the truth, after suffering much from division, false doctrine and strife, was now in a better position for growth and true fellowship than at any previous time—which certainly seemed to be the case. There was some talk at the close about making the tea meeting periodical.

# 16. FROM DUNEDIN TO TIMARU

JUNE 16TH TO JUNE 28TH, 1898.

**W**E left Dunedin by rail, on Thursday morning, June 16th, for Timaru—a sea-port town of about 4,000 inhabitants, about 130 miles to the north of Dunedin, on the East Coast. The first 30 or 40 miles of the journey lies through magnificent scenery of hill and sea. We arrived at Timaru about 5 o'clock, having left Dunedin about 11. We were met by brother Hunt and others and conveyed to a well-appointed Temperance Hotel (Werry's) near the station.

Last time I was at Timaru, I stayed at brother Seward's house; and I supposed it would be the same this time, not knowing till a few hours before arrival, that he had gone away with a few others on the denial of the restoration of the Jews; and the affirmation that we are in the Kingdom of God now, and possess eternal life now, and that there is to be no reigning with Christ on the part of modern believers, nor any temple such as Ezekiel exhibits as the centre of worship in the future age.

I was astonished on learning such a state of things. I could not have believed it possible for men once enlightened to have gone so far away from the truth. But so it was. The pain of this most unpleasant discovery was somewhat softened by the fact that all had not yielded to the sophistries of Russellism, Adventism and some other "isms" successfully active in the Colonies; but that a remnant, associated with brother Hunt and brother Rubottom, had remained faithful to the hope of Israel under circumstances calculated to dishearten and drive them off. Brother Seward had shown them the truth and now they had to fight against him in its defence, and finally withdraw! It is a rough world certainly. If we lean on man at all, we are liable to disappear in the chaos. Wise men do not lean on men. They are comforted in the support of men if they can have it in harmony with God, but their trust is in the Word of God "which lives and abides for ever."

There was to be a meeting of the brethren on the evening of our arrival. I expressed a wish that the seceding brethren (seven in number) might be present. One of the

brethren said he would take round an invitation from me. He did so, and when we came together at night, the report was that in all likelihood they would not come. So I resolved (having a memory of brother Seward's former faithfulness and cheerful intelligence in the truth) to go and see them by myself. I went with brother Shrimpton to carry out this resolve and met them on the way. We turned back with them to brother Seward's house, and spent an hour in conversation—without any satisfactory result. They had been fighting the brethren for two years, and therefore had settled down into the use of what might be called the logical quirks necessitated by their positions.

I asked if it was true that they denied the restoration of Israel after the flesh? They answered it was so. I called their attention to God's declaration by Jeremiah xxxii. 42: "Like as I have brought all this evil upon this people, so WILL I BRING UPON THEM ALL THE GOOD THAT I HAVE PROMISED THEM." Oh yes, they believed that: God had brought great evil upon His children, and He would deliver them out of all evil at last. "But," said I, "it is Israel after the flesh that is spoken of." A lady (of some spiritual excellence, introduced to me as "sister Broadhead") thought it was spiritual Israel, and the suggestion seemed to be endorsed by the rest. I then pressed the context upon their attention: "I will give THIS CITY into the hand of the Chaldeans. . . . This city hath been to me AS A PROVOCATION OF MY ANGER, and of my fury from the day that they built it. . . . The inhabitants of Jerusalem have turned unto me the back and not the face." Therefore it should be delivered into the hand of the enemy, and the people into dispersion. Was it not the Jews after the flesh that were addressed in these words?

After considerable beating about the bush, the fact was granted, in a hesitating sort of way. Then, said I, here is the point—God says He will bring upon Israel after the flesh, "all the good He had promised them." What good had He promised them? I would give them God's own

answer: "It shall come to pass, that like as I have watched over them to pluck up and to break down and to destroy and to afflict, so will I watch over them to build and to plant, saith the Lord" (Jer. xxxi. 28). "The days come that I will perform that good thing that I have promised unto the house of Israel and to the house of Judah. I will cause the branch of righteousness to grow up unto David, and he shall execute judgment and righteousness in the land. In those days Judah shall be saved"—that is, gathered; for he had said a little before (xxxii. 37), "I will GATHER THEM OUT OF ALL COUNTRIES whither I have driven them in mine anger and in my fury and in my great wrath, and I will bring them again into their place and I will cause them to dwell safely."

And now you say He will not do this. How is this? "You yourself don't believe it, brother Roberts," said brother Seward. I said I did not understand him. He said, "I will prove that you don't believe it; do you believe that the persons that went into captivity will be gathered?" I answered—"Not the persons, it means the nation, the race." "It says nothing about the race or nation," said brother Seward. I replied, "It says the house of Israel—the house of Judah; that is the nation, of course." Brother Seward said, "It says nothing about nation." "But if it means it," said I, "why object?" "It does not mean it." "What does it mean?" "It means that the individuals scattered will be gathered, and the individual Jews now on earth never have been scattered. They have always been where they are." The lady said—"They have scattered themselves, have they not? They go about from place to place."

There are some statements that silence knowledge by the very extremity of their childishness, and by the sense of helplessness they create as to the possibility of enabling the utterer to understand. A child persists that the moon is following because as the child looks up to the eaves of the house, it sees the Queen of Night apparently keeping pace. What can you say? You can only say it is not so. You feel it would be useless to explain the optical principle involved. The child for the moment seems to have the best of it.

I felt a little like this in the present statement that Israel had scattered themselves and that God's messages to them by the prophets are individual and not of national application. Yet the thing denied is one of the most patent facts of Scripture. God said by Micah (vi. 3-4) "O my people. . . . I brought THEE out of the land of Egypt." This was many centuries after Moses and the whole generation that came out of Egypt had passed away. By the contention in question, He had brought none of those whom he was addressing out of the land of Egypt, because individually they had never been in Egypt, having been all born in the land of Israel. The meaning is plain. As a nation, God had brought that people, to whom Micah was sent, out of Egypt, though none of the persons then living had seen Egypt. He said further (vii. 15), "According to the days of THY COMING OUT OF THE LAND OF EGYPT will I show him marvellous things." According to the contention there could be no "thy" coming out of the land of Egypt in the case, for those addressed never were personally in Egypt. Again, Daniel in prayer said (ix. 15), "Thou hast brought THY PEOPLE forth out of the land of Egypt with a mighty hand, THY PEOPLE ARE BECOME A REPROACH to all that are about us." Here the people that came out of the land of Egypt are identified with the people that were alive in Daniel's day, nearly 1,000 years afterward, although the individuals composing the people were not the same at the two times. So Hosea prophesied (iii. 4-5), "The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king and without a prince"—how many days let history tell—"afterwards shall the children of Israel return and seek the Lord and his goodness in THE LATTER DAYS." Here the children of Israel dispersed for centuries are identified with the children of Israel that are to return "in the latter days."

This is intelligible enough when the racial identity from generation to generation is recognised. To introduce the rule of individual application is to stultify reason and produce confusion. There is truly an individual dealing with men, concurrent with the racial, but the one does not clash with the other. There is first the natural and then the spiritual; first the national and then the individual—both merging at last

in one. There is a place for both in a right division of the words of truth. The use of the one to exclude the other destroys both.

The truth stated by Paul, which the company relied on as against national restoration—(that “all are not Israel that are of Israel,” and that “he is not a Jew that is one outwardly,” and that Gentiles become “fellow-heirs in the commonwealth of Israel”)—was never intended by him to negative the fact that there *are* those who are “of Israel” who will not be finally incorporate with Israel, and that there are “Jews outwardly” who will not be recognised as true Jews at the last;—and that God has a place for them in the economy of His purpose. This “of Israel” class—the natural descendants of Abraham who are no more than that, have figured largely in the work of God already. He declared His name by bringing 600,000 of them out of Egypt, though He afterwards destroyed them in the wilderness because of unbelief. He established the schoolmaster administration of the law for spiritual purposes which He achieved (Rom. v. 20; Gal. iii. 19), although He finally broke them up and dispersed them through the countries for their disobedience. And He has declared His purpose to use them again for the manifestation of His glory in their recovery from all nations to their own land—not for Israel’s deservings at all, but for the vindication of His dishonoured name, which has been profaned through their dispersion. Here is the declaration:

“When the house of Israel dwelt in their land, they defiled it by their own way and by their doings. . . . Wherefore I poured out my fury upon them . . . and I scattered them among the heathen, and they were dispersed through the countries. According to their way and according to their doings, I judged them. And when they entered unto the heathen (nations), whither they went, they (the nations) profaned my holy name when they said to them, These are the people of the Lord, and are gone forth out of his land. But I had pity for my holy name which the house of Israel had profaned among the heathen whither they went. *Therefore* (O Son of Man) say unto the house of Israel, thus saith the Lord God, *I do not THIS for your sakes*, O house of Israel, but

for my holy name’s sake, which ye have profaned among the heathen whither ye went. And I will sanctify my great name . . . and the heathen shall know that I am the Lord when I shall be sanctified *in you* before their eyes. *For I will take you from among the heathen and gather you out of all countries and bring you into your own land.* . . . Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God—be it known unto you; be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel” (Ezek. xxxvi. 17, 32).

“I will make them one nation *upon the mountains* of Israel, and one king *shall* be king to them all . . . and I will set my sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore. . . . And the heathen shall know that I, the Lord, do sanctify Israel when my sanctuary shall be in the midst of them for evermore” (xxxvii. 22, 28).

“The house of Israel shall know that I am the Lord their God from that day and forward (that is, from the latter days when God redeems them from the northern invader—see previous part of Ezek. xxxviii.). And the heathen shall know that the house of Israel went into captivity for their iniquity. Because they trespassed against me, therefore hid I my face from them. So fell they all by the sword.” But, “now will I bring again the captivity of Jacob and have mercy upon the whole house of Israel, and will be jealous for my holy name. . . . Then shall they know that I am the Lord their God, which caused them to be led into captivity among the heathen. But I (at that time) have gathered them into their own land, and have left none of them any more there” (xxxix. 22).

“At that time will I bring you again, even in the time that I gather you; . . . for I will make you a name and a praise among all people of the earth when I turn back your captivity before your eyes” (Zeph. iii. 20).

It is little short of blasphemy in the face of these testimonies to deny that Israel after the flesh as a nation will be restored to their land. There may be a little excuse for it in Paul’s apparent exclusion of national restoration in the remarks he makes about the spiritual foundation of true Israeliteship, but it is the excuse only to be allowed to the

most childish want of discernment as to things that differ. Paul never dreamt of such a construction of his words, as is evident from his emphatic statement concerning natural Israel in Rom. xi. Admitting they have been cast away for a time, he looks forward to their restoration after God's work with the Gentiles is finished. "If the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall *the receiving of them* be but life from the dead? . . . I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery . . . that blindness in part is happened unto Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so, *all Israel shall be saved*, as it is written" (Rom. xi. 15, 25). And he quotes from Isaiah in proof that all Israel that has been blinded shall in the end be saved—that is, all Israel natural and national: for surely no one would maintain that it is spiritual Israel that has been blinded!

It is natural Israel Paul is speaking of all the way through this and the preceding chapters. "*My kinsmen according to the flesh* who are ISRAELITES, to whom pertaineth the adoption and the glory and the covenants and the giving of the law and the service of God and the promises" (ix. 3-4). "I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge, for they being ignorant of God's righteousness and going about to establish their own righteousness *have not submitted to the righteousness of God*" (x. 2-3). This is the Israel of whom he says (xi. 28): "As concerning the Gospel, they are *enemies* for your sakes, but as touching the election, they are *beloved for the fathers' sakes*, for the gifts and calling of God are *without repentance*."

"Have they stumbled," enquires Paul, "that they should fall," that is, fall for ever. He answers, "God forbid, but rather through them full salvation is come unto the Gentiles, for to *provoke them* (Israel) to *jealousy*" (xi. 11).

Here is a reference to a part of Scripture that has an important bearing upon the question, and is, indeed, of decisive weight in its determination. Paul is referring to the Memorial Song of Moses, as is evident from his more specific quotation of a few verses before (x. 19). "Moses saith, I will provoke you to jealousy by them that are no people and by a foolish nation will I

anger you." These words occur in a divine composition which has a very express bearing on this question.

God called Moses aside before his death to tell him that Israel would forsake God after his removal, and that God would bring them into great evil in consequence, and that Israel would put the blame of it upon God instead of upon themselves. He said, "My anger shall be kindled against them in that day, and I will forsake them and hide my face from them and they shall be devoured, and many evils and troubles shall befall them so that they will say in that day: Are not these evils come upon us because our God is not among us. . . . Now therefore write ye this song for you and teach it the children of Israel; put it in their mouths that this song may be *a witness for me* against the children of Israel." The song thus introduced will be found in *extenso* in Deut. xxxii. The study of it will show the whereabouts of the children of Israel in the finish of things. There is first a recognition of their faithfulness in the generation that entered the land under Joshua (9-12), and of the blessedness that came upon them in consequence (13-14). Then their apostasy from God is forcibly delineated (15-18), and then God's anger against them, and then God's advance to the Gentiles. "They have moved me to jealousy with that which is not God: they have provoked me to anger with their vanities. I will move them to jealousy with them which are not a people. I will provoke them to anger with a foolish nation"—which Paul says was fulfilled in the preaching of the Gospel to the Gentiles. Then there is a description of the terrible calamities that should befall Israel in the time of their casting off (22-26): "I will heap mischiefs upon them: I will spend mine arrows upon them: they shall be burnt with hunger and devoured with burning heat and with bitter destruction, with the poison of serpents of the dust. The sword without and terror within shall destroy both the young man and the virgin,—the suckling also with the man of grey hairs." Such an experience would be calculated to destroy them from the earth, but God would not permit this, though they deserved it. "I would make the remembrance of them to cease from among men were it not that I feared the wrath of the

enemy,—lest their enemies should behave themselves strangely and lest they should say, *Our hand is high*: the Lord HATH NOT DONE ALL THIS" (verse 27). It would all be the Lord's doings by regulated human instrumentality (see Isaiah x. 6-7, 15), but the Gentiles would imagine it was the triumph of their own superior wisdom and strength. Therefore God would turn the tide against Israel's persecutors at last. "Their foot shall slide in due time, for the day of their calamity is at hand and the things that come upon them shall make haste. For the Lord shall judge his people and repent himself concerning his servants *when he seeth that their power is gone*. . . . And he shall say, Where are their gods in whom they trusted? . . . See now that I even I am he: there is no God with me. . . . Rejoice, O ye nations, with his people: for he will avenge the blood of his servants and render vengeance to his adversaries and will be *merciful to his land and to his people*" (43).

Here was the nation of Israel to be punished but to be preserved from destruction in the midst of their punishment, and admitted to mercy at the last when their Gentile oppressors should be no more. With this all the prophets agree. It was afterwards written in Jeremiah: "I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee, but I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure" (Jer. xli. 28). "I will take out of thine hand the cup of tremblings and thou shalt no more drink it again. But I will put it into the hand of them that afflict thee, which have said to thy soul, Bow down that we may go over" (Is. li. 22-23). "Thy waste and thy desolate places and the land of thy destruction shall even now be too narrow by reason of the inhabitants and they that swallowed thee up shall be far away. The children which thou shalt have *after thou hast lost the other*, shall say again in thine ears, The place is too strait for me: give place to me that I may dwell. . . . Shall the prey be taken from the mighty or the lawful captive delivered? Thus saith the Lord, even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered, for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee and I will save thy children, and I will feed

them that oppress thee with their own flesh and they shall be drunken with their own blood" (Isa. xlix. 19-26).

Our modern friends who conclude that God hath cast away His people because they are in punishment are repeating the mistake of certain in ancient times who said, "The two families (Israel and Judah) whom the Lord hath chosen, he hath even cast them off." (Mark the Lord's comment.) "Thus (saith God), they have despised my people that they should be no more a nation before them. Thus saith the Lord, If my covenant be not with day and night, and if I have not appointed the ordinances of heaven and earth, then will I cast away the seed of Jacob." "If those ordinances depart from before me, saith the Lord, then shall the seed of Israel cease from being a nation before me for ever. If heaven above can be measured and the foundations of the earth searched out beneath, I will also cast off all the seed of Israel for all that they have done, saith the Lord" (Jer. xxxiii. 24; xxxi. 36).

All the visions of Daniel culminate with Israel's deliverance (*e.g.*, Dan. viii. 14; x. 14; xii. 1). All the visions of Ezekiel, the same, as we have already seen, notably in the case of chapters xxxvi.-xxxix. In fact, everywhere in the Scriptures, salvation is interwoven with the return of Israel from their dispersion. The hope of the Gospel is the hope of Israel (Acts xxviii. 20): the restoration of the kingdom to Israel the goal of apostolic desire (Acts i. 6); the arrival of the restitution of all things spoken of by the prophets, the crisis of the Lord's coming (Acts iii. 20).

Though the spiritual is the flower and fruit, the natural is the planted tree on which it grows (Rom. xi. 15). The seed of Abraham and the seed of David according to *the flesh* is the chosen platform on which the wonders of salvation are to be displayed. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets are on this platform: they were all Jews after the flesh. Jesus himself was a Jew after the flesh, and though it is not every Jew that is a real one, by reason of uncircumcision of heart, it remains that the true Jews are real Jews, and that even Gentiles who become Jews inwardly have to be adopted into the stock of Abraham by merging in Christ his seed.

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Of course it was not possible to bring forward all these things in the hurried interview which took place. Enough was brought forward to show the untenable position of those who reject Jewish restoration while professing to believe the prophets; but the company were evidently in the unsusceptible mood that comes with prolonged controversy. Seeing this, and knowing that the other brethren were waiting for me, I said there could be no object in my continuing an interview which would only be irritating to them. There was a great gulf between us, and while wishing them the best, I could not be with them again till the flag of Israel's hope had been hoisted again over the house where it was before.

There was a lecture on the following night in the hall occupied by the Conditional Immortalists. The subject ("The State of the Political World") was of that general character that admitted of my giving some prominence to the Israelitish character of the impending revolution that is to change "the kingdoms of this world" into "the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ." Brother King, of Fairley (40 miles off), presided. Next day, a drive out in a wagonette, with most of the brethren and sisters, completed our brief intercourse with the Timaru ecclesia, which is deserving of the special sympathy of the brethren and sisters everywhere in the trying position in which they have been placed by the apostasy of those who were their teachers and leaders.

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# 17. FROM TIMARU VIA CHRISTCHURCH TO WELLINGTON

JUNE 18TH TO JUNE 28TH, 1898.

**W**E left Timaru for Christchurch by rail on Saturday afternoon, June 18th, at 5 o'clock. The distance is about 100 miles, and it took us about four hours to cover the distance. The journey was performed in the dark. We arrived about 9 o'clock, and were met by several brethren and sisters, and conveyed to the hospitable and loving home of brother Disher, of Milton Road, Sydenham, a suburb of Christchurch. Christchurch is a comparatively large city—population about 20,000. It is one of the leading cities of New Zealand, the others being Wellington, Auckland, Napier and Dunedin. There is a fairly large ecclesia of about fifty brethren and sisters. They were larger, but they have recently been weakened by the secession of some who have been subverted by the various "fads" that have been in agitation in New Zealand for some time past.

In olden times names always corresponded with the parts performed by their possessors. John Thomas (blending John, the beloved disciple and Thomas, the convinced doubter) having, under God, given us the truth, there have been various hostilities at work, whose character has been indicated by the names of the leading spirits. Without yielding to the temptation of hurting some feelings by pointing out the striking correspondence between the names of the leading factionists that have appeared in connection with the truth since Dr. Thomas' death, we may remark in connection with Colonial developments that when corns grow, men cannot walk with comfort. Consider how uncomfortable and painful has the walk of many become through the Cornish perversions. However, corn plasters have been applied, and in most cases with effect.

And now we have these fads so luxuriant here and there in New Zealand. Some who were sound in the faith have been *made faddy*. What better name could the man who performs such a part have, than the one who MAK'S FADDY or—we leave those who know, to fill in the Directory name. There was a desire and arrangement that I should meet these "mak-faddians" in the presence of the ecclesia from whom they

are separated. But at the last moment, the leading brother among them (Kirby) excused attendance. He is a worthy man, so far as natural qualities are concerned, but he has made himself an enemy of apostolic truth by denying that the death of Christ was a sacrifice required and appointed of God, as a condition of human forgiveness and admission to life eternal. He sent me a message that his great difficulty in holding this view was that it involved a reflection on the character of God. He is a kindly man, and I have no doubt he sincerely thinks what he says, but the thought is none the less to be classed with what Paul describes as "high things that exalt themselves against the knowledge of God" (2 Cor. x. 5) and his attitude is distinctly the one rebuked by the Lord when Peter protested against the suffering of Christ. We all know how bluff was the Lord's characterisation of the state of mind that, even through mistaken kindness, "Savoured not the things that be of God, but those that be of men" (Matt. xvi. 23).

It is not possible for man to sit in judgment on the divine character, or to say what God ought to do or not—to require or not require. It is for man simply to receive the testimony that God has given of Himself and His ways. And we must receive the whole testimony, and not only those parts that may be agreeable to our natural characteristics. God has declared Himself kind and loving and gracious, but He has also declared Himself jealous and holy and intolerant of any infringement of His supremacy (Ez. xx. 5; Lev. xi. 3; Psa. xlvi. 10-44-45).

He has practically exhibited what we might call this stern side of His character in such incidents as the striking dead of two priests who dared to deviate from His directions (Lev. x. 2) and of Uzzah, who profanely touched the ark, even with an apparently good intention (1 Chron. xiii. 10). The expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden and the requirement of sacrifice is of the same character, and also the drowning of the whole world, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrha, and the burning of Jerusalem and the temple. We have nothing to



do but what Paul says, "Behold therefore the goodness and the severity of God" (Rom. xi. 22).

If we are tempted to think the death of Christ inconsistent with His love, we must look all round it, and consider what it was intended to secure—the reconciliation of men on the basis of justice and declared righteousness. Do read and ponder Rom. iii. 21-26! Consider what comes out of this at last—the removal of death and all evil from the earth and the populating of the planet with a race of joyous immortal intelligences who will ascribe to God the glory of their redemption through Christ. Surely there is no difficulty in understanding that love has sometimes to employ painful expedients to reach its aims. Difficulty or no difficulty, the testimony is explicit, and we are bound to receive it on pain of God's displeasure—that the shedding of the blood of Christ was essential to the forgiveness of our sins unto life eternal (Matt. xxvi. 28), that faith in the power of his blood in this respect is necessary to our justification (Rom. iii. 25; v. 1-9); that his death was necessary to the putting away of sin (Heb. ix. 26); that we are redeemed through his blood (Col. i. 14), washed by his blood (Rev. i. 5; vii. 14) that is spiritually made white therein.

Though there was no talismanic power in his blood, as a physical agent, yet the shedding of it in the special connection in which God required it, was a part of the righteousness of God which a man denies at his peril. It was a literal act in its occurrence—"He poured out his soul (life—which is in the blood—Lev. xvii. 11) unto death." He thus "made his soul *an offering for sin*" (Isa. liii. 12-10). "*By his own blood* he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption." Therefore, "If the blood of bulls and goats and the ashes of the heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh (under the Mosaic law) how much more shall *the blood of Christ*, who through the Eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, *purge your conscience* from dead works, to serve the living God. For this cause he is the mediator of the new covenant, that by means of death, *for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first covenant*, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance"

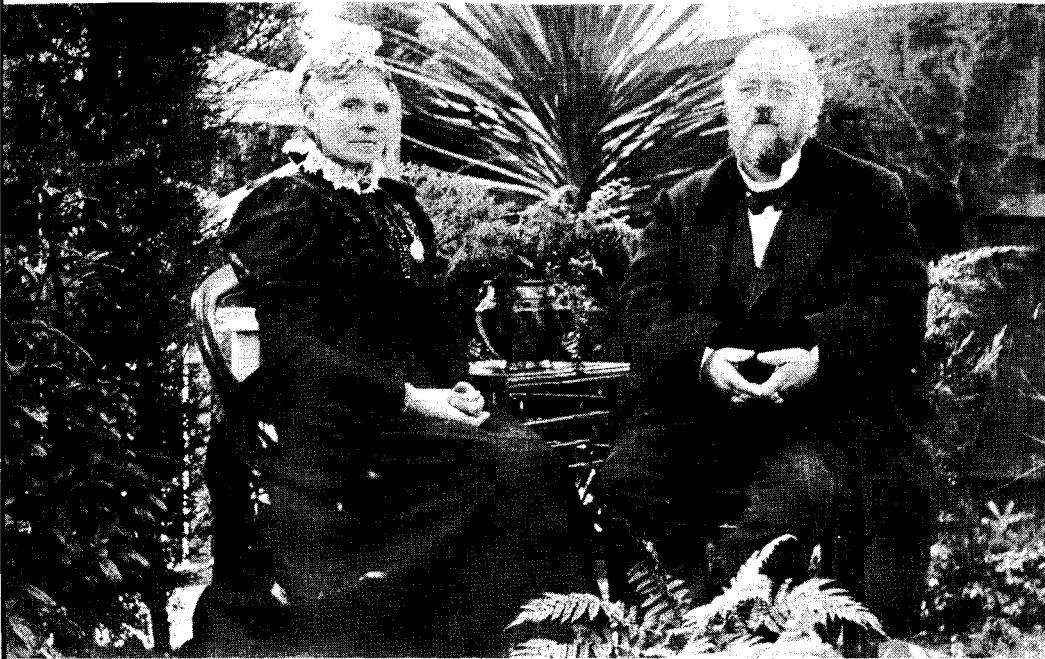
(Heb. ix. 12-15). The Lord himself was brought again from the dead through this blood of the everlasting covenant (Heb. xiii. 20). He himself, "as the seed of David according to the flesh," was a sufferer from the evils that came from the entrance of sin into the world. From these he was the first to be redeemed by his own obedience. It was part of his obedience to submit to death (Phil. ii. 8). This commandment he received from the Father (Jno. x. 18). The reason was that sin might be condemned in the flesh and the righteousness of God declared (Rom. viii. 3; iii. 25-26). He is the first fruits of the work thus accomplished and the first begotten of the dead (1 Cor. xv. 23).

These things are testified and they are presented to us for faith. There can therefore be no agreement with those who, from whatever cause, nullify them by maintaining that the death of Christ was a mere tragedy in which the malice of men triumphed over a righteous man; that it was no necessity in the Father's plan for our redemption: that it was a mere example of obedience, and a reformatory moral influence by the power of sympathy; that the shedding of his blood was not necessary; that "Christ died because he was killed;" and that he might as well have died in his bed! Such doctrines destroy the truth as foreshadowed in all the sacrifices of the law, and testified in the prophets. It is not possible for men faithful to divine obligation to give any quarter to them. Such doctrines belong to the outer darkness and not to the fellowship of the Gospel. The men who hold them are not in their place at the table of the Lord. They are men to be antagonised without reservation; and fighting belongs not to the house of God, except in a united and earnest contention for the faith delivered to the saints. When men have to be fought on the first principles of the truth, their place is outside—not inside. There must be the one faith, before there can be the one body.

The proposed meeting did not come off, but I had an interview with another (Scott), who is separated in sympathy with these wrong doctrines. He said his chief difficulty was about the adoption of a basis, or formulated statement of faith, as the ground of fellowship. I said the acceptance of the

truth was the ground of fellowship, but some definition of the truth had to take place before the existence of this acceptance could be ascertained. The Bible was of course the source of our faith, but it was not enough for a man to say "I believe the Bible." Millions would say this who knew nothing of the truth. The Pope himself would have to be admitted on that footing. The question was, What did the Bible teach? and agreement as to this could only be attained by assent to a common definition. He admitted this, but would have the definition oral. It was a choice then between words spoken and words written. Words written were certainly to be preferred to words spoken. Words spoken might be forgotten, or misunderstood. Words written could be pondered and studied. God had given us His word in writing. If He had not, where should we have been? Luke said that many in his day had "set forth in order a declaration of the things most surely believed," and that it seemed good to him to do the same (Luke i. 1). Why should he object to what seemed good to Luke?

I suggested to him that the real trouble was the want of agreement on his part with the things contained in the statement that had been proposed for adoption. He said he did not agree to certain details. Perhaps the details were rather important? Did he believe that God would restore again His people Israel after the flesh? Here he hesitated, and said it would depend upon the meaning. I told I had never, till recently, met any man professing to be a brother, who would hesitate to give a hearty "YES" in answer to such a question, and that the fact was, some who had been in the truth were drifting back to the old orthodox fogs, and that the truth was going to rot in their hands. This was the cause of the fermentation that had been going on, and the brethren who had insisted on division, in such a state of things, had only done their duty. The doctrines that were being called in question were matters in which enlightened men could consent to no compromise, however painful the personal consequences might be. We did not know each other after the flesh, and when men, whose acquaintance we had made in the name of



Bro. & Sis. Roberts in Christchurch, June 27th, 1898.

the truth, began denying the restoration of the kingdom again to Israel, and the righteousness of God in the death of His Son, they dissolved the bonds that had made us friends, and were responsible for the evil consequences resulting. There was nothing for it but to walk apart in peace, against the day of grand adjudication which would settle all things.

We had a pleasant stay of ten days in Christchurch, during which many meetings took place, three of which were public lectures to large and attentive audiences. I addressed the Sunday School twice; spoke twice at the breaking of bread; delivered an address at a social meeting; and took part in various private gatherings. At our departure there were many expressions of

regret, and many emphatic assurances of the benefit experienced from our visit, and strong wishes expressed for our return on some future occasion, should the Lord's absence continue.

We left by the steamer *Taupo* on Tuesday, June 28th, sailing at nearly midnight from Port Lyttleton, which is the seaport for Christchurch, some miles away. The sailing was behind time, and took place after an amusing and perplexing variety of alterations as to day and hour—ending with a weary final wait of about ten hours, after we had got on board and friends gone away. The cause was the break-down of another steamer of the same company, necessitating a transfer of cargo.

## 18. FROM WELLINGTON TO NAPIER & RETURN THEN ONTO WANGANUI

JUNE 28TH TO JUNE 17TH, 1898.

**A**FTER seventeen hours sail from Port Lyttelton (the harbour for Christchurch) in the s.s. *Tauupo*, we arrived at Wellington on Tuesday afternoon, June 28th. Brother and sister Lesueur were waiting to receive us, and conveyed us to their *Dulce Domum* ("Sweet Home") near the Island Bay, about four miles out of town. We had completed our tour of the South Island (or rather Middle Island, as it literally is if Stewart's Island is reckoned the South Island) and we now commenced our wanderings in the North Island.

There had been some curious fluctuations of programme for Wellington. In the first instance, there had been no strong suggestion nor necessity for a visit to Wellington on account of the weakened state of things resulting from division in sympathy with the Timaru no-restoration of Israel heresy. Notwithstanding this, I allotted six days to Wellington, aiming to include a Sunday, but these days were gradually reduced—(first by misfit of steamboat communication from the south, and then by demands of neighbouring places)—till one day only was left—the day following our arrival. This was an absurd sequel to the expectation of a long stay with sister Lesueur, entertained by sister Roberts, consequent on an invitation from sister Lesueur to spend a month with her on her arrival in the colonies. So we arranged that sister Roberts should stay a fortnight with sister Lesueur (whose acquaintance she was desirous of forming) while I should visit Napier and Dannevirke, and that she should join me by rail at Palmerston when I should be done with Napier and Dannevirke. But this snug arrangement let loose the winds in other quarters; and we had to reconsider. While we were reconsidering, word came that Dannevirke would not expect us, on account of the poverty caused by a severe reduction of employment which had prevailed for some time. This placed four days at our disposal, which I instantly resolved to give to Wellington on my return from Napier, as a *quid pro quo* for which we arranged for Wellington to surrender a part of sister Roberts' fortnight to allow of her going with me to Napier.

This being comfortably arranged, we could go forward. Sister Roberts' acquaintance with sister Lesueur was very gratifying to her, as that of a cultured lady fit for any society, and in total and enthusiastic submission to the things of the spirit. It is a rare thing to find cultivated people in the Lord's service. In the age nearly dawning upon the world, it will be the rule without exception, for the aristocracy of the age will be the Lord's people, and cultivated with a cultivation of sweetness and dignity that cannot be known in this poor mortal nature. Meanwhile a foretaste is pleasant.

On the evening of our arrival at Wellington, there was a meeting in the brethren's meeting room to which we walked after tea. No arrangement had been made for public lecture for the reason before hinted at. This was a semi-private meeting of the brethren and sisters to which some friends had been invited. Brother Lesueur was prevented from coming, and I had to conduct the meeting myself. After preliminary exercises, I called attention to the account of a special private meeting in the house of Cornelius, held over 1,800 years ago in Cæsarea (Acts x). The object of it, as defined in the narrative, was "to hear words whereby the company might be saved" (xi. 14). Though not now assembled in the same express manner, our assembly had to do with the same object. The "words" then spoken were still in force and had the same power to save where they were received and obeyed. I called their attention to Paul's statement that these words were not of human origin or appointment, but were uttered and authorised by the Holy Spirit (Gal. i. 11-12). I indicated the evidence in our possession that Paul's statement was true, and then proceeded to show what the words in question were. In other words—What is the truth? What is the Gospel?

At the close of my remarks, some questions were put by a lady, the wife of a retired Indian official, who, I afterwards discovered was a sister—a Mrs. Baernacki (pronounced Baernadski). I supposed she was a hostile critic. She wanted my opinion as to how certain people stood with regard to prospects of salvation, who, while receiv-

ing Christ in a general way, were ignorant of the gospel of the kingdom, and disobedient to his commandments. I said that my duty was to show what the Scripture taught, and not to express opinions about persons. God's proposal to men was, that He would save them if they would believe the Gospel, and obey the commandment delivered. Our wisdom lay in judging ourselves by this proposal, and leaving to Him the decision of the case of those who were outside of it, from whatever cause. In this attitude, we were certainly bound to contend that men ignorant of, or disobedient to the Gospel could not be saved. Men by nature and practice were already condemned as sinners. They could not be saved unless they were justified from their sins. God had made known by Christ and the apostles that this justification was only to be obtained in the knowledge, belief, and obedience of the truth—of which baptism was only the initial step. It was a mistake for us to try to bend the institution of God to the ideas of men. The only safety for ourselves and others lay in frank and absolute submission to what was revealed.

The number of the brethren in Wellington has been reduced through the objection of some to adopt a basis of faith—that is a formulated statement of the principles recognised as essential to be in fellowship. The statement proposed was the Birmingham statement. To this there was a determined opposition in the spirit of the man who said "If it comes from Birmingham, that is a reason why we should have nothing to do with it." This attitude is not intelligible on spiritual grounds. There are carnal reasons that fully account for it. True men are only anxious to secure the truth. If Birmingham is a help they are not ashamed to have it. Where would even our objecting friend have been, if Birmingham had done nothing? But in truth it is not the origin of the "statement" that is altogether the ground of the objection; it is the character of it. The objectors do not consent to all that is in it. As one frankly said—"There are some things there that ought not to be." Think of some objecting to the restoration of natural Israel. The time is come to take strong and uncompromising ground. If men object to the truth, they ought not to pass current as brethren. And if the adoption of a state-

ment of the faith will put an end to a false situation, the sooner it is adopted the better. This is the mind of the brethren in Wellington and elsewhere. The adoption of a scriptural statement of faith, whether of Birmingham origin or elsewhere, will be the beginning of a sounder and healthier state of things, than has for some time prevailed in New Zealand. As for Birmingham, suppose the Birmingham statement is a statement that the Lord approves, where will ye be in His presence who place yourselves in opposition to an endeavour to secure a standing ground for the truth, in the day of its weakness and unpopularity.

We sailed next day in the *Mararoa* for Napier. The night was dark and stormy, but in the morning we arrived at our destination in sunshine. Brother Troup and his wife were awaiting us and conveyed us to their picturesquely situated home, on the end of a high spur overlooking the sea, and surrounded by hills and long distance views. We had a hearty reception from their two interesting children, whose interest in the truth shows what can be done by parental care and instruction. Here we spent a very enjoyable week, marred only by this plague of division, which is the only fruit that factionist writers and speakers have to show for their industry. There is no cure for it except in the individual application to the word in daily study and affectionate submission and prayer. Some will yield this and some will have only man and not God before their eyes, and consequently strife will continue till the last, till the Lord supplies the conditions of eternal and joyful calm by choosing the men that are godly for himself, and massing them in a glorified community in which there will be no flaw.

Two well-attended lectures were delivered to the public and two interviews took place, to bring re-union if possible. That no result was produced I cannot say. But there was no such restoration of peace, as sometimes follows such efforts. Divisions from personal causes are easier to end than those which spring from the leaven of heresy. The heresy in this case was certainly of the most serious character, namely, to reduce the death of Christ to a merely human occurrence, and to exclude God from its cause and appointment and significance. This heresy seems to be the result of well-meant inability

to comprehend how an event may be, at the same time, both human and divine. The stumblers see the wicked part performed by the Jews and Romans, and they cannot see how the wicked impulses of both Jews and Romans were used as instruments to bring about a sacrifice, that the righteousness of God required in the salvation of men. The inability in this case is the more singular since this duality of character is expressly alleged in this particular matter—"Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles and the people of Israel, were gathered together for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done" (Acts iv. 27-28). "*Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain*" (Acts ii. 23).

It is part of a truth exhibited throughout the entire course of the Scripture—that God, without interfering with the free volition of wickedness, uses it in carrying out His own ends with His people, when such instrumentality is necessary. Did Joseph's brethren sell him, in jealous hatred, into the hands of the Egyptians? It was that God might "send a man before them," and lay the foundation of good (Psa. cv. 17; Gen. xlv. 5-8; 1. 50). When Israel turned away from God, did Israel's enemies get the upper hand? It was because "the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel and he delivered them into the hands of spoilers, so that they could not any longer stand before their enemies" (Jud. ii. 11-14). Did David suffer from the wickedness of Amnon, the ambition of Absalom, the malice of Shimei? It was the Lord who raised up evil against him out of his own house because he had despised the Lord in taking the wife of Uriah the Hittite (2 Sam. xii. 10-11). Did God use the blood-thirsty Assyrian as a weapon of punishment against Israel? "He (the Assyrian) meaneth not so; it is in his heart merely to destroy" (Isa. x. 7-15).

There is really no end to the illustrations of this principle in the Scriptures—that God in the ways of His providence, to accomplish His purposes, uses men who have no idea of those purposes, but are bent only on their own wretched aims for which they are justly punishable.

The inability to see it in the death of Christ is worse than ignorance; it is unbelief

of express testimony; and as such cannot be tolerated in the fellowship of the brethren. Christ said that no man took his life from him (Jno. x. 17-18). It was his own act, that he might give his life a ransom for many—(Matt. xx. 28) give it to God, not to man—for he offered himself without spot to God (Heb. ix. 14) not by the blood of bulls and goats, but by his own blood he obtained eternal redemption (Heb. ix. 12). Hence his words at the table concerning the cup: "This cup is the new covenant in my blood, shed for the remission of the sins of many" (Matt. xxvi. 28). Hence also the symbolic statement that the redeemed have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb (Rev. vii. 14). Hence also the strong statement that Jesus crucified (while to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness) is "to us who are saved, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God" (1 Cor. i. 23-24). "Wherefore I determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified" (1 Cor. ii. 2). These things lie at the root of the Gospel. It is through faith in the shed blood of Christ, as the appointment of God's righteousness, that we are saved (Rom. iii. 25; v. 9). It is not therefore possible that the brethren can give place to glosses and manipulations of Scripture that would reduce the sacrifice of Christ to a mere human tragedy. I have no hesitation in avowing my conviction that those who present themselves with such a doctrine to Christ at his coming, will meet the fate of Nadab and Abihu, who offered strange fire before the Lord (Lev. x. 2).

We left Napier on Thursday morning, July 7th, by the s.s. *Waihora*. Brother Craig said he would not be able to see us off; but he came, also brethren Troup, Martin, and some others. Brother Craig said he was thoroughly satisfied with the way the arrangements for the tour had worked out. Another time he hoped our stay would be longer. I thought it possible we might return again in two years—if the Lord remains away. If so, I might arrange to spend six months instead of two months in the country. But there might be great changes by that time.

We arrived at Wellington next day, entering the beautiful roadstead about 9 o'clock. Knowing our way to *Dulce Domum*, we

proceeded there without guidance. In the evening, at brother Lesueur's house, we were pleased to meet brother Tanfield, of Auckland, for the first time. We had heard of him and found him much more than we had heard. He had obeyed the truth some twelve months previously. He is the principal in the firm of Tanfield and Potter, chinaware importers, Auckland. He held a prominent position in the Wesleyan body for a number of years, but latterly had begun to lose interest in all religion from the insincerity of its professors, and the inconsistency of its doctrines. *Christendom Astray* was placed in his hands some years ago. His intelligence enabled him to appreciate the argument, and it was an unspeakable joy to him to have the Scriptures cleared of the mountains of fog through which he used to survey them, and to see them in brightness and beauty. He travels a good deal, and we saw him several times in other parts of the country.

On Sunday we met with the brethren and sisters at the breaking of bread in their meeting room. In the evening I lectured in the same place to an attentive audience on the general bearing of the Gospel message, and on the strong foundation on which it stands in the historic sense.

We left Wellington next day for Wanganui. Our journey was by rail, and lay through the wild and beautiful scenery on the west coast by the sea-shore. We did not go straight to Wanganui, but broke the journey at Palmerston, for the sake of making it easier for sister Roberts. There are only two trains a day, and to have done the journey in one day would have required us to be stirring at five o'clock—which would not have mattered so much if we had not been four miles from the station, and living with friends from whom we could not have stolen away unobserved, with the quantity of personal impedimenta which a prospective absence of 12 months from home involves.

We were not aware of the presence of brethren at Palmerston. It was not, however, altogether to our surprise that we were greeted at the platform on our arrival. At Napier we had met brother Taylor, who is superintendent of the rolling stock on the line. He enquired of our plans, and when we told him of our purpose to stay a night

in Palmerston, he said there were one or two brethren there and he would inform them. It was, therefore, not unexpected when brother Grey introduced himself on the platform. He saw us to our hotel close to the Railway Station, where, afterwards, we were called on by brother and sister Harvey. Next morning we saw brother Scott, a railway employee who had just been shifted from Napier to Palmerston.

Palmerston is a railway junction, at which a considerable town of perhaps 4,000 to 5,000 inhabitants has sprung up. We spent a pleasant few hours in the place, and departed next morning for Wanganui—about three hours' distance.

We changed carriages at Aramoho—within three miles of Wanganui. On the platform we were met by brother Taylor, who conveyed us to Wanganui. It seems strange at first sight that an important town like Wanganui should be left off the main line, and be accessible only by a branch. It is due to the situation of the town at the mouth of a river on the sea, and to the physical conformation of the land, which would have required a costly bridge to put Wanganui on the main line.

At Wanganui, we were met by sister Dexter, brother Mackay, sister Comrie, and, I think, one or two others. An "expressman" took our things, and sister Dexter drove us in her "trap" to the house, about a mile out on the other side of the river. This they have acquired since my last visit. Here a cow, and a horse, and five acres impose the kind of activity that, in such fresh air, brings health—of which the whole family are reaping the benefit. We were soon at home in such genial surroundings. In the evening a number of brethren and sisters came together to tea. After tea, brother Dexter took the chair, and guided things into profitable shape by the aid of a programme which he had prepared. Several profitable addresses were delivered, intermixed with the singing of hymns. Next night (July 13th), a similar meeting was held at brother Taylor's, with this difference, that several enquiring strangers were present, and the occasion was turned into a kind of a Bible Class, at which brother Tanfield propounded several questions for their benefit. The questions principally related to the position of such movements as the

Salvation Army, the George Muller Orphanage, the life of Mr. Gladstone, &c.—whether or not they might have some relation to the work of God in the earth. I replied that God had various classes of servants in the work of preparing the earth, as a final habitation of glory. This was proved by the case of Cyrus, who was styled Yahweh's "anointed," though, as Yahweh said by Isaiah (xlv. 1-4), "Thou hast not known me." So also was Nebuchadnezzar styled "my servant" (Jer. xxvii. 6). And so the Assyrian: "I will send him against an hypocritical nation . . . *howbeit he meaneth not so*" (Isaiah x. 6-7).

The earth was being prepared by various agencies, as an inheritance for Christ and the saints. When Christ was on the earth, it was a forest-covered abode of barbarism, for Greek and Roman civilizations were only barbarisms, when judged by the light of the divine law. Since that time the earth had been cleared, and "subdued" in a physical sense. Also in the sense of intellectual and moral sensibility, great changes had been effected in the populations. At the present moment we were verging on a new age which, though it would be inaugurated by judgment, probably required, for the proper operation of that judgment, the predisposing influences associated with the movement to which reference had been made. The Salvation Army was doing

gutter-clearing work; other agencies were ameliorating the natural harshness of the carnal mind. But we need not be careful to assign the place or assess the value of such agencies. We could not do it accurately, and we might make dangerous mistakes. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth." Our aim should be to ascertain the Lord's will, as bearing upon ourselves, and leave all outside questions to His settlement. The danger was that in trying to see a divine work in that which is merely human but regulated divinely, we might weaken the obligation of that which is undoubtedly divine—namely, the Gospel and institutions of Christ, as apostolically revealed. The great question was, "What must we do to be saved?" The question was not likely to be helped by the study of movements among men—however striking. We must never forget that, as regards eternal life, nothing is acceptable to God but God's own requirements. Jesus had informed us that "in that day" many would vainly come to him claiming favourable consideration on the ground that they had preached in his name, and done many wonderful works.

On Friday there was a lecture in the theatre, at which there was a fair audience; and again on Sunday evening at the same place. Lengthy notices appeared in the local papers, supplied by brother Mackay.



## 19. FROM WANGANUI TO AUCKLAND

JULY 18TH TO AUGUST 20TH, 1898.

WE took leave of the brethren with regret on Monday, July 18th, and went forward to Hawera, where it had been arranged one lecture should be given. Brother and sister Jenkins have been for some years located in this place—a township of considerable size and importance (population perhaps 4,000 or 5,000). They have been known as inscrutable people, whose inscrutability, it was thought, was probably due to mental derangement, instead (as the fact is) of mental arrangement. They were desirous that their true position should be exhibited to their neighbours, in connection with an invitation to such neighbours to share such blessed position, for “Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city.” The subject chosen was: “The clergy all wrong about the gospel, both as to its nature and indispensability to salvation.” The place was the theatre. The audience was large. The chair was occupied by brother Jenkins. I had a close hearing for an hour-and-a-half, after which a preacher rose and repudiated the allegations that had been made. He did nothing more than assert, and you cannot answer assertions except by counter-assertions—in which there is no profit. The only attempt at argument was the citation of Cor. xv. 1-3, in proof of the death of Christ being the gospel. I pointed out, in reply, that the death of Christ was only part of the gospel, that it must first be known who Christ was, before his death could be understood, and that no man could know what it was to be the Christ or Anointed, who did not know the things concerning the Kingdom of God in which the Christship had its essence. The interruption caused a little stir. I said that it was impossible that the question could be properly argued in a few minutes at the close of a lecture, but that if the gentleman was desirous of a proper argument, I should not be unwilling, on another occasion, to meet him in a properly organised debate.

It seems, from what brother Jenkins afterwards reported, that a very favourable impression was produced. He reports a

call for literature, and says he could profitably use what spare literature brethren may have beside them. “Mr. Jenkins, furniture-maker, Hawera, Tarranaki, N.Z.,” will find him.

Next day we went forward to Stratford, under the shadow of Mount Egmont, twenty miles distant, accompanied by brother Nash, who had come from Stratford; and also by sister Jenkins and her children, who intended spending the time there during our presence.

Stratford is the place where the ecclesia, for several years, consisted of three sisters only, meeting regularly in the house of sister Blair. They have now been reinforced by three brethren, and one or two additional sisters—namely, brother Nash and his wife; brother Gold, from Hastings; a brother Steward and his wife; and lastly, by a sister Baernacki (pronounced Baernatzki—the Polish “c” having the sound of “tz”). The case of the last has special features of interest. She is the (Scotch) wife of a Polish refugee, who fled to England, from political trouble, forty years ago. Her husband obtained a high position in the Indian Civil Service, and, after a lengthened service in India, was pensioned off, and came to live in N.Z. Mrs. Baernacki was always of an enquiring turn of mind in religious matters. Her position in India brought the clergy about a good deal, and in her position as hostess, she used to put questions to them, which they could not ignore. She now says that, without exception, they were unable to deal with her questions, and confessed their own ignorance, and pooh-poohed the matter as of no importance. They all told her not to trouble herself. She told them it was extraordinary that they should tell her to take no trouble about matters that were of the very first importance, unless they were all hypocrites in professing to be the servants of God.

She got no satisfaction till she came to New Zealand, where she was brought into contact with the brethren at Wellington, through her son. She now finds great satisfaction in the perfect understanding of the Scriptures, that the truth has brought her. If she could have the company of her

husband and sons in the matter, her joy would be full. Perhaps God will grant this great favour. I had some conversations with them. Their difficulties are those created by false systems of religion. The elder Mr. Baernacki said the clergy told him he must have faith. But how was he to get faith? I told him to get facts, and faith would soon come, for faith was the confidence produced by facts. The case for revelation rested in facts that could not be disposed of. A man might be ignorant of the facts, and therefore unaffected by them. But the facts were there, and, when known, produced their effect by the inevitable law of conviction.

While at Stratford, we were accommodated at a private boarding house, in the absence of convenience among the brethren. This arrangement worked very well. It tends to health, and efficiency of work, to be at perfect ease privately, and under no necessity to talk at meals. The brethren sometimes do not understand (and cannot without experience understand) that the incessant consumption of nervous energy, in speaking and writing, renders it necessary that the domestic intervals should be in perfect repose, so far as talk is concerned. It is the very highest kindness they can bestow, to leave us alone at such times. They cannot think so perhaps, but it is true. Of course, it is nothing but the weakness of this mortal nature, but facts are facts. The Stratford brethren acted on this principle in providing us apartments in the house of a stranger. They conferred a great benefit, for which we were duly grateful. We know it cannot always be as we would wish, and when it so happens we resign ourselves. But as Paul says, "If thou mayest be free, use it rather;" so we do.

There were two lectures and a tea meeting during our stay at Stratford. The lectures were well attended. Brother Gold presided, and brother Nash read the Scriptures. There was a little interruption the second night, by a Plymouth Brother, who contended, at the close, that it was enough to simply believe in the Lord Jesus, as Paul told the Philippian jailor. I asked him if Paul did not mean, Believe the truth concerning the Lord Jesus? He answered that Paul said nothing about believing the truth concerning the Lord Jesus—it was, believe

in him. But how, said I, could a man believe in the Lord Jesus, who did not know who the Lord Jesus was? He thought that was quibbling. Nay, my friend, said I, be reasonable. Would you not say that a man must believe in the Lord's crucifixion. Yet Paul said nothing about that just then. Must he not believe in the Lord's resurrection, about which Paul said nothing just then, though he said elsewhere that a man must with his heart believe that God raised Christ from the dead, in order to be saved (Rom. x. 9). Our friend did not like the squeeze of reason, so he walked out of the meeting, muttering that it was all a pack of lies, and that he should afterwards show it.

We left Stratford for New Plymouth on Friday, July 22nd. At New Plymouth we were to catch the steamer for Auckland, sailing at 9.35 p.m. The proper train to catch the steamer was several hours after the train we selected. There was advantage in the proper train, inasmuch as it would give us more time at Stratford, and run us right down to the steamboat side at the break-water, whereas other trains stopped short at New Plymouth proper, landing us three miles away from the waterside. But "per contra," we should arrive in the dark in a bustling crowd, and it would not be easy to look after our things. We preferred to have time and deliberation and quietness, as most people do when they get to the declining side of life. So we took the three o'clock train, in which we found there were disadvantages. It was not only that we had to hire a special conveyance for the three miles down to the break-water, but when we got there, we found the cab could only get as far as the shore end of the pier, and we had to carry, and have carried, our things along the whole length of the break-water in the dark, in the teeth of high winds and rain, amidst waggons and intersected railway tracks, before we could get to the steamer. It was a stiff half-hour's work. I first saw sister Roberts on board, and then returned with a steward to the heap of things, which in two journeys we carried on board. Once there it was bliss, with no friends to talk and kindle up to. (Poor human weakness. It will be different on the happy morn. The multitude of the redeemed will not want to get away from one another then).

At 9.35 p.m. the rest of the passengers came bundling aboard, and the steamer instantly sailed out into the darkness and tempest. We had a rough night, but it was soon gone, and at ten o'clock next morning we were sailing in the sunshine into the quiet sheet of water, that forms the land-locked harbour of Onehunga (pronounced Oney-hung-ha), the port for Auckland on the west side. Mooring at the wharf, we were soon among friends. Brother Tanfield was there, and sisters Walker and Leitch, and I think one or two others. The train for Auckland (about eight miles distant) came alongside, and whisked us away to the beautiful city, which vies with Sydney and Hobart, as having the most beautiful harbour in the colonies. We were to be brother Tanfield's guests, who lives on the Devonport side of the harbour, so we had to get into a steam ferryboat for a sail of about two-and-a-half miles, which was done in fifteen or twenty minutes. Landed on the other side, we were soon under brother Tanfield's godly roof, where we made the pleasant acquaintance of his wife, who is also in the faith, and the intelligent and hearty abettor of all her husband's ways in the truth. We were also pleased to become acquainted with their large and interesting family, of whom there is hope that they also will embrace the hope of Israel.

Next day (Sunday), we crossed in the morning to the breaking of bread, and remained over for the day, under sister Walker's lively roof. In the evening there was a lecture on "The Resurrection of Christ." There was a large audience, in spite of the driving rain. The meeting was near a large new chapel that has been built by the Conditional Immortalists—a somewhat numerous body of people, who have discarded the grosser features of sectarian darkness, but who refuse submission to the claims of the truth in the fulness of its harmonious doctrines, and practical obligations. They considered the truth "narrow"—which Jesus said it was. They prefer liberty and numbers. This is convenient for the time, but "what will ye do in the end thereof." They are tainted with partial inspiration. This will rot them away to nothing at last. The truth has had many difficulties to encounter in Auckland, but there is every appearance of better times in

store. Brother and sister Tanfield are great acquisitions, and there are buddings of fruit in other directions.

Finding there was no other public appointment till Thursday, a need having arisen for my running over to Melbourne before sailing for England, I began to wonder whether we could not put Ngaruawahia into the blank days instead of waiting till next week, and so getting away a week sooner. Ngaruawahia (which we tried to remember by thinking of the narrow way, eh ho!) is a small township about 80 miles to the south of Auckland, reachable by rail—where dwells an excellent family circle in the truth by the name of Starr. By telegraph we ascertained it would be possible to hasten the lectures there by a week, so we started on Tuesday morning and got there in four hours.

Ngaruawahia is one of the quiet corners of the earth. Its leading features are a river, a hill range, wooded to the summit on the west, a railway bridge crossing the river, a few houses, and a wide wooded plain to the east—a strange place for the truth to have got to. We stayed at the house of young brother Starr—married a few months previously to one of the daughters of brother Connolly, of Auckland. (By the way, they told me this marriage was the result of my last visit to New Zealand. I was all unconscious. How could it be if I knew nothing of it? A riddle that I dare say some may guess.) I found the family under the shadow of a great and recent grief. A son of brother Connolly had been killed by the falling of a tree in this neighbourhood. Brother Connolly had taken up 300 acres of bush-land near Ngaruawahia for his two sons, and they had been nearly two months engaged clearing the timber, when this accident happened. What made it specially sad was that the youth was interested in the truth, but had not made that submission which he had intended. The other son was there during our stay, but had lost all heart in the work in which they had been jointly engaged. Time will heal all wounds. There may be a blessing in the evil, not at present visible. The rest are quickened, at all events, in their resolution to "lay hold upon eternal life."

There were two lectures—the one on "The coming" and the other on "The kingdom" of Christ—held in the Public

Hall of the place. Brother Starr, sen., presided. There was not a large audience judged by ordinary places, but considering the bad state of the weather (for it rained and thundered heavily), and considering also that there had been only one day's notice of the meetings, the attendance was wonderful. At the first meeting a Presbyterian preacher was present, and could not restrain the antagonism stirred within him by what he heard. He shouted a question in the midst of the lecture. I said it would be time for questions at the close, but at the close he rose and said I had proved nothing, I had refused to answer questions. I could only say that I had advanced nothing without ample proof. "Yes," said he, "to your own satisfaction." "Well," said I, "whose satisfaction, other than my own, should I speak to." "I ought," he said, "to speak to other people's satisfaction also." I said I had done so in thousands of cases, all over the world. All this time he was moving out, and finally disappeared through the door. It was supposed he would return in full panoply next day, but he left the place by the midday train. It was said he was a preacher belonging to Huntley, an adjacent town.

We left Ngaruawahia on Thursday morning, July 28th, and returned to Auckland in time for the evening lecture in the Odd-fellows' Hall, on "The kingdom of Christ." The night was very tempestuous, but there was a good audience. On the Friday night there was a private meeting at the house of brother Tanfield, at which I delivered an address, and answered questions on the unscriptural state of things prevailing in the denominations. A Mr. Wylde was present, who holds the truth in great part, but fraternises with the Wesleyans and others, and was disposed to advocate temporising measures. I put some questions to him, which he found a difficulty in answering.

On Sunday, July 31st, we had our two last meetings in the midst of storm—breaking of bread in the morning, and lecture at night at the Masonic Hall. There were good attendances, and farewells with regret. The brethren made an unexpected "love offering," out of "the abundance of their joy and deep poverty." I told them, in thanking them through brother Harrison, that it was some offset to the bitter things

that had to be borne in the service of the truth.

During my presence in Auckland, there was a controversy in the local press, on the widely interesting question, of whether and why the popular church system was a failure. Perceiving an opening for a voice, I penned the following contribution, which appeared in the *New Zealand Herald* for August 2nd, 1898:—

"To the Editor,

"Sir,—Perhaps you will allow a stranger passing through your beautiful town to contribute a word to the controversy that has been going on in your columns on the question of whether the Church is a failure. I perceive that one of the preachers admits the partial failure, and has various suggestions as to the cause, and a word as to the remedy. The remedy is more important than any explanation of the undoubted failure. He thinks the cure lies in 'getting back to Christ's teaching and thought.' 'Truth,' saith he, 'must come.' In the abstract this is good. But how is this to be got at? How are we to get back 'to Christ's teaching and thought?' If we had no official record of Christ's teaching, it would be impossible to get back to it. But we have such a record in the New Testament, which has been in the hands of believers in an unbroken line of transmission since the first century.

"If the rank and file of the Churches would begin the regular and attentive reading of the Bible, there would be some hope of getting back to the original teaching of Christ, as many have already done. I say 'the Bible' advisedly, meaning the Old Testament as well as the New, for the Old Testament was as much commended to the attention of the people by Christ as his own commandments. If the people were to cultivate the habit of reading the Bible for themselves, independently of denominational bias, we should soon witness a revolution in popular theology, for the Bible does not teach popular theology in any of its fundamental doctrines and principles.

"Popular theology is a conglomerate of Platonic philosophy and ecclesiastical tradition, alias human speculation and invention. The Bible promulgates divine revelation. It teaches the mortality of man, the unity of God, and the bodily terrestrial nature of the

salvation that God is now working out by Christ. Many of the preachers recognise this, but hold back from its public avowal for fear of results.

"I fear there is little likelihood of the people adopting the plan of Bible study, if the views expressed by Mr. Bakewell in your issue of Friday prevail—as they do, and are likely to do, more and more from their plausibility and palatability—that is, as regards the mass. A few will doubtless always be found, whose knowledge of the Scriptures will never allow them to consent to the suggestions that the Bible embodies 'the myths of an eastern people,' and who will be prepared to maintain without reserve, and in the full exercise of reason, that it is 'to be received and accepted as God's inspired word.' This view is not disposed of by the quotation from a Jesuit father, nor by the consensus of a whole hierarchy of clerical erudition. When the Bible is understood, the objections that weigh so readily upon Mr. Bakewell's class fall to the ground. The mere reading of it, in any systematic manner, is enough to dispel the notion of a superstitious or even a human origin. The 'six days hypothesis,' the

creation of light, and Adam and Eve's advent in the garden of Eden, and all the other details supposed to be so damaging, are all matters of exegetical detail that fall into harmony with the general scheme of divine (and scientific) truth, when the Bible is allowed to give us this scheme in a 'strictly literal interpretation,' carried out with due regard to obvious figures of speech where they occur.

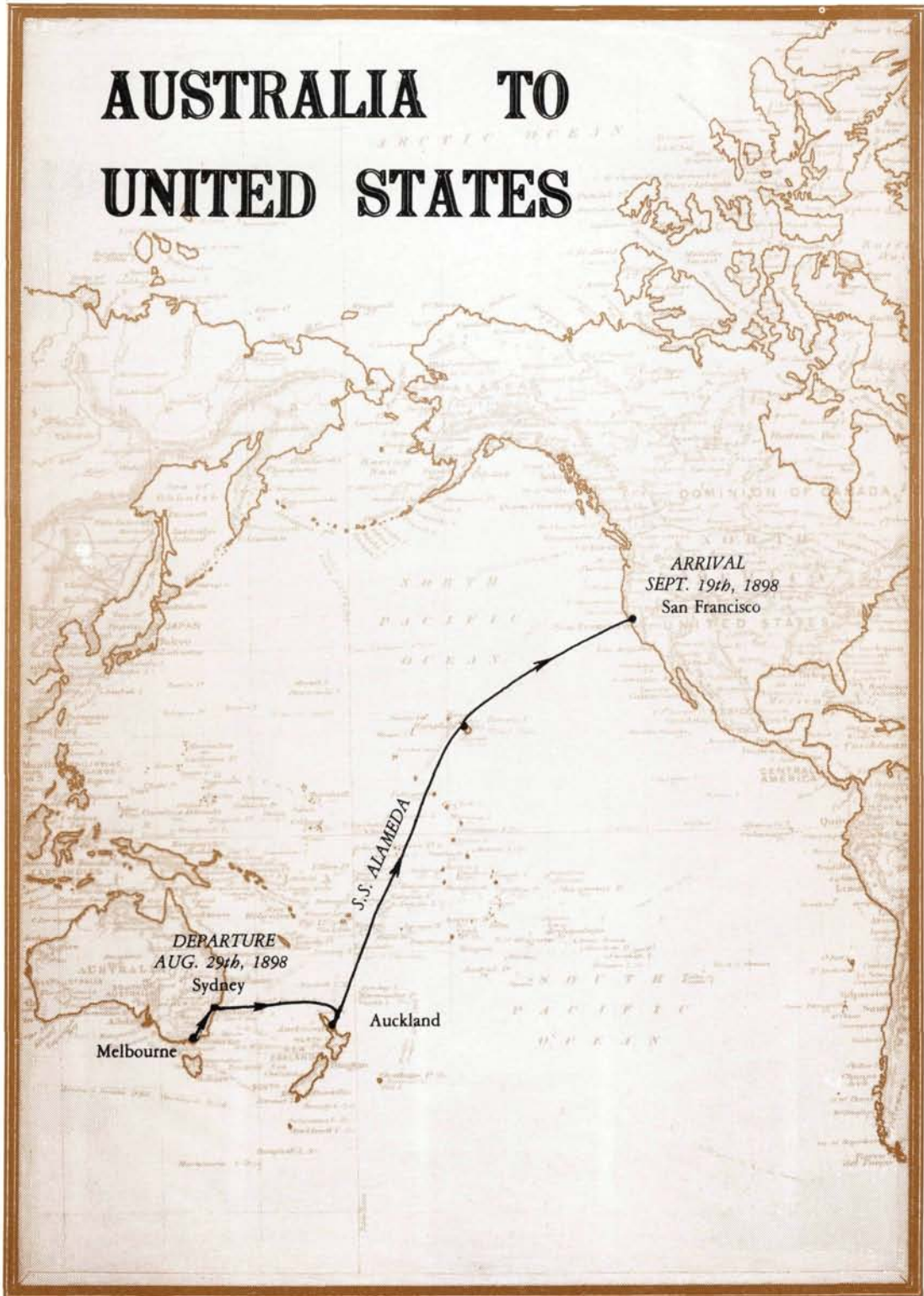
"The huge mistake, that is driving the people into irreligion, is the assumption that clerical theology and Bible revelation are identical. The two things are as wide as the poles asunder. Many have found out this to their joy, and if the discovery could only be extended to the public in general, we should soon have a different attitude on the part of the New Zealand public to the Book, to which even now they unconsciously owe so much.—I am, &c.,

"ROBERT ROBERTS."

Devonport (a suburb of Auckland, on the other side of the harbour), July 30th, 1898.

We left Auckland on Monday, August 21st, in the s.s. *Mararou* for Sydney—1,000 miles over the stormy sea.

# AUSTRALIA TO UNITED STATES



## 20. DEPARTING FROM AUCKLAND FOR SYDNEY ONTO MELBOURNE AND RETURN

AUGUST 21ST TO SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1898.

PROPERLY speaking, the return voyage to England began on the day sister Roberts and I left Melbourne for New Zealand—which was May 26th. The visit to New Zealand was the first part of the return voyage so far as I was concerned. The expectation was that when we had gone through that long straggling country, (nearly 1,000 miles from south to north, and 150 irregularly—from east to west) we should part at Auckland,—sister Roberts going west to Sydney on her way to Melbourne, and I eastwards, to San Francisco, on my way to Birmingham. But when we got to Auckland, it became evident that it would be expedient for me to revisit Melbourne before starting for England. So, as recorded in the last chapter of notes, I sailed with sister Roberts in the *Mararoa* for Sydney, instead of the *Moana* for the West Coast of America.

The voyage (about four days) was a very rough one—the ocean always seems stormy between Australia and New Zealand—sister Roberts was a little upset by the uncomfortable motion of the vessel, coming on the back of the fatigue resulting from something like a six hours' levee among friends before starting,—(you see the steamer did not sail for some hours after the advertised time—which caused what is expressively called “hanging about.”) Notwithstanding the discomforts of sea-sickness, sister Roberts did good service for the truth in her conversations with lady passengers. One case was quite interesting. The lady had seen our Auckland lectures advertised before starting, and had purposed attending; but being unable herself to go, she had pressed upon a grown-up son and daughter to do so. They attended, and brought her back a glowing report of what they had heard. She was now surprised to find us on board the same vessel. Sister Roberts afterwards visited her in Sydney and arranged for her to have a copy of *Christendom Astray*.

We reached Sydney on Friday, August 5th, early in the day—an hour or two before our time, nearly too soon for two sharp friends who were on the outlook, though with a scramble, they were on the wharf as soon as the steamer. Once in the hands of brother

Jackson and brother Bell, our anxieties for the time were at an end. We were packed off in a literally packed conveyance to brother Jackson's friendly house, four miles off at Marrickville, while our two brethren departed for the duties of the day. The rest of a stable habitation was very acceptable after the turmoil of the sea. It had been arranged that I should go forward to Melbourne, leaving sister Roberts at Sydney till my return to that port in two weeks time to sail for San Francisco. She had not been to Sydney before, and there was a mutual desire on the part of herself and the brethren that she should embrace the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the largest ecclesia in the colonies. I stayed over the Sunday, meeting with the brethren, and addressing them, morning and evening, departing for Melbourne by the Monday night's express. I had not known till the last moment whether I should be going to Melbourne by sea or land, otherwise I might have arranged to stay at Albury on the way. However I made up for this on the way back. The train had also to go through Wagga Wagga, where brother Payne now lives, but at such an unseasonable hour (4 a.m. I think)—that a visit could not well be arranged. I had an interesting letter from him afterwards, mentioning encouraging prospects for the truth in his new neighbourhood—especially at a quiet place about 40 miles off—I forget the name—where a company of men had come to a knowledge of the truth through reading *Christendom Astray*, and had sent to know how they could be assisted in the obedience of the truth.

At Albury station, 7 o'clock, I saw sister Frew and brother Kaye for a few minutes. Being a day before my time, and not wishing to arrive prematurely at Melbourne, I stayed off at Benalla (my ticket admitting of this), and gave the day to writing in a temperance hotel. I arrived at Melbourne on Wednesday, August 10th, and found all well with our lonely little company at the Orient House, except that another horse had died, and water was going short. After spending a pleasant fortnight with them, attending the meetings, and lecturing two Sundays on “The Voice of God in history,” and “The

Voice of God in prophecy," I bade them a reluctant adieu early on Thursday, August 25th, and took the train at Glenroy for Albury, where it had been arranged I should lecture on my way to Sydney. This arrangement was made under peculiar circumstances.

For some considerable time, brother Dinsmore had been in the habit of inserting a weekly advertisement in one of the local papers, setting forth some element of the truth, in a brief form, with proof-texts accompanying. Nobody had a right to say a word against it. Still, the clergy did not like it. They would have had no objection to brother Dinsmore advertising himself as the agent of Cackle's pills or Mother Siegel's syrup, but to have the Scripture—supported truth held up weekly before the eyes of the community was not at all soothing to their feelings. At last, a rocket was fired off by a Roman Catholic priest in the shape of a letter denouncing the heretical stuff, and the paper that could lend itself as a medium for it. This brought out a cordial response from an Episcopalian clergyman, who warmly seconded his Roman Catholic brother's protest. Then came a letter on the other side, putting in a plea for liberty and fair play, and suggesting, if I remember rightly, that the clerical objectors should take the British way of dealing with heresy by arguing it down instead of fulminating a condemnation which nobody in these days of freedom could be expected to take any notice of. This commenced a newspaper war which did not go to a great length. It ended in the clericals trying to "boycott" the paper. They publicly declared their intention to induce their people to cease taking a paper that lent itself to diffusion of such rank infidelity—as if a paper could be held responsible for the things said by advertisers. No doubt some would be intimidated for a time, but in the end, the stream would resume its natural course.

It was suggested that the state of mind caused by this newspaper breeze would be favourable for obtaining the public ear for the hearing of the truth. So it was arranged that I should deliver one lecture—the circumstances not favouring more. I arrived at mid-day on the Friday, rested at the house of brother Dinsmore in the afternoon, and in the evening delivered the lecture. There was a large audience for Albury, and a very

attentive hearing, and at the close, a great number of questions were put. The meeting was considered as interesting and successful as such a hurried effort allowed. Two hours after the lecture, I took the night express for Sydney, where I arrived next day about 11 o'clock. After a certain amount of writing I spent a very enjoyable day with sister Roberts at Manly, a seaside resort at the lower side of the harbour, just outside "the heads." We could not help some degree of sadness at the prospect of separating so soon for so long a time. Next day (Sunday), we had a profitable day with the brethren, morning and evening. The lecture was on "The meaning of God's dealings with mankind past and future." On Monday, having done the needful packing, we sent my part



Bro. & Sis. Roberts

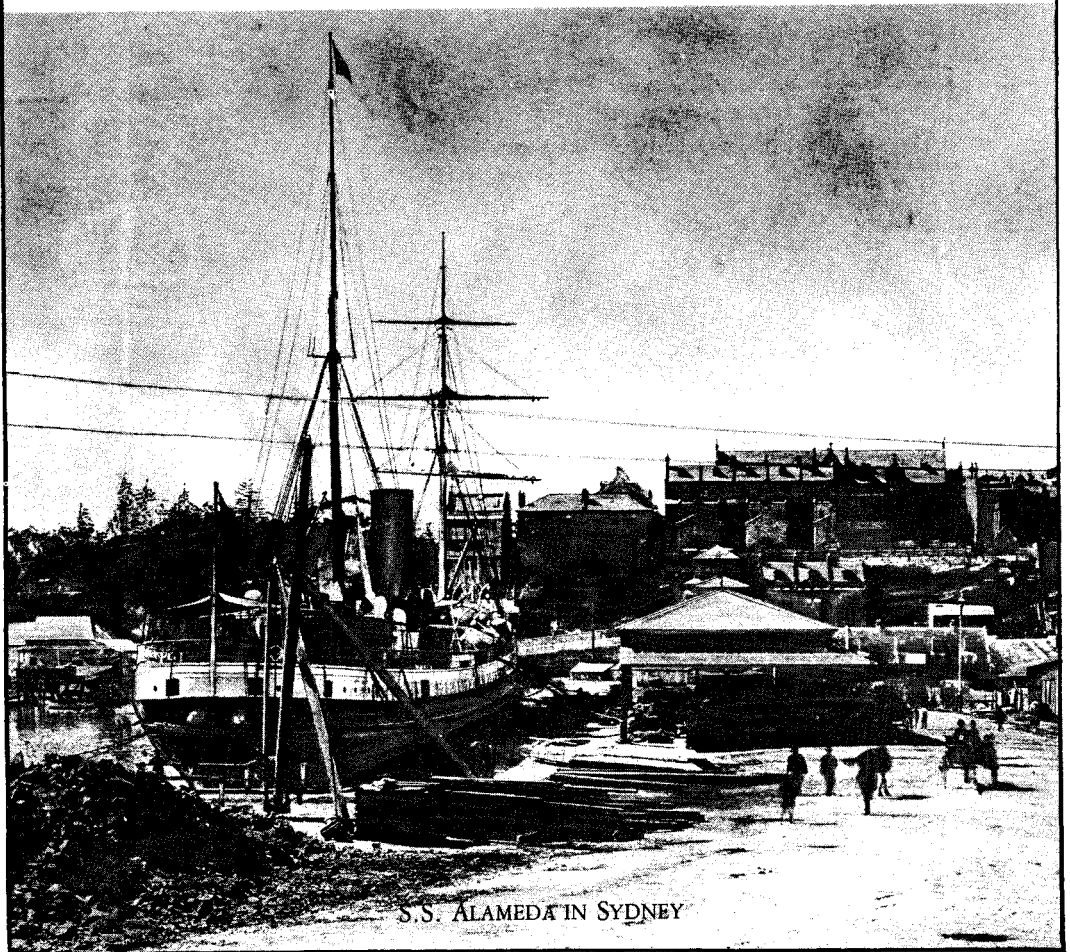
"with some degree of sadness  
at the prospect of separating"



of "the things" down to the s.s. *Alameda*, and then went for the few last hours together. At four o'clock there was a good muster of brethren and sisters at the wharf of the Union Steamship Co.'s, at the foot of Margaret Street. (Sister Roberts was to sail next day in the coasting steamboat for Melbourne.) Having said farewell, the gangway was unshipped punctually at four o'clock, and the *Alameda* slowly left her moorings and was soon moving down the harbour among those handkerchief wavings which sadly mean so much more than can be expressed, a curious mixture of reminiscences, friendship, sorrow, and hope. In less than half-an-hour we were out on the great ocean, in a heavy swell, with the head of the vessel pointed to New Zealand, 1,000 miles away. The night closed in darkness and roughness, and most

of the passengers were banished to their cabins by the distressing sensations caused by the heaving and rocking of the vessel. As I am happily not affected in this way, I was able to commence at once to pull up the arrears of writing into which I had fallen during the last fortnight.

The s.s. *Alameda* is an American boat, and therefore differing in several respects from those in which I have been accustomed to travel. The differences I must say are all in favour of the American. I cannot adduce more conclusive evidence than this, that whereas I have invariably been put out of order in all previous sea voyages, in this instance I preserved a proper equilibrium of health during the entire three and a half weeks or so I spent on board. The explana-



S.S. ALAMEDA IN SYDNEY

tion lay partly in the fact stated by the head steward, "We have no red tape here." In English ships there is a rigid adherence to system from which one finds it difficult to depart in the midst of a crowd of people, and if the food does not happen to be suitable in every particular, you are helpless. On board the *Miowera*, for example, the last time I crossed the Pacific, the etiquette was as high almost as at a nobleman's table. The dishes came in regular courses. If you did not care for what was offered, you let it pass. If you wanted something else you must wait, and probably could not even have it by waiting. On the *Alameda* there was system, of course (for nothing could be done without system), but it was a flexible system that could be adapted to everyone's particular needs. Many of the dishes were placed on the table for you to help yourself; and as regards those not on the table, but on the bill of fare, you could have anything you liked, in any order. (By the way, they said "bill of fare" and not *menu*. English people should certainly speak English. These lordly ways are burdensome to plain men, and all true men are plain men—even as the little children whom Jesus prescribes as the ideal.) Then the American officials are more sensible and humble and cheery than their English confreres, who are liable to be austere and stand-off. Another circumstance that tended greatly to the comfort of the voyage was that my cabin was on deck, with free admission to the air and light of heaven through door and window. Usually I have been packed away down "in the sides of the ship" in some stuffy, narrow, four-bedded chamber, sometimes without even a port-hole. In this case, by the kindly offices of friends at headquarters (for brother Bell has a brother in the head office at Sydney), I had a cabin all to myself as far as Honolulu. Not only so, but it was well "aft" in the vessel—that is, towards the stern end of the ship—which had the advantage of taking me away from the society of the class variously designated as "toffs" and "swells." The class so described are all pompous, with a solemnity or jerky buffoonery, which makes their society burdensome. I was among the steerage folks, though a saloon passenger. That is, the steerage people, in the intervals of their meals, were given to congregating and

squatting on the deck outside the deck cabins, where my quarters lay; so that when I walked on deck, I was among them. I do not say they are much to be preferred to the other sort. I had no intercourse with any of them. They were not of a kind admitting of it, but I was at least more at my ease than when herding with the lordly inanities of the saloon. I was eligible for their society if I liked, but I was not obliged to be in it.

It is another point in favour of American travelling that there is not the hard and fast line between the classes that exists on board British vessels. In theory, the Americans are all one class. In practice, "birds of a feather" flock together. Still, it is not the awful sacrilege that it is on board an English ship if one of the steerage people should be found straying beyond limits. On an English ship, there are boundaries and barriers. Here, on the *Alameda*, there is a free run, though little intermixing. It is left pretty much to natural gravitation and the occasional authority of the stewards.

All these circumstances tended to make the voyage comparatively enjoyable. There was rough weather most of the time, which was unfavourable to free intercourse among the passengers, or incident of any kind. Life on board was pretty much the same thing from day to day. My own time was filled in with great regularity. I had a certain amount of work to get through which required sticking to. I had to finish the November *Christadelphian*, write an analysis and index for *The Law of Moses*, and get ready the *Christadelphian* for December, besides writing letters at various points. After breakfast and reading I devoted the morning to *Christadelphian* work, and the evening to indexing and letters—afternoon to reading and rest.

At the beginning of the voyage, I had given a copy of *Christendom Astray* to the purser (a real typical Yankee of the better sort, free, humorous, well-informed, sensible and ready to talk with anybody, yet with a certain amount of reserved official dignity). This book he appeared to have shown to several of the passengers as a curiosity. One of them was a young Englishman whom I had observed with interest, a student on travel with a view to service in the Colonial office. He went out of his way to get into

conversation with me. This was on the second day out from Sydney. He particularly wanted to know if there were plain recognitions of a future life in the Old Testament. He fully recognised that the doctrine of immortality was advanced in the New Testament, but had his doubts with regard to the Old Testament. I said if he meant the doctrine of the Greeks, which was also the doctrine of the present day,—viz: that man lived in death and was in fact immortal by native constitution—his doubts were well founded, not only with regard to the Old Testament, but to the New Testament as well. The Bible doctrine of a future life was life by resurrection invariably, and of this future life there were nearly as many recognitions in the Old Testament as in the New. He was surprised to hear this. I promised to make him out a list, and we were getting into the subject when the dinner bell interrupted our conversation. I afterwards drew out a list of 140 references under the heading—"Passages in the Old Testament in which either by figure, by implication, or by express statement, the doctrine of a future life is taught." In going through this list it struck me that it would make a good subject for a book some day if time permitted. I handed him the list and received thanks, but heard no more of it.

We reached Auckland, New Zealand, on Friday, September 2nd. Here I landed to post letters. While in the hall of the Post Office, a gentleman saluted me with surprise; I did not know him. "What! back again, Mr. Roberts?" I explained. He said, "How nice it must be to be you going about the world like this." I replied that that was only one side of the subject. There was another side. I would rather be at home. Travelling was all very well for a few days. After that it ceased to be an enjoyment. On returning to the ship I found brother Tanfield and brother Leitch had separately called. In the afternoon, I met brother Gold on the wharf; he had come up from Stratford to spend a few days in Auckland. Auckland was his place of residence years ago; he now found it so much changed as to be unrecognisable in many parts. We live in a world of change, "So doomed to change are we," but "There is that changeth not." In Christ we are linked with the eternal—a

comfort unspeakable when white hair and feeble health, as in brother Gold's case, tell of the inevitable decay of things mortal. Afterwards, I went over the Devonport ferry and called on brother Tanfield. I had intended this call independently of his visit to the ship, for the purpose of reporting on behalf of sister Roberts, the result of a visit on her part to a daughter of sister Tanfield's, in Sydney, whom sister Tanfield was anxious to interest in the truth. I was able to present a favourable report. I spent a pleasant hour-and-a-half with brother and sister Tanfield and family. They are all becoming interested. A lady in the church which they had been in the habit of attending had given the girls a copy of Cleance's *Christadelphianism Exposed*, in the hope of weaning them away from its further consideration. It was having the contrary effect. They were going carefully through the pamphlet at a home Bible class, along with the answer contained in the *Vindication*. Afterwards, later in the evening, I went to see brother Leitch, at whose house I stayed the first time I was in Auckland, but in the absence of arrangement—which could not be made in the case of a short and uncertain call at a seaport)—he was from home. Next day (the steamer not sailing till 2 o'clock), I called on brother and sister Walker, and attempted to call on brother Harrison at Mount Eden railway station, but had to relinquish the endeavour in consequence of uncertainty as to the whereabouts, the heat of the day, the steepness of the roads, and the danger of over-running the time. I returned to the vessel in time for dinner. Brother and sister Conolly, in their heavy bereavement, I would have called on if I had thought of it in time.

I obtained the newspapers for the four days that had elapsed since our departure from Sydney. One never knows what may happen in such times as we are living in. There is nothing like the truth for making public life interesting, though on another side, it robs the present world of much of the interest it has for its own children. I found the British expedition for the capture of Khartoum was on the point of making a final dash for that famous place, and so planting England permanently in Egypt; and also that the Czar had made a proposal to the governments for mutual disarmament

—seriously made, but not seriously received ; how could it be ?

A little before sailing time, brother and sister Leitch, and brother and sister Walker, junr., came to the steamer to see me off. As the wind was blustering and cold, and no satisfactory intercourse was possible in a bustling throng of people coming and going, I persuaded them not to wait the actual sailing of the boat. So we parted (regretfully)

to meet again another and better day, if God permit. At 2 o'clock the steamboat moved out of the harbour—the "beautiful harbour" of Auckland, but not so beautiful as Sydney, though having a beauty all its own in another way. All parts of the earth are beautiful enough, if the people were only wise and good—which they will be some day.



Robert Roberts

# 21. FROM AUCKLAND TO SAN FRANCISCO

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SEPTEMBER 4TH TO SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1898.

FOR the first two days the sea was fairly smooth and life on board fairly regular. At Auckland we had parted with one or two of the more inane of our company, and had taken on board some fresh passengers who were an element of interest. One of them was soon prominent in the whole ship. There are people that you can no more keep back than you can prevent cork from floating. Such was one of the new passengers—a young man who was seated next to me at the table, and of whom I saw a good deal. He turned out to be a relative of Louis A. Stevenson, the popular novel writer who recently died at the Samoan Islands. He was on his way to the States, to which by birth he belonged, but from which he had been absent the most of his life, spending six years in the Sandwich Islands, six months at the Samoan Islands, with Mr. Stevenson aforesaid; three years (educationally) at Wellington, New Zealand, from which he was now returning to his mother in San Francisco, and father in New York. He was active, alert, well-informed, and courteous to every one. He was at home with the captain and officers, and worked his way into the deepest recesses of the vessel. He knew everything and talked with everybody. He was much younger than he looked. You took him for 25; he was only 17. While full of the confidence that distinguishes the Americans, he had none of the American accent, or (shall I say) the American swagger. I would say it, only for the fear of hurting Americans who have none of the swagger. He was free of the vices that characterise the educated youth of most countries. He did not smoke: detested the doctrine of "wild oats": and had, as the one ambition he set before him in life, the purification of American politics. I told him he was setting before him an impracticable enterprise, and that the world was incurable, except in God's way. What was that? This led to the gospel of the Kingdom. He soon discovered where I was, and he told me where he was—a Roman Catholic. "Why, Mr. Roberts," he said, "we are natural enemies!" I admitted it, and said I felt sure that when Christ came, he would find he was on the

wrong side. He looked rather serious. "It is all a matter of opinion, isn't it?" said he. Yes, I replied, so far as our relation to the matter was concerned, but there was an actual right and wrong in the matter, that could not be altered by our opinions. There was such a thing as truth, whether we knew it or not. An earnest man would set himself to find out what this was. If God had not spoken, we could not know; if He had, it was not only a mistake, it was a crime to be indifferent. Many such conversations we had.

When we got up on Wednesday morning, September 7th (after duplicating Sunday, to square with our longitude), we found ourselves in smooth water, close to the Samoan Islands. We were approaching the harbour of Apia—the capital of the islands (pronounced Ah-pee-a). The town seen from the sea, looked like a slender white streak, at the foot of high green wooded hills behind. When we came to anchor, we were not in much of a harbour, but in a bay about half-a-mile from the shore. The only other shipping was Her Majesty's gunboat *Ringdove*, moored to our left as we looked ashore, and a Norwegian barque on the other side. There were small boats and canoes in plenty, to take the passengers ashore if they chose, at 1s. a head; or to supply them with fruit if they chose to buy ("nothing for nothing in this world," except the supplies from heaven, which come to the just and the unjust). There was just one other object that struck the eye of the visitor, and that was a huge rusty wreck, well in-shore. This was the dismantled and broken hull of the German warship that was blown ashore by the hurricane that suddenly burst on the Samoan islands about ten years ago. The same hurricane sank two American warships on the same station, and would have sunk the *Calliope*, a British gunboat, also, but for the alert seamanship of the captain, who got up all his steam and made a way out in the teeth of the gale and got clear away. The matter was reported in the papers at the time. Neither the Germans nor the Americans have replaced their destroyed ships; the British alone remain in possession.

1.  
On board the Alameda, nearing  
Samoa, on the way to San  
Francisco 8 Sep. 1898

My Dear Brother Watson,

I intended dropping you a note  
before leaving, to say that should you  
propose spending any part of your  
next holidays in Melbourne, you will be  
welcome at Orient House by all  
who are there — I was too busy to  
squeeze in that little duty, so I  
put it in "just here" as the Amer-  
icans say — as we are nearing the  
Samoan islands. The Alameda is an  
American boat, & preferable, I think  
to an English one. There is an absence  
of red tape that is agreeable. I have  
had some sample styles of books  
sent me by the printers for the Law  
of Moses — which I should have liked to  
shew you before leaving.

2.  
The style may  
not be like Good Company as we had  
thought. Bro. Walker has a strong ob-  
jection to the double column for such  
a book. However, it will be very  
much better I think than Good Com-  
pany. I feel sure you will like it. I sent the  
revised copy to the printers some time  
ago. I have just completed an analysis  
of chapters, and am now busy on an  
index, which will make it more useful.  
Our company on board is not large,  
and there seems little likelihood of getting  
the truth before them. The passengers have  
Christendom Astray and it is being shown  
about — but the passengers are very shy  
of such matters, as they are in all the  
world. It would not be so extraordinary  
if they did not profess to believe the Bible.  
There will be a great change some day,  
but not until the Lord is here.

On board the Alameda, nearing Samoa  
on the way to San Francisco, 8th Sept., 1898.

My Dear Brother Watson,

I intended dropping you a note before leaving to say that should you propose spending any part of your next holidays in Melbourne, you will be welcome at Orient House by all who are there.

I was too busy to squeeze in this little duty so I put it in "just here" as the Americans say — as we are nearing the Samoan Islands.

The Alameda is an American boat, and preferable, I think to an English one. There is an absence of red tape that is agreeable. I have had some sample styles of books sent me by the printers for the Law of Moses — which I should have liked to shew you before leaving. The style may not be like Good Company as we had thought. Bro. Walker has a strong objection to the double column for such a book. However it will be very much better I think than Good Company. I feel sure you will like it. I sent the revised copy to the printers some time ago. I have just completed an analysis of chapters, and am now busy on an index, which will make it more useful.

Our company on board is not large, and there seems little likelihood of getting the truth before them. The passengers have Christendom Astray and it is being shown about — but the passengers are very shy of such matters, as they are in all the world. It would not be so extraordinary if they did not profess to believe the Bible.

There will be a great change some day, but not until the Lord is here.

My love to father Eustie and Ross Thacker. Also the whole Roberts family who must be such a comfort to you.

Faithfully and affectionately your Brother,  
Robert Roberts.

As the steamer was to stay six hours, I went ashore to post letters and see the place. It consists of one long street skirting the beach. The houses are mostly of the Colonial type—wooden frame houses with verandahs; but they are mixed with native huts. These huts are roomy affairs. They consist of a domed circular roof, supported by pillars—the spaces between the pillars being open to the daylight and fresh air, three parts round. I looked into one where 12 or 15 men and one woman were at work making mats. The head of the company, who spoke a little English, beckoned me to come in. I went in and sat down in the centre. I tried to converse, but without much success. The headman's range of English was very limited, and my knowledge of the Samoan dialect, *nil*. I asked him what he was in religion. He said, "Nothing; I am a Philistine." "Believe nothing?" said I. He gave a grunt. I replied we must all go down, indicating by an earth-dig. "Yes," he said. "But," I said, "God would bring up again" (WITH A DIG-UP GESTURE). The man shook his head. The other men were all attention with a grin. I said I wished I could speak to them. They offered me a native bludgeon—which I brought away as a memento. The street might be a mile long; I went right to the end of it, and then returned. A native boy joined me; and soon some others. The boy (who spoke a smattering of English) was quite amusing in the earnestness of his dramatic representation of the wreck of the ship. He and some others walked with me wherever I went. It was very hot and grew fatiguing. I saw a seat under a tree in a well-kept enclosure, and went in to sit down. They came in with me, but were uneasy, and said they were afraid of "the mishonary"—every syllable slowly pronounced. I talked with them about school, and such other topics as our limited vocabulary allowed. They were principally concerned about "ki-ki," which I discovered meant bread. They were delighted when I took them into a shop and bought them some bread. At last, the hour came for departure, at which they expressed sorrow. I told them I would be coming back in about a year.

The *Alameda* resumed her voyage at noon. We had some days fair sailing in a northerly direction towards the Sandwich Islands—our

next place of call. It was now so hot that we had to dismiss underclothing, and ordinary upper garments during the day. And as for the night, there would be no blanket trade with such a temperature all over the world. However, time wore on, especially in my case, as I was fully occupied. On Saturday night, the question of Sunday came up for consideration. There was no clergyman on board, and I was asked if I would conduct a service or preach a sermon. I said there were reasons why I could not do so, but I might be able to give a lecture that would interest them. "On what subject? You know that we are all sorts here and you must not tread on anyone's toes." I said I could say something on prophecies that had been fulfilled. It was agreed that it should be so—young Mr. Strong acting the part Mr. Watson did on board the *Oruba*—making the arrangements, obtaining the captain's consent, pinning up a notice, &c. Next day, at 10.30, one of the stewards, by the captain's orders, went round with the dinner gong, announcing the meeting.

A considerable company came together in the music saloon. Mr. Strong rose and introduced me without any ceremony. I said there were many differing views about the Bible. Whatever the present company might think about it, they were bound to recognise that there was that about it which did not characterise any other book. It claimed to be a book of divine authority, employing the phrase "Thus saith the Lord God" at least 2,000 times; and asserting, as one of the proofs of this claim, a knowledge of futurity which man did not possess. The test of prophecy lay in fulfilment. The Bible was full of prophecy, and we were able to apply this test in a very extensive and thorough manner because of its prophecies covering so extensive a ground, and applying to matters that it was out of human power to foresee. There were prophecies in the Bible not as yet fulfilled. I did not propose to speak of them, but of those whose fulfilment was in the past, and which were notorious to every one having knowledge—from their knowledge of which they ought to be able to draw valuable conclusions concerning those parts of the prophetic word relating to the future. I then proceeded to speak of the Jews, of Babylon, of Egypt, of the four great empires and of Christ—reciting

the facts and producing the prophecies. When I concluded, a number came forward and thanked me heartily, especially a public singer—I think of the name of Durward-Lely. He said he had nearly read through *Christendom Astray*, which the purser had lent him; and it certainly seemed to him to present the most reasonable view of religion he had ever met with. He hoped I would lecture again.

The weather became rough and remained rough for several days—scattering the passengers to their berths. On Wednesday we reached Hawaii, the chief of the Sandwich Islands. The crew of the vessel took special interest in this arrival, as Hawaii had been annexed to the United States since the last visit of the *Alameda* to Honolulu, the capital of Hawaii. But the people on shore made no demonstration, as another American steamer had been before the *Alameda*, and received the ovation which the *Alameda* expected. The possession of Hawaii will be of great value to the United States as a coaling station on these wide seas so far from her own coast—at least 2,000 miles. A coaling station in the Pacific had become important to her with the development of her naval power within the last 20 years; but now that she has become an Asiatic power with the conquest of the Philippines, it has become a matter of necessity. The annexation of territory outside the limits of the States is a departure from the policy hitherto recognised, but has been forced on her by the stress of circumstances. There is a greater stress at the door, under the pressure of which—surrender—not annexation—will be the new experience of the Stars and Stripes. All Gentile power on sea and land will be swept into Judah's lap. To Shiloh shall the gathering of the people be.

We moored at a wharf in Honolulu about 8.30 a.m. In the harbour, there was a considerable assembly of shipping, including a U.S. battleship *Philadelphia*, anchored mid-stream. The formidable craft was naturally an object of much interest, at the present time, when the war between America and Spain is just over. An interesting incident occurred just before we left. An American troopship, the *Scandia*, sailed for Manilla with some troops and treasure on board in succour of Admiral Dewey. As she passed the frowning battleship, the large crew of

the latter broke out into loud roars of hearty cheering, to which the crew of the *Scandia* responded. The effect was quite thrilling.

The *Alameda* stayed about eight hours at Honolulu, which gave the passengers ample time to go ashore. I made a tour of the streets, but did not enjoy it much, as I had a bad night the night before, through the excessive motion of the vessel and the oppressive heat. I visited the grounds of the palace, or the beautiful building which was the palace of Hawaii when the deposed queen reigned, but is now turned into administrative offices. The surroundings were as lovely as carefully trained tropical vegetation could make them. I exchanged not a single word with anyone, and returned after four hours ramble to the ship. As the time of departure grew near, the number of people on the wharf increased greatly, and they were quite an interesting study for a long time. Though there was a large sprinkling of natives, they were mostly European residents come to see friends off. Their gay attire was quite striking. They were mostly dressed in white, which of itself was very pretty, but besides this, almost everyone was lavishly decked with garlands of brightest hues—yellow, red, green, of the loudest colour. These garlands were thrown around their shoulders and twisted round their hats in the most lavish manner. I asked if the people always dressed like that. "Well, yes, pretty much; when they come to see their friends off. There were plenty of flowers and they used them freely." There was an hour of great and hearty bustle, as 40 new passengers and bands of friends trouped aboard and filled the decks and saloons. The general type was inferior as you came to look at them closely; and the Creole element predominated. How interesting the human race will be, when not only gaudy colour, but grace and excellence bearing the closest inspection will characterise the populations everywhere, blessed with Abraham and his seed.

We steamed out of Honolulu harbour about 5 o'clock in the evening. The ship was much livelier with the addition of over 40 new saloon passengers; but the rough water soon quieted things down. An unwelcome change was the addition of a clergyman, and also the intrusion of a companion into my sleeping cabin. The presence of the



former blocked the way on Sunday for any further exhibition of the truth. The addition of the latter put an end to the privacy which is desirable in travel. However, the latter disadvantage was compensated by the interest of my companion. I could not imagine when I first saw him who he could be. He was decked up in garlands on hat and coat like the rest of the people, and so were the friends who came to see him off. It seemed to me he might be a native of Hawaii, but I discovered at last that he was an educated Italian from San Francisco, where he practised dentistry. He had come from San Francisco, intending to go forward to Australia for the benefit of his health, but had been so upset by the voyage to Honolulu, that he resolved to go straight back by the first steamer—which happened to be the *Alameda*, on the very day of his arrival in the *Moana*. I found him very interesting company, though compelled to keep his bunk all the time. He had been thoroughly educated, as dentistry in the States requires, and was quite *au fait* in the scientific theories of the time. While recognising these theories so far as they rested on demonstrations, he dissented from their dogmatic exclusion of the divine. He said the divine was the ultimate explanation of the evolution of all force. The life-cell might be the material out of which all life was organised, but who made the life-cell? Molecular combinations might explain the differentiation of substances, but whence came the combinations? To speak of "force" explained nothing, but only blinded the eye. We had many interesting conversations, and at last got deeply into the truth; I gave him a copy of *Christendom Astray*. Whether anything will come of it time will show. Though an Italian, he was a native of San Francisco, born of Italian parents, who emigrated from Genoa in the troublous times of 1849.

On Thursday, September 15th, I found a note pushed under my cabin door, signed by the captain's steward, saying that with surprise he had just discovered the author of *Christendom Astray* was on board, and he had read that book (though not under that name) four years ago, and was convinced it set forth the truth, but had not followed it up for one or two reasons, as to which, he desired some conversation. I replied by note, and an interview came off in the

saloon at a convenient hour two nights afterwards. I found him an earnest young man of about 30, who had taken to a steward's life for the benefit of his health, but found ship life unfavourable to spiritual well-being, and had resolved to give it up in due course and return to business in Sydney, to which he belonged. His people were Wesleyans, and strongly opposed to the truth, but he felt sure it was right and was desirous of getting into the right association. We had a long and interesting conversation, which ended in my giving him a note of introduction to brother Bell and brother Jackson.

About the same time, the bath steward asked me if I was not Mr. Roberts of the Christadelphians. He said he had met our people in South Africa and was impressed by the strength of their arguments. But for himself, he had been inclined to accept the Theosophic view. Life seemed a great mystery, and it was a rather pleasing thought that we were passing through this evil state merely to gain experience. I replied in brief that a view might be pleasing, but not true. The great question should be, What is truth? On such a matter as God's purpose with human life upon the earth, we could know nothing apart from information God might be pleased to communicate. He had communicated His mind freely. The record was in the Scriptures, and our only hope in the question lay in familiarity with them. The Theosophist and every other class started with a speculation with which the Bible was at war—to the effect that man was an immortal being and continued to live after he was dead. The Bible doctrine was that man was mortal because of sin and that hope lay through Christ by resurrection. I advised him to look into it.

Sunday, September 18th, was our last Sunday at sea. I would have been asked to lecture again, but a clergyman blocked the way morning and evening—not to the satisfaction of the passengers, who used very disrespectful, but not untrue words, in describing his sermonic performances.

Next day, the passengers were all bright and cheerful at the prospect of landing. Passed the *Coptic*, a large steamer outward bound from San Francisco for Honolulu and Hong Kong—the first vessel we have seen on the wide waste of waters for three weeks.

When we left Auckland, we had a flock of sheep penned away on deck at the stern—in the very worst position—just over the screw and where there is the greatest heave of the vessel. I spoke to them frequently during the voyage. They were quietly responsive with ear and eye to the voice of sympathy. They thinned in number as the time wore on. Yesterday, they were all gone. I asked what had become of them. "We have eaten them," was the answer of a gentleman, who suggested early in the voyage that perhaps they had souls. In that case, I remarked, we are cannibals. He gave

the kind of squirm that signifies a non-plussed state of the intellect. But on the serious side, I thought to myself, the men around us will all disappear as completely, though not in the same way. The very figure is used by the Spirit of God: "Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them." It may be retorted, "So will you." It might have been so said to David. What would have been his rejoinder? "God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave." "The upright shall have dominion over them in the morning."

ROBERT ROBERTS.

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## 22. SUDDEN DEATH OF THE EDITOR OF 'THE CHRISTADELPHIAN' AT SAN FRANCISCO

SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1898.

**R**EADERS will be greatly shocked at the above announcement. The enlightened among them, however, will agree with the writer that so far as the Editor himself is concerned, it is not at all a matter for tears. They will recall the words of their Lord and Master: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me . . . but for yourselves." For those left behind tears are indeed necessary, and they have already been shed in abundance. But through them all shines the sunshine of the blessed hope, for in the words of comfort dictated by the Spirit of God through an apostle: "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." And we cannot but believe, and therefore sorrow not even as "others that have no hope."

The barest possible announcement is all that is to hand at the time of writing, which, being the latest possible moment, permits only the passing of a few words to readers.

On Saturday morning, September 24th, brother Walker received a telegram from San Francisco, which simply said, "Roberts died suddenly. Cable disposition remains."

The name of the sender was unknown, and it was not till later in the day that it was discovered that it was that of the Steamship Company's agent at San Francisco, whence it would appear that the Editor had not yet got in touch with the brethren in San Francisco at the time of his death. The matter was somewhat complicated by the

message having come from London by telephone to the old address in Moor Street, and being thence repeated by the courtesy of Messrs. Hammond and Co. Meanwhile, two brethren employed in the Post Office, seeing a message go through, telegraphed their sympathy, and requested arrangement of burial in Birmingham.

Brother Walker telegraphed to brother Dr. Roberts, of London (the Editor's son), who came down in the evening, accompanied by brother A. T. Jannaway. Just before meeting them at the station, further news was received, from which it was gathered (and this is the latest and fullest information available) that brother Roberts had dropped down dead in the street at San Francisco, and was now lying in the city morgue.

What was to be done? The matter was urgent. After a brief consultation it was decided that the difficulties of removing the remains either to Birmingham or Melbourne, Australia, were too great to be encountered, and the alternative of burial with or near Dr. Thomas was accepted as being probably consonant with the wishes of all concerned, and almost naturally suggested by the death on the American shore.

A telegram was at once despatched to our bereaved sister Roberts, informing her of the sad event and of the intention concerning burial at New York, and another was sent to brother Bruce, of Jersey City, who at once volunteered his aid. It was thought it would be well if brother Walker went over to New York to see to the last offices, and be an eye-witness of the laying of our brother to rest in the brief repose that may precede his awakening to eternal life in the imminent and awful day when the "earth shall cast forth her dead." Preparations are being made with this in view, and these few lines are hurriedly penned in the midst of them.

## 23. THE END OF THE VOYAGE

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SEPTEMBER 20TH TO SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1898.

*"Ye have reached a sheltering port, a quiet home."*

GOD will redeem my soul from the power of the grave." "The upright shall have dominion over them in the morning." That was a very appropriate though quite undesigned conclusion of the writings of brother Roberts. There have been many such humanly undesigned coincidences in the history of the truth. Dr. Thomas' last utterance was just such a case. He was writing to a brother on the subject, "What is flesh?" After a few beautiful and lucid paragraphs, in which he insisted that difference of organisation under the will of the Eternal was the true basis of distinction between man and the inferior creation, he came to speak of the change of nature to which the friends of God will be at length subjected by Christ:—"The transforming energy of divine power will convert spirit that passeth away into spirit that passeth not away. They who may be the subjects of this operation will be exalted to equality with the angels, whose substance doth not waste nor pass away. . . ."

These were the last words. They are exactly equivalent to those of brother Roberts quoted from the Psalms. The spirit of truth that animated Dr. Thomas likewise animated him; and with a like result. He faithfully conserved the truth, made many enemies (and not a few friends), realised in his own person, as Dr. Thomas said he did, the experience of the Lord, who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and departed into the shadow of death in triumphant hope of redemption in the latter day. It was a beautiful and fitting termination that he should lie side by side with Dr. Thomas in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. Some have thought it dreadful that he should be buried in a strange land, so far away from kith and kin. He would not have thought so. He thought of the Kingdom of God as it really is, the real though unseen goal of all truly enlightened men and women; and was wont to relegate mortal relationships to the lower plane, to which they really belong. If he could have been consulted, he would probably have said, "Yes, that will do very well; it will probably not be long before I am awakened."

Moses wrote while he was in the land of the living. When he died a "later hand" (Joshua presumably), had to add the concluding touch to the Book of Deuteronomy: "So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab." There would be a heavy heart when that was written. So now. But the purpose and promise of God sustained survivors, as it is this day. "The time of the dead," according to all the signs is imminent, and "now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Therefore let us take courage.

Little more remains to be said of the last days of brother Roberts. That little we glean from letters, by himself and brethren who were in touch or correspondence with him to the last.

The following is an extract from a letter from brother Roberts to brother Walker, written on board the *Alameda*, "nearing San Francisco, 19th Sept., 1898."

"I shall post this at San Francisco presently. When you receive it I shall be on the Atlantic sea board of the U.S. and feeling quite near home. (When this letter reached Birmingham brother Roberts was in Greenwood cemetery and I was half way across the Atlantic—Ecc. vii. 2. Ed.) It is four weeks since I wrote to you, but there will not be a four weeks interval to you, as I have been following my last letter steadily for the past three weeks. (Here follow interesting notes of the voyage, the substance of which has already appeared in the *Christadelphian*.) I have done a lot of literary work on board, finishing the November *Christadelphian*, getting ready the December number, and making chapter analysis and complete index for the *Law of Moses*. The weather has been rather rough at times, but not too rough to interfere with my work.

"I have not heard from you for two months, in consequence of the addition of one month to my stay in Australia—(which, as explained before, will not cut off any time from England but from the U.S. only, and this I will make up on my return). I expect a great budget is awaiting me on landing. I heard from Sarah Jane that

100 Streamers 10x3 feet  
 400 3 sheet posters  
 5000 Window bills  
 20,000 falders

omit border matters  
 in posters

6

one week's advertisement every second day

10 days of  
 The Light of Prophecy in a time of Darkness - (See 2 Pet. 1.19)  
 A Predicted Revolution at the Door

The Second Appearing of Christ nearly due

The end of the Present system of Things at hand

WORTHY of your ATTENTION  
 Bible Things in ~~the~~ <sup>original</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>The</sup> Light  
 of ~~fact~~ <sup>fact</sup> and truth  
 The inhabitants of Birmingham are invited to hear  
 a course of

FOUR LECTURES  
 in the  
 CITY HALL, Paradise St

By  
 Robert Roberts, of Melbourne  
 Australia, and Birmingham, as follows -

- Sunday, November 6 - Bible Prophecy proved true by its invariable fulfillment in the past.
  - Sunday, November 13 - Prophecy Fulfilled in present ~~present~~ state of things among nations or earth.
  - Sunday, November 20 - Prophecy <sup>to be fulfilled in</sup> ~~as regards~~ the second coming of Christ at no very distant date.
  - Sunday November 27 - The terrible events that will accompany the Second Coming of Christ, & their upshot in the overthrow of present order of things throughout world & setting up of Kingdom of God.
- Doors open at 6. p.m. & meeting to commence at 6.30.  
 All close of lectures, on every will be devoted, in 1 Youder  
 and Hall, Temple St. to the launching of each

Bible Prophecy & Historic Facts in Accord

relevant questions as  
 may be proposed to & sent  
 to care of Mr C. T. Walker  
 Newton road, Shark Hall

The Light of Prophecy in days of Darkness (see 2 Pet. 1:19)

## WORTHY of your ATTENTION

Bible things in the Light  
of fact and truth

The inhabitants of Birmingham are  
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Doors open at 6 pm: meeting to commence at 6.30

At the close of lectures an evening will be  
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answering of each relevant questions as may be  
proposed to the lecturer in writing and sent to  
the care of Mr. C. C. Walker, Hendon Road,  
Spark Hill.

The Second-Appearing of Christ nearly due

The end of the Present System of Things at hand

Bible Prophecy and Historic Facts in Accord

Moor Street was in the hands of a new tenant, and that the derelict literature of the truth was in the haven of your roof, and the surplus stock warehoused near by. At this I am both glad and sorry—sorry to think you had all that turmoil single-handed, and glad that the nightmare job—one of the things that was fetching me home to date—is in the past. ‘Well done, good and faithful servant.’ We may fairly believe that this greeting is waiting us at the last. My love to all the brethren and sisters, whom I joyfully anticipate meeting again in no long time.

“P.S.—September 21st. Since writing the foregoing I have landed at San Francisco, and find importunate letters that I could resist if I could answer them. They implore me to stick to my original programme in America on two grounds:—1, Their preparedness; 2, The removal of the reasons that I gave them for postponement. I had written to them: ‘It is absolutely necessary that there should be no change in the date of my arrival in England on account of a course of Town Hall lectures arranged for, and an impending change of publishing premises on expiration of lease.’ They now tell me the August *Christadelphian* informs them of the postponement of the Town Hall lectures, and of a temporary arrangement of premises to meet the wishes of a new tenant. What can I say? I strongly desire to come on to Birmingham without delay; but there is certainly not the imperative need for being there before the end of the year. I am in a regular ‘strait betwixt two.’ If I could communicate with the brethren in Birmingham, I would certainly ask their permission for a few more weeks delay: and say No to America if they refused: but I must decide at once; and how can I decide against the pressing words and cogent arguments of the American brethren. I feel I cannot. So with a sense of extreme self-denial, I feel compelled to decide in their favour, which will postpone my arrival in Birmingham till the third week in December. I am as sorry as can be, but am in a corner. Perhaps the Birmingham brethren will forgive.”—R.R.

These references to bygone and ephemeral matters are let go for the sake of the

explanation they may afford to correspondents whose letters may have been overlooked in the dislocations and troubles of the past few months; as well as for the sake of the illustration of “patient continuance in well-doing” that they incidentally afford. Perchance some, who, in a similar “sense of extreme self-denial,” are labouring in the truth may be comforted by the thought that their release may come as suddenly in the thick of the work.

Brother James Cheetham, of San Francisco, writing on October 17th, 1898, says: “I will do my best to give you a brief outline, and as accurate a description as possible, of brother Roberts’ visit here.” He then continues:

Brother Roberts wrote me from Auckland, N.Z., in regard to his visit here, and said he did not think he would be able to stay here more than one night on this occasion: “Please God, I may stay longer another time, unless He gather us all out of this wilderness before there is another opportunity.” He arrived here on the Oceanic Steamship Company’s steamer *Alameda* on Wednesday morning, September 21st, at 9 a.m., brother R. C. Bingley and I being on the wharf to meet him. I thought he seemed ever so much better than when I last saw him in Birmingham about seven years ago. On the way to the Cosmopolitan Hotel, he called at the Post Office and received his mail. I left him at the hotel at 10.30, and made arrangements to call on him at 6 p.m. On arriving there, I found him busy writing. After a little conversation, we took dinner together at the hotel, brother Roberts taking a very light repast; and after dinner, he accompanied me on the car to my home. When we arrived there, I was quite surprised to find a few brethren and sisters, and more came in afterwards.

Brother Roberts was requested to speak. He said he was in a rather difficult position, and somewhat in the fog, as it were, not knowing our position, and he thought the best thing to do would be to try and clear the fogs away if possible, and that would make the way clear for a longer stay on his return here. The first question he asked was, Would we fellowship a brother coming amongst us believing in a partial inspiration



of the Scriptures? He said we no doubt knew there were certain questions which had arisen amongst us as a body during these last fifteen years or more, and this was one of the most important, sapping the very vitals of the truth. Someone remarked there were present brethren and sisters who had never heard this question brought up, and brother Roberts was requested to give an explanation of what he meant by partial inspiration. He defined his position clearly; that holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, and were guided by it into all truth, and only gave utterance to what the Spirit permitted them, and gave the instance of John in the Isle of Patmos, when he was not permitted to write certain things which he had seen and heard, "Write not," &c.

We assented to what was said, and then brother R. C. Bingley said he did not endorse what was on the cover of the *Christadelphian*, "The Bible wholly inspired" (after endorsing brother Roberts' remarks), and asked "Was Paul inspired to tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake? And to tell a certain brother to bring his cloak from such a place? And would Paul be inspired if he was sitting at table and asked someone to pass him the salt and pepper, &c.?" He evidently did not care what remarks he made, and said he had always been a black sheep, at least so considered by a good many. Brother Roberts soon saw where brother Bingley stood and that it was no use talking with him. But it was no use. Brother Bingley would not stop though I requested him myself, and brother J. A. McCarl also. Brother Roberts remarked we should never have faithful brethren visit us so long as we had no basis; we would always be in isolation. Sister Bingley remarked, "We shall remain in isolation then." Brother McCarl got up and said they would have to go, as they had to go over to Oakland, so that put an end to the meeting. Brother Roberts was no doubt upset a great deal by what had taken place. It was at brother Bingley's request that I invited brother Roberts up to my home. In company with brother McCarl and sister McCarl, and sister Bowden, of Stockton, and sister Chancey, of Byron, I walked along the street. Brother Roberts requested to walk a few feet ahead of us, and did so

until near the Hotel, when we bid him good night. Brother McCarl arranged with brother Roberts to come over the following afternoon and take brother Roberts along with him to Oakland, brother Roberts promising to speak at brother M. A. Clark's in the evening.

On Thursday I went over to the Hotel at noon to have a chat with brother Roberts, and found him busy writing letters. We had quite a houseful of brethren and sisters and a few interested strangers at brother Clark's. Brother Roberts gave us one of the best lectures I ever heard him give, and was listened to very attentively by everyone. He was requested by brother Clark to give us a Delineation of the Truth from the beginning to the end.

He spoke first of the formation of worlds, and the creation of intelligent beings, of Adam and Eve in the beautiful Garden of Eden, and said what more natural than to be placed in a beautiful garden.—"What would you professors do? Would you put him on a raft in the midst of the ocean, or in the middle of a desert?" Adam was placed under law to develop a character, which can only be accomplished by perfect obedience. They had no bad motive in eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, but otherwise, for it was a tree good to make one wise, but the unchangeable law of Deity brought the threatened result—death. Their aspirations to eternal life as Adamites were set on one side for ever, and a new creation adopted: Christ as the beginning of the creation of God. From this came next the calling of Abraham to go into a land which he should afterwards receive for an inheritance, and he went and sojourned in that land as a stranger, referred to by Stephen, Acts vii. And then he spoke of Abraham's seed going into Egypt, and being oppressed for 430 years, and then coming out with great substance; then of Moses, his birth and bringing up by the daughter of Pharaoh, his slaying of the Egyptian and fleeing to the land of Midian, his seeing the burning bush and drawing closer and closer to it to investigate, and the voice from the burning bush, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground. I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, come and I will send thee unto Pharaoh that thou mayest

bring forth my people." Moses said, But they will not believe me, and God said, What is that in thine hand? And he said, a rod, and he told him to cast it to the ground and it became a serpent, showing that it made no difference to God whether it was wood, rock or dust that He uses to accomplish His purpose. So finally Moses and Aaron went down into Egypt and requested Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go. Pharaoh refused to let them go and made their tasks more burdensome, so God brought certain plagues upon the Egyptians, which culminated in the slaying of the first-born of every family. Then they were glad to let them go. God could have brought the children of Israel into the land of Canaan by a short cut, but it was not His purpose, so He led them through the wilderness and did many mighty signs and wonders amongst them, and here brother Roberts mentioned the finding of inscriptions on the rocks the way the children of Israel travelled. He dwelt upon their history as a kingdom, from its commencement to its overthrow, the preaching of the Gospel of the kingdom by Christ and his apostles, the calling of Paul as an apostle especially to the Gentiles, chosen as he was, not from among Christ's friends, but from the very midst of his enemies, for he persecuted Christ's brethren even unto death thinking he was doing God's service, and while on the mission of persecution, was felled to the earth, and blinded. His eyesight being restored again, he laboured faithfully in the cause of his Lord and Master. Brother Roberts also referred to the signs of the times, and the near approach of Christ, and the setting up of the Kingdom of God.

I was only too sorry when his lecture finished. He went into details in the Scripture so minutely, and so graphically described the things which had taken place, and made it so very interesting, strengthening and cheering to us in the race we are running, hoping to win that glorious prize of immortality. Thanks were returned to brother Roberts for his very able discourse, and he returned to San Francisco with a few of the brethren and sisters. He bid good-night to the rest of them after arriving at the ferry here, brother Roberts and I walking up to his hotel. He preferred the short walk before retiring. He spoke about

his trip and hoped on his return here, everything being favourable, to stay a while with us. I bid him good-bye, not being sure of seeing him off on the steamer *Queen* for Victoria, B.C., the next morning. This was one block from his hotel. I wished to go right to the hotel with him, but he said, No, you have quite a way to go home yet, and it is late—it was about 11.15 p.m. then. After bidding him good-night I stood on the street corner and watched him walk down the block, never thinking it would be the last time I should see him alive.

Brother Bingley said he would see him off next morning, and promised to call at his room for him. Through an accident which happened to my arm the same evening of brother Roberts' lecture in Oakland, and which laid me up from work ten days, I was enabled to go down to the hotel Friday morning, the 23rd, to assist him with his luggage. I arrived there soon after 8.30 a.m., went up to brother Roberts' room and knocked at the door. Receiving no response, I thought perhaps he might be at breakfast, so made my way to the dining room. He was not there and had not been to breakfast. I began to feel uneasy, and wonder what was the matter, so went back to the room again and rapped on the door again, and not hearing his customary Come in, I thought I would try the door and see if it was locked. Finding it was not, I opened it and walked in, and my feelings can be better imagined than described, on finding brother Roberts on the floor between the foot of the bed and the wall, laid on his back with his head resting on his bundle of rugs or one of his valises. I called, "Brother Roberts," and knelt down by his side, but soon realised that he was in the cruel embrace of death. His face was beginning to get black.

I went after the hotel clerk and requested him to get medical assistance. It was of no avail. The coroner's office was notified, and the room locked up until the arrival of the morgue wagon about an hour afterwards. I telephoned to the s.s. *Queen* notifying them, and also to two of the brethren to come as quickly as possible, as I could not get away, having been requested to go along to the coroner's office. I had not the money to send a cablegram, or would have done so at the very first. Brother Bingley came into the hotel.

I told him of the sad occurrence and requested him to see about his trunk, and, as quite a few of the sisters would be waiting on the wharf to see him go away to Vancouver, to see them and let them know. As it happened, Mr. Cockroft, the Agent of the Oceanic Steamship Company, was at the wharf, and he immediately came to the morgue, and said he would wire to his company's office in London by cipher despatch, and they would wire to Birmingham. I was very careful in seeing that all brother Roberts' effects left the hotel for the coroner's office. One of his valises was open by his side, and it seemed as if he had taken some medicine from a bottle, which the doctors said was for heart troubles. He seemed to have resigned himself calmly to the last struggle, for he was as calm and peaceful as one asleep, which indeed he is, only asleep in Christ Jesus, *not dead*, in the true meaning of the word, only waiting the Master's call.

It was very unfortunate that brother Roberts' death occurred in the hotel, with no one to assist or relieve him. I should only have been too glad to have had him stay with sister Cheetham and myself, but could not possibly accommodate him, and for that reason took him to a quiet hotel. And then he had so much correspondence to attend to, and that took up nearly all his time while here. He often spoke of the nearness of death, and said what matter if we were changing and decaying, we have a bright future before us. His body was removed from the morgue and taken to an undertaker's and embalmed, awaiting instructions from England. It was a very sad and solemn meeting we had the following Sunday. Brother W. A. Clark addressed the meeting, and spoke very highly of the work brother Roberts accomplished, a life devoted to the interest of the truth, and its most able defender against all opponents. Brother Roberts remarked in his last discourse, that he did not like fighting, but when there was something dear to him assailed from within and without, he was obliged to maintain a fighting attitude. It was not until late on the Sunday night that I received a telegram from Mr. Cockroft saying that brother Roberts' remains and effects be shipped to Brooklyn, N.Y. I expected they would very likely bury him

alongside Dr. Thomas, which I hear was the case since I commenced to write this letter. I must apologise for the very poor letter which I have written. I am a very poor hand at it, so please excuse the manner in which it is put together. You are at liberty to publish it in the *Christadelphian*, either wholly or in part. Whatever you may deem best, please do.—JAMES CHEETHAM.

At the suggestion of brother John Nelson, of Mount Tabor, a suburb of Portland, Oregon, brother R. J. Jones, of Montavilla, another suburb of the same city, knowing the unsatisfactory state of things in San Francisco, wrote to brother Roberts. Brother Nelson is an aged brother of some forty years' standing in the truth, a subscriber to the *Christadelphian* from the beginning, and an old time friend of Dr. Thomas. His earnest desire is for the preservation in its purity of the truth as brought to light by the Doctor's faithful and prolonged labours. Brother Jones says:

"Knowing brother Roberts' uncertainty of these matters, and having some definite knowledge of the fraternal relations of the brethren in San Francisco, I wrote him a letter concerning it, so as to better prepare him for the emergency. Yet this could not have greatly influenced his action, as he did not receive it until he arrived there."

Brother Roberts' reply was as follows:

Cosmopolitan Hotel,

San Francisco, September 22nd, 1898.

DEAR BROTHER JONES,—I arrived here yesterday in the *Alameda* from Sydney, and found your letter waiting. I am four weeks behind time, in consequence of having had to return from New Zealand to Australia before starting. Your letter is not of a refreshing order, but this is not your fault. I met brother Bingley last night at the house of brother Cheetham. The interview was not of a satisfactory order, but hope is not entirely absent. The embarrassments of the truth are very great in this age of divine silence and human contradictions. It is a work of difficulty to encourage the good while withstanding the encroachments of the evil. I suppose it is a training for the work that waits the accepted friends of Christ in the day of his appearing. I feel great pity for men who are doing the best they are capable of in the midst of the reigning con-

fusion, even if the line they pursue may not be geometrically straight. We shall all stand in need of the divine patience and magnanimity at the last.

I leave here to-morrow for Victoria by sea, and expect to be this way again in twelve or fifteen months, if nothing arise to prevent. Possibly the coming of the Lord may prevent. With all my heart I hope so. Do not you all say, "Amen?" My love to all the brethren with you,—Faithfully your brother,  
ROBERT ROBERTS.

Brother Roberts was true to the truth and its relations to the last; and we feel assured, only awaits the commendation, "Well done thou good and faithful servant." His hoping to remain longer on his return to San Francisco, and his expression of being not "entirely without hope"—in letter to me—probably the last fraternal epistle he ever wrote, implies that he truly felt assured something could really be accomplished in way of establishing the body, or a part of it at least, on a proper basis of fellowship in that city; and he had our heart-felt wishes and sympathy in the work. We are comparatively few in number, but have resolved to maintain the truth in its purity, regardless of censuring schismatics, who regard more the social relations of the faith, than the divine admonition to hold no schisms in the body or fellowship with those who do not conform to sound doctrine. And brother Roberts' life to the finish, has not left us without example; and it is consoling to have his, as it were, dying assurance, that

although my "letter was not of a refreshing order, it was not my fault;" and his expression of "great pity for men who are thus doing the best they can in the midst of the reigning confusions." Aged presiding brother Nelson, referring to this, says: "Brother Roberts was true to the last, and I only envy him his perfect rest, and may my last end be like his."

We prayerfully trust that the Birmingham brethren will see that the *Christadelphian* will be continued under your personal editorial supervision; and that other able exponents of the "*one precious faith*" will now the more readily assist you in the good work. Many long years it has been a most welcome visitant to our homes and hearts in this distant land, where, since Dr. Thomas discontinued the *Herald of the Kingdom*, we have never had a magazine strictly in accordance with the truth, as in the providence of God, annunciated by him; and unswervingly upheld to the last moment by our beloved, and now departed, brother Robert Roberts, who has briefly joined Dr. Thomas in his residence with the mute denizens of the silent cemetery of Greenwood. It is but meet that they should "rest together; yea, saith the Spirit, and their works do follow them." Truly for them the light of an eternal day will soon break on this night of years; and for them a gracious announcement scarce awaits—"Come ye blessed of my Father: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Faithfully yours in the one blessed hope, R. J. JONES.

## 24. DEATH OF BROTHER ROBERTS

SEPTEMBER 23RD TO OCTOBER 9TH, 1898.

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WITH thanksgiving to God for the man and his work, though with a desolating sense of personal bereavement, we place on record the death of our much loved brother Roberts. Readers will have been prepared for this further announcement by the intimation inserted at the last moment in the October issue. As there stated, brother Roberts died suddenly on the morning of September 23rd, at San Francisco; but the details now known differ slightly from the allusions of last month. It was a mistaken inference that brother Roberts had not come in contact with any brethren at the time of his death. The facts of the case are gleaned from letters written by sister Cheetham, of San Francisco, and Mr. L. F. Cockcroft, the Agent of the American and Australian Steamship Line at that place. Sister Cheetham, writing on September 23rd, to a sister in New York, says:—

“You will have heard by wire before this reaches you that brother Roberts died suddenly in the city this morning. You will know perhaps that he arrived here on Wednesday, 21st inst., in the s.s. *Alameda* from Australia. Brother Cheetham and brother Bingley met him and took him to a hotel. Wednesday evening he spent up here with us, and some of the brethren and sisters who came to meet him. Part of yesterday he was resting and writing, and the other part going round the city, and last night he gave a splendid lecture at brother Clarke’s house across the bay. Brother Cheetham came back with him and left him at the hotel, saying he would be down in good time this morning to attend to his baggage, and see him to the steamer on which he was to leave for Victoria, B. C. At ten minutes to nine, when brother Cheetham went to his room, he was shocked to find him lying on the floor dead, and no one in the hotel had any idea of what had happened. They said that at 7.30 he had taken a bath, and had not been seen or heard after that time. You will imagine how dreadfully shocked we were to hear the news, as we waited down on the wharf expecting his coming.”

Mr. Cockcroft, writing to brother Bruce, of New York, concerning details of the removal of the body, corroborates the foregoing. He says:—

“As you will probably have heard by this, from other sources, Mr. Roberts died at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco, on the morning of the 23rd September, as far as can be ascertained about 8.30 in the morning. He was to have sailed by the s.s. *Queen*, at 10.30 a.m. The clerk at the Cosmopolitan Hotel informed me that Mr. Roberts applied to him for the key of the bath room about



Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco (room marked where Bro. Roberts died)  
24th September, 1898.

7 o'clock. He obtained the key, and after he had had his bath, returned to his room. A few minutes before 9 o'clock, Mr. Cheetham, an old friend of Mr. Roberts in England, came to see him off, but was unable to get a response by knocking at the door. He returned to the office to the clerk, and explained that nobody responded. The clerk advised that he must be there, and Mr. Cheetham went back to the room, and found the door open, and went in, and to his great dismay, Mr. Roberts was lying dead upon the floor. A doctor was immediately summoned, and from the appearance of the corpse said that he had died of valvular disease of the heart. He was all dressed and ready for the steamer with the exception of putting on his coat. All his satchels were about him, and he was all ready to leave the room. Mr. Roberts had been to exchange his ticket the day before, and as I had been requested by Mr. Robert Bell, brother of Mr. John Bell, of Sydney, to look after Mr. Roberts' comfort on his way East from here, I had gone down to the steamer *Queen*, with my father (whom Mr. Roberts had known many years ago), and we waited at the steamer for an hour, until she was nearly ready to depart, and only learned of Mr. Roberts' death as we were leaving the wharf."

From the foregoing it will be seen how much in accord with brother Roberts' own often-expressed desire was the suddenness of his departure. He was wont in exhortation to impress upon us the imminence of the Judgment Seat of Christ by portraying a case of sudden death and emphasising the scripturally revealed and universally denied fact that "the dead know not anything." And now he illustrates it in his own case:—Earnest contention for the faith, an unfolding in a lecture of the wonderful plan of God from Eden downwards, a night's rest, and a fresh girding on of the harness for a new facing of the labours and troubles which we know only too sadly well were before him and—

*next the resurrection!*

In death, as in life, he is an example to his fellow-pilgrims.

When the Lord Jesus was slain by the power of the enemy the world was in a very different condition from what it is to-day. The "ends of the earth" were not so far remote from its eastern centre, and news travelled very slowly over that comparatively restricted area. Quite impressive is the contrast between that time and now, and we have just been made to feel forcibly how much in touch are all parts of the world with each other, and consequently how much more ripe for transfer to the King a far country is the realm of his inheritance. Right round the world in a few hours were communications made concerning brother Roberts' death—from San Francisco to London, Birmingham, and Sydney, Australia, as well as to New York, and from Birmingham and London to San Francisco, New York, and Melbourne. The outcome of these swift messages was that sister Lasius, in New York, having consented to brother Roberts being laid to rest beside Dr. Thomas, and our sorely afflicted sister Roberts having given her consent from Melbourne, it was arranged that the remains should be sent across

from San Francisco to New York and deposited in a vault in Greenwood Cemetery, and that brother Walker should immediately sail for New York to be present at the funeral, which was provisionally fixed for October 9th.

Following up this arrangement, brother Walker sailed from Liverpool on Saturday, October 1st, in the s.s. *Campania*, and after a quick and comfortless passage of some 5 days 14 hours, reached New York on the night of Friday, October 7th, where he was met and taken in hand most hospitably by brother J. C. Bruce, of Elizabeth, N. J., a kind of remote suburb of New York, some 12 miles or so south across the Hudson River. Brother Bruce had, by arrangement with Mr. Cockcroft, of San Francisco, accomplished the transfer of the remains across the American Continent to Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn; and that there might be no oversight or miscarriage in the funeral arrangements, it was thought well that he and brother Walker should pay a preliminary visit to the cemetery on Saturday, October 8th (the one day that intervened between brother Walker's arrival and the date already fixed for the funeral). It was a wet and sombre day, which lightened up, however, in the afternoon. A considerable journey, by rail and ferry to New York, walk across the city to the famous Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, train across, and thence by one of the unsightly but useful elevated railways, brought us at length to Greenwood Cemetery. If ever the precincts of *sheol* were beautiful, certainly these are. Overlooking the blue waters of the sea, and of boldly undulating formation, the grounds are garnished with trees, lawns, flower beds, ornamental waters, and many monuments; intersected, too, with curving carriage drives in all directions. Its main entrance, a handsome structure of stone, with double arches, is enriched with sculptures of the Raising of Lazarus, and other subjects. "What a pity," said more than one, "that all this beauty should be associated with death and the curse." Yes, indeed, but it is only a transient phenomenon. Turning our eyes to the Holy Hill of Zion, where the Lord "commands the blessing, even life for evermore," we behold by the eye of faith greater beauty of architecture, mountain, river and forest, than has yet fallen to the portion of the sons of men to glory in. "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee (O Zion), the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious." In the goodness of God, whose "mercy endureth for ever," the beauty of eternal life is to triumph at last over *sheol*, whose "destruction" is divinely decreed.

We called at the office of the cemetery authorities and then walked through the grounds to a vault where the body of our deceased brother had been temporarily deposited. It was built in the hill side, and massive gates closed



its entrance. "The gates of Hades" was the phrase that at once sprung to memory, and with it the comforting words of Him who, having triumphed over them, holds "the keys":—"SHALL NOT PREVAIL." But "not prevail" against whom? "My ecclesia." Humbly but confidently we mentally reassured ourselves that our dead brother was indeed of that "calling," and there we rested in the "blessed hope." We did not disturb the body, but walked on to the grave of Dr. Thomas, where we found the new grave ready, and read the inscription that briefly records the great work that God had done by his instrumentality in these "latter days." It is twenty-seven years since Dr. Thomas went to his rest. A new generation has arisen since then. Many will feel interested in reading the inscription. Here it is:—

HERE LIES, IN BRIEF REPOSE, WAITING THE RETURN OF THE  
LORD FROM HEAVEN,

J O H N T H O M A S , M . D . ,

Author of *Elpis Israel*, *Eureka*, *Anatolia*, *Anastasis*, *Phanerosis*, and other works,

IN WHICH

He demonstrated the unscriptural character of popular Christianity, and made manifest the Nature of

THE LONG LOST FAITH OF THE JEWS.

During a busy lifetime by mouth and pen, he contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; and at his death, left behind him, as the result of his labours, a body of people in different parts of the world, known as

T H E C H R I S T A D E L P H I A N S ,

to continue the work begun.

*Born April 12th, 1805; died March 5th, 1871.*

It will be those best acquainted with, and most in touch with the work of Dr. Thomas that will the most truly estimate the loss we have suffered in the death of brother Roberts, whose life policy was a conservation of that work. This is a policy to be earnestly commended to all who come after, because it simply means a broad-minded, whole-hearted, obedient and uncompromising grasp of the whole counsel of God as expressed in the Holy Scriptures.

From Greenwood we wended our way back to New York and thence by ferry to Hoboken, whence we travelled by electric car to Jersey City Heights, where sister Lasius, Dr. Thomas' daughter, still lives in the house in which her father worked and died. Here, accompanied by another sister in the faith, sister Jones, she

lives a very retired life, conducting an agency for the Doctor's and other works, and like one of old "waiting for the consolation of Israel." We were privileged to see the room the Doctor used as a study, and to examine his Bible, in which we were struck by many characteristic notes, and emendations of translations that are now borne out by the Revised Version, as for instance in Isa. xvii. xviii. We remarked that the Doctor was fifty years in advance of his time, that what he said of his work was true: "This generation may not appreciate it but a future one will," and that his work was an abiding one and was standing the test of time that "tries all things." After tea and some conversation on the affairs of the truth, we returned to Elizabeth.

Sunday, October 9th: the day of the funeral.—Morning dawned bright and beautiful, a perfect day of the lovely Indian summer that corresponds with our English autumn, but is brighter and milder. The funeral was fixed for 10.30; and after an early breakfast, a start was made for New York, and Greenwood reached in good time. The duty devolved upon brother Bruce and brother Walker of first seeing the face of the dead. We repaired to the vault. A large zinc-lined box containing the coffin was brought out into the vestibule and placed on bearers. Attendants removed the lid and cut the zinc. The coffin-lid was removed, and the form of our departed fellow-pilgrim exposed to view. Whatever misapprehensions or fears we may have had, vanished at sight. In perfect repose, without the least trace of distortion, the features rested with an air of dignified contentment. He looked as though, in response to the command from heaven, he might at once have arisen and stepped forth modestly to receive the verdict of the Judge of All the Earth. In the midst of all the sorrow, a sense of satisfaction came over us: "So He giveth His beloved sleep." The coffin was then closed again, and placed in a hearse for removal to the grave. At the grave-side, it was placed transversely on the box that had contained it, and a large company of between 250 and 300 brethren and sisters and friends gathered round. Many had come from great distances (according to English ideas), and many who had been arranging for brother Roberts to lecture, now came to see him buried. Brother Bruce gave out the hymn, "Short is the Measure of our Days," and then read the 103rd Psalm. Brother Walker then spoke to the company assembled. The substance of what he said (or intended to say, for he was too much distressed to say it properly) was in brief as follows:—

The Psalm read had said of God: "He made known His ways unto Moses, His acts unto the children of Israel." Though so far down the ages from the days of Moses, and so far removed from the lands that saw the mighty acts of God, we were nevertheless, in these latter days, and on this sad occasion in very

direct relation to those "ways" and "acts." The company assembled were conversant with the gracious purpose of God to fill the earth with His glory, and they were well aware, from the history of His operations among men, how "His way" had been made known on earth and had been by "all flesh" corrupted. The history of the antediluvian corruption, as they well knew, had been repeated in Israel, and later in Christendom, since the departure of the Lord from the earth. They knew, however, from the Scriptures, that the Lord was not to return to the earth to find absolutely no one in the land of the living interested in His work, and obedient to His commands; and they were witnesses to the fact that God had, in this generation, by the hand of Dr. Thomas, caused a great revival of the truth, with the effect of "making ready a people prepared for the Lord." The work of Dr. Thomas was a great and enduring one. It might be said that he first crystallized his testimony, as it were, in *Elpis Israel* about 1848. It was now 1898. Fifty years had passed away. They did not require to be reminded how fully the history of those fifty years had borne out all the Doctor's scripturally founded expectations, saving only their culmination in the prematurely anticipated return of the Lord from heaven. They had seen the dreadful temporal power of the Papacy fall at the time expected. They had seen the "three unclean spirits like frogs" go forth on their mission in the order revealed by the Lord. They had seen the outcome of this in the unparalleled war preparations that had become the order of the day all the earth over, and in which now their own strong young nation, throwing aside its most cherished traditions and policies, had joined with feverish energy, and had just struck a heavy and successful blow at one of the foremost Papal nations. They witnessed also an extraordinary revulsion of feeling between their country and British Tarshish. Jealousies were disappearing fast and that "alliance beyond the limits of the Kingdom of Babylon," of which Dr. Thomas spoke, was almost within sight. The steady strides of the King of the North toward the position divinely assigned to him, and the slow but inevitable drying up of the Apocalyptic Euphrates, were other items that might be mentioned in a great mass of evidence which demonstrated that the words of the prophets had been correctly understood, and that therefore we stood in "the time of the end," when "Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments." Twenty-seven years ago, Dr. Thomas had gone to his rest, and the brother whom we were now laying to rest beside him stood here in sorrow, with that much of his witnessing before him. It had been faithfully accomplished. Many winds of doctrine had blown across the troubled sea since then, but he had not been carried away by them. Faithfully, patiently and kindly, he had followed Dr. Thomas in building upon the sure foundation of apostles and prophets, and now the Lord had signified "It is enough," and in the wonderful Providence of God

he had been gathered swiftly and painlessly to his rest beside his senior witness in the Lord. The inscription on the stone beside us said that Dr. Thomas left behind him "The Christadelphians to continue the work begun." In the front rank brother Roberts had "continued" faithfully till his course was run, and there was a kind of dramatic sense of completeness in the career that ended thus and here. He was "taken away from the evil to come," while we remained. Concerning him we were comforted, but for ourselves we mourned. We must not despair, but holding fast the blessed hope press on to the end, which seemed so near, and might be nearer to any of us individually than we supposed.

Then the hymn: "There is a calm for saints who weep," was sung, and brother Walker in a closing prayer thanked God for the labours of the faithful who had gone before us and besought His mercy and guidance on those who were still toiling in their pilgrimage.

The coffin lid was then removed and brethren and sisters filed past to take the last look before the resurrection. This being accomplished, the coffin, enclosed in the outer box, was lowered into the grave, which being filled up, was crowned by some loving hands with a large and beautiful floral emblem displaying in violet colour on a snow white ground the simple legend:—"OUR BROTHER."

For a long time the company lingered round the grave. Knots of brethren from far distant places meeting in this sad and unexpected manner, mingled gladness and sorrow in their salutations and talk over the affairs of the truth. Some who had been comparatively recently transplanted from England took occasion to charge us with greetings to home friends. The sister of a Birmingham sister, though not in the truth, at her request represented her at the funeral. The infirmity of the moment prevented anything like a fair recollection of most of the names of those who spoke with us, and therefore no mention of them is attempted. Very many were well known by correspondence, whom we supposed we should never meet in the flesh. Many earnest assurances of help in the work of the truth were given, and at last we separated to meet again in Jersey City in the afternoon for the breaking of bread.

Brother Bruce, having compassion on us, refused in advance several kind invitations, the acceptance of any of which would have involved the strain of social intercourse that under other circumstances would have been a pleasure. He carried us off to New York, where we had a quiet lunch in a central hotel, and afterwards spent a restful half-hour in a pleasant front room directly facing the highest tower of Babel in the city. This enormous block of building in white stone consists of some thirty stories, and rises to a height of over 300 feet. The



Bro. Roberts' grave alongside of Bro. & Sis. Thomas'

effect produced is not pleasing, as it is of course planted among a crowd of buildings of all sizes and designs, without any relation or proportion to them. Still, it was very interesting, as affording something like an adequate basis of comparison with the corner towers of the Temple of Ezekiel's Prophecy. Mentally enlarging the base of the building to three or four times its real size, and adding somewhat over 100 feet to its height, we could well imagine a section of that "house of prayer for all nations" in which "the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day" when "the lofty looks of man shall (have been) humbled, and the haughtiness of men bowed down."

From New York we repaired to Jersey City to the meeting. It was a very large one for that part, the Hall being more than filled. The usual order of procedure of necessity differs somewhat from that of most English and Colonial ecclesias. Being so widely separated by distance, the brethren and sisters are unable to come together more than once in the day, and being unwilling to neglect the proclamation of the truth altogether, to attend to the breaking of bread, they combine the two services, or only separate them by a brief interval, the lecture coming first. On this occasion, however, the hour of meeting being later (3.30), and the occasion not an ordinary one, the lecture was dispensed with, and the whole attention centred on the memory of Christ and the comfort of the brethren and sisters. We were asked to speak a word of exhortation, which, in the ideas it was intended to reflect, was appropriately found in the readings for the day from the epistle to the Phillipians, in which Paul, "in a strait betwixt the two," that is the desirability of his continued life for the brethren's sake, or death for his own release, alluding to his "loss of all things" for Christ's sake, counted them all but dross that he might know Christ "and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death" that he might at any cost attain unto the resurrection of the just. As Paul's latter-day brethren and sisters, we gathered together round the bread and wine, the appointed symbols of the body and blood of Christ, and sought the comfort we needed after having been occupied in putting to rest in the grave a brother who enthusiastically heard, and received, and held fast the preaching and faith of the apostles. Compassed with sorrows and infirmities, we were cheered by the spectacle of Christ's "chosen vessel" in the same distressed but not "forsaken" condition, pressing forward toward the mark—"not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect." What more inspiring than his call: "Brethren, be followers together of me, and *mark them which so walk as ye have us for an example*"? We were in that following, and we "marked" such, and if we felt more than ever "strangers and pilgrims," as loved and trusted comrades fell on the desert sands, the greater was our assurance with Paul that "Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence we also look for the Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."