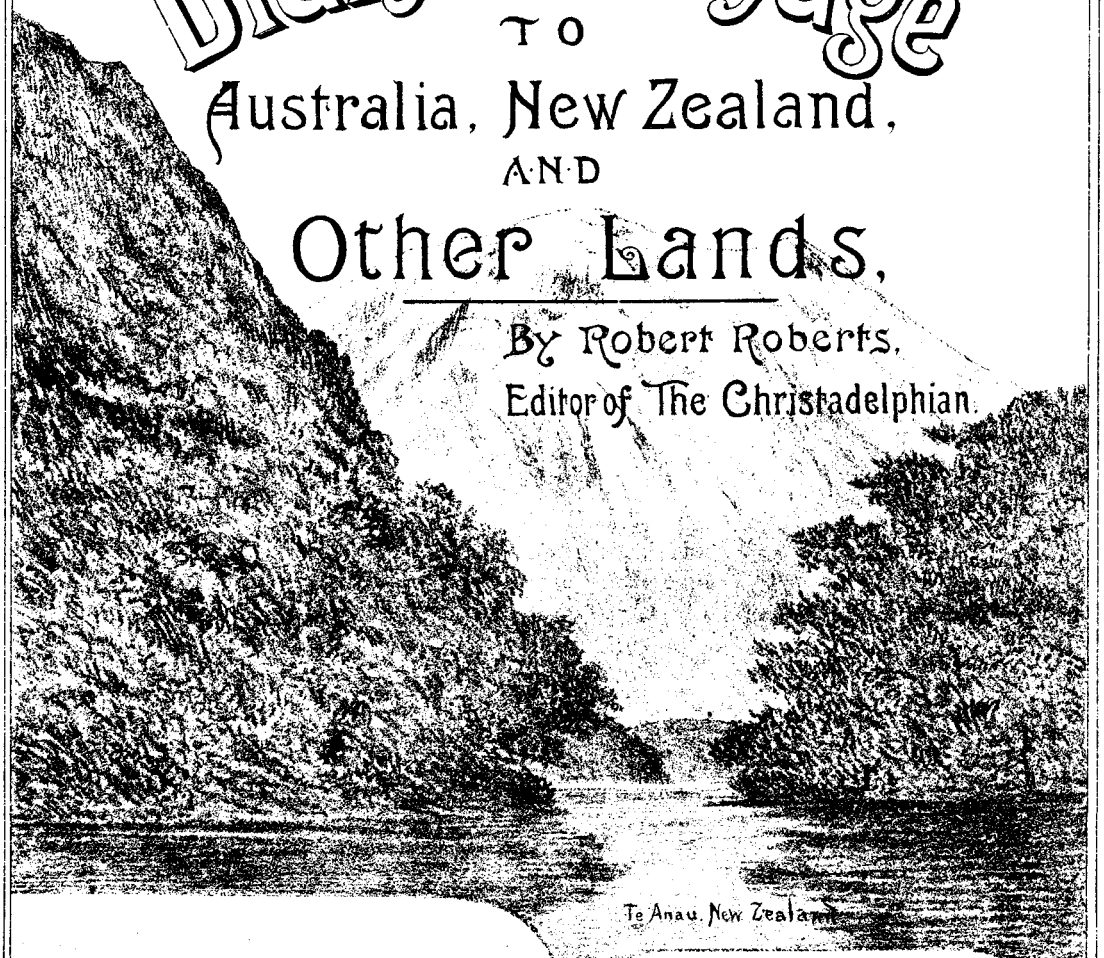
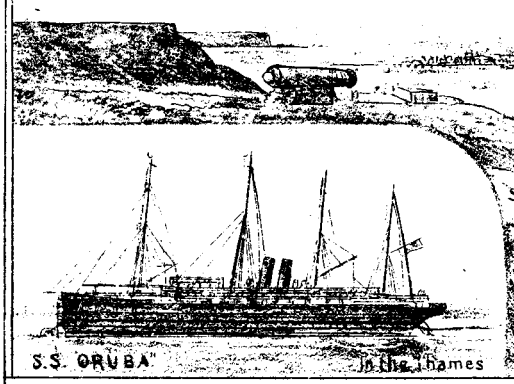
Diary of a Voyage
TO
Australia, New Zealand,
AND
Other Lands,

By Robert Roberts,
Editor of The Christadelphian.

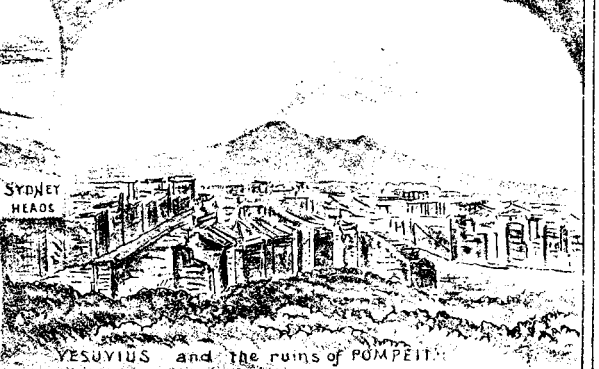


Te Anau, New Zealand



S.S. ORUBA

In the Thames



VESUVIUS and the ruins of POMPEII

Birmingham: Publishing Offices, 139, Moor St. 1896.

Amy Wilkes

Robert Roberts

Sarah Jane Roberts

His Mother
(Sis. Roberts, SEN.)

Eusebia Roberts

His Wife
(Sis. Jane Roberts)

FOREWORD

TO THE THIRD EDITION

This Diary was first published in September 1896, following brother Roberts return to England from the colonies of the Southern Ocean.

The "Preface" on page 7 tells very briefly the background to the Diary and how it came to be published.

In December 1971 the Sutherland Ecclesia of the Sydney area republished the Diary in conjunction with a Bible School at Rathmines, which the ecclesia was sponsoring on that occasion.

The "Foreword" of that edition is also enclosed and in it Brother Eric Ritchie explains some of the virtues of the Diary and good reasons for re-publishing.

After a further 23 years and after numerous requests from near and far, the Study Service is pleased to make this excellent book again available. What finally stimulated publication was the desire of the Perth Youth Conference Committee to promote the book as a fund raising exercise for the Conference next year. It is wholesome that our Young People in Australia and New Zealand are being encouraged to read and reflect upon the life of a godly brother in Christ, of the Victorian era!, whose ways and thoughts are so diametrically different from those of the contemporary world.

We do pray that these Young People and all who read this Diary near and abroad will find the exercise most stimulating and help us all to gauge more truthfully the blessing and peace that comes to one whose mind is stayed upon God and His Truth.

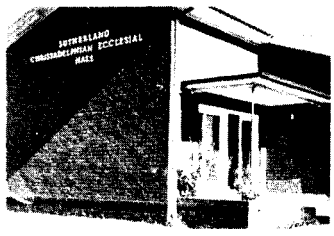
It will be noticed that the cover matches the "Diary of a Second Voyage to Australia" which was published in August 1983 and has been widely enjoyed by so many brethren and sisters.

We thank brother James Weller for his pictorial research and brother Robert Flint for the drawing of the maps.

"Let not thine heart envy sinners:
but be thou in ***the fear of the LORD all the day long"***
Proverbs 23:17

B. N. Luke
Secretary

November 1994



SUTHERLAND CHRISTADELPHIAN ECCLESIA

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25th December, 1971

Dear Reader,

The Sutherland (N.S.W.) ecclesia is pleased to be the sponsoring ecclesia for the 24th Australian Christadelphian Bible School at Rathmines, Lake Macquarie, 25th December, 1971 to 2nd January, 1972.

In conjunction with the History of the Truth Room which our ecclesia conducts at the 24th School, we release a new edition of brother Robert Roberts' "Diary of a Voyage to Australia, New Zealand and Other Lands."

As far as we are aware, this is the first reprint in book form since the original 1896 edition. The present edition is an exact reproduction by photographic process of the 1896 edition.

Brother Roberts' "Diary" is more than just the reminiscences of a world-traveller. It gives absorbing insight into ecclesial life in Australia and New Zealand three-quarters of a century ago.

It is the story of a dedicated brother of Christ conscious of his complete dependence upon the Father and the Son. The story of one who gave of his strength in the service of his brethren, and who lived in the environment of the Word. He preached the Truth in season and out of season, contending earnestly for the faith without and within the ecclesia.

Brother Roberts' pen is a camera, producing vivid pictures which stay a long time in our minds. We are the richer for this.

This is a book you will be glad to read. It reminds us of our heritage, and imparts some powerful exhortations.

Yours fraternally,

Eric J. Ritchie,
Recorder.

PREFACE.

EIGHTEEN months ago, through stress of circumstances, I became seriously unwell, and on recovering sufficiently, I accepted the invitation of friends in Australia to visit the Colonies, at their expense, for the more complete restoration of health. Before departing, I had many requests to publish a record o the journey:—in compliance with which, a Diary appeared, from month to month, in the *Christadelphian*. I was just twelve months absent from home.

Since my return, many have expressed the desire that the Diary should appear in separate and complete form, under the conviction that, in that form, it would make a book both interesting and useful in drawing attention to the truth, where otherwise the truth might not come under notice.

With that desire also, there is now compliance, in the hope that both gratification and benefit may result from the perusal of pages salted with sea air, diversified with constant change of scene, and sweetened with an ever-present recognition of those higher relations of life that arise out of the Divine work recorded in the Bible.

ROBERT ROBERTS.

64, BELGRAVE ROAD, BIRMINGHAM
25th September, 1896.

CONTENTS.

DIARY OF A VOYAGE

TO

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, & OTHER LANDS.

CHAPTER I.—FROM BIRMINGHAM TO THE THAMES.

SUNDAY, August 18th. — My last Sunday before sailing. It was the last thing in the world I should have thought of, this making a voyage to the other side of the world. Very rough circumstances have coerced me.

I depart with considerable reluctance, but with the confidence, which an enlightened view of life inspires, that all circumstances, even the undesirable and untoward, contribute their part to the evolution of divine ends—whether with a man or a nation.

I promised to send home an account of the voyage. I hesitated for a moment whether it should be in the form of letters, or in the form of a continuous editorial narrative, or as a diary jotted down from day to day. I have decided upon the last, as allowing of the easiest and most life-like record. I must try and remember to "put all in." I must resist the feeling that things are to unimportant for record.

Wednesday, August 21st. — Birmingham Station, for departure by the 10 a.m. express for London, accompanied by my wife. Had kept the hour of departure a secret, so as to get away quietly, as infirmity required. Said farewell to my daughters at Belgrave Road; also to mother. Morning very hot. Got to London in 2 hours and 35 minutes—quick travelling. Nothing happened on the way except a disagreeable brush with gamesters who paraded their apparatus under our very eyes—noses I ought to say. The emptiness of mind that leads to this incessant frivolling of time and faculty is one of the afflictions of this sad time—to be put up with patiently as a matter of course; but this gambling in the train is forbidden by law, and it is written, "If thou mayest be free, use it rather." My request, after bearing a good while, that the law might be complied with, was met with a hot grumble to the effect that the law was not broken when no money passed; and as for annoyance to fellow passengers, that was as light as a feather-weight in their moral scales. There was nothing for it but to bear in silence—which, however was rendered difficult by the sonorous loquacity of one of the group, who talked, talked, talked, in a continuous shallow stream.

Arrived at Euston terminus (L.N.W.) in London, we did not stay to see anybody, but got into a cab at the station and drove straight to Fenchurch station, a distance of, I should think, about four miles through the busy streets of the metropolis.

It is a wonderful sight—those crowded thoroughfares in apparently endless succession—the roadway constantly occupied by two, and sometimes four, streams of vehicles of all sorts—'buses, cabs, drays, private carriages, tradesmen's vans, &c., &c., and the footways black with people of all sorts hurrying in all directions after all kinds of business. There is a smart, superior air about the L ndon people that distinguishes them from the people of the provincial towns; and all the ways and appliances of life are more ample and finished. It would all be very nice if the inside of matters corresponded. But it is so much the reverse that after a sufficient acquaintance, the mind fails to feel the intense interest inspired by the picture in youthful days. Human nature has noble possibilities, but these cannot be brought out under the management of man by himself

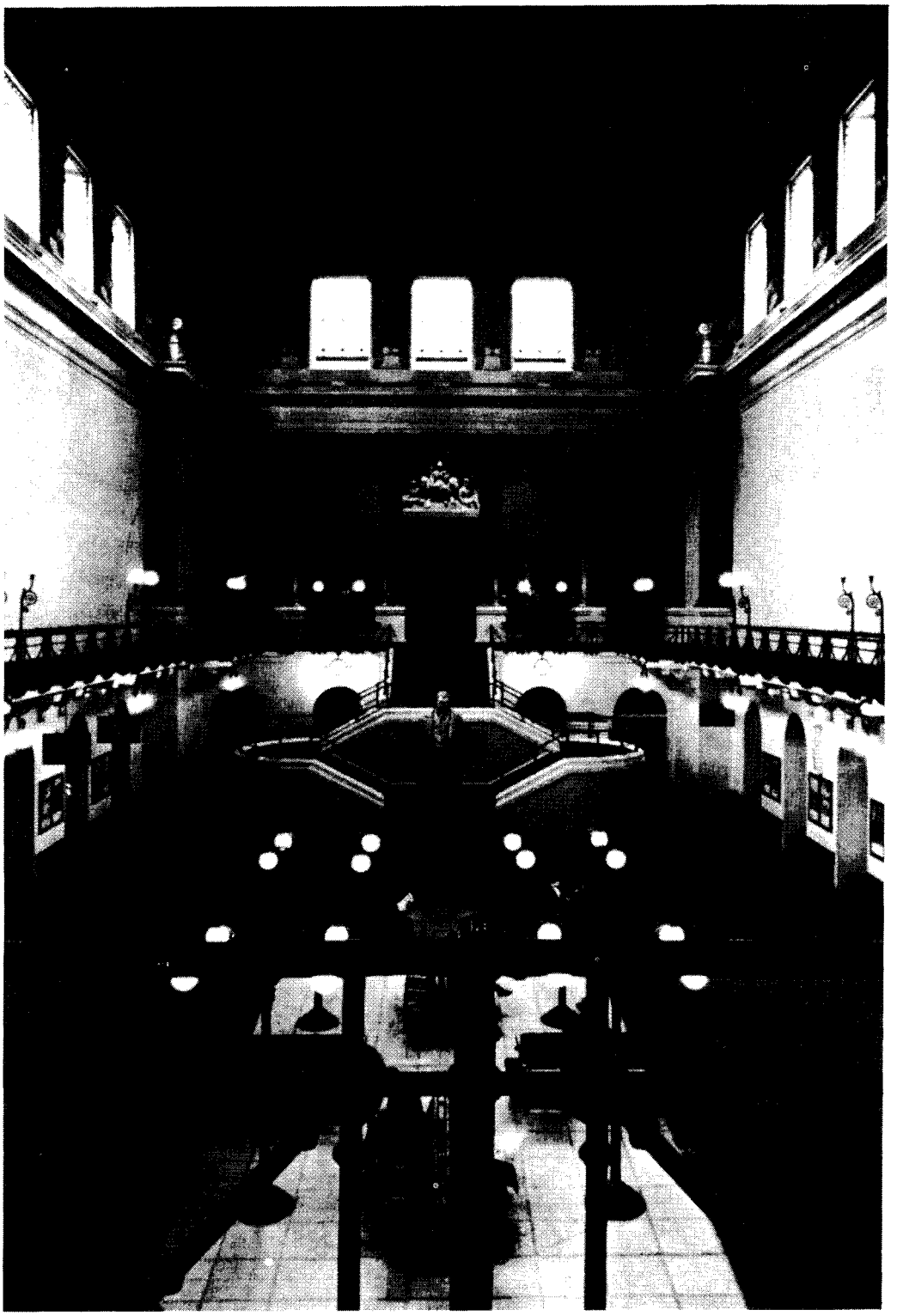
Our object in going to Fenchurch Street was that we might go straight to the dock where the vessel lay in which I was to sail,

and put up at such hotel as we presumed (on good authority) we should find in her neighbourhood. In fifteen minutes, we got a train, and in another hour, we stepped out in the broiling sun on to the wooden platform of a wayside station among green fields and detached rows of working-men's houses scattered about in them, and shipmasts in the distance at one side. We got out here because the station name-board said "Tilbury Docks." We were a little foggy on the subject. We had passed up and down the Thames once or twice, and had seen a stately building close to the water's edge, which had been described to us as the hotel where passengers for the Australian boats put up. We supposed this was at Tilbury Docks, of course. In booking at Fenchurch Street, I had asked for tickets for Tilbury Docks. The booking clerk said, with emphasis, "Tilbury." Is that Tilbury Docks?" enquired I. "You can get off at Tilbury Docks if you like," was the reply. In my ignorance, I supposed if there was a Tilbury and a Tilbury Docks, Tilbury would come first and the docks next, as the railway ended at the river. So when we found "Tilbury Docks" on the name-board, we got out, of course, It looked a little unlikely; still we had learnt it was unsafe to judge by appearances. We agreed that my wife having keen eyes and a quick judgment of matters, should sally forth to spy the land, while I remained in charge of the luggage. After half-an-hour's absence, she returned with a very lugubrious account. There were several so-called "hotels," but they were low drinking saloons; and as for apartments, there was nothing but workmen's cottages for the accommodation of the men engaged about the Docks. It was Tilbury Docks right enough, and the *Oruba* was within a couple of stone-throws, but it was no place to stay at. We ought to have got out at "Gray's," the previous station, or have gone on to Tilbury at the river side.

Though we were near the *Oruba*, the vessel would not be boarded by passengers where she then was. She was merely taking merchandise and supplies on board in dock, and would then be moved out into the river, and anchored mid-stream between Gravesend and Tilbury, and there receive the passengers in a body out of a steam tender which would take them out. However, the wife of one of the workmen was willing to take us in if we chose to accept her moderate place, which was fairly comfortable. Being tired, we concluded to fall in with this arrangement. We went right away to the place (18 Cromwell Terrace, near the Station), and soon found ourselves at home, and sufficiently suited for our purpose of having a couple of quiet days together before parting for a time. In fact it was better suited for this purpose than an ordinary hotel would have been.

While the good lady was getting a little dinner ready for us, we walked towards the *Oruba*, whose masts and funnels were visible behind the dock warehouses. We found her a magnificent vessel, of great size and graceful form, and her internal arrangements highly finished throughout. We did not stay long on board, as the thing was not new to us, nor the odours ravishing, nor the prospect of separation agreeable. Returning to our quarters, we did comfortably with an improvised tea-dinner, and then sallied out in the dark towards Tilbury, on a road as crude and unfinished as in any new country. We came to the river which was quite a sight, though in darkness. There were long rows of lights on the opposite bank, and lights of all sorts on the water, and vessels moored and vessels moving, besides sounds and whistles, and even howls I never heard anywhere else. At a little distance to the right, a steamboat, just arrived from distant parts, was announcing the fact by letting off coloured rockets, which rapidly mounted one after the other, to the number of 20 at least, into the black vault of night, and exploded in showers of coloured fire. After a walk on the top of an embankment, the pathway of which we could just barely make out in the dark, we returned, studying the stars and talking of prospects with feelings not unmixed.

Thursday, August 22nd.—After a good night's rest and breakfast and reading, we went over to Gravesend, on the opppsite bank of the river, and got on the Royal Terrace Pier, from which, in the warm sunshine, we were able, seated, to obtain a restful view of the busy traffic on the river—ships and ocean-going steamers passing up and down, besides numerous small craft moving in all directions on glassy water. Having somberly enjoyed this scene for an hour or two, we adjourned to a neighbouring



Euston Terminus


BRITISH ISLES
Birmingham
Departure
August 21st. 1895
London
Departure
August 24th. 1895
Plymouth
Eddystone Rocks
Oruba

place of refreshment and dined, and after another hour ot two by the water side, we re crossed by the ferry boat to the Tilbury side, and went to see what sort of a place "Gray's" might be—the station before Tilbury Docks, which we were told we ought to have stayed at. We found it better than Tilbury Docks, but much quieter than one would have expected in a London suburb (though perhaps, at a distance of thirteen miles down the river, it is too far off London to be considered a suburb). There were plenty of houses in it, but the houses were small, and the place had the air of a country town or even village. It was more modern-looking on the inland side of the railway. On the riverside, the principal feature seemed to be two training ships of the Royal Navy moored in mid-stream, to which access was had by the boys by boats passing to and fro. Returning home to tea, we spent the evening in reading.

Friday, August 23rd.—This being sailing day, I felt like a condemned criminal on the morning of execution. After breakfast, we had time to have our reading together. Then a railway porter came for luggage, and we followed him to the railway station near at hand. A local train took us to Tilbury. From the station at that place, there is a covered way leading to a wharf, to which the steamboats come to receive passengers. We found the wharf crowded with passengers. The *Oruba* was in sight, moored out in the middle of the river; and the tender was expected presently to take the passengers on board. But the passengers were not there to take yet. They were on their way by a special train leaving Fenchurch Street at 11 a.m., and due at Tilbury 11.44. The third-class passengers had come by an earlier train, and had been taken aboard by the tender. The first and second saloon passengers were coming by the later train. By this it had been arranged my son and his wife should come to see me off. I, therefore, leaving my wife on the wharf in charge of the portmanteaus, went back to the station and was there when in a quarter of an hour or so, the special train arrived with them. The train was filled with *Oruba* people and their friends come to see them off—a picturesque and animated multitude, which passed down the covered way and became a crammed and stuggling mass on the wharf. The process of getting on board the tender was very difficult for such a crowd, especially as they all had to squeeze though a narrow gangway and conform to imperative demand "Show your tickets!"

This is one of the barbarities that will be improved off the face of the earth when official arrangements are in the hands of a Government bent on promoting the well-being, comfort and happiness of the population, instead of doing everything in the cheapest and most short-handed way for the sake of of profits. I said farewell at the back of the crowd, and then pushed ahead. After a due amount of patience, we got jerked on board through a narrow gangway, went upstairs and on to the deck over the paddle boxes, among the crowd that had got before us, whence we surveyed the remnant of the crowd that we had left behind us. At last all were aboard, and after due bell-ringing, the cable was slipped, and the engines started.

As the tender moved, many hearty good-byes were exchanged between the people on the tender and the crowed on the wharf. In these I was too sad to join. By means of a binocular glass I was able make out my beloved ones for a good while. In ten minutes or so we were alongside the *Oruba*, whose sides towered high above us as we drew near. A long row of faces of the third-class emigrants who had preceded us by an hour and a half, peered at us over the lower bulwarks. A gangway being let down on to the paddle boxes of the tender, the passengers and their friends quickly ascended. Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour was allowed for friends to look at the vessel and say good-bye. It was a bustling 15 minutes, during which all reserve and all dignity are thrown aside in a general scuffle to find out unknown state rooms; to see that luggage was all safe, and that messsages to absent friends are remembered.

Then good-bye, and tears and laughter; the bell rings; the officials shout "All visitors ashore." There is a crowding back to the gangway into the tender. In ten minutes the tender seems about as crowded as before. The gangway is pulled up, the tender engines are started, and away goes the little boat from the side of the big vessel amid mutual cheers, which are not very hearty.

Chapter II.—FROM THE THAMES TO PLYMOUTH.

THEN the people in the *Oruba* begin to settle down, and in another quarter of an hour, she lifts anchor, and is soon slowly moving down the river. We are cheated out of our opportunity of watching the shore by a summons to dinner—it being now one o'clock

The different classes of passengers take meals by themselves, of course, and see little or nothing of each other during the voyage. The first class have an ample promenade deck—perhaps 220 feet in length—in the forward part of the vessel forming the roof of their dining saloon and sleeping rooms. The second class have a separate deck on the same level in the afterpart of the vessel, but divided from the other both by a rail and by a break in the deck opening on the lower (or main) deck. The main deck is occupied in much of its length and nearly in its entire breadth by the structure enclosing the engines. On each side is a pathway, perhaps, eight feet broad, which is the only "promenade" deck provided for the third-class passengers. What sort of a place the third-class passengers dine in, I don't know. The dining saloon of the first class is luxurious; the dining saloon of the second class is a degree less sumptuous, but good enough for the best of mortals. The first class would be very acceptable if occupied by rational and modest people; but with so much pride and style and emptiness, it is oppressive to a plain man who aims at the deportment exemplified and recommended by Jesus.

This is humble without being cringing; modest without being spiritless; rational without being prosaic; cheerful without being frivolous; respectful without being gushing; grave and dignified without being morose and chilling.

There is little of this combination to be seen anywhere just now. How could it be with the system of merely human education now in vogue? Man, humbled by judgment, and then educated under divine institutions, will be pleasant company everywhere when Christ reigns. There will not then be the same need of dividing him into first, second, and third class, whether he travels or stays at home.

The second-class dining saloon is a spacious apartment about 70 feet long and broad, and 10 feet high, with panelled roof painted white, and lighted with circular windows at the side, 18 inches diameter; at night with electric lights. All round were settees upholstered in crimson. The floor was carpeted here and there and occupied by a series of fixed tables—the side tables standing endways towards two long ones running down the centre. At our first entry, the tables were spread, presenting a bright picture of white tablecloths and shining cutlery and table ware. Passengers took seats according to liking—the rule being that a seat once taken was occupied by the same passenger to the end of the voyage. Being seated, there would be accommodation for about 200 people, and every seat was occupied. On each table, a steward was in attendance to bring what the 12 passengers under his care might require. Very nice—shows what can be done by arrangement. Why should not all the world be waited on like this? This is what the Socalists ask, but they cannot supply or get the right answer. The truth alone supplies the answer. The truth, like money, but in a higher sense, 'answereth all things." The day will come when the wealth of the world, instead of being spent on idle armies and useless ironclads, will be applied in the hands of the wisest of governments to the pure blessedness of the peoples on land and sea. We are not there yet, unhappily, but it cometh apace, though clothed in storm.

Dinner over, the passengers dispersed to their state-room to open luggage and make personal arrangements for a six-week's sojourn in a very small space. I would have done so too, but I could find nothing of my two valises anywhere. They had come aboard, I knew, though not in the way I intended. My plan was to carry them in my own hand, knowing from experience how easily such things go astray in the hands of unsympathetic officials. No doubt it is troublesome to handle them, instead of

allowing mercenary porters to do so, but the first trouble is the least. Had I carried out my own plan, I would have carried them direct to the state-room on boarding the vessel. Instead of that, I allowed myself to be persuaded into the easier way, in which it certainly seemed there was no danger, for the bags were labelled for the cabin, with the number of the sleeping berth on. "They will be taken straight to your cabin when they are taken off the tender," I was so assured, and it seemed it could not miss, and so I let go. But now that I was on board, I had cause to repent my deviation from my grim custom of self-help. I could find nothing of the bags. The steward said no doubt they would turn up when things had settled down. There was a deal of running to and fro, and carrying of bags and boxes to the various state rooms, and it seemed likely that mine would "turn up" in due course. With this idea, I went on deck to wait, and while away the time with the newspaper. In an hour or two, I went down to see if the bags had "turned up;" but there was no sign of them. I began to be uneasy, as I had nothing but my literary bag, and one cannot sleep in sheets of note-paper. I was directed to the baggage master. He knew nothing of the bags. What were they like? Were they rightly labelled? &c. Having got satisfactory answers, he took me down a subterranean (or rather, a subcabinean) passage, past dark and stifling cells and lockers, were stewards were busy among bottles and grocery, and stores in general, to a hold were boxes and portmanteaus of all kinds were piled one upon another to a great height. The hold was lit from the top. While I was scrambling over the pile, looking in vain for what I wanted, the sailors on deck, not knowing our need of light below, covered the opening with a tarpaulin sheet, and I was left in the darkness to scramble down as best I could, and return by the long passage I had come through. I afterwards applied to a number of other stewards in succession without success. The final verdict was, the missing bags must have gone into the hold with luggage not wanted. It was needless to ask how this could be, seeing the bags were not labelled "not wanted." The question was, could I not have them out of the hold? No, not till next day, when the hold would be opened on calling at Plymouth. It was a very unpleasant fix, especially as I did not feel certain the missing articles would be found even in the hold. The idea of a six weeks' voyage with nothing but a literary bag for toilet was a little discomposing. But there was nothing for it but to take it patiently and wait.

At 5.30 we were summoned to tea, for which. I must confess, I had very little inclination. Between the hitch about the luggage and my separation from those that I hold most dear, and my poor health, I was rather inclined to be disconsolate. However, said I, "go through it," which I proceeded to force myself to do. I found no alleviation in the companionship at table—humble and unceremonious enough certainly; but, oh, so stolid and commonplace. The sweet suavities and intelligences of true civilisation had not glanced upon them. Dry heaths of the desert they seemed; but I daresay they were better than they seemed to my moody mood, though I don't know; they did not improve in my experience afterwards. I made several attempts to make myself agreeable in a rational way, but it fell flat and ineffectual. They were given to the universal habit of talking slang and making remarks in which there is either no sense or nothing worthy of words. I cannot keep up with that.

After tea, I went to my state-room, which had two sleeping berths in it. I made the acquaintance of my room-mate, who I was glad to find was not a Roman Catholic priest, or a clergyman, or a rake, but a young Australian farmer from Toowoomba. Queensland, who had been on a visit to "the old country." I rather like him. He seems the sort of man that might receive the truth. I have already had some promising conversation with him. He is anxious to see *The Trial* as soon as I can get at it. It is in a box in the hold (sent on to the ship six days in advance of myself) and I can have access to it only once in seven days.

I occupied the evening in writing various parting letters to be posted next day on our arrival at Plymouth, after which I went on deck. The sea was smooth, the evening fine. We were in the English Channel, near the

scene of a collision that happened the day before; but course none to us. These things do not happen in pairs, though it has sometimes remarked that they do. There is also the proverb, "It never rains but it pours"; but, as my wife often remarks, "all signs fail." It was dark; but we were near enough to see the lights of the various towns on the south coast as we passed—notably Eastbourne and Hastings, with a long row of brush electric lights along the esplanade. At last, we got out of sight of land, and there was nothing to be seen but the stars, which were a pleasant study by the aid of a binocular glass. But how awful are the immensities opened out to the mind! If we find it overpowering, even to the point of stupefaction, it is because our minds are small. With a sufficient power of mental grasp, and physical energy equal to its demands, it is conceivable that the greatness would not only not overpower, but would seem essential as the normal and comfortable sphere of reasonable faculty; in fact, that to such a state of faculty, nothing short of infinity would be a congenial sphere. It is a comfort in the midst of our doleful impotence to fall back on this thought. It is not a vain thought, though for the time being apparently but a sentimental fancy. It enables us to understand how much at home the Almighty Father must be in a limitless universe which crushes the poor sons of dust with the mere idea of its size.

Saturday, August 24th.—Have had a refreshing night's rest, notwithstanding the very audible motion of the engine. The morning is fine, and the sea comparatively smooth, though rough enough to give the vessel a pleasant heave, fore and aft. It had been windy in the Thames before starting, and seemed promising for fairly robust times outside, but when got out into the English Channel, the wind fell. We are within sight of the English coast on the starboard bow. All this is visible from the porthole of my state-room. Before leaving my state-room, a steward opens the door and hands me two telegrams, which he said came on board at Tilbury, but could not be delivered till things got into order. I was surprised to receive telegrams. One was from brother and sister Cook, late of Leeds, now of Lumb, Lancashire; and the other from a group of brethren at the Temperance Hall (Thursday night meeting, I presume). Both were cordial leavetakings with benediction. Being so drearily situated, and their receipt being so unexpected, they were peculiarly acceptable: dew upon the thirst ground. At 7.30. I got on deck for my reading. At 8 o'clock, the gong summons to breakfast; only about a quarter of the company respond, the motion of the vessel, slight as it was, having made them sick. I am pleased to discover that porridge is on the bill of fare (or *menu*, as it is the fashion now to call it. These changes of fashion are inconvenient and do not command respect by their origin; they are due to an affectation of superiority which is oppressive. The language and costume of the East is the same from generation to generation; this will doubtless be the rule in the kingdom of God. It is according to sense. Men have always eyes and mouth in the same place: why should dress and talk be constantly changing? There will be a change in this changeability with the change that will establish the unchangeable).

"Enough sermonising"; very well. We must have the right sauce to things. What about the porridge, then? Well just this: having been brought up almost outside the pale of civilization—in "Caledonia stern and wild"—where this article of diet is the staple, the law of constitutional adaptation makes my poor mortal somewhat beholden to this item. On some steamboats, the article is not accessible, and I suffer; such fragile organisms of life are we in this state. If we attain the immortal, we shall presumeably be independent in the matter of diet, not that we shall be independent of eating, but able to use anything. ("No sermonising"; all right, I will turn off the tap.)

As we near Plymouth, we get closer in shore and see the Devonshire coast quite plainly. It is very beautiful, but very lonely; everything seems so silent and so solitary and so wild; nothing but apparently barren rock and hill; sea in front, sky above, no life of any kind; an occasional hut only adds to the lonesomeness.

CHAPTER III.—FROM PLYMOUTH TO THE BAY OF BISCAY.

At eleven o'clock we enter Plymouth Sound. This is a sheet of water formed by the widening of the mouth of the rivers on which the three towns stand (for there are three towns clustered together, and practically forming one: Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse). Or else the Sound might be described as an arm of the sea striking into the land and forming an inland basin or natural harbour about two miles wide and perhaps three miles long, from the sea inwards. It forms a splendid natural harbour, which has been turned to the fullest advantage as one of the nurseries of the British fleet. The entrance is, of course, narrower than the body of water inside: still it is not narrow enough to give protection from the Atlantic swell when the wind is in the south-west. The consequence is that, prior to the erection of the breakwater, it was not a safe harbour in rough weather. Vessels taking refuge had to run into the mouth of the river Hamoaze, which debouches into it, before finding a secure anchorage. This breakwater is the first object that arrests attention as the traveller approaches from the sea. It differs from an ordinary breakwater in having no connection with the land. It is a long pier—a mile long—running right across, without touching the land at either end, leaving a passage at each end for vessels. Looking at it from the entrance of the sound, it seems to bar the way; but as we draw near, the end passages are visible. There is a marked difference between the water outside and the water inside the breakwater. On the outside, the waves, suddenly obstructed, break and mount the obstruction to the right and left, exactly like wild beasts impatient to get to the other side. On the inside, the water is quite smooth. The structure is said to have cost two millions sterling, and many years to build. It was worth the expenditure. It has converted Plymouth Sound into a secure harbour of refuge, capable of containing the navies of the world. The centre of it is defended by a barbette tower—*of course.*

Readiness for war is the constantly-resounded motto of "this glorious nineteenth century." It would be a gloomy fact were it not for its significance, among other symptoms, of the approach of another age when "they shall study war no more." (Now then!) I was speaking about the breakwater. We steamed in past the western end and came to anchor in smooth water. We stayed seven hours. What we stayed all this time for was not very apparent. We had to wait the arrival of a certain train from London, bringing passengers who chose to miss the passage down the choppy English Channel; but if there was nothing else, this train could have been timed to meet the vessel.

While we lay at anchor, many small boats sailed round us from time to time. But more interesting were the scrambles of the sea-gulls for the garbage of the vessel thrown into the water, as illustrating the perfect solution of the problem of air-navigation. Baloons are of little use because of the impossibility of steering them. They drift helplessly before the wind: and this is the one great difficulty in the way of flying machines. Yet here are scores of flying machines, darting hither and thither at will—not by magic or mystery of any kind, but by the perfect adjustment and thoroughly scientific employment of flexible propellers—*alias* feathers—of all sizes and shapes. We are so accustomed to the fact of feathered creatures guiding their motions in the air that we do not stop to realise on how perfectly natural principles the feat is accomplished. Watch these sea-gulls, curving in circles in the air or darting off in a straight line, or anon stopping to descend on a floating morsel, and observe how the set and motion of their wings are adapted to produce the desired motion. It is most noticeable perhaps as the creature makes a descent on some perceived object. It reverses the wing motion, and drops its legs helplessly, as a makeweight, which before were packed away on a line with its body, and pounces straight on the desired spot.

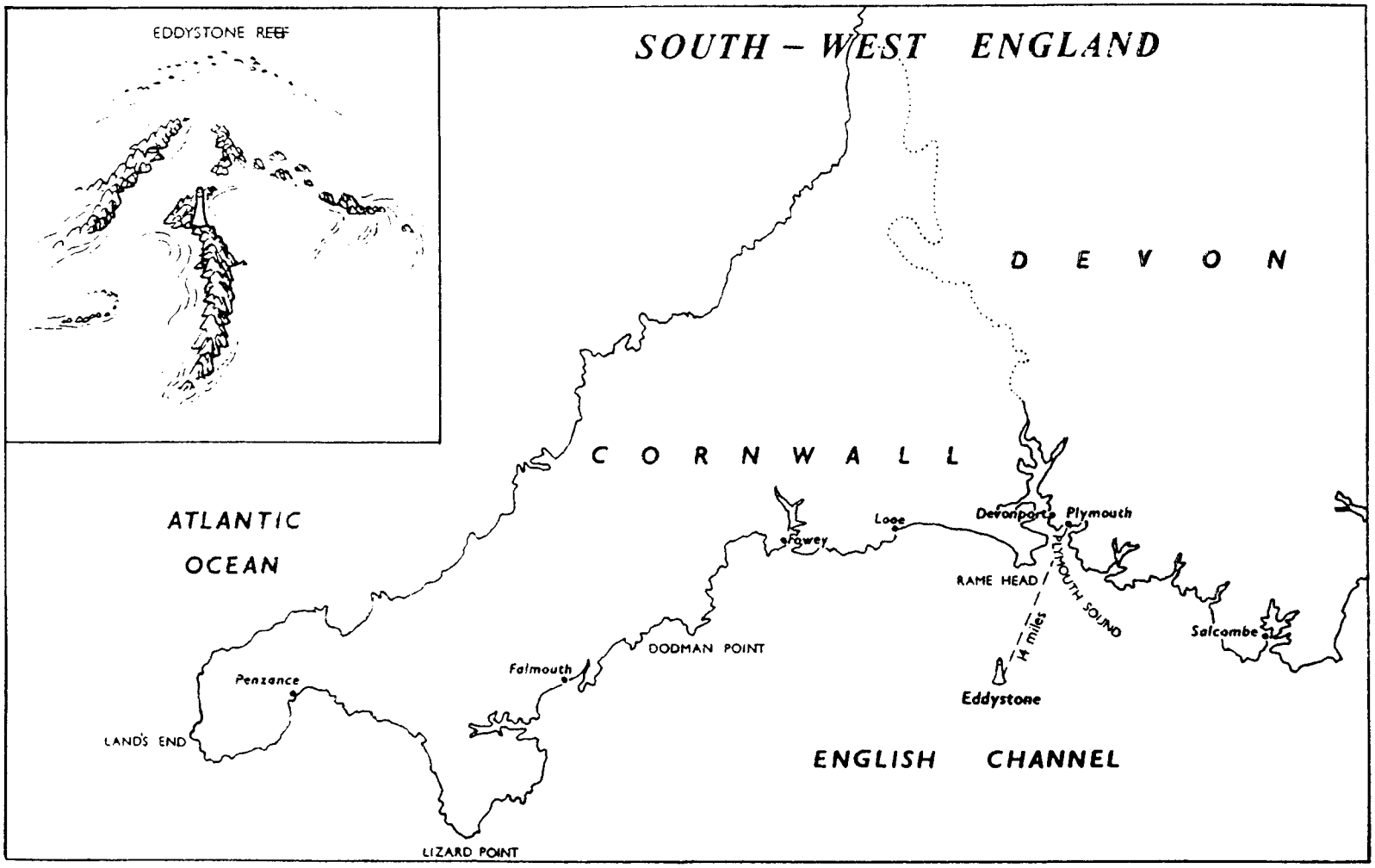
The air can be navigated: here is the proof. But by what kind of machinery? Here is the secret. It requires living mach-

inery of a most complex and subdivided character, and all under the command, to its minutest fibre, of a will acting with lightning speed and with knowledge of the motions wanted. This can never be done by lifeless mechanism. Air ships are a dream. A winged fowl is the cleverest invention in the realm of nature. There is no greater confutation of Darwinism than the birds of the air. The theory of development by use might conceivably apply to heavy creatures of a simple structure ; but how could a wing develope by use before it was a wing to use? How could a bird begin to fly without a wing : and how could it get a wing to begin with if exercise were necessary to its getting one? This is a special difficulty in the case of the myriads of tiny insects which are nothing apart from wings, and never have the chance of developing them by exercise? Enough, enough : Lord Salisbury well says the principle of design is the only sufficient solution of the problems of nature.

Looking round from the deck of the *Oruba*, one perceived the noble character of the roadstead, on all sides a wide expanse of smooth water, enclosed in all directions by hills, commanded at the northern end by the " Hoe," an abrupt elevation surmounted by public buildings, and laid out in ornamental pathways. Prominent among the objects on the Hoe is the old Eddystone lighthouse—no longer as a lighthouse, but a memento of the past and a beacon perhaps for the guidance of incoming vessels. It originally stood on the Eddystone rocks—a dangerous reef ten miles out in the Channel, from which it warned off passing ships for many years till it was discovered that its foundation, though a rock, was being eaten away by the constant action of the sea. On this discovery, it was resolved to put up a new one, more firmly fixed in the rocks, and the old one was brought away and put up as an ornament on the Hoe. Not far from it stands the statue recently erected to Admiral Drake, on which is engraved a motto selected by Queen Elizabeth : " Thou didst blow with thy wind ; the sea covered them : they sank as lead in the mighty waters " (Ex. xv. 10).

There is more appositeness in this quotation than is at first apparent. It refers to the disaster that befell the Spanish Armada in the Channel outside. The Armada was an immense naval and military expedition fitted out by Spain during the three preceding years for the invasion of England, to bring her back to her allegiance to the See of Rome which she had thrown off during the previous reign (Henry VIII) The proposed marriage between Philip of Spain and Elizabeth of England was a detail of the same plan. It was a much more feasible project than it is liable to appear in our eyes, accustomed to the spectacle of English greatness. England was then a very small and poor state, and Spain the dominant power of the world—recently enriched by the wealth of Mexico and Peru. That the Armada was ruined is known to every schoolboy. That the prowess of Drake, who sailed out of England with a few English ships, and attacked the monster procession from the South, had something to do with the disaster is unquestionable ; but Queen Elizabeth's motto has more to do with the essence of the occurrence. A storm of unprecedented violence, lasting for days, blew the mighty armament to destruction in all directions. It is impossible to doubt that the hand of God was in this : for the time had come to undermine the terrible power of the Papacy which till then had held all nations in an iron thrall that it seemed as if nothing could break into. Had the Armada been successful in the errand on which it set out (with the Pope's blessing !), the event must have been fatal to human liberty in all countries for centuries to come. But it was not to be so : " He blew with his wind, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters ;" as the statue of Drake stands there to remind a generation to whom the mighty event has become a mere tradition.

At 5.30, the London passengers having arrived by tender from the shore, the *Oruba* lifted anchor and resumed her voyage. (Before departure, I was pleased to have my missing valises brought to me from the depths of the hold). The gong summoned the company to tea, as the steamer began to move, so we were deprived of the pleasure of witnessing the departure through the entrance of the Sound. When tea was over, we were a good many miles out to sea. The new Eddystone Lighthouse was visible on our left as we looked towards the land, and the Cornish Coast was rapidly dwindling out of sight. It was with a feeling of sadness



Plymouth Sound and Eddystone Lighthouse

Ship passing Eddystone Lighthouse

that I saw it finally disappear. We were out on the wide waste of waters, with a considerable swell coming in from the Atlantic—no land visible—nothing but sea and sky. The vessel headed in a straight line for the south: the sun set gloriously on the shining waters: the people gave themselves up to music and hilarious conversation, I found the best palliative for my depressed feelings in making a commencement of this diary below. In due time all sank to rest. Before "turning in," I had a long conversation with the young Australian who shared my state-room. The subject was the truth of the Bible. He thought it stood so far off in antiquity that it was impossible to decide the question of its truth. I roughly indicated the facts (not remote) that go to establish its truth—the character of the Bible itself, the dominant influence in the name of Christ, the existence of the Jewish race, the fulfilment of prophecy, &c, &c. He confessed himself struck, and said he was really unacquainted with the Bible, and must begin to give it some attention. I told him of our books—a set of which I had with me, though not for the moment accessible. He expressed his desire to read them. I promised he should see them, beginning with *The Trial*, as addressing itself to the question, "Is the Bible true?"

Sunday, August 25th.—Glorious morning, sun shining from an unclouded sky: the glassy sea heaving gently with the long Atlantic swell. It is understood we are going through the Bay of Biscay; but there is nothing to prove the fact to the landlubber except the position of the sun in connection with the geographical knowledge he has picked up ashore. We are out of sight of land, and our position is entirely an affair of inference. It is astonishing how much faith enters into the daily transactions of life. If people would only allow it the same place in relation to the Bible, they would be happy believers instead of—what they are.

The Bay of Biscay has the name of being a rough place—presumeably because it is so when the weather is at all unfavorable. When the wind is from the west, it drives the long Atlantic rollers into a corner, so to speak, causing an extra tumult of waters—rather a big corner it is true. The Bay measures 365 miles across from horn to horn—meaning by these the two headlands that run out to sea in France and Spain, and form the crescentic concave of coast line that forms the Bay. If you will look at a map of Europe, you will see that the land on the western side makes an extensive inward bulge between Cape Ushant in France and Cape Finisterre in Spain; this is the Bay of Biscay, measuring the distance mentioned. Sailing across it was a very different experience on this occasion from what it is when the gale roars from the west, and drives the angry white-crested billows mountains high, across the sombre main under a leaden sky. Still the motion was enough to distress many of the passengers, many of whose places were vacant at the breakfast table. After breakfast, the passengers who were not sea sick promenaded the decks. I was in no mood for walking or talking, and had my reading in a corner, followed by a long spell of Gibbon. The afternoon I gave to rest, and the evening to writing.

I understood there was a "service" of some kind on board during the day, but I saw nothing of it. Presumeably it was in the first saloon, where the captain is obliged by Act of Parliament to "read prayers" when no clergyman is present. There is no clergyman on board that I know of—only three Roman Catholic priests, a peculiarly hateful breed to all who have got their sentiments from the Bible, and not from the newspapers and the magazines. I heard an attempt to preach through a door that led on to the steerage promenade. An excited individual standing close to the door, and addressing about a dozen listeners, declared in the ranting style which Salvation Armyism has brought into vogue, that the vessel might go down before the end of the voyage, and everyone of them in that case must go either to heaven or hell. Thirty years ago I would have challenged his statements before his hearers. Has your zeal moderated, then? No; but an enlarged and effectual door of utterance, which had no existence then, takes away somewhat from the importance of these wayside efforts; and then youthful impetuosity has subsided somewhat. Besides which, experience has not encouraged such forms of effort. Nevertheless, it is well to sow beside all waters, and in a better state of health, I might have been tempted. In the evening, a few young men and women

sang some of Moody and Sankey's hymns to the strumming of the piano—no doubt thinking they performed an act which made up for all the nonsense and profanity they utter in their ordinary moments. It is a truly melancholy age when there is scarcely a choice between buffoonery and abject superstition. If for a variation we meet with men of a rational mood, it is in the shape of the intellectual sceptic or the sublime agnostic. It is no new experience. Micah exclaimed 2,500 years ago: "Woe is me! I am as when they have gathered the grape gleanings of the vintage: there is no cluster to eat. My soul desired the first ripe fruit. The good man is perished out of the land. There is none upright among men. They hunt every man his brother with a net. The best of them is a briar: the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge."

To know the nature of the times is the best qualification for bearing them. The Bible view tranquilizes all. It reveals the barren nature of the age now current upon the earth, and it comforts with the assured prospect of the feast of fat things which the Lord of Hosts will prepare, not only for his waiting and fasting children, but for "all people that on earth do dwell."

Chapter IV.—FROM THE BAY OF BISCAY TO GIBRALTAR.

Monday, August 26th.—We are now through the Bay of Biscay and as we look out of the port-hole that answers as a window to our state-room, we see the coast of Spain. People say "Dear me, is that Spain?" Why yes, but it looks just like the English coast. It is a bit of the same earth that England is made of, with the same sky overhead, and the same water surging underneath our vessel; but people say "Spain," and it seems to make a tremendous difference to them. There is very much of imagination in these sensations. It is the same common earth all over (or the same wonderful earth, which is the truer description, but which the impoverished minds of the people do not recognise). And the shining moon that glances over the waters so beautifully this voyage, and the blazing sun that fills the earth with beauty and warmth, are part of the same universe with the earth And all the distant host of heaven are of the same divine stuff, which seems so common when the mind has no understanding—like the horse and the mule—which God tells human beings not to be like, but which said human beings greatly resemble in all higher things. I sit at the same table with nine men and women, with whom I cannot exchange a reasonable remark on anything higher than the weather or the bill of fare. If I venture out of the commonest trivialities, they are as stolid as Dutchmen. They look frightened at me. Perhaps it is my spectacles, which, being shortsighted, I am obliged to use at table. It cannot be that though, because two others have spectacles, with whom they are on most comfortable terms. Leave the mystery unsolved, and pass on, I have my reading on deck before breakfast, because there are few people about then. After breakfast, they promenade the deck, or play games. I get my deck-chair away into a corner, and bury myself in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. I read through this work 35 years ago, but find it profitable to go through it again. I would recommend every brother desirous of enlarging and strengthening his mind to go through it at least once—along with his Bible reading. (Never make the Bible reading give way to any other reading; Spiritual starvation will be the result.) By the way, the copy I am going through this time is the copy that belonged to Dr. Thomas, and I am made pleasantly aware of his company by the marginal annotations in his handwriting occuring here and there After a certain amount of Gibbon, I descended to the saloon and had a spell at diary writing, after which a brief walk on

deck was ended by a dinner gong and a renewel of my table penance.

As the day wore on, we sensibly began to enter a warmer climate. The air became balmy: the sun shone with a brightness, while the sea became blue with a blueness rarely known in England. The Atlantic swell of the Bay of Biscay subsided, and we sailed steadily and smoothly along as on an inland lake. We passed several steamboats at a distance. At one time a cry was raised that a whale was in sight, but I saw nothing It is remarkable how little is to be seen at sea besides sea and sky. When one enters upon his first voyage, he expects to see all kinds of occurrences and natural phenomena; he expects that almost every hour of the day will be replete with interest. As a matter of fact, the first thing that strikes a traveller by sea is the extreme paucity of incident of any kind whatever. There is nothing day after day but the monotonous rush of the water past the speeding vessel, unvaried by even the plash of a fish or the gleam of a sea-gull's wing. The difference between experience and anticipation in this respect is due to the artificial character of the narrative in which most people make their first acquaintance with the sea; not that the books are untrue, but they are on a smaller scale than nature, and therefore more crowded with incident than they ought to be. Things that happened during perhaps ten days are collected into a view that passes before the reader's mind in ten minutes; with the result of producing an artificial effect and laying up disappointment for the reader should he ever go to sea himself. To the person ashore, it seems from books as if life at sea were full of adventure, whereas it is empty and mononotous. The books are to blame. It is not only that the scale of time is drawn to a much reduced focus, but all that happens at sea being out of the line of ordinary land experience, strikes with a sense of novelty that is not experienced when one is in the midst of it. Well, well—what does it matter? Mortal life is full of illusions that the most carefully adjusted experience scarcely corrects. In the happy state for which "this mortal" is a preparation, we may expect that there will be no illusions of any kind, but the mind always in harmony with the essential fact of things great and small, with the result of an always present and imperturbable and happy calm.

In the afternoon, I had another long conversation with my room mate—the young Australian before spoken of. I really begin to think he will accept the truth. He is becoming deeply interested. He wants to borrow a Bible for the purpose of giving it a thorough reading. He is impatient to get the books I have promised him. He is above the ordinary run of young men in point of intelligence and character. He is educated, though mainly devoted to the management of 1,200 acres in Queensland, along with two brothers of his. He is at the same time of a simple, manly, and devout type of mind, and speaks affectionately of his father, under whom the brothers work. Not only affectionately, but very highly. He has shown me three of his father's compositions—two printed and one in MS—all of which show him to be a gifted man. He expresses a great desire that his father should hear of the things I have spoken to him of. If we get safe to land, we must see to it that he does so.

After tea, gave myself to letter and diary writing at a corner empty table in the saloon. While so employed, about a dozen gentlemen came and took their seats at an adjoining table, and electing a chairman—a colonel somebody or other—formed themselves into a meeting to organise "sports" on board during the voyage. They appointed a secretary and treasurer, and proceeded to gravely propose various games—leap frog, sack races, ship's quoits, lady's walking races, and a dozen other things that I did not know the nature of. It was quite striking to contrast the earnest garrulity of their discussion of the frivolous business in hand with the stolid indifference with which these same men at other time received any rational topic introduced. It was somewhat difficult to proceed with writing within hearing of their prattle. However, they got through at last.

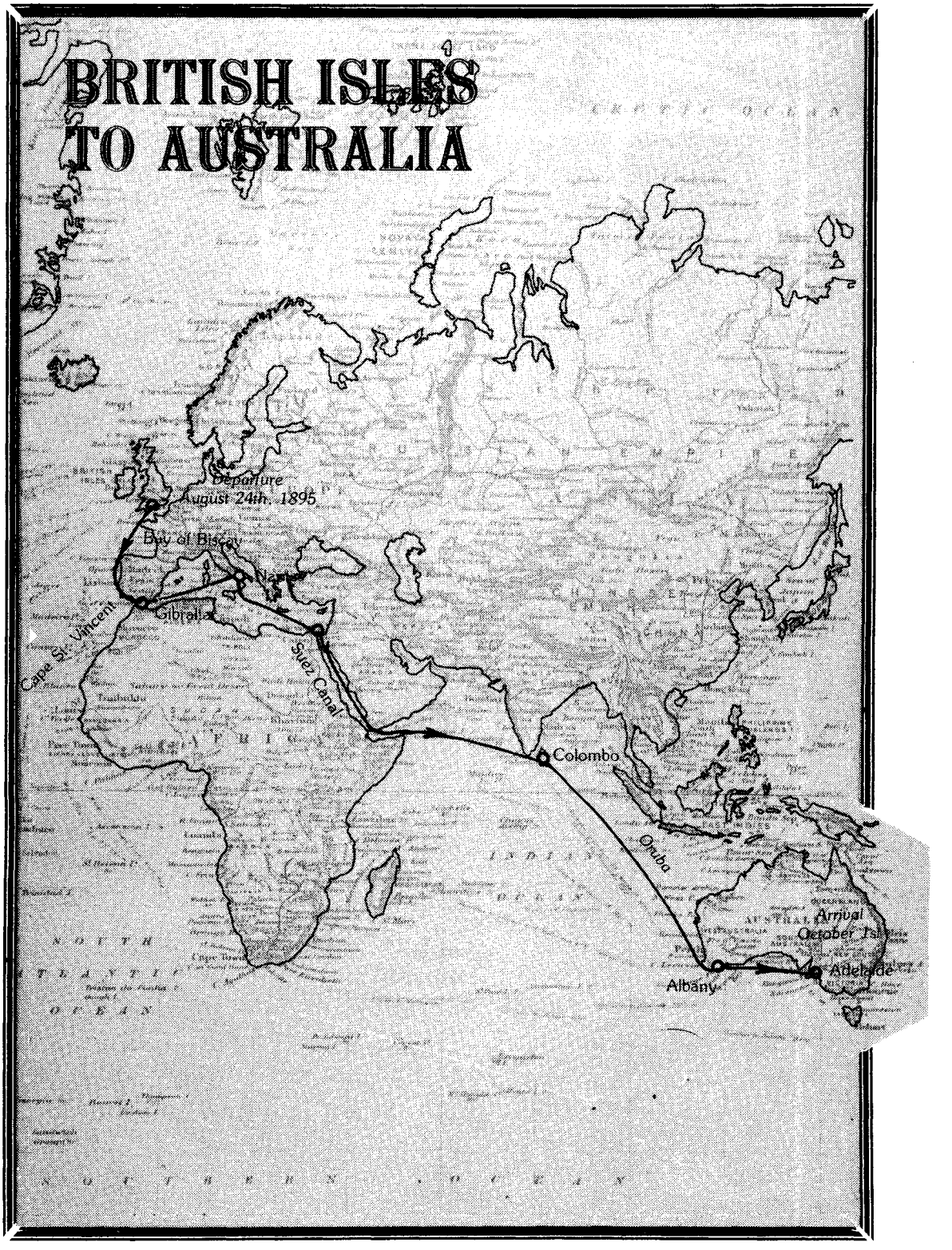
I finished the evening with a walk on deck, where I witnessed the impressive spectacle of a glorious sunset at sea It differs from a land sunset in this that the descent of the sun below the clear-cut horizon of the ocean enables the beholder to

note as a matter of fact the rapidity of the motion of the earth, on the one hand; and to realize, on the other, the enormous magnitude of the body of the sun. From the moment the bottom of the sun touched the horizon to its total disappearance from sight seemed only like two minutes. You could see the sun visibly move downwards You cannot see this motion when the sun is passing across the sky in the daytime, although it is going on all the time. As for its magnitude, this was a visible fact when it was half way down. A child thinks of the sun as of the size of a plate, and many grown people listen with incredulity to statements of its actual size. But looking at the sun when it is half concealed by the distant horizon of waters, you realize its size when you observe that a large ship on the horizon, or even an island measuring miles across, would be a mere speck on the face of the descending orb of day. Oh, the stupendous magnitude and unutterable wisdom of the works of God; and oh the melancholy spectacle of human beings, who, under these most favourable circumstances of observation and reflection, go grinning and frothing like the inmates of a certain institution. It was not without reason that Mr. Carlyle spoke of the earth as a ship of fools sailing through the universe. It is most sad. Wisdom is so noble: knowledge is so sweet: godliness is so sublime. Men are filled with each other instead of with the universe and with God, Who holds all in His hand. They must have company and diddling music or they are miserable. When they get a peep of the greatness of things, they collapse with a craven fear. At the least sign of danger to their most insignificant vitalities, they are on their knees in a panic of superstition, yet ready to kick their neighbour down in the frantic rush for the lifeboat. What can we do but wait for the day when "wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of the times."

It may be said that these great things are too great to be of practical con-equence to man, and that the proper objects for human attention are those limited things that have to do with his limited life on this limited planet,—in which there is a considerable amount of truth when properly applied; but it is not properly applied when made to exclude Christ and the Bible, which gradually open out all the great things of God. These have to do with our limited life as much as eating and sleeping. There was a fund of truth little suspected by most men in the words of Christ "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Men attend to bread and clothing and sleep marriage and family. So far, so good, when these are properly attended to; but Christ spoke of "the good part which shall not be taken away." He commended Mary for having chosen this. He rebuked Martha for being "cumbered" with the things that are evanescent and shall be taken away. What is wanted is the two in beautiful blend, But it cannot well be got at under present circumstances. As my room-mate said "We are all so busy in the struggle to merely live that we have no time to attend to these higher things." Most sadly true. The human race is in an evil plight. They want taking care of in a way they are not aware of. None but the great and good Shepherd is equal to the work. He is away, but he is coming: and he will presently order matters rightly for God and man. If he has not done it sooner, it is because "for everything there is a (right) time." It was not this time when Adam had just been driven out of Eden; it had to come a certain long time after:—how long God in His wisdom knows. It is now near at hand—(but perhaps this is "preaching.")

Tuesday August 27th.—Creeping along the Portuguese coast out of sight of land: smooth oily-looking sea; bright sunshine and light balmy air. The passengers promenade the deck, with loud, arrogant, cackling talk: a band plays occasionally and couples dance: the children romp and shout, and here and there parties play games. I get into the obscurest corner I can. I begin to suffer from dietetic change and the constraints of the meal table. There is no way of escape, so I must bear it.

At 12, land is visible to the left: at one o'clock, we are close to Cape St. Vincent, in the neighbourhood of which a considerable naval engagement was fought between the British and the French and their allies during the ascendancy of the French Revolution in 1797. We draw quite close to


BRITISH ISLES
TO AUSTRALIA
Departure
August 24th. 1895
Bay of Biscay
Naples
Gibraltar
Cape St. Vincent
Suez Canal
Colombo
Oruba
Arrival
October 1st
Albany
Adelaide

land and get a view of a very desolate-looking shore, with rocks of light grey, with a strong mixture of reddish brown, which have a peculiar crumbling look. There is no sign of life except a light-house, and a huge building behind which the Guide book says is a "deserted convent," and it looks deserted enough. The world will not be happy till all convents are deserted. Our reason for coming so close to the land is to communicate with the signal station that surmounts the promontory, which will flash to England the news of our safe voyage so far as Cape St. Vincent. Also here the land makes a bend eastward. Cape St. Vincent is the corner of the bend. Round the corner we go, and see the land for a good while. The same desolate aspect continues for miles. Several steamers are in sight: also we get the first view of a Mediterranean felucca with lateen sails, looking like two left-hand wings of a large bird, stuck on with the broad end downwards. In the course of the day we pass Cape Trafalgar, the scene of another famous naval victory whose consequences were nearly as important as the overthrow of the Armada or the victory of Waterloo. It frustrated a clever design which Napoleon I. had been forming for the invasion of England at a time when all Europe was at his feet, and when the mere arrival of the French fleet in the English Channel, irrespective of what might become of it, must have crowned his plan with success. Nelson's destruction of the French fleet at Trafalgar deranged the one condition essential to the passage of Napoleon's flotilla. Napoleon's object was to draw off the English sea-dogs that were watching him day and night in the channel, by the unexpected arrival of a French fleet which had gone all round the world to approach unobserved. Trafalgar saved England, and Napoleon, baffled, broke up his camp and turned upon Austria, whom England had meanwhile succeeded in disaffecting.

CHAPTER V.—FROM GIBRALTAR TO NAPLES.

WEDNESDAY, August 28th.—At 6 o'clock a.m., the engines suddenly ceased, and when we got out of our berths and looked out of the port-hole, we found ourselves coming to anchor under the great rock of Gibraltar. Getting on deck, we look round, and might be in a lake—land all round. It is not unlike Plymouth Sound at a rough view, only the water sheet is more extensive and the hills are much higher, attaining the height of mountains in several instances; and then of course, there is the Giant Rock, for which Plymouth Sound has no counterpart. The Hoe is nothing by comparison. It is spoken of as a "Rock," but it is really a mountain detached from the mainland and separated by a narrow flat spit of land. It is as if Mount Sinai were planted at the entrance of the Mediterranean. This idea is especially favoured by the eastern or inward view, on which there are stern and barren slopes extending from the frowning crags on the summit to the water's edge. The western or Atlantic side is the occupied side. On this side, there is a town which nestles at the foot of a mountain rising sheer behind it to the height of about 1,400 feet. Seen from the sea, it is a mere bundle of houses, with large buildings interspersed; but when the passenger lands, it is as commodious as most towns. We ascertained that the steamer would stay eight hours, and that there would be an opportunity for passengers to land, The company provided boats, but charged 2s. for the favour. It seems worth 2s. to inspect the place—the more so as it offorded an opportunity of desirable change and exercise, afer being cooped up in the vessel for five days. So I descended the stairway with Mr. Watson and stepped into one of the boats. There

was a sharp choppy action on the water, and the boat bobbed up and down, and, not being moored, moved backwards and forwards. In my infirm condition, I nearly stumbled into the water in the act of stepping aboard. The two boatmen were Spaniards, and shouted some words that were jargon to me, but which meant angrily "Take care! take care!" Landing in smooth water inside a short mole, we passed over a small drawbridge, crossing a moat and leading through a Moorish gateway in a long thick wall fronting the water. Through this gateway, we were inside a military redoubt, in which were piled collections of shot for the cannon. Going forward, we passed another gate, outside of which we were assailed by an importunate crowd of Spanish drivers, who proposed to take us round the place in their vehicles and show us the sights for next to nothing. But preferring a walk, we had to decline their eager offices. Turning to the left, we walked along a quiet street, among official buildings, but presently found ourselves in the leading thoroughfare, which was quite an English-looking street, with shops on each side with English names on the sign-boards. People were hurrying along just as in an English town, but the people were not the same at all. There were a good many English, of course; but the majority were tawny-skinned Spaniards and Moors of dark eye and sad earnest face. The European costume predominated, but occasionally there were men of flowing white robes and Turkish head-dress. English red-coat sentries were to be met with at frequently reourring intervals. By them, we enquired the way to the Post Office, and found our first chance of sending letters home. We looked in at the market, and found all kinds of fruit selling very cheaply. There is a Moorish castle commanding the bay, but it is high up the side of the mountain, and can only be got at by ascending long flights of steps; and as our time was short, and the day hot, and clothing heavy (put on in anticipation of cool air on the boat trip), we concluded we must be content to go only a little way up. From the height ascended, we obtained a magnificent view of the bay, in which were moored nine British men-of-war of various sizes, also a Spanish gunboat, and merchant ships of various nationalities. We returned by some of the steep side streets and saluted several groups of children and some grown people. I felt very sorry for them all, and told them so; but they understood not my speech, but recognised its kindly intent with winning smiles. The language of gesture and facial expression is universal, though words have never recovered the derangement that overtook them at Babel. The power that confounded speech is equal to its restored unification—which will be one of the blessed facts of Messiah's nigh-drawing age: notwithstanding the lifting eyelids of our learned friends. We purchased some grapes (2d. per pound) and some photographs, and went our way back to the landing-place. In our return boat, we had the company of three Catholic priests, discovering, in this disagreeable close proximity, the spoiling effects of Papal superstition on the common traits of manhood. Down with Babylon, like that millstone that John saw an angel cast into the Mediterranean with the explanation, "Thus with violence shall Babylon be thrown down and be found no more at all."

The steamer lay for an hour or more at her moorings after our return from shore, giving us an opportunity of inspecting the fortifications through the glass. It is, of course, as a fortress that Gibraltar is valuable. Such a desolate piece of earth's varied surface would never have been occupied as a human habitation if it had not been so situated as to make it the key of a great inland sea. That it should be in the hands of England, considering that it is a part of Spain is a remarkable circumstance. It has been in England's hands nearly two centuries. There have been one or two formidable but vain attempts to wrest it out of her hands (on the part both of France and Spain) including a siege of four years; Spain would like to have it now, but the English grip cannot be shaken off. It is truly an impregnable fortress in the hands of such a race. It is honeycombed with galleries from which batteries frown in every commanding position. Nature and engineering skill have combined to make it the toughest piece of defensive work upon the face of the earth. It is remarkable and interesting from many points of view. As a picture, it is superb As a racial microcosm, it has no equal. You

can study a greater variety of nationalities here than in any other town in the world. "The combination of high antiquity and the latest improvements in military engineering ; of Mediterranean warmth with English neatness ; of the sternness of warlike preparations with the gentleness of the mild breeze, the blue sky, the still bluer sea, and an exquisite landscape, with fold after fold of giant mountains fading away insensibly in the distance," give it a character all its own: to which has to be added its great geological interest, and the presence in its sparsly-clad heights of a colony of wild monkeys, which are carefully preserved by the inhabitants.

At 12.30, the steamer lifted anchor, and steamed round the southern head of the fortress, and made a straight eastward course into the Mediterranean. So we are fairly into the famous sea. "And what does it look like"? Well, just like the Atlantic, except that the water is perhaps a little bluer, and we are often in sight of land. But, of course the associations lend a charm to the waters that is lacking to the vast Atlantic with its grander storms. Here occurred all the naval transactions of what is called "ancient history." Persia. Greece, and Rome successively strove for the mastery of the world in their fleets of galleys and triremes in this sea From these waters in vision (known as the Great Sea) rose the four great beasts that to Daniel foreshadowed the uprise of the great monarchies of history. On these waters, Jonah encountered the storm that arrested his disobedient trip to Tarshish westward, and sent him back with his message to Nineveh, after the most extraordinary imprisonment ever known to man. Here Paul went to and fro on that wonderful work which Christ sent him to do, both to "bear his name before kings," and prepare the instruments of his great coming work. All these things come soothingly back to memory as we plough th ough the blue water in a vessel whose size and speed would have been an astonishment in these ages that have gone. The sight of the sea and its coasts helps the sense of reality of these events which we faintly, though truly, derive from their surviving records. In a few hours, the lofty mountain ranges of Southern Spain, known as the Sierra Nevada, are in sight. On the left a range contains the loftiest peak in the Mediterranean though it does not seem so on account of its association with other mountains. On the right is the African coast embracing the sea front of Morocco and Algiers (the latter occupied by the French.) This also shows a mountainous configuration, though not so lofty as the Spanish sea coast opposite. As we advance, the coast disappears on each side, and we are once more out on the apparently boundless ocean.

The day continued fine, but towards evening there was a little breeze, which brought on the slight swell on the water that gave the vessel a pleasant motion—not pleasant to all, for it made many sick. In the afternoon, I had another long earnest talk with Mr. Watson, who bids fair to receive the truth which Paul traversed the Mediterranean to establish. In the evening, on deck, a gentleman who is connected with a gold mine in north eastern Australia drew his chair up to mine with the object of opening up a conversation. (The moon was shining with a silvery brightness on the dark and gleaming waters, and the air was soft and balmy.) He enquired the object of my visit to Australia, and quickly plunged into the subject of religion, concerning which he put to me many questions. On this subject, I was, of course, not difficult to draw. To much that I said, he expressed agreement, but it was evident his mental composition was not favourable to the reception of the truth. He was but very superficially acquainted with the Scriptures, and yet had strong and tenacious views of what would be acceptable to God. I pointed out that we could only learn this from God himself, and in our age from the Bible only. He thought that, in addition to the Bible, there was the presence of the Holy Ghost in godly men, which he thought proved by the wonderful successes of Revivalist preachers. I said we could not be sure about the preachers, but we could be sure about the Bible: and the safe plan was to try the one by the other. He thought this reasonable ; at the same time, when it came to the application of the rule, he was evidently indisposed to listen to anything that would interfere with present freedom in this very evil world. After a long talk, he rose and left. Mr. Watson is a man of a very different attitude towards

Bible things. He said he felt the need of some scheme or theory of religion that would reconcile the clash of truth with truth that was going on all over the world. He wanted first of all to be satisfied of the truth of the Bible. I submitted arguments, to which he listened with deep attention, avowing his determination to thoroughly investigate the matter to the bottom. We went to bed very late.

Thursday, August 29th.—Beautiful morning; sun shining with brilliance; sea calm and blue; a gentle breeze. Not feeling very well. Had a bath this morning; sea water followed by a wash down in fresh. It would be a great benefit to have this every morning; but there are only two baths for 150 people; and although the 150 don't want to use the baths, there is a sufficient number of candidates to interfere with the use of them. One feels he must go without rather than take your turn *en dèshabille* in a passage with a number of strangers. Reading and breakfast, I followed with a spell of Gibbon on deck, and then diary writing in the saloon. The last process was somewhat interfered with by the audible communications passing between a group of three at an adjoining table. One seemed to be a clerical giving theological lessons to two others. One seemed to be reading a chapter from the Acts, verse by verse, between which the other interpolated exegetical remarks. The remarks were all of the common-place shallow order. Still, in the general dearth around, it was pleasant to hear the dear familiar words of the apostles, even from the mouth of a stranger. How pleasant the prospect of an age when all shall know the Lord —not as a matter of rote and pious objurgation, but of intelligent preception and ardent faith finding expression in the sincere language of conviction. After two hours of writing thus under difficulties, I went on deck, and for a variation, had a dip into Lady Brassey's delightful narrative of a voyage round the world in the *Sunbeam*. The other people were playing games on deck as the vessel earnestly persevered in her struggle through the water.

Friday, August 30th.—Being a week out from London, this was the day for the passengers to get at their reserve luggage, which had been stowed away in the hold. The hold was unhatched, and the boxes, portmanteaus, valises, etc., hoisted up on to the deck, and arranged along the inside of the bulwarks in alphabetical order, so that each passenger easily and quickly picked out his own. Ladies and gentlemen having opened their packets, and taken out and put in what they wanted, the same were fastened up again and all lowered again into the hold. This is done once a week on these long voyages, and greatly adds to the comfort of the passengers. I got out the package of books which brother Walker had made up before starting. Mr. Watson was delighted to see them. I had no idea what I was bringing them for.

In the evening, we passed the south coast of the island of Sardinia. The most striking thing was the beautiful aspect of sea and sky. The sky has been beautiful and the water comparatively smooth ever since we left the Thames; but to-night, the appearance they present is absolutely lovely. The sea is blue with a blueness I have heretofore only seen in pictures, and as smooth and glassy as a mill pond. As the vessel ploughs her way along, she makes ripples which are bright blue on one side and purplish on the other. The purple comes from a bank of brownish cloud that lies all along the eastern horizon, looking quite weird and threatening, and looking as if it might be the smoke of a great conflagration. As the evening fades into night, the silvery moon walks forth in her brightness and casts her radiance over the peaceful waters. Music and laughter float across the balmy air as the noble ship pushes on her way. The scene is lovely and suggestive of a possible pleasantness to existence which we are not permitted to realise in the rigours of our northern climate. Why have mankind gone up among the fogs and clouds and rains and chills of the northern countries? They have been driven there through stress of war and necessity—never from their own choice. They would never otherwise have deserted the balmy climes where mere existence is luxurious.

I devoted the evening to getting letters ready for landing at Naples: I afterwards went on deck, where I was joined by Mr. Watson, to whom, without previous design, I delivered a chatty lecture on the second

chapter of Daniel (Nebuchadnezzar's image). He was deeply interested and thanked me. He had never heard of it before.

Saturday, August 31st.—Spent a sleepless night, and feeling not at all well. It is the common lot, and must be borne with patience. None have such reason to do so as those who know, believe, and are in submission to the revealed purpose of God. The ship's crew are preparing for the arrival of the vessel at Naples, which we expect to reach at mid-day. At one p.m., we pass close to Ischia: a large island outside the bay of Naples—looking not at all beautiful from the sea. It has a sterile forbidding aspect. But perhaps it is better inside, like the neighbouring island of Capri, of which it is said in the guide-book that, "though surrounded by savage sea-washed crags," these enclose "a garden land of softest beauty," and that though barely four miles long and 1½ miles wide, "most varied scenery is comprised in its 20 square miles of soil." Passing into the Bay of Naples, we come to anchor inside the mole at 2.30. We get a very good view of Naples as we approach from the sea. It differs from English cities in many respects. Domes and cupolas are frequent objects among the square crowded houses, which rise tier upon tier, one above another, on the rising ground on which the town is built. As for the bay, its beauty, of which everybody has heard so much, was considerably marred on the present occasion by the prevalence of a haze which gave it quite a British aspect. Vesuvius was there to the south of the city, but it seemed of no great height, and there were no symptoms of the volcanic activity which is the one thing with which it is associated in the public mind. It is about the height of Snowdon, in Wales, which is over 4,000 feet above the sea level. This is a considerable height, but in the case of Vesuvius, does not strike a beholder approaching by sea, probably on account of the mountain standing back a little from the sea margin.

Chapter VI.—NAPLES AND POMPEI.

BOATS surrounded the vessel immediately on our arrival. In one or more of them were singers, who accompanied their vocal efforts on banjos and guitars—the effect of which was very pleasing, especially the earnestness and vivacity and melodiousness of the voices. One boat seemed to be occupied by a whole family—old man and old woman, grown-up son, nearly-grown daughter, and one or two smaller members. Each had a stringed instrument, which they twanged with great spirit and precision as they threw their heads back and sang so earnestly to heaven, as it were—the heaven in this case consisting of the line of heads looking down upon them from the great ship's side. They soon let us know by gesture, and a reversed umbrella to catch pence, what the object of the performance was. It was amusing to watch how they continued their performance while earnestly begging for coin. Some of the passengers callously resented their importunities. I suggested it was their way of making a living. It is, in fact, what most human performances amount to, in trade and otherwise, when closely looked into. Poor human beings, they are forced into it by a system that leaves them to look after themselves. The day, both of kindness and wise arrangement, is coming. Till then, life must continue to be the scramble it now is all over the earth. All we can do at present is to wait, but not idly wait. Let us scatter what mollifying kindness we can while the world is waiting for the promised blessedness in Abraham and his seed, to whom we belong.

I had intended going ashore to post the letters I had got ready, but at the last moment, I concluded to post them on the vessel as the surest plan, not knowing what

unexpected difficulties might prevent me from doing so on a foreign soil. I the more readily decided to do this in that I was feeling too unwell to relish the prospect of landing. So I dropped them into the ship's letter-box. But after a couple of hours' rest and a cup of tea, I felt sufficiently improved to venture ashore on one of the many boats attendant on the vessel at the disposal of passengers. So I descended the commodious stairway, temporarily let down the side of the vessel, and got into one of the boats. There was no other passenger. The boatman was Italian, and did not understand English, and I was British, and did not understand Italian. However, the business in hand was naturally understood, so that the lack of communicating power was no detriment. The evening was bright and fine, but it went quickly dark. The three-quarters of a mile or so of smooth water between the ship and the land was soon traversed, and I landed on the customs wharf among many most anxious to tender their services as guide. But I did not want any guide. I wanted to saunter in the streets and see the places and the people for myself, undistracted by the chatter of a guide. I could not make them understand this, but still, by the universal language of gesture, managed to keep them at bay, and got away by myself. Emerging from the precincts of the Custom House, I found myself in a wide street open on one side to the sea, and traversed by street cars on a tramway. It was Saturday night, and people were busily walking about, as at home. I turned to the left and went as far as the street took me. I then turned to the right and began to ascend in a much busier thoroughfare. The electric light was blazing frequently here and there. There were crowds of idlers before all the shops, and the shops were mostly of a character not known in England—a kind of open shaving saloon in which the customers were not only visible but prominent, with their legs outstretched, their heads back, and chins lathered. There seems also to be drinking and other facilities. There was a strong odour everywhere, which could only be compared to the smell of a tan yard. I held forward in a straight line, passing other streets right and left, until the open street in which I was walking ended in a narrow continuation, which could scarcely be called a street, but was more of the nature of a lane or passage between very high houses with flats. Yet there were shops in the lane—but such shops, dark, low-roofed and gloomy—in which old boots, old clothes, and inferior food were sold. The lane was paved with flag stone, but had no side foot-path. I went forward until this forbidding lane ended in a busy bright thoroughfare, where all kinds of shops were ablaze with Saturday night glory, and crowds promenading in the style common apparently to all towns. I turned to the right, sauntering slowly through the stream of people whose faces were quite visible through the prevalence of the electric light. As a guide to my return, I counted the number of streets or lanes that opened into the thoroughfare in the same way as the one I had come up. When I got to the seventh, there was a prominent statue, so I left counting and held forward without further care. I came to a halt in front of a kind of church standing back in a square, close to a large white statue. Here I stood and watched the crowd. The figure of a priest in his long robe was very frequent—not a pleasing object. The prevalent cast of countenance among the people was sad, spiritless. The number of old mummified withered-looking men and women was striking. There were some beautiful women, but the beauty was more in dress than feature. Full lips and large eyes impart a sensuous beauty not conformable to a true standard of comeliness. Poor creatures! They are the fruit of the centuries of Papal rule; iron repression of all intellectual activity, with liberty only to be vain, profligate, or superstitious. Sadly realising how much they and all mankind stand in need of being taken care of, and praying earnestly for the promised blessedness, I slowly retraced my steps the way I came. I went beyond my seventh street and found myself wandering down among some darker rookeries than those through which I came. However, I got on my track again and found my way to the Custom-house, and into the boat and back to the steamer—none the worse for my adventure. I found arrangements were being made on board ship for the landing of parties next day, under the guidance of Cook's agents, on a visit to special places of

interest in and around Naples, including Pompei. I concluded to make one of a party along with Mr. Watson.

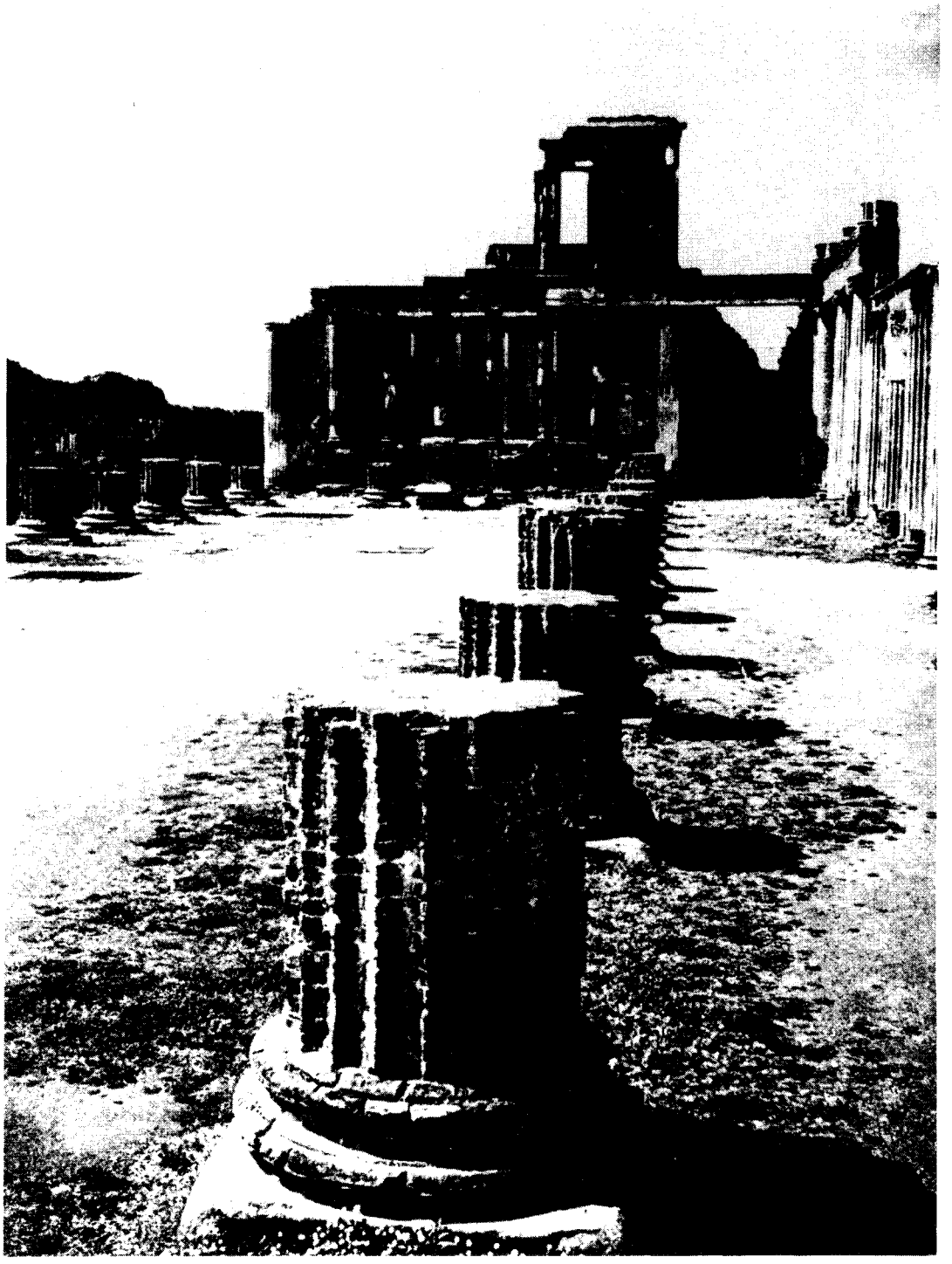
Sunday, September 1st.—The boat with party left the ship's side at nine o'clock. On the way, we were serenaded by an attendant of the description before referred to. It was very pleasing, but would have been a hundred times more so if the performance had been inspired by love instead of poverty. The day will come. Landed at the wharf, we walked to a waiting conveyance, in which we were driven to a church with a very lofty and gorgeous interior. We walked straight through its central isle. The pulpit was at one side. Before the pulpit, and scattered in various parts of the floor, was a congregation of apparently devout worshippers. But there was no preaching, nor singing. We were told that "confession" was going on. Whatever was going on, it seemed strange that a party of curiosity-hunting tourists should be permitted to wander among worshippers and listen to the explanatory remarks of a guide, as if it were all a mere exhibition. There were other parties besides our own. The people seemed to take it as a matter of course, and peeped at us out of the corners of their eyes. Most strange of all, the guide said audibly to us as we passed along, "Beware of pick-pockets," as if we were at a fair or theatre or market place. We have not suuk so low as this in England, though things are bad enough there. I was not interested in what the guide had to show, such as masterpieces of the old painters, tombs of the Bourbons, &c. I sauntered behind thinking my own thoughts, which were not respectful to buildings or people—both of which are destined to sink shortly in the fate of Sodom and Gomorrha. Leaving the church, we were driven to another church—much the same, only there was here a convent, with which a stained and grated window communicated at the end. Through an opening in this, we heard the shrill voices of the nuns singing the responses in a "service" that was going on in their chapel. Poor creatures, doomed to perpetual seclusion from the outer world. The most they are permitted to see is the congregation in the adjoining church through grated windows. Matters are not so bad in this respect as they were before 1866-68. Many convents have been suppressed, some emptied, and others (including the one we saw) thinned down, and none left but old ladies, who, after a lifetime's habit, prefer to stay. We were next driven to the National Museum—a very different building, and full of interest. The building was originally put up for royal stables many years ago. It consists of a series of spacious halls and passages all clustered together in a square. These are packed with objects of interest in every part. The extent of the collection may be gathered from the statement in the catalogue that it comprises 120,000 articles. It is not an ordinary museum: it is devoted to genuine and original antiquities, such as ancient coins, articles of use and ornament, busts of emperors dug out of ruins, going back to the earliest ages.

That which gives it its chief interest is the collection of articles of every description found in the ruins of Pompei. To understand the full interest of these, we must recall to mind what Pompei was, and under what circumstances these antiquities were found. Pompei is a city which has been buried out of human sight and knowledge for many hundreds of years. It was overwhelmed in the year 79 by the first recorded eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The mountain vomited ashes and dust in quantities that turned the light of day into the darkness of night and covered Pompei to a depth of 20 feet. The inhabitants fled and many escaped; but many sought refuge in underground places; others stayed in their houses, and these were suffocated, and the city wiped out of existence by the terrible descent of the volcanic ash. This tragic end of the city was of course notorious at the time, and is recorded in the writings of Tacitus, the historian, who died in the first century, and in the epistles of Pliny the younger, and of Seneca. Pliny the younger had good cause to remember it, for his father, Pliny the elder, high in imperial favour, perished in his endeavours to succour the unhappy place. Tacitus wrote to Pliny the younger to supply him with particulars of the event for insertion in his history. By this means a full knowledge of the catastrophe has been in the possession of the world ever since. Yet, as the ages passed away, all memory of the locality of

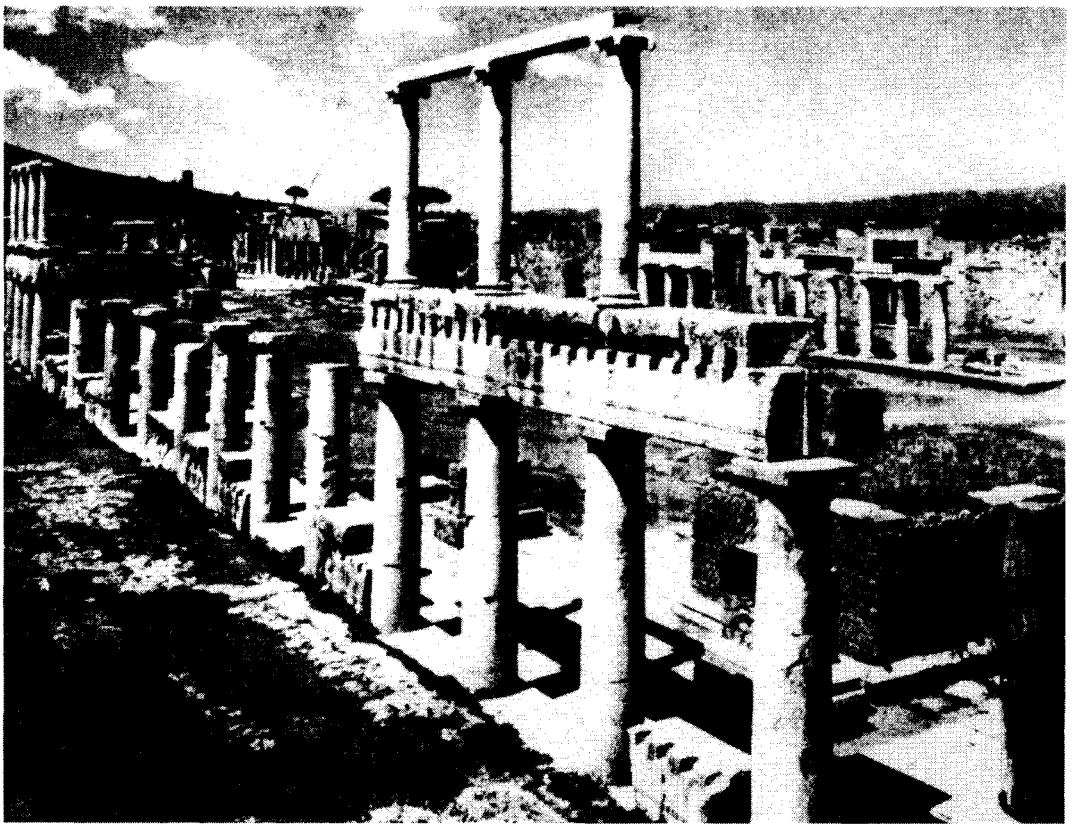
the place was lost beyond the general tradition that it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius. In 1748, some peasants in a vineyard near the spot accidentally stumbled upon some articles which suggested excavation. The work was taken up by the King of Naples, and a buried city was found. It was not known what city it was until the excavations had extended about a mile, and then the workmen came upon a cemetery in which, on the tombs, occurred the name Pompei. The work has been carried on steadily from that time to this, until nearly the whole city has been uncovered. In the houses have been found a vast variety of articles, which show us the actual domestic life of a Roman city of the time of Christ. The bare enumeration of a few will illustrate :—Loaves of bread, cakes, various kinds of grain (such as wheat, beans, barley, millet, etc.), nuts, figs, pears, chestnuts, wax, honey, eggs, pieces of cloth, oil in bottles, wine in jars, olives preserved in hermetically sealed tubes, boxes, ropes, balls of thread, nets for ladies' hair, purses with money (the coins showing the image of Vespasian, the reigning Emperor), buttons, tassels, amber, linen in washtubs, books (that is papyrus rolls), glass vessels of various kinds, plates, tumblers, vases, milk jugs, bowls, bottles, urns, wall paintings, stoves, braziers, tables, safes, ewers, saucepans, weights and scales, baskets, and so on *ad lib.* Besides these were found numerous articles of jewellery in gold and silver (including chains as finely worked as any made in London or Birmingham to day), bracelets, surgical instruments, bangles, etc. ; statuary in bronze, and the endless variety of articles used in modern civilization (except, of course, photographic cameras, telephones, electric indicators, etc.).

These were the articles displayed in the Museum to which we were conveyed, and through which we were hurried with a rapidity not admitting of special study, but still giving a very interesting, and perhaps sufficient acquaintance, with things that took us back at a jump to the year 79, when these very articles were entombed. Their recovery in our era has had a powerful confirmatory bearing on many matters belonging to that same age, of an importance with which the antiquities of Pompei cannot compare.

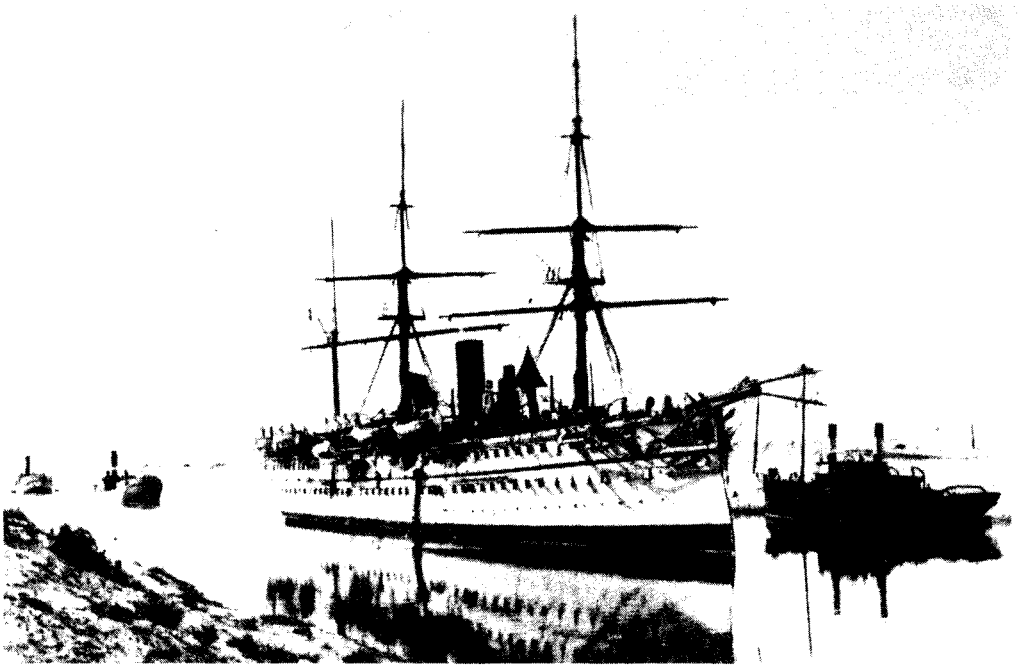
Sunday, September 1st.—Coming out of the Museum, we were driven to the Palace—the building that used to be occupied by the Kings of Naples before the Kingdom of Naples was annexed to the dominions of Victor Immanuel. I was beginning to feel some fatigue, and as this was a mere exhibition of fine upholstery, I stayed in the carriage while the rest of the party had their scamper. To them, no doubt, it was more interesting than the Museum. When they came out, we were driven to an Italian restaurant for lunch. It was not an English meal, exactly. Peculiar soup was followed by fried sardines, and then roast something (it might be horse; I could not make out what it was, and could not eat): then peaches, which were delicious. It was a stiff and unsatisfactory performance, but duly got performed and packed off into history, as all our little ways will, sooner or later. Then we walked to a railway station near by, and, after twenty minutes' waiting, got into a train which the jabbering, gesticulating porters said was for Pom*pay*—laying great stress on "pay," musically and nasally drawn out. A thirty-five minutes' ride took us through a country that was not at all English in its appearance. It lacked the greenness, the freshness, the fullness, and finish. The vegetation seemed parched and stunted, and the soil coarse and crumbling, and the buildings dilapidated. But no doubt, much of my feeling was due to the prejudice of habit. We are all such creatures of circumstances. It is well said that "habit is second nature." When our 17 miles were run, a new set of porters shouted "Pom*pay*," and out we got and saw on the station sign-board, "Pompei." The station was a small affair, but evidently built in imitation of the style of Pompei itself. Got out of the station, we held up a road straight before us for a short distance, then turned sharp to the right, and in about 100 yards were before what looked like the entrance to a park. Entering the gate, we paid our admission fee, and went forward. The path before us had been cut in the ashes that entombed Pompei, and therefore had a steep bank on each side sparsely covered with shrubbery. In about 100 yards or so, the path descended a little, and we were before the disentombed gate of Pompei. It had



Pompeii. The Basilica



Pompeii. The Forum



Ships passing through the Suez Canal

two entrances in the gateway—one broad and paved, and the other (to the left) narrow, and of beaten earth. In the side of the former entrance was a door, inside which was a long apartment, which has been turned into a museum for articles that have not been transported to the Museum at Naples. The most striking of these were the casts of human bodies found in the excavations, and now placed in glass cases down the centre of this long narrow room. During the excavations, various cavities were found which excited curiosity, and some one hit upon the ingenious expedient of filling some of them with liquid plaster of Paris. This being allowed to harden, when dug out, revealed to the astonished gaze the exact forms of those who perished in the catastrophe of 1,800 years ago. Their contorted attitudes show they died in agony—twisted limbs, clenched fists, staring eyes. This was extremely the case with a dog which was found at its master's door. A more extreme expression of suffering than the twisted form of this brute it is impossible to conceive. One lady lay on her face in a position of manifest suffering. She lay on glass, and steps went down under the case to allow the visitor to get under and see her face. Two other figures were quite tragic—two women—apparently mother and daughter, who died in each other's arms. Others were old men: one or two were stalwart strong-bodied men: one a Roman soldier, who died at his post. In several of them the bone of the skull was visible. It was, altogether, a sad sight, and struck me more than anything else. Having finished the inspection of the museum, we went forward in the path leading from the gate, and found ourselves immediately in one of the streets of Pompei. On one side a wall: on the other a row of empty houses, whose walls only were standing. We went into one or two of these. They were not jerry buildings, but made to last, with strong thick walls: busy and interesting once, they were now tenantless and desolate. Most of them were shops, as well as houses. The counter was of masonry. One or two of them were elegant villas, with painted walls, and having an inner open-air enclosure, with a bath in the centre and side rooms. At the top of the street, we entered a spacious public building—the Forum I think it was—all roofless now, of course, and showing only by its rows of stately columns the importance it once possessed. Then we passed on to the Court of Justice, known to the Romans as the Basilica—also spacious and roofless, with pedestals and ruined columns. Then we passed through a succession of temples, in which the worship of the gods of Rome was conducted: and then into the theatre—an open-air building, with a great circular interior descending on all sides (from the door we entered) in rows of seats, one below the other—an excellent arrangement for seeing and hearing—had the object been worthy.

The day was very hot: I was not feeling very well. There was a good amount, of ground to go over yet: for the city was two miles in circumference. So I was allowed to rest on one of the ledges of this theatre while the rest of the party completed their inspection, on the understanding that they should not come back, but at the end of their journey repair to a hotel near the station, where I should join them. So I stayed awhile alone in the solitude of a ruined theatre which had resounded with the shouts of Roman audiences 1,800 years ago, but now fallen all so quiet. After a sufficient rest, I sauntered through the dead city in a leisurely way—poking into many an empty house on the way—and enjoying reflections which the noisy tourist has no taste for. It was pleasant to feel (in this shallow, frivolous age, which almost disbelieves in history), directly connected, by the resurrection of this dead city, with an age which witnessed so many precious things of which the apostolic writings are the living, though neglected, monument.

I duly found my way to the appointed rendezvous, and in another half-hour or so, returned with the company to the train which took us to Naples, arrived in which, we were driven to the water-side, and by the boat were soon taken on board the steamer, tired out, and ready for a good sleep.

Chapter VII.—FROM NAPLES TO PORT SAID.

Monday, September 2nd. — When we awoke next morning, the ship was well out to sea, ploughing her way through calm waters towards the Straits of Messina, which can be quickly identified on the map as the narrow space between Italy and Sicily. Italy is roughly in the shape of a boot, and Sicily a big ball at its toe. The strip of water between is the Strait of Messina. This part of the voyage is interesting from the fact that Paul sailed over part of our course (the reverse way) when the ship *Castor and Pollux* brought him from Syracuse, on the south-west coast of Sicily, to Rhegium and Puteoli (Acts xxviii. 11-13). We entered the Strait an hour before dark, and, therefore, had an excellent view. The scenery is truly magnificent. The Strait is about 2½ miles broad at its narrowest part. On each side the mountains rise to a great height, especially on the right, where, as the vessel proceeds, Mount Etna comes into view, beyond the range in front, with its head lost in cloud. The volcano was not active on this occasion. Its height is said to be over 14,000 feet, and it looks like it. How greatly is the earth beautified by the mountainous elevations of all sizes that prevail on its surface? How little adapted to its picturesque sublimities and boundless opulences of beneficent production, is the state of things that now prevails over all its smiling face: mankind inane and besotted in all countries! How natural the change that will destroy the wicked and establish the righteous as the everlasting possessors of so splendid a domain! How fitted is the earth to be the subject of the fulfilment of the ancient and cheering promise, that the glory of God will fill it as the waters cover the sea? That is a very complete filling which we shall see by-and-bye. Paul looked forward to it as he sailed these waters. If it has not yet come, it is because for everything there is a season and a time. At the right time we shall see it, and we shall say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

When darkness had settled on the ocean, and the electric-light had made the deck bright and light, an elderly gentleman of portly person and florid complexion, and prominent eyes—mining engineer under an agent of the Prince of Wales—made it in his way to open conversation with me. He had been very reserved till now. Having just passed Mount Etna, he referred to the subject of earthquakes and volcanic action generally. He said that, having had much to do with underground work, he had formed his own conclusions, independently of scientific theories. He had noticed that gas was generated by the layers of shale that came between the coal strata. Being confined (that is, where the ground was not opened) the gas naturally condensed under the constant generation till it reached a point of expansive power when something must go. Its explosive escape caused earthquakes, and the dreadful subterranean sounds with which earthquakes were usually accompanied. Not only so, but under the same operation, the gas became incandescent, after the example of burning oxygen, and fusing the rocky substances in its neighbourhood, produced lava, and threw it out in the form of volcanoes—which he considered as the harmless vent provided by Nature for a gas emission, which would otherwise be destructive to both animal and vegetable life upon the earth. He had no idea that there was fire inside the earth. The scientific theories he had found did not fit with facts. He had had scientists down into the mines, and had sent them upground again with a confession of their ignorance. "Theory is one thing," said he, "but actual experience is quite another."

On the question of coal-supply, he had no fear of its exhaustion. People had no idea of the inhaustible stores there were in the earth. "There is plenty for a thousand years yet," exclaimed he. "And what then?" said I. "Oh, well," replied he,

"they will have learnt how to produce electricity cheaply by then. It is too costly now." I suggested the ebb and flow of the tide could be used to turn water-wheels which should generate electricity, which might be transmitted inland by wire for all the uses requiring light, heat, and motion. He said it could not be done without very expensive lock and sluice works at the sea-shore. "Suppose," said I, "they applied to this purpose the money now spent on the army and navy: there would be enough to meet the cost then." "Yes, but we cannot do without the army and navy." "We could do without them if there was only one government." "There is a big 'if' there," said he. "If the Bible is true," responded I, "we are justified in looking for such a time." "I believe the Bible is true," he said. (I may say he had freely avowed his recognition of God as the only explanation of the wonderful adaptations he found in Nature in the course of his profession). "Well," said I, "the Bible plainly foretells a day when Christ will return to the earth to reign where he was crucified." "Does it?" he said: "Dose'nt it say there will be wars and rumours of wars to the very end of the world?" "No," said I: "it mentions wars and rumours of wars as one of the signs of Christ coming to end the present system." "Well, there are wars and rumours of war enough just now: Europe is like a great powder magazine: it only wants a spark to go off." "Yes," said I: "that is one of the signs that Christ is near." "Ah!" observed he, "that is a deep subject"—and something occurred to interrupt our conversation.

Tuesday, September 3rd.—We hear there is to be a lecture on board: "What is Theosophy?" and discussion invited. Mr. Watson suggested that we should attend. Agreed. It was to be at 10 o'clock (a.m., of course). The hour having arrived, we repaired to the first saloon, but could hear nothing of it. We thought it must be the second saloon it was arranged for, and returned to our quarters. Here we were informed it was among the third-class people on the fore-deck. We went forward and found the meeting just beginning. The lecturer was a tall, lank, loosely-hung gentleman, of the name of Royle. There might be about 50 or 60 of the passengers collected around him. For an hour he poured forth a slow and intermittent stream of puerilities about "re-incarnations" and "Karmas" and "elementals" and "Mahatmas." He asserted everything, and proved nothing. It was rather tiresome. Nothing but the prospect of a little debating at the close could have kept the people together. They kept dropping away, as it was; at last, he stopped. The chairman, seated on the hatch-top, which served for a platform, then threw the meeting open for debate. First, one mild gentleman languidly replied, Mr. Royle oracularly rejoining, with evident satisfaction. Then a rough-whiskered mechanic, in his shirt sleeves, put some telling posers, which Mr. Royle brushed aside in evasive style. Then a smart young fellow, in proper costume, emitted one or two caustic criticisms intended to raise a laugh. This also Mr. Royle parried, and the thing was about to die when I said I should like to put a few questions, provided Mr. Royle would allow himself to be interrogated categorically. Would he go into the witness-box, as it were, and allow me to cross-examine him? The chairman appealed to Mr. Royle. Mr. Royle hesitated, smiled a ghastly smile, and after sundry "hummings and hahings," consented. "You said you remembered living during the Roman Empire: under what reign was it?" "Eh?" "Under what Emperor did you live?" "That is my own business." "In what part of the Empire did you live?" "Rome." "In what street?" "I am not bound to tell." "Do you remember the names of any of your friends?" "I refuse to answer." "Why?" That is my business; it would do no good to tell these particulars." "Why did you tell us you remembered living during the Roman Empire? Was it not to produce conviction in us? Now, if you could tell us these particulars, we might think there was something in it." "That is my own business." "Very well; you said that we had all lived in a previous state; how is it that we arrive in this world without any memory of it? A babe, as you are aware, is destitute of the least atom of knowledge of any kind." Mr. Royle said that we could have memory of our previous state if we understood the laws of memory. I asked if a child understood the laws of memory. I instanced

the case of a child on board remembering having sailed from Tilbury.

Other questions were put. The audience was increasing, and the interest, which had flagged, was growing very close, when the chairman suggested there should be a debate between Mr. Royle and myself. I said I should have no objections provided Mr. Royle would submit to be questioned, because in the delivery of mere harangues, it was possible to evade the issue. Mr. Royle was understood to consent, and it was left to Mr. Watson to arrange on my behalf. Mr. Watson afterwards came to me, and said Mr. Royle was "all of a heap," and sadly anxious to get out of it. However, he persevered, and succeeded, by making some concessions, in keeping him to the arrangement. I began to see it might be a means of obtaining a subsequent hearing for the truth (which events realised), and therefore was willing he should go on. It was arranged the debate should take place next morning at ten o'clock at the same place: that the subject of debate should be "Is the doctrine of the immortality of the soul (which is the basis of Theosophy) a true doctrine, according to either Scripture or science?" Mr. Royle to affirm: Mr. Roberts to deny.

In the afternoon, as I was sitting writing in the saloon below an open port-hole, a sea entered and deluged me and my papers, to the amusement of fellow-passengers in the saloon. Tae incident was the beginning of a storm which soon scattered the people to their state-rooms sick. We were making for Port Said in a straight easterly course from the South of Italy, to be deflected southwards on approaching Port Said. We were far out of sight of land. We were on the very part of the Mediterranean where Paul was "driven up and down in Adria" previous to being wrecked at Malta. Paul's storm lasted fourteen days, during which the sky was obscured all the time. Our taste of the elemental disturbance was much slighter than this. The wind, though strong, was balmy, and the sky was perfectly clear, and the angry waters glittering in bright moonlight. In about eight hours the wind subsided, and we were in smooth water again.

Wednesday, September 4th.—There was a considerable muster at the fore-hatch in anticipation of the debate, including a fair sprinkling of the second-class passengers, and some of the first, who placed themselves at open windows in their saloon, near the fore-hatch. It had been arranged that Mr. Royle should open with a quarter-hour speech, and I follow with the same, and then to question each other for quarter-an-hour each during an hour or so. But the burden of the work fell on me, as Mr. Royle said he had no questions to ask. I argued that Theosophy could not be true—1. Because Christ was true, who claimed to be the only way to the Father, and alleged that all others were "thieves and robbers." 2. Because the Bible was true, which claimed to be the standard by which all rival pretensions were to be tested, and proclaimed the so-called wisdom of the world to be foolishness with God. 3. Because the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was not true, according to either the Bible or science, and that therefore there was no so-called entitative "ego" to be the subject of the processes alleged by Theosophy. The third point I merely indicated, as the time was fully occupied in the elaboration of the other two. I received a very attentive hearing and one or two cheers, which is not usual for the truth, but due in this instance to the fact that I was combating a view to which the audience was equally opposed. It was in the process of questioning that the weakness of Mr. Royle was more apparent. He had said Theosophy did not reject the Bible: I asked, if then he believed the Bible to be true? He evaded the question. Was he prepared to accept the Bible declaration (which I quoted), that if any man spoke not according to it, it was because there was no light in him? He said he accepted so much as he found to be true.—He had said Christ was the sixth incarnation of the great souls of the world. I asked how he reconciled this with the statement of Christ that all before him were false, and that the true sheep did not hear their voice? He did not believe Christ said anything of the sort.—I produced the statement to his bewilderment. —He had said that all men had access to the Father in their own way: I asked how he reconciled this with the statement of Christ that he was the way, and that no man could come to the Father but by him.—He said he did not believe the statement.—When I sug-

gested that according to him, it was Mr. Royle we were to believe and not Christ, the audience were amused, and Mr. Royle not so. —He had said Theosophy developed in its disciples the faculty of seeing into futurity, and that one of them had foretold the Crimean War. I asked if he had felt the germination of this faculty in himself. He refused to say. I asked why? Did he not tell us about the prophecy of the Crimean war as a proof of Theosophy; that was a proof we could not test; but his power of prophecy we could test. Would he tell us what was going to be the issue of Republicanism in France? Was it going to last, or was it going to give way to royalty? Would he tell us what was going to be the upshot of Socialism which was fermenting all through the world?

Mr. Royle could stand it no longer. He refused to answer any more questions, or to go on with the debate. The audience was greatly interested; and one gentleman said rather than that the debate should fall through, he would himself, though not prepared to appear as the champion of unbelief, deny that Mr. Roberts could prove the things he had said. He could not prove to the audience that Christ was risen, or that the miracles were performed. This was rather a vague issue, because the gentleman kept saying he did not deny that the Bible was true, but he denied that Mr. Roberts could prove it to the audience. I said that as to the audience, I could not undertake how they would receive the argument, but that as to the argument itself, I had no doubt of its adequacy to the proof. It was finally arranged that I should give a lecture in two days' time to prove that Christ rose from the dead, and undertake to answer any questions. Also the idea was mooted about my lecturing on the coming Sunday evening to the second-class passengers. The matter was canvassed by Mr. Watson, and a sufficient number being desirious of it, it was put into the hands of the purser and the secretary of the Entertainments Committee, by whom it was arranged that first-class passengers should be invited.

Thursday, September 5th.—Port Said in sight ahead. It looks like a lot of buildings standing in the water—the land on which it is built being only a few feet above the level of the sea. Port Said is the Mediterranean entrance to the Suez Canal, which connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. It owes its existence wholly to the construction of that canal, and is already a town of 20,000 inhabitants—Egyptians, Turks, and Arabs. There is a roughly constructed mole, about a mile long, runs out to the sea, in the direction in which our vessel is approaching. The object of this is to protect the canal from being silted up by the constantly-active deposit of Nile sand, which is being thrown into the sea by that river about 30 miles westward. As we slowly steam into the harbour, the place presents a striking spectacle of bustle, and life, and colour. It is something different from anything we have yet seen. It is, in fact, our first peep of Oriental life as distinguished from the West. We slowly and closely pass several steamers at anchor, preparing to start in various directions. One of them is crowded with Mahommedan pilgrims of every hue of complexion — from the olive of the Turk to the ebony of the pure Ethiopic. They are all clad in highly-coloured costume—not all of the same hue or shape. They present a variegated mass of colour as they peer smilingly at us over the bulwarks in hundreds, fore and aft. They seemed all very happy. I could not help thinking of the happy days to come when all people will have the monotony of their laborious days broken in upon by the delightful duty of a yearly pilgrimage to Jerusalem, not in squalor and at the risk of plague, like these poor people, but with every accessory of health and comfort under benevolent guides appointed to look after them, and not to prostrate themselves at the shrine of a demoralizing myth, but to worship the noble Creator of the Universe, in his living and glorious representative—present in Jerusalem. The shore seemed crowded and active, as well as the ships. The people stepped about alertly in the broiling sun, many of them in flowing robes of white, with the red fez (or smoking-cap, as it is called at home), and others in blue, or even maroon. It seemed as if all the people might be out on holiday. Boats, with awnings, were flitting about in the smooth water, on the look-out for customers among the steamers. Behind all, moored in an inlet on the shore, was a forest of masted boats

employed in local trade. The coal barges were a prominent feature. Steamers are coming and going every day, and they require their supply of coal renewed after steaming 4,000 miles from Colombo, or a similar distance from England. Consequently, this is quite a business by itself at Port Said, employing hundreds of men, who coal a vessel at 9d. per man per job. When the *Oruba* came to anchor, she was taken possession of by two of these immense barges—one on each side. Needless to say that the numerous gangs of men on board, though Arabs, were not in picturesque Arab costume. They were not only black in skin, but black in what scanty bits of clothing they had on their bodies. How could it be otherwise in such a grimy business, which we soon learnt by disagreeable experience, was fatal to the fair cleanliness of our own well-kept vessel, as well as to the human aspect of the prespiring labourers. There were pleasing features about the performance. The coal-heavers were very cheerful, and mixed their labours with a kind of running song at certain intervals of their work, which gave the idea of their being engaged in some festival work instead of service labour, amounting almost to slavery. Accompanied with these cheering songs, they affixed on each side of the vessel a double set of planks or gangways, communicating from the barges to the vessel. They then went to work like busy ants—one stream of men coming up one gangway, carrying skips of coal on their shoulders, and another stream descending the other gangway with their empty skips, to have them replenished by the men digging with spades in the barges. This process occupied some hours, which gave an opportunity to passengers to go ashore if they chose. I decided to avail myself of the opportunity, and got into a boat with some others. We were rowed to the shore at 3d. per head. On getting ashore, I walked along to the right, and then up a long street—the first to the left—which seemed to be the busiest thoroughfare. Many of the people walking about were visitors from the steamers. But the greater number were natives — of all ages, colours, and costumes—most of them anxious that the visitors should buy their wares. I was offered some grapes—various sorts—which were tempting in the hot state ofthe weather (for it was very hot —95 in the shade). I bought a quantity, and supposed I got what I selected ; afterwards, when I opened the bag on the ship, I found I had been supplied with what I had not chosen. It was cleverly done, certainly ; so smilingly done that I could not be vexed. While I was negotiating the purchase, a band of urchins gathered round, and most importunately begged " backsheesh." I looked upon them in their rags and their pleasing faces. I told them I was sorry for them, but they were too numerous for me to supply. They looked pleased and attentive, but, of course, did not understand. I picked out one with my eye to give him a penny into his red fez, which he respectfully held in his hand. I attempted to deposit said coin in red fez, but about twenty hands, quick as lightning, were crossed as an invincible barrier in front of the fez. I laughed, and withdrew my hand, and they laughed too. After a pause, I made another plunge at the fez, but again twenty hands obstructed me. I made a third and a fourth attempt, with no better success. I said, " Oh, you see I cannot give any of you," and I walked quickly away, but I was as quickly followed by the group which was increasing in numbers. I then had to button up, and deprecatingly gesture them off. By-and-bye I got away, but was followed by the possessor of the fez—a most pleasing Egyptian boy about 12—to whom I finally gave what he expected. He had one or two companions, who most earnestly petitioned to be similarly favoured. I complied, with the result of bringing on a small host of distant observers. I had then to make a determined escape. I got into a carriage which was standing at a street corner on hire. I bargained with the Egyptian driver to drive me all through the place. As I drove off, some of my little friends raced after me, and were only kept off by the driver's whip. Alas ! alas, that human affairs should be so unhappily arranged as to create the necessity for every man being prey in the eyes of his fellow. It is not only among street urchins. All through civilized communities everywhere man hunts his brother—expending his blandishments upon him when he is hopeful of getting something out of him, and then leaving him alone in absolute indifference. There will be a change in due time. At present

we can only here and there cause a little joy by bestowing a little—oh, so little—as opportunity arises. The happiness created by the distribution of pence among such as these poor waifs seems a better investment in the way of gratified sensations than the many other spendings, in which people lay out so much more money, with very little result. During the drive, I observed shops exactly like those we had seen among the ruins of Pompei, and also exactly the same kind of water-bottles. After the drive, I got back to the ship. The coaling process was not over, but by-and-bye got finished, and then the ship hands set to work with water hose and scrubbing brushes, and soon had the ship in a state of restored tidiness. The rapidity and the thoroughness of their work suggested what might easily be done for human well-being by a wise direction of human labour, It requires authority (in this case the captain of the ship); and opulence (in this case the liberal provision by the proprietors of the vessel); and benevolence (in this case a very mild sentiment on the part of the company, who aim to minister to the comfort of the passengers only because they desire to draw the patronage of the public to their line, and create the dividends which is the ultimate object of the whole arrangement as an organization). Give us a government animated by pure benevolence, armed by universal authority and irresistible power; and distinguished by the wisdom essential to successful enterprise of all kinds, with the world's exchequer at their disposal, and therefore untrammelled by considerations of economy in the arrangements made for the comfort and convenience of the people—give us such a government, and all the people in every land would be as well looked after as the passengers on board the magnificent liners that plough the ocean in all directions. Man cannot give it to us: God can and will: for He has promised. Therefore, we patiently wait. (This endless preach! Oh, well).

Chapter VIII.—FROM PORT SAID TO THE RED SEA.

CONTINUATION of September 5th.—We lifted anchor at 2.30, and were soon in the Canal, sailing at the regulation speed of five miles an hour: (vessels are not allowed to steam quicker in the Canal on account of the harm the commotion of a greater speed would cause to the sandy channel of the Canal). It seems strange to see so huge a vessel sailing through so small a water, towering above the land on both sides. The Canal is, of course, larger than the tow canals with which we are familiar in England. Still, it seems an insignificant water for the transit of the largest vessels that sail the ocean. It looks like an ordinary average-sized river, only without the tortuous course and irregular aspects of a natural river. It is straight in course, and the banks are strengthened with stonework and cement. It is about 80 feet across. There is no "view" particularly to be seen as the vessel glides along. On the left is a wide sandy waste, stretching away to the horizon in all directions: on the right is a similarly extensive shallow lake, with islets of reed and scrub. In this lake here and there we pass groups of Arabs fishing—here and there a hut on the edge of the Canal, and in the far offing, fishing vessels, with lateen sails. It is said that thousands of flamingoes frequent this lake, and are sometimes seen, when they take flight, as a crimson cloud, through the exhibition of the interior surface of their wings, which is red. When we have been an hour in the canal we pass a bridge, which has been in use from immemorial antiquity as the entrance to Egypt through these deserts and marshy lands for travellers from Syria. It is, therefore, certain we here intersect the path trodden by Joseph's brethren in their journeys into Egypt, and later by Jacob and his whole establishment for his happy meeting with Joseph, and earlier by Joseph himself,

in a very different frame of mind, when, in the hands of the Midianites, he arrived a stolen slave, to be sold—a rough road to elevation, though he did not know.

The Canal is not broad enough to allow two steamers to pass. Yet it is necessary, on account of the number of vessels daily traversing the Canal, that they should pass each other. If the vessel at one end had to wait till the vessel coming the other way had got quite through the whole length of the Canal before it entered, it is evident the traffic could never be conducted. So, at regular distances of about five miles, there are what are called stations. They are wide places in the Canal where two vessels can pass. When a vessel arrives at one of these, it might happen that the next run is clear, and that it would be safe for the vessel to go forward without stopping. How is this to be known? The stations are all connected by telegraphic wires with an office at Port Said. The position of all the vessels in the Canal is known at this office, and orders are forwarded to each vessel as it arrives at a station whether to stop or go on. We stopped once or twice. The object of our stopping was, of course, to let a vessel pass that was coming the other way. In one case it was three vessels, one after the other. The passing of these vessels was quite an interesting occurrence. It was in the dark. They were nearly all British vessels, homeward bound. They had all been out in the wide perilous ocean for many days. They were all lit up, and the passengers were visible. It was inevitable, under such circumstances, that a sense of kinship should flash mutually between the stationary and the passing vessels. The *Oruba* saluted them with the music of a string band. The passing vessels responded with ringing cheers, to which our vessel, with its 600 souls, responded in the same way. It was quite a touching incident, and gives one a taste of how sweet human intercourse might be and will be when human life in all the earth is on the basis of "Glory to God in the highest: peace on earth, and good will towards men."

Half-way through the Canal, the Canal widens out into a very broad lake, the bed of which was there before the construction of the Canal. Here there is a town called Ismailia, which, like Port Said, has come into existence as the result of the making of the canal. From hence a railway runs to Cairo. Several passengers on board the *Oruba* got off here (during the night) and got on to this railway. The town is not growing. Its development was checked some years ago by the outbreak of fever, as the result of the sewer-system of the place having been constructed to empty itself into the fresh-water canal—another and smaller water-way connecting with Cairo, on which the inhabitants depended for their supply of water.

The Suez Canal has proved a most important engineering work. Though but an insignificant water-way in its mechanical dimensions, it has connected east and west in a vital manner with the Mediterranean, and restored life to localities long dead—especially imparting a new vigour to Egypt and the Holy Land. It was illustrative of the vulgar superficiality that at the bottom characterised the late Charles Bradlaugh that he poohpoohed the Suez Canal as a "mere ditch" which the English Government were imbecile to throw away so much money upon. I heard him deliver the impeachment early in the eighties.

Friday, September 6th.—Still steaming in the Canal, but shortly after breakfast, we cleared the southern end, and came to anchor in the bay of Suez—a wide expanse of water—within sight of the sublimest scenery and the most interesting localities on the face of the earth. To the extreme right lay the white houses of Suez, round a corner, as it were, out of the way of the Canal. Behind Suez began a slowly ascending range of stern and arid-looking reddish-coloured mountains, which attained a high and continuous elevation in the centre of the picture, where they gradually fell into the sea in the distance. Still to the left was the landless horizon of the sea, and at the end of this horizon, still to the left, another range of desolate hills, rising higher and higher till lost in the distance. We are, in fact, at the northern end of the Red Sea, in presence of the spot where Yahweh made an everlasting name for Himself by opening a path for the escape of His people from the strong pursuers behind them. At the foot of that mountain-range, there to the right, the Israelitish host, just arrived from the open country stretching

away towards Egypt, there, on the furthest right, found themselves "entangled in the land," their enemies behind, a mountain rampart to their right, hills on their left, and the sea in front. Had not God interposed on their behalf, there must have been a disaster. On the opposite side of the bay, where the mountains there fade away into the distance, lies the opposite shore, where Israel, on the morrow, sang the sublime song of victory, which may be read in Ex. xv. We need not trouble ourselves with the various theories which, in defiance of all probabilities, and in face of an unbroken tradition from the day of the exodus till now, seek to transfer the scene to another locality so as to bring it within the compass of a natural explanation—deferring to uncontradictable truth so far as to allow there was an exodus, yet rejecting the other features that are essential to render that exodus intelligible : and perpetrating the astounding inconsistency of believing one part of the record—that the sea was crossed—while disbelieving the other part which has just the same authority—which explains how the crossing was done. A gentleman drew up to me to talk of these matters as we lay in the presence of the hills. Though a "Plymouth brother," as I afterwards ascertained, he took very feeble ground with regard to the Mosaic record, and spoke of the locality where the Israelites were "supposed to have crossed." He questioned me on many other things—the new birth, the nature of the gospel. Whether it was the result of my answers or no, I know not, but I saw no more of him during the voyage. Perhaps he was sick, either with the motion of the vessel, or the heat that afterwards set in. I think it was spiritual, and not physical, nauseau that kept him invisible One of his company was asked to preside at a lecture that I delivered later in the voyage to the first and second-class passengers : and he excused himself on the score that "as a child of God" he could not consent, as he knew me not.

We stayed about six hours in the bay. This gave an opportunity of landing letters to dear ones at home. True, I had written 24 hours ago at Port Said, but as the Port Said letters went forward at once, and there was no other steamer for a week, there would be a week's interval between the reception of one set of letters and the other. If I had not written at Suez, as well as Port Said, there would have been a three weeks' silence : and this, in the uncertainties of the sea, and of the purpose of God in individual matters, would have been a hurtful interval. We must "consider one another."

We lifted anchor and resumed the voyage about mid-day. After about six hours' sail we were opposite the Sinaitic range of mountains—much higher and sterner than those at the site of the crossing. They looked so wild and desolate as to attract even the attention of inattentive and ignorant persons on board. Towards evening I had a long conversation with a gentleman from New Zealand, to which he was returning—Collier by name. He had read many scientific works, and felt the lack of some reliable foundation on which to build the principles and aims and hopes of life. At first he was inclined to receive Mr. Darwin's doctrine of evolution : but he had recently been reading another scientific work which confuted Darwin to his satisfactlon. But still science one way or other was no foundation for individual hopes. Then as to the Bible, Higher Criticism had wrought such havoc with it that he felt a difficulty in that direction. He asked me what I thought of it, and what were the grounds of the strong confidence I evidently had in the Bible ? I indicated these in a cursory manner, to his evident gratification. I told him the key to the position was the resurrection of Christ. Be satisfied as to that, and all the rest established itself. This he admitted, and said he should like to know the argument for Christ's resurrection. I told him of the *Trial*, in which the argument was formally developed. He expressed a wish to see it, and I promised he should have it after Mr. Watson was done with it. (Afterwards he was extremely interested in it, and desired to know how he could possess himself of a copy).

Saturday, September 7th.—In accordance with the arrangement previously made, I this morning delivered an address at the fore-hatch on the resurrection of Christ. There was a large muster of the second saloon passengers, as well as the steerage. I spoke for an hour to a very interested audience. At the close the chairman (a Mr.

Atkinson, who had brought out Mr. Royle in the first instance) invited questions. The gentleman who was to have debated in the place of Mr. Royle put a timid question or two, which I quickly disposed of. I proposed to get the answers out of his own mouth, if he would answer me a question or two. But he very decidedly objected, to the great amusement of the audience. Mr. Royle ventured on an effort to retrieve the ruin brought on his position at the first two meetings: but he only made it worse. The final sally extinguished him. He contended that the Bible contradicted itself, in proof of which he cited the command of Christ to "Resist not evil" alongside of James's exhortation to "Resist the devil." He asked me how this was to be reconciled? I replied that the evil which Jesus commanded men not to resist was personal evil, as shown by the immediate explanation: "If a man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also." Men usually resisted personal smitings, but did not resist the devil. A flippant infidel came forward with a few questions, but was glad to retreat, and nobody else would take his place. "The fact is, ladies and gentlemen," said one gentleman in the audience, "we find it no light matter opposing Mr. Roberts," a remark which elicited laughter, and ended the meeting. As we were now well in the Red Sea, it was becoming very hot, and everybody's face was dripping with perspiration.

Sunday, September 8th.—This morning it was given out that there would be "service" at 11.15 on the first-class saloon deck. Having nothing particular to occupy myself with, I concluded to attend, on the principle expressed in the words of Paul to the Athenians, "I passed by and beheld your devotions" (Acts xvii. 23). There was a large congregation of the more reputable of the passengers—ladies and gentlemen, old and young: who took hearty part in the singing of hymns and the recitative responses to certain parts of the prayers which a gentleman read. I felt an inexpressible sense of sadness as I listened to them. It seemed so beautiful that on every sea, by public law, Englishmen should be required on the first day of the week to worship God, confess their sins, and ask for mercy; and it was so touching to see them throw themselves into it as undoubtedly the right thing; and so painfully exercising to think that it is all what Paul said of the religious activities of the Jews in his day: "a zeal of God, not according to knowledge": and that what Christ said of the religionists of his day was applicable to them: "In vain do ye worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." My sadness was of the degree people experience when they say, "I feel as if I could cry." I had Paul's words before me: "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." I felt that if my being thrown over the bulwarks into the sea could bring these, my English kinsmen according to the flesh, into a state of Scriptural enlightenment and obedience, I should gladly submit. Of course I knew the "service" was but a form with most of them—a mere conformity to social usage—having no deeper foundation than the desire not to be odd. Still, it was a beautiful form in harmony with what might be, and suggestive of the happy time when the word of God shall be fulfilled, that everywhere, in every land and sea, "all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest," and there will be no more need to teach righteousness and truth in any formal manner.

In the evening, I lectured on the second saloon-deck, as arranged. The hour of meeting was to have been 6.30, but word came from the first saloon that the passengers there would like to hear the lecture "On some Biblical associations of the Red Sea through which we are passing"; and that they would be much obliged if the time could be fixed an hour later to admit of their attending, as their dinner-hour would otherwise clash. The alteration was readily consented to, of course: and at 7.30 a large concourse assembled under the deck awning, including some of the third-class (by the purser's special permission) in addition to the first and second. A temporary platform was erected against the cross-rail at one end of the deck by three or four Jack tars, under the order of the quartermaster. The deck chairs were arranged in cross-lines in front all along the deck: also many at the side. Many of the third-class passengers placed themselves as near within hearing distance on the lower deck as they could, and some of the first-class passengers who did not come over to the second-deck stood in a line at the

aft-rail of their own deck. It was quite a large meeting. Although it was dark, the electric-lights under the awning gave light enough. Mr. Watson took the chair, and without much preliminary called on me to proceed. I had to speak with a loud voice to be heard in the open-air in the rush of waters. I said we were passing through one of the most interesting seas on the face of the earth What made it interesting was its associations. The interest of things depended very much on their having associations. If a sheet of water were shown them as a lake merely, its interest would be comparatively limited: but if it was said, "This is Loch Leven, and that islet in the centre, with ruins upon it, is the place where the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, was incarcerated for a while," there was not only the natural interest of a beautiful piece of scenery, but the added charm of events to be recalled to memory. But it must be manifest that the interest of the associations depended upon their truth. If they were shown a place and told that it was there that Jack the Giant Killer was born, we should not be interested, because of the want of truth. So to be told, passing the island of Lipari, in the Mediterranean, as we had done a few days back, that it was there that the Vulcan of mythology forged the bolts of Jove, our interest was not engaged, because the thing told us was the mythical tale of the benighted ancients. So the interest of the Red Sea depended upon the truth of its story. What was that story? Here I briefly rehearsed the circumstances of the exodus. I said that they need not be afraid to open their minds unreservedly to the truth of the story. It was commended to our confidence with a strength of collateral confirmation that was lacking in all non-Biblical historic narratives whatever. It had become the fashion to treat it as legend, first because of prevalent inattention to the Bible itself, excluding the mind from that acquaintance with it which was essential to a correct judgment of its character, and secondly, because of the influence, which might be called Voltairism, Darwinism, and the Higher Criticism. These three hostile influences were rapidly losing their power. Voltaire was discredited by the discovery of Babylon, whose existence he denied, and the falsification of his own prophecy that the New Testament would be obsolete in 50 years from his own day. Darwinism was an unproved scientific speculation, which, as Lord Salisbury said at last year's meeting of the British Association, had failed to conquer the full assent of scientific opinion, and was now being more and more regarded as inadequate to the interpretation of the ways of Nature. As for the Higher Criticism, it was falling to pieces in the hands of its authors, and never could have received even a passing consideration at the hands of men acquainted with the Bible in daily and reverential study. I pointed out that they could not reject the story of the exodus as a myth, and hold on to the New Testament as a true history. The two were so interlocked as to stand or fall together. Not to speak of Christ's general endorsement of Moses, he recognised Israel's wanderings in particular in saying to the Jews, "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and are dead." Paul expressly alleged, "By faith Israel crossed the Red Sea, which the Egyptians essaying to do were drowned." And Stephen, with the sanction of the Holy Spirit, rehearsed before the Jewish Sanhedrin on the occasion of his impeachment for the faith of Christ—the whole circumstances of the exodus as historic truth (Acts vii.).—Therefore, they could not, as Christians, cast doubt upon the achievements of Moses—so intimately associated with the Red Sea at its northern end on both sides. I then asked them to consider how conformable was the character of the law of Moses to the idea that it was of divine, and not of human authorship. I laid before them its land law of inalienable family inheritance as the solution of the problem that was ineffectually engaging attention in most conntries at the present time. But I laid stress more especially on the spiritual mission of the law of Moses as alleged in the writings of the apostle Paul. Pointing out that its design was to inculcate the schoolmaster lesson of obedience to God as the condition of friendship: holiness as the law of association: forgiveness on the basis of his vindicated righteousness in sacrifice as the foundation of ultimate reconciliation, I argued that these features were in themselves evidential of the divine origin of the law. I reminded them that Moses disowned the authorship of the law, and that

the nation's acceptance of its divinity reposed in circumstances that amounted to positive proof: *e.g.*, the overthrow of rebellion in the camp by the opening of the earth to receive the rebels, and the audible promulgation of the Ten Commandments by the voice of God in the hearing of the entire congregation at the foot of Sinai. The very attempts that had been made to explain the crossing of the Sea on the theory of some chance coincidence of wind and wave: and the giving of the law on Sinai as the misunderstanding of some volcanic eruption, were evidence of the sound historic character of these events, for had the circumstances admitted of it, the critics would have much more naturally have swept the board with wholesale allegation of fable. The critics felt that this could not be maintained. In conceding this, they logically conceded the whole: for if the events were historic at all, it would be found upon a close consideration that they could only work out historically on the principle of their undiluted divinity, as recorded. I then pointed out how the work of Christ itself was a Divine evolution of the law of Moses, under which he was born, and to fulfil the full significance of which was the main object of his appearance in the earth 1,800 years ago, as apostolically expounded. In this line of things I spoke of his second coming: appealed to the existence of the Jews as the inextinguishable memorial of the purpose of God by Moses and Christ. Pressing these things home, I invited them to realize how deeply interesting were the associations of the Red Sea, not only as the scene of past divine events of undoubted historic reality, but as reaching forward to their consummation in a happy day to come, when the glory of the Lord should fill the earth, as the waters cover the sea.

When I had spoken about an hour, I proposed to stop, to give a promised opportunity of asking questions. But there were loud and numerous cries that I should "go on." I continued my remarks 15 minutes more, and then the chairman invited questions. Two gentlemen spoke, but neither of them put questions in any polemic sense. One of them (a Mr. Joseph, of London, making a health visit to Australia), said that as a member of the race of which Mr. Roberts had said so much, he had listened with very great pleasure to his discourse, and should be much pleased to listen to him again before the voyage was over. He proposed a vote of thanks. This having been seconded and awarded, the meeting broke up. A young man afterwards stopped me on deck and said there were a good many sceptics on board, and they had purposed putting questions, but at the last moment their courage had failed. The doctor was present, and the purser of the vessel, who warmly thanked me privately, as did other gentlemen.

Chapter IX.—FROM THE RED SEA TO CEYLON.

MONDAY, September 9th.—The day is very hot: 97 degrees in the shade. There is no wind, and the sea is smooth. Land is in view for a short time on the left horizon. Exertion of any kind is a burden. Opening your valise to get at anything causes perspiration to burst out all over. Even writing has to be performed under a constant drip from the forehead on to the paper, notwithstanding vigorous mopping with a handkerchief every two minutes. It is altogether too hot for anything except disporting yourself in Edenic costume in your own cabin. What the men do who stoke the engines is a difficult subject of thought. We hear of one man sunstruck and dead, and of others prostrate in various ways. It is no wonder. At night most of the people find it too hot to sleep below, and they spread their beds on deck. So much heat has not been known, it seems, in the Red Sea for some years. This is in harmony with the fact that it has been a brighter and drier summer in England

than for a good many years. But the Red Sea, it appears, is always more or less hotter than other seas from being enclosed on all sides by wide tracts of hot desert sand. I struggled against the tendency to dissolution by a two hours' writing spell in the saloon. While so engaged, a gentleman handed me an ice-cream, which was very acceptable. When my writing was done, I had a long conversation on deck with the mining engineer before spoken of. He expressed his great satisfaction with the Sunday evening's address. He said it was a great contrast to one he heard immediately afterwards on the third-class deck, which he could only call egotistical rubbish. The preacher said he got salvation on such a day at ten o'clock: and if the people around him did not get salvation, they would go to hell if the ship went down. What good could that do to people? The way was to put the elements of conviction into the people's hands, as I had done, and leave them to apply them.—A young man came afterwards and opened conversation with me, remarking that there were many sceptics on board. They were full of bombast when there was no one able to contradict them. But they were afraid of me. It was gratifying to hear of iniquity being ashamed and hiding its head, even on so small a scale: but how will it be when "the thunders of his awful voice" confound the swagger of folly throughout the whole earth?

In the afternoon, we passed a group of very desolate-looking and apparently uninhabited islands—right in the middle of the ocean. One of them was quite extensive. They are a resort of sea-fowl, many of which now followed in the wake of the vessel, contending for the scraps thrown out to them. Two large birds had followed the ship for the two days previously, day and night. How did they manage to keep on the wing 48 hours at a stretch without tiring? It shows how possible it is for God to make an organisation that shall "faint not, nor weary." During the night, we passed Perim, an island at the south entrance of the Red Sea, occupied by the British, near the narrow strait through which the Red Sea joins the Arabian Gulf. The bulk of the passengers again sleep on deck. I begin to be conscious of an improvement in the state of my health. The first fortnight was a time of misery in this respect. Mr. Watson's interest in the truth, and the call made upon me to exert myself in the congenial work of presenting the truth to interested and interesting people, have roused me from the killing depressions of the last six months.

In the evening, I had another spell of writing in the saloon. While so engaged, two gentlemen came to me and craved pardon for approaching me on the subject of a meeting they were organising for the amusement of the passengers, under the presidency of the captain. They would like to include my name in the programme. I told them I thought I could not be of any use of them in that line of things. "There they thought I was quite mistaken. There was an ingredient in my composition that they had not quite got at yet. My ways and my words had made a deep impression on that boat, and it would be quite out of the question to leave me out of the meeting they were getting up." I replied that my powers, whatever they were, were absorbed in one line of things, and I should be a heavy item on their programme. They said they required a heavy item, and that the passengers would not pardon my omission. Could I not give them a reading of some kind? I said I would think it over, and let them know. (I afterwards decided to read an extract from a special composition by me, recently written, not outside the truth, but on its outside aspects, from a public point of view.) They thanked me heartily, and retired. My compliance was chiefly dictated by the idea of improving the hearing for the truth on which I hoped to speak on several other Sundays. It was partly in the line of Paul's policy of becoming "to them that are without law as without law that he might gain them that are without law"—"all things to all men that he might gain some."

At night the heat was overpowering. Mr. Watson took his mattress and pillows upstairs, on to the deck, and slept in the open-air, among scores of others. I could not so easily adapt myself to this arrangement. Besides, the deck-sleepers were always roused at five o'clock by the quarter-master, to allow the ship hands to clean the deck: and this was quite too early to begin the day, with

nothing particular to do. So I elected to fight it through in our sleeping-room; which, however, was difficult work. Not only bed-clothes, in the slightest form, were intolerable; but one's own most rudimentary night garment. Nothing was consistent with sleep but a pure state of nature, with such suspensory aids, mid-air, as were furnished by the bunk-rail and berth-ladder, before the open port-hole, furnished with a windsail, to divert the current inwards.

Tuesday, September 10*th.*—During the night, a breeze had sprung up, as we passed Aden; emerged from the Red Sea, and entered the Arabian Gulf. The temperature had gone down to 80 degrees—which was a great relief to everybody. It was now possible to move about again with some degree of pleasure. The people spent the day on deck, playing various games. I devoted the forenoon to writing in the saloon—my work being rendered somewhat difficult by the croak, croak of a Bible-class leader, who held a kind of small meeting at one of the saloon-tables every morning. A true Bible-class might have been interesting, but the barren egotistical performance of the kind of men who distinguish themselves in that line under the orthodox system is an infliction to a Scripturally-instructed mind. It was all the more distracting to me because I knew so well every Bible word they quoted, and intuitively realised their line of thought. They seemed to be always harping on John iii. This, with every other part of the Scripture, is delightful: but even the words of wisdom themselves can appear in a different guise from what is native to them. The fact that "we must be born again" is beautiful, sublime, and interesting; but when the import of the fact is diverted from its noble Scriptural meaning of the establishment by reasonable means of a new relation between God and a man now, with a view to the mmortalisation of his nature hereafter; and made to stand for a fictitious metaphysical transmutation supposed to be wrought in the essence of a man's supposed immortal soul by the supposed operation of a specific divine energy from above, personal to a man's own self, the words lose their refreshing character, and become the symbol of the gloomy vaticination which turns a man's introspections egotistically upon his own interior darkness.

The irritation caused by the performance in question led me to select as the subject for a lecture I was asked to deliver at the fore-hatch, "What is it to be born again?"

Wednesday, September 11*th.*—I was to have lectured this morning on the subject stated: but the wind had risen to a very stiff breeze during the night; and when we woke, there was a considerable sea on, causing a pitching and a rolling of our magnificent vessel, which detained the majority of the passengers in their berth-cabins with sea-sickness. Not only so, but the sea-spray was coming aboard somewhat freely in the forepart of the vessel, where the meeting was to have been held. Consequently, I had a message from the third-class department, for whose behoof more particularly the lecture was to be given, proposing the postponement of the lecture—which was, accordingly, put off to "a more convenient season." Many of the passengers were on deck in every attitude of wretchedness and despair. The saloon-steward had told me of a new compound for the relief of sea-sickness—(CHLOROBROM) — which he said was found almost unfailing. I obtained a bottle on board, and went round the prostrate forms, and tried its efficacy on as many as would make the experiment. It gave some relief, but it was not an absolute cure, except, apparently, in one case. I don't suppose there can be such a thing as a medical remedy for sea-sickness. Mr. Fowler, the phrenologist, is doubtless right in his idea that it is the result of a mental inability to adjust the action of the muscles to the motions of the vessel. There are certain organs ("form," "size," "weight," &c.) which give a mental sense of these physical relations: and where they are distinctly developed, there is less liability to sea-sickness than where they are deficient. The mind in the former case more easily allows for the shifting motions of the vessel, and, consequently, the gastric conditions are not so readily affected. The storm (for it almost amounted to a storm) lasted all day.

Thursday, September 12*th.*—This morning, as arranged, I delivered the postponed lecture on "What it is to be born again." The lecture was delivered at the fore-hatch, and within hearing of the sleeping bulks of the sailors off watch. I was not aware of

this till I was half through, when one of the sailors came out and swore at the lecturer. I did not catch the meaning for a time. I said I would stop if ordered to do so. I was informed that I was interfering with the sleep of the sailors, and that if I moderated my voice, the difficulty would be at an end. I was inclined to stop altogether when I realised what was the matter: but being urged to proceed, I lowered my voice and went on.

The lecture was suggested by the prominence given to the subject of "the new birth" in the conversation of a group of "Plymouth brethren" on board the vessel. If their form of presenting the subject had been Scriptural form, there would have been no need for the lecture. On the contrary, there would have been cause for joy and thanksgiving at their contentions. But it was otherwise when a noble truth was travestied and presented in a way calculated to cover it with ridicule. The truth itself receives ridicule enough, but much of it is due to the ignorance and aversion excited by untrue teachings. When the truth is seen in its own character, it is calculated to inspire admiration. The Plymouth brethren view puts forward a casual and figurative expression of truth for its literal and precise definition, and ignores the meaning which Christ himself attaches to the figure. When Christ said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again," Nicodemus recognised the literal impossibility of such an event, saying, "How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time his mother's womb and be born?" Christ rejoins by defining tbe sense in which he had affirmed the necessity for being born again: "Except a man be *born of water and of the Spirit*, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." Here the new birth is a process in which a man comes under the operation of water and Spirit in some way: in what way we learn plainly elsewhere. The necessity for it he points out in immediately adding, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." There is much in the nature of a right clue to the subject in these words. We know experimentally what it is to be born of the flesh; and we know it is true that that which is born of the flesh *is flesh:* but why is this a reason requiring that a man should be born again in order to enter the Kingdom? Because flesh is a corruptible and a mortal thing, and the Kingdom of God an institution that will last for ever. This is the reason given by Paul in 1 Cor. xv. 50, "This I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God: *neither doth coruption inherit incorruption.*" Therefore, "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality" (53).

Why should Christ press this fact on Nicodemus? Because Nicodemus was approaching Christ (by night) on the hypothesis common to the Jews: that the Kingdom of God was to be a kingdom that mortal men would enter. He hoped, no doubt, to obtain a place therein if Jesus were the Messiah (as Nicodemus was inclined to think), and if Jesus favourably received his advances, which Nicodemus thought probable. It was, therefore, natural that Jesus should call his attention to the fundamental flaw in his advances. It was needful to tell him that a man must be changed from a mortal and corruptible man into an immortal and incorruptible man before he could enter into the kingdom as a ruler and co-heir with the Messiah. This is a totally different thing from the supposed metaphysical change of Plymouth brotherism, which leaves mortal men as much mortal men after the change as they are before it. Men immortalised at the resurrection are fully-developed "children of God," as Jesus says: "They are *the children of God, being* THE CHILDREN OF THE RESURRECTION" (Luke xx. 36). It was, therefore, natural that Christ should speak to Nicodemus of the process conducting a man from the one state to the other as a birth, and a birth "again." Men are born once in being born of the flesh at the beginning of their existence: but if they are the subject of no other birth than this, they have nothing but what the flesh can give them—which is vanity now, and death at last. It is no artificial sentimentalism to affirm that a man "must be born again" to enter into the Kingdom of God. If he is not born again, he remains "but flesh, a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again" (Psa. lvxviii. 39).

But how is the process brought about? When looked into, in its Scriptural com-

pleteness, there is no mystery in it beyond the mystery that lies at the root of every work of God, whether in "nature" or "grace." Jesus indicates the *modus operandi* in his further quoted words to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born *of water* and of the Spirit, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Here are two elements and two stages in the process. Had we no other light on the subject than is contained in these words, we might marvel what Christ could mean by being "born *of water*": the difficulty vanishes when we take into view the work of the apostles. We find they used water in the doing of the work. "Can any man forbid water?" (Acts x. 47). "See here is water" (Acts viii. 36). This was the water of baptism, as the context shows in every case: baptism by immersion, of course: for there was no other water baptism known to apostolic practice than that "burial" with Christ in baptism spoken of in the epistles (Col. ii. 12; Rom. vi. 4). Was this water baptism the birth of water spoken of by Christ? We can see it could be no other when we consider what baptism did for its subjects. It put them into Christ (Gal. iii. 27). Before then, they were strangers and foreigners (Eph. ii. 12-19). But now they were "children, and if children, then heirs" (Rom. viii. 17). That which produces children is birth: and if water baptism produces children of God, then is water baptism a "birth of water," and men, in being baptised, are "born of water."

But this does not complete their fitness for the Kingdom of God. They are still mortal men—still flesh and blood, and therefore cannot inherit the Kingdom of God, as Paul alleges in the passage quoted. What is necessary to complete their fitness? "This mortal must put on immortality." How is this change to be effected? "He that raised up Christ shall also *quicken your mortal body* by His Spirit that dwelleth in you" (Rom. viii. 11). Here is the birth of the Spirit which, superadded to the birth of water, completes the qualification of the happy subject for that inheritance of the Kingdom of God, which was the subject of Christ's conversation with Nicodemus.

There is neither water nor Spirit in the so-called "new birth" of orthodox religion, and there is no birth at all in the true sense, but a mere excitement of the sentimental organs of the brain flesh, which effects no change towards God. A man is changed in his relation to God only if God recognise the change. He has revealed the conditions upon which He will recognise a change in the position of a son of Adam from being a child of death to his being a son of God, and a child of hope. These conditions are exhibited in the Gospel. They do not consist of a paroxysmal transformation by the stroke of the clock, enabling a man to say in the language of fanaticism, "I was saved—at such a moment, on such a day." They consist of the affectionate and enlightened reception of the truth revealed in the Gospel and submission to its requirements, which is a work of time, involving "begettal" as well as "birth" (James i. 18; 1 Pet. i. 23), and ending in the development of a new race of men in the earth, among whom there will be no more pain, and no more death (Rev. xxi. 4).

I was earnestly listened to by a large number of people, some of whom were much disposed to give heed.

Friday, September 13th.—Day fine, still wind and water rough: not feeling well. Long conversation with an interested passenger, who has "seen life" in all its aspects, and pronounces it empty, though the earth is a glorious place, and capable of great things: but how to get at them, he sees not. Admits the Gospel of the Kingdom would be a solution, but cannot feel certainty as to the foundation. Is going to look into it, however; admitting that I had presented many things in a new light. A shoal of flying fish passed the vessel: one of them flew in at one of the port-holes, and was brought to me as a curiosity: poor frightened finny thing. Devoted the evening to writing in the saloon: rather difficult work, on account of the animated conversation going on all around: (cannot write elsewhere than in the saloon, or would).

Saturday, September 14th.—Day like yesterday. Spent the day mostly in reading on deck. In the evening, there was a muster of the passengers in the saloon, for readings, recitations, performances on the pianoforte, &c. At the close, there was an exhibition of figures on an illuminated screen, for the proper showing of which, the room was darkened. The figures were cut in card

from drawings supplied by a young lady passenger, the daughter of a medical man in Melbourne. The drawings were made by her of subjects selected by her from people on board the ship, by way of representing the human curiosities of the voyage, for the entertainment of fellow-passengers. They comprised a dilletante doctor, a fussy but friendly colonel (introduced by the exhibitor as "the Good Samaritan"), a somewhat energetic and characteristic official, whose deep peremptory voice could be distinguished among a thousand: some very unconventional children from the Colonies; and finishing with "the studious passenger," cross-legged in a deck-chair, and buried in *Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* The figures were all clever portraits, and were recognised and ratified by the laughter of the assembly. The last one somewhat solemnised them. I leave readers to guess its identity.

Sunday, September 15th. — A storm of rain, of tropical heaviness, interfering with the use of the deck, and condemning the passengers to the misery of confinement below, with closed port-holes. There was considerable movement in the water and heaving of the vessel, which interfered with comfort. (As for "comfort," there never was much of this. It is very nice to read of a trip round the world like Lord Brassey's voyage in the *Sunbeam*, with your own people around you, and abundance of everything at command, and everyone on board at your service, and a writing-room to retire to, and a library of 600 or 700 books of your own selection on board. It is a different thing to be a solitary stranger in a floating hotel, taking your part in the routine of the ship among people with whom you cannot talk in a natural way, and among whom the hope of Israel makes you a stranger and a foreigner indeed. It takes away from the charm of a voyage when you cannot yet what you may wish, and from habit require: when you must patiently take what you can get, and put up with the skin-deep civilities of mercenary stewards; and when you can have no privacy for writing, but must sit in a thoroughfare of scampering children, and exercise painful concentration amid a din of idle talk of all kinds, among groups of passengers shouting over their cards, or exchanging their business experiences, or mothers dilating on the calamities or astounding gifts of their children. You may retire to your sleeping-room, of course: but you cannot write there, or decently rest, unless you tumble into your berth. A voyage under such circumstances, protracted from week to week, has none of the delights imagined by those on shore. It is, in fact, a kind of prolonged, mild agony. I am not complaining—only noting facts). No doubt, there is unspeakable benefit in the total change; but the benefit comes afterwards, and is during the voyage much a matter of faith. There have been some alleviations which have prevented the voyage from being a pure horror. Chief among these have been the unfeigned and Nathaniel-like interest in the truth created in the mind and heart of my state-room companion before referred to, who has read *The Trial, Christendom Astray, Ways of Providence, The Declaration*, and a good part of the Bible itself—to see whether these things are so—and who declares that while he has not absolutely made a decision (which he postpones till he has gone through the Bible for himself), he knows of nothing that can deter him from the decision which he sees coming. This young gentleman's interest in the truth has imposed upon me the pleasurable necessity of speaking much to him on congenial themes in answer to questions, and thus diverted me from hurtful brooding. It has also led to the delivery of lectures on board the vessel, and to the interest of several others; for, apart from him, I could not, in present circumstances and conditions, have come out of the seclusion of a perfectly private passenger's life.

I am afraid these remarks are not much in the nature of "Diary." To resume—

In the evening, on the second-saloon deck, I delivered the postponed lecture on "Some fulfilled prophecies and their practical bearing." I said there might not at first sight appear to be anything practical in prophecy one way or other; but no one could go far in the study of the subject without discovering that the fact was contrary to experience. But, of course, all depended upon the scope they gave to the word "practical." What was that which was practical? That which affected well-being in

some way. The knowledge of futurity came within this category in various ways. The man who sowed a crop acted upon the knowledge of futurity in so far as it depended upon conditions. He knew that if he did not sow, he would not reap: and this knowledge impelled him to a present line of action which secured a future advantage. Now, there was a future in a larger sense, upon our knowledge of which depended the action of the present time, which would determine our relation to the future when it came. We should know nothing of this future apart from revelation. God had revealed it. The proof of this was very extensive. Part of the proof consisted of the fulfilment of the prophecies contained in this revelation concerning things now past. To see the force of this proof, I asked them to consider how incapable man was of prophecy. We lived in an age peculiarly calculated to call into exercise such a gift, if it existed in man. To take a low but very cogent illustration, almost everbody betted upon the chance of something happening that was in the future: the winning of a race, the result of an election, the upshot of speculative enterprise. Thousands of pounds were staked every day upon such issues of futurity. The man who could foresee the result would make a fortune in a single day. There were men called "prophets" in sporting circles: but they were only guessers: they were not foretellers. No one could foretell. When it came to a real test of this sort, every one felt the absolute inability of his mind to penetrate the future. Yet here was a book (the Bible) full of prophecy relating to all kinds of matters. Its prophecies extended over a very wide range of time, and related to every kind of subject. It was not confined to what were called the prophetical books, but ran like a golden thread through its entire historical contents, from its opening chapters concerning Abraham to the closing chapter of Revelation, in which Christ announced his future coming. It was not restricted to what were usually considered spiritual events, but dealt with very small practical circumstances sometimes—like an approaching interview between Jacob and Joseph, or a coming visit of a relative to Jeremiah in prison. And the fact was that all its prophecies so far had been fulfilled, without exception. The only prophecies not yet fulfilled were those that avowedly belonged to the future. What was the explanation of this extraordinary fact, that while man was universally incapable of fore-seeing the future, we had in our hands a book full of true prophecy? The mystery was solved by the statement of Peter that "prophecy came *not* in old time *by the will of man*," but that the prophets "spake as they were *moved by the Holy Spirit*" (2 Pet. i. 21). If this statement was true, how important was the Bible: for the leading element in its prophetic exhibitions was the fore-showing of an endless age of unmixed goodness upon the earth at last, in which all men were invited to participate on certain conditions disclosed. Here was where the practical nature of the subject came in. If men saw prophecy fulfilled in the past, they possessed the strongest guarantee that the prophecy relating to the, as yet, undeveloped future would also be fulfilled, and thus were provided with the strongest incentive to conform to the requirements with which the promises of God concerning that future were associated.—I proposed to pass in review before them several illustrations of fulfilled prophecy with which all men of any information must be acquainted, though they might not be aware that the facts with which they were acquainted had been the subject of prophecy. I then reminded them of the existence of the Jewish race in a state of widely-scattered dispersion and distress. I read various prophecies of this state of things, involving two remarkable collateral predictions that while (1) the various nations of antiquity that oppressed Israel should disappear; (2) Israel should last for ever. I next referred to the absolute disappearance of Babylon; to its extraordinary greatness, both architecturally and politically, while it lasted: to the explicit prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah that it would become a tenantless waste: to the recent discovery of its remains on the banks of the Euphrates. I referred them to similar, though not exactly identical, prophecies, and a similarly exact fulfilment in the case of Nineveh and Egypt. I then spoke of the first coming and crucifixion of Christ, and pointed to the prophecies that had fore-shown those events long before they

occurred. I also went over several prophecies of a later application—some coming down to our own day. I asked them to recognise in all these circumstances an absolute proof of the divinity of Bible prophecy, and, therefore, a foundation for unspeakable hope concerning days to come. The Bible foretold a future of ultimate blessedness for all the world. This was, indeed, the Gospel which it had pleased God to require us to believe as a main condition of our acceptability with Him. How true and good all these things were could only be known by the study of that wonderful book God had put in their hands. I pressed the study of it upon their attention as the exercise of the most practical good sense.

The audience listened with great attention, and awarded a vote of thanks to the lecturer, with the expression of a hope that he would favour them with a lecture on the prophecies not yet fulfilled: with which he promised to comply.

Chapter X.—FROM CEYLON TO WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Monday, September 16th. — On awaking in the morning, we found the vessel anchoring before Colombo, in the island of Ceylon. When we talk of an island, we are apt to think of a detached piece of land in the ocean that the eye can see all around. Ceylon is an island, but not in this sense. It is an island in the sense in which Great Britain is an island, or group of islands. Take a map of the world and see. Find Ceylon below India: then cast the eye across to Britain, and compare the one with the other. Ceylon is actually a country. It is part of England's Indian empire. What a stupendous empire this is one does not realise by a casual glance at the map. One requires to see with his own eyes, as in many other matters: and even that he cannot easily do. You can only see a part. Ceylon is a part, and Colombo is a part of Ceylon. Looking from the steamer, we can see that we are in a new world. There is a brightness in the vegetation, a cleanness in the aspect of the houses, and an angularity and stunt in the trees that mark off the land from anything we have yet seen. An occasional palm-tree sticking up against the sky is characteristic of the east.

The aspect of the town from the sea is not striking. The land is low-lying, and there is no mountainous background. There is no harbour, properly speaking. A solidly-built mole or breakwater runs out into the sea, and provides a quiet sheet of water on the north side of it, in which calling vessels come to anchor for a few hours. The difference between the state of the sea on the one side of the breakwater and the other is very great. It is rough ocean on the south side, and smooth water on the north. The long swell of the ocean, when the weather is rough, as it was in this case, breaks over the mole, and descends to the other side in beautiful cascades.

The object of vessels calling in most cases is to get the supply of coals renewed. The coals are brought all the way from Cardiff in ships, and stored here. It takes six or eight hours to get a fresh supply on board. This gives passengers an opportunity of going ashore in the boats that attend the vessel. Availing myself of this opportunity, I went. I found the place much more beautiful than Port Said—the streets wider and better laid out, and the ground of a warm, reddish colour.

If Colombo seems a new world seen from the sea, the effect is greatly enhanced on landing. The first thing that strikes a stranger is the blackness of the people, and the bright colours of such costume as they wear: many of them are nearly naked. They are very numerous, and hurry about, each on their own business, just as in European cities, only their business seems so very

different. English people are frequent among them—in English clothing, of course. The common use of the small Indian bullock, instead of the horse, is also a peculiarity.

As the best way of seeing the place, my cabin companion and I hired a conveyance, and were driven through the roads and suburbs. All this was very beautiful. With the exception of the central streets, the roads are well-kept avenues, among trees of picturesque form—unusual to an Englishman—palm trees, the cactus tree of various kinds, the mimosa, the cocoanut tree, the mangoe, banyan, and banana tree. There is a prevalence among them of bright flowering shrubs—scarlet being a prominent colour. There is a long, newly-formed drive by the sea-beach, and one or two parks and gardens of great trimness and beauty. In one of these parks stands a museum of Indian curiosities.

The evidence of British occupation is everywhere visible in stately buildings among the trees, and soldiers on the streets in their white pugarees (or sun-shade helmet). If it is to the advantage of an inferior race to be under the dominion of a race like the British, how unspeakably it will be in the hands of a king like the Lord Jesus, incorporating in himself the majesty and power and wisdom of heaven. The British, with all the world, will, in his day, gladly join in the wise compliancy expressed in the words: "He will teach us of His ways, and we shall walk in his paths."

My cabin companion, having occasion to return to the steamer before half our time was expired, I remained ashore to make the acquaintance of the native quarters. With this view, I accepted the proffered services of a little lithe black Hindoo boy, who could speak a smatter of English, and who was very eloquent as to his lingual qualifications in various languages. He took me round among the side streets among the native shops. My chief object was to see the people, which I did in plenty. I was the object of much attention among them, as I suppose all strangers are; but most strangers treat them like dogs. I felt pity for them all, but could not make myself understood except in matters of purchase. Most of them seemed to have something to sell. Poor creatures, what else can they do? They are sunk in poverty and have no shepherd—like mankind in general. I could see that they persecute each other, as nearly all men do. Still, I bought a small thing or two, and did not turn an absolutely deaf ear to those who had nothing to sell but their earnest entreaties. I had provided myself with a little small native change with a view to them.

The common advice is to button up, and leave them all severely alone. "Even if you buy, they will sell you." "They will cheat you before your eyes." True: what then? We are in a very evil world. If it would cure it to act the insensible part usually prescribed and usually performed, that would be the thing to do. But cure it, such a part never will. I don't mean to suggest the other part will. But there is a cure coming: and we qualify for being permitted to take part in that cure by meanwhile acting as Christ did, who "went about doing good." Precious, precious little it is we can do in the circumstances of the 19th century, in the utter poverty of means of all kind: the more reason that we should not too strictly harden our hearts on the principles of social economy. It is wonderful how powerful a little kindness is, and how much more interesting human nature is under its operation than when withering under want of sympathy. It is worth while paying a little to see it.

I heard of a rich old lady who travels regularly in the East, and who spends a good deal of money in this way. When adjured by discreet advisers that she will be sold in all her dealings with the natives, she says, "Well, I have come to be sold for their benefit." There is very little of this kind of sentiment in the world at present—scarcely any: for one thing generosity is quenched by poverty. But there will be plenty of it under the ascendancy of the King who, in the day of his sorrow, "for our sakes became poor that we, through his poverty, might become rich." It is part of the preparation for his society to act on his principles while he is away.

I returned to the vessel at four o'clock, and found the dismal process of coaling still going on. The grimness was a little relieved by the performances of naked young natives in canoes that sailed round the vessels at anchor. The canoe seemed a long single plank hollowed out a little in the middle of the upper surface. The boys sat well apart

from each other, and were each provided with a very primitive paddle, which they worked direct from their hands into the water when they wanted their canoe to move, without the leverage of "thowles." Their performance consisted of standing up in their places and singing a ditty in concert, accompanying each syllable with a stroke of their right elbows upon their naked bodies, balancing themselves with their left arms held out. The sound of the elbow blows was like the clapping of hands, and as they kept perfect time, the effect was very pretty. When the song was over, they sat down on their haunches, with legs under (a difficult performance in such frail craft): and looked up for their reward. If any one threw them a coin, it dropped into the water, of course, but the nimble creatures plunged into the water, and in 25 seconds or so re-appeared at the surface with the coin in the left hand of one of them. Then they lifted themselves, one by one, on to their plank-canoe in the most agile manner, and by-and-bye went through the performance again. I regret to say that their song was "Tra-ra-ra-boom-deay"—the most insensate ditty that ever went round the world. It finished, however, with a native snatch of some kind. It was late when the steamer lifted anchor and set her head southwards through the tempestuous Indian Ocean, towards the Australian Continent.

Tuesday, September 17th.—When we awoke we were far out of the sight of land, on the wide sea. Wind and water rough. Still, was able to do some writing in the saloon and some reading on deck.

Wednesday, September 18th.—Did not have a good night, and did not get up till late in the day. Things in general disagreeable between the motion of the vesssel and the insipidity of fellow-passengers.

Thursday, September 19th.—A thunderstorm, accompanied with much rain. As the people cannot go on deck, they congregate in the saloon, where loud talk and the din of riotous peevish children make reading and writing alike very difficult. The starch is all out of everybody and everything, and life for the time an endurance. I was not able to touch dinner. I found a little alleviation in a long conversation with Mr. Watson, whose progress in the truth is very rapid and very gratifying.

Friday, September 20th.—A day of agonising intercession, deep Bible plungings for consolation, which were not in vain: unspeakable yearning towards God and man, even unto tears.

Saturday, September 21st.—A day of real illness: but in the hope of improvement against to-morrow, Mr. Watson posted a notice at the head of the cabin-stairs that I would lecture in the evening "On some prophecies not yet fulfilled, which would greatly affect the future of the world." Weather roughening: temperature much fallen.

Sunday, September 22nd.—Too unwell to get up. The rough weather had deepened to a storm. The wind howled, and the great waves tossed themselves against the big plunging vessel, often obscuring the light of the cabin windows. The violent motion of the ship was very disagreeable. Most of the people on board were sick, and although not a fellow-sufferer with them in that particular, I was in another way bad enough to lead the steward to bring the doctor to me. Mr. Watson posted a notice that the lecture would be postponed.

Monday, September 23rd.—Weather worse: the sea quite as bad as the Atlantic. The great vessel trembles under the blows of the waves as she "mounts up to heaven and goes down again into the depths." It seems as if her vast fabric could not long withstand the violent strainings of her pondrous weight in such a tumult of wind and wave. Pleasure of any kind is impossible to poor mortals so tossed up and down. It is distressing. For the time being, it is horrifying. In my low state, I feel like Jonah, when "the deep closed round about him, and when the weeds were wrapped about his head, and he went to the bottom of the mountains." He said, "My soul fainted within me." But I am not running away from the work; my whale, skimming on the surface of the deep, bears me towards it: it is not burrowing in the dark depths to unknown terrors: unless something goes wrong with the machinery, it is sure to come through the turmoil, and land its inmates safe on a quiet shore.

Tuesday, September 24th.—Things a little better: I am able to get on deck. Had some

pleasant conversations with one or two earnest people there. One, a Mr. Williams, a gold-mine manager at Charters Towers, in the north-east corner of the Australian Continent, had been impressed with the assurrance of some Plymouth brethren on board, who alleged they were saved.—I allowed that assurance was a good thing when on a reasonable foundation, but pointed out that there was such a thing as assurance without foundation. Solomon had said, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Mr. Williams thought the assurance of the Plymouth brethren might have a good foundation.—I said there was only one reliable foundation, and that was the declarations of the Bible. God Himself had said, "If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." If any of the Plymouth brethren on board would allow me to question them, I could make it apparent that their assurance was not on a Scriptural foundation.—Mr. Williams said they did not believe in controversy.—I said that so far as controversy meant mere strife, the objection was a respectable one, but that there was a free collision of ideas that was not only advantageous, but unavoidable and dutiful in the present position of truth in the world. —Mr. Williams was sure they would not answer my questions.—I said that was a bad sign. Jesus had said, "He that doeth truth cometh to the light," and Paul had recommended believers to give to every man a reason of the hope that was in them—which was according to reason. If a position was a sound one, it would stand the stress of any question. When a plaintiff in court avoided cross-examination, it was always taken not only as a symptom, but as a proof of weakness.—Well, Mr. Williams thought there was something in their claim of the Spirit working with them. He himself had seen such things at meetings that he could not account for—people seized with a kind of paroxysm of repentance. There was one preacher in particular whose meetings were always very successful: and he could not account for it except on the idea of the Spirit of God working with him.—I replied that the case of the successful preacher really disproved the thing that he thought it proved. If it was the Spirit of God that was at work in their operations, it would be equally powerful at all meetings, without respect to the particular preacher who might be at work. The Spirit of God was not beholden to man. When it came on the apostles in the day of Pentecost, it affected them all alike. It worked with them all, "confirming their words with signs following." To all of them Christ's words applied when they had to defend themselves before the authorities: "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of the Father which speaketh in you." If modern preachers were moved by the Spirit, they would all speak the same thing, and all be equally successful.—But how should I account for the extraordinary success of a certain Mr. Cook or General Booth? —I replied that their success, as distinguished from other men, was proof that the cause was peculiar to themselves, and therefore human. I added that I only wished the claims of these men could be substantiated. I only wished the Spirit of God would operate again among men as it did in the first century through and with the apostles. It was the intensest hunger of my soul that God would open the springs of His living operative presence in these thirsty times (long foretold). I respected the strong views of the Plymouth brethren as indicating an appetite for the right thing. But we must not allow our desire for the Spirit of God to overmaster judgment, and lead us to nurse an illusion by mistaking our own uncertain feelings for that Spirit—and much of a like import.—Mr. Williams thought there might be something in my ideas.

Another gentleman—a New Zealand sheep-farmer on a large scale—said it did not appear to him that there was much reality of Christian truth anywhere. He did not find that people acted on what they professed. —I said that no doubt was true, but it did not disprove the truth of Christ. Christ was rejected when he was present: no wonder that few should receive his teaching now that he was absent. When he came the second time, he would enforce his law.—The gentleman (a Dutchman) said he felt very great doubt on the whole subject. He thought the only thing for a man to do was to do his best, and trust for the future.—I answered that to do our best was doubtless all we could do, but there might be a differ-

ence of opinion as to what doing our best was.—Well, says the Dutchman, "acting according to the light we have."—Yes, but if Christ had been preached as the light of the world, could it be said that we were acting according to our light if we left him out of account?—The Dutchman was not sure about Christ.—Why not, said I, if he rose from the dead?—Ah, that was the point he could not see.—It was a matter of evidence, said I: the evidence was irresistible when fully looked at.—He did not think it was any use his looking at the evidence: it seemed to him that nature was one vast system of growth and decay, that we were a part of it, and could not help ourselves.—Granted that we could not alter nature, but surely he would not deny that the power out of which nature had sprung could alter nature. —He knew nothing about that: he went by what he saw, and according to what he saw, there was no altering of nature.—But what *he* saw was not all that was to be seen surely: it was only part of the case. There were many things that we had not seen that were true. If a man's knowledge were bounded by what he could see with his own eyes, his knowledge would be very limited indeed. How did he know that he had any ancestors? It was a matter of testimony. Personally, he knew nothing about it, and yet he had no doubt about it. If he would look into the case of Christ, he would find that there was similar ground for belief, although ——. —He did not think he should look into the case any more. He imagined if there was a good state to come, he would have his share if he acted on the best principles he knew.—I pointed out there was no room for imagination in the case, if Christ was what he claimed to be and proved himself to be; for he declared himself the way to the Father and to Life Eternal, and that any man refusing belief in him would find himself in darkness and hopelessness. The case was too important for a wise man to leave unsettled.—The Dutchman, with a nod, said, "another time:" but it never came.

Tuesday, September 24th.—A number of Lord Brassey's people are on board. Lord Brassey has beeen appointed Governor of the Colony of Victoria, of which Melbourne is the capital. He is on his way in his own yacht, *The Sunbeam*—the same in which he and his wife and family made a tour round the world some years ago, as recorded in the delightful diary by Lady Brassey, published at the time. But his heavy luggage and the members of his domestic staff, to the number of 26, are on board the *Oruba*. Mr. Watson has got into conversation on the truth with one of the maids through the sympathy evoked by his rejoinder to a scoffer. He has arranged to get her *The Trial* to read: and it has occurred to me that I might, through this channel, get it before Lord Brassey's notice. I shall try. In the published narrative of the voyage referred to above, which I have been reading at intervals since the *Oruba* left the Thames, and which I read through once before, he appears in the light of a devout practical minded nobleman, who might prove a Joseph of Arimathea. At all events, it is written, "Sow beside all waters," and "Do good to all men as ye have opportunity." Many a seed falls on the wayside, and comes to nothing: but we must scatter the handfuls none the less.

Wednesday, September 25th.—A number having enquired about the lecture postponed from Sunday, it had been arranged for it to be delivered this evening in the saloon. But it transpired early in the day that there was going to be a concert in the first saloon, which would probably draw off a good number of the second-saloon passengers (who had been invited). Consequently, it was considered wise to still further postpone the lecture to Sunday next.

Thursday, September 26th.—We get our first view of Australia to-day. Land came into sight on the port (or left) side of the vessel. Peered at through the glass, it presented a somewhat desolate aspect—a long, dull-looking level hill-coast, scantily wooded, with here and there a patch of white, as if wind and rain had made clearings for themselves at exposed points. But doubtless matters would improve with a closer acquaintance. This is the west coast of Australia, and said to be in some parts of it the garden of the country. Ahead of us a little way is Cape Leeuwin—the south-west corner of the land—named after the ship that first saw Australia. When we are round the corner, we make for Albany—our first port of call. We are 200 miles

from the place yet. Looked at on the map, Albany is just round the corner, and seems as if it might not be more than 25 miles or so from the Cape. This will give an idea of the vastness of the country. Australia is as large as the whole of Europe. How extraordinary that such an immense country should not have been discovered until so recently in the world's history. How extraordinary that it should fall into England's hands. There are some other extraordinary things about it. The animals natural to the country are not to be found in any other part of the earth; and the creatures natural to other parts of the earth are not to be found here. Yet the natives (now few in number, and rapidly disappearing) bear evidences of affinity with the races of Africa. There are problems involved in these facts which it is hard to solve. For one thing, it excludes the idea of Australia having been involved in Noah's flood: for had it been covered with the waters of that catastrophe, all its peculiar creatures (such as the kangaroo) must have perished, and any creatures subsequently introduced must have been identical with those in other countries. It seems, indeed, that while all other countries bear evidence of submergence, the soil of Australia shows no token of having been under water. So the students of Australian geology say. If we suppose (which is a very probable supposition) that none of Adam's descendants before the flood had reached so far as Australia, there would be no reason for subjecting it to a deluge intended to destroy the human species. The necessary deluge (in addition to the great rain) would be produced by depressing the earth's surface a little at the Noachic centre, which would cause the three oceans—the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean—to pour in upon the populated part of the earth, "the fountains of the great deep" being thus "broken up." In this way, "all the high hills under the whole heaven" of human life would be covered, without affecting Australia.—Australia is remarkable also as a great storehouse of gold. Enormous quantities have already been drawn from the country, and other fields have recently been discovered, drawing numbers of people to the west. The interior of the country is as yet unoccupied. There are conflicting reports as to its character. It is by some said to be a vast desert: by others to be fair y suited to human requirements. Probably the truth lies between these statements. Africa, for ages reputed to be a wilderness in the heart of the country, has, in our day, been discovered to be a fertile and habitable land. Yet the Great Sahara is a fact, and there are also other vast tracts uninhabitable from various causes.

Feeling better to-day: wrote letters to be ready for posting at Albany, by which a week will be saved in the delivery at home.

Chapter XI.—FROM ALBANY TO ADELAIDE.

FRIDAY, September 27th.—The engines ceased as we awoke, and on getting on deck we found the vessel at anchor in the harbour of Albany — a splendid natural roadstead—doubly protected by the formation of the coast. First of all, it makes a deep semi-circle inwards, resulting in a wide bay or sound, measuring miles across, and protected on all sides by lofty, rugged hills: and then, on one side of the semi-circle, there is a large sheet of water, surrounded by hills—almost a lake—to which admission is afforded by a narrow passage from the sea. This is the harbcur, which stands in no need of being protected by moles or breakwaters, from the swell of the sea outside. In the roughest weather the water is smooth. It is one of the most magnificent natural harbours in the world, and, from its natural

defences of hills and rocks on all sides, is called "the Gibraltar of Australia." The town of Albany is built on one side—the north side of the harbour. It looks a fairly considerable town, seen from the vessel. I did not go ashore, as a good many did. I felt disinclined from being "out of sorts" for one thing; and then I had letters brought to me from Sydney and Melbourne, which I felt I would be better occupied in answering. One of the letters requested me to telegraph from Albany the fact of my safe arrival and the state of my health, which I was able to do through the purser of the vessel—a gentleman deeply interested in the lecturing operations on board.

After a stay of six hours, the vessel heaved anchor and resumed her voyage, hoping in three days to reach Adelaide, where it was arranged for me to land. The weather, though bright, had become cold: and when we got outside into the bay (which is called George's Sound, and studded here and there with rocky islands) there was quite a breeze, and the water had a troubled look. There was a considerable sea on, and the bay was fleckd all over with broken wave-crests. Presently, the aspect of things was clouded and threatening, and the magnificent amphitheatre of mountain and water had a wierd and melancholy look. The coast is grand, but the land is unoccupied and sterile inside, and said to be of this character along the shore of "the Great Australian Bight" for hundreds of miles. There was a peculiar sense of solitariness and desolation as we gazed across the stormy waters, on lofty mountain heights on all sides, that had towered aloft in lonely grandeur for ages without a history, and had no human welcome to offer even at the present hour. The only comfort was the comfort applicable to so many distresses, "God hath appointed a day" and prepared a shepherd under whom the whole earth will come to a beautified and glorious rest. Many a desert will rejoice and blossom as the rose in that time—to which the Australian desert and frowning coasts will be no exception. The earth as the fit habitation of a cultivated, godly, benevolent, and happy population, will be a very different place to live in from what it is now, when, with all its unmeasured potentialities of good, it is a mere battle-ground for the selfish propensities, involving millions of blighted lives and broken hearts.

I have mentioned "the Great Australian Bight." If the reader will look at the map of Australia, he will see that the southern coast, after leaving Albany, makes a deep bend inwards for many hundreds of miles from Albany to Adelaide. This forms an immense Australian "Bay of Biscay," which, like its European namesake, is a rough part of the ocean from the same cause. The great ocean to the south has no protection between Australia and the Pole. Consequently, the surge of the vast ocean heaves northwards, unimpeded, against Australia's southern shore, and the swell, being caught between the two south-stretching horns of "the Great Australian Bight" and narrowed inwards, tends to make rougher water here than at other parts.

Our vessel's head, on clearing George's Sound, was directed to the Adelaide horn of the Bight, to make a straight line of over a thousand miles across the outside limits of the Bay. Consequently, we were soon out of sight of land, and enveloped in the darkness and storm of night. Some Australian newspapers had been brought on board at Albany; I ransacked several of them in hope of getting news of how the Turkish question was getting on—with very little result—with a good deal of result of a certain kind, but not of the comforting kind. The *Sydney Bulletin* was the paper I had most chance of examining, and this (perhaps 48 pages) I found to be mock and frolic and chaff and worse. There were pleas for the removal of marriage barriers, poems eloquently affirming the hopelessness of death, pictorial jests at prayer, and a general shouting Vanity Fair of tomfoolery. I don't think I found a scrap of serious intelligence on European affairs. At the close of the perusal—what between low health and wild storm, and the senseless tooting of the band upstairs, and this Sydney folly—I was in a very gruesome state of mind. To wipe out the effects, I had a prolonged and discursive reading in Moses and the prophets, finding particular solace in reading aloud and making my own the notable prayers of men of God, such as Dan. ix., Neh. ix., Psa. cvi., lxxxix., and others.

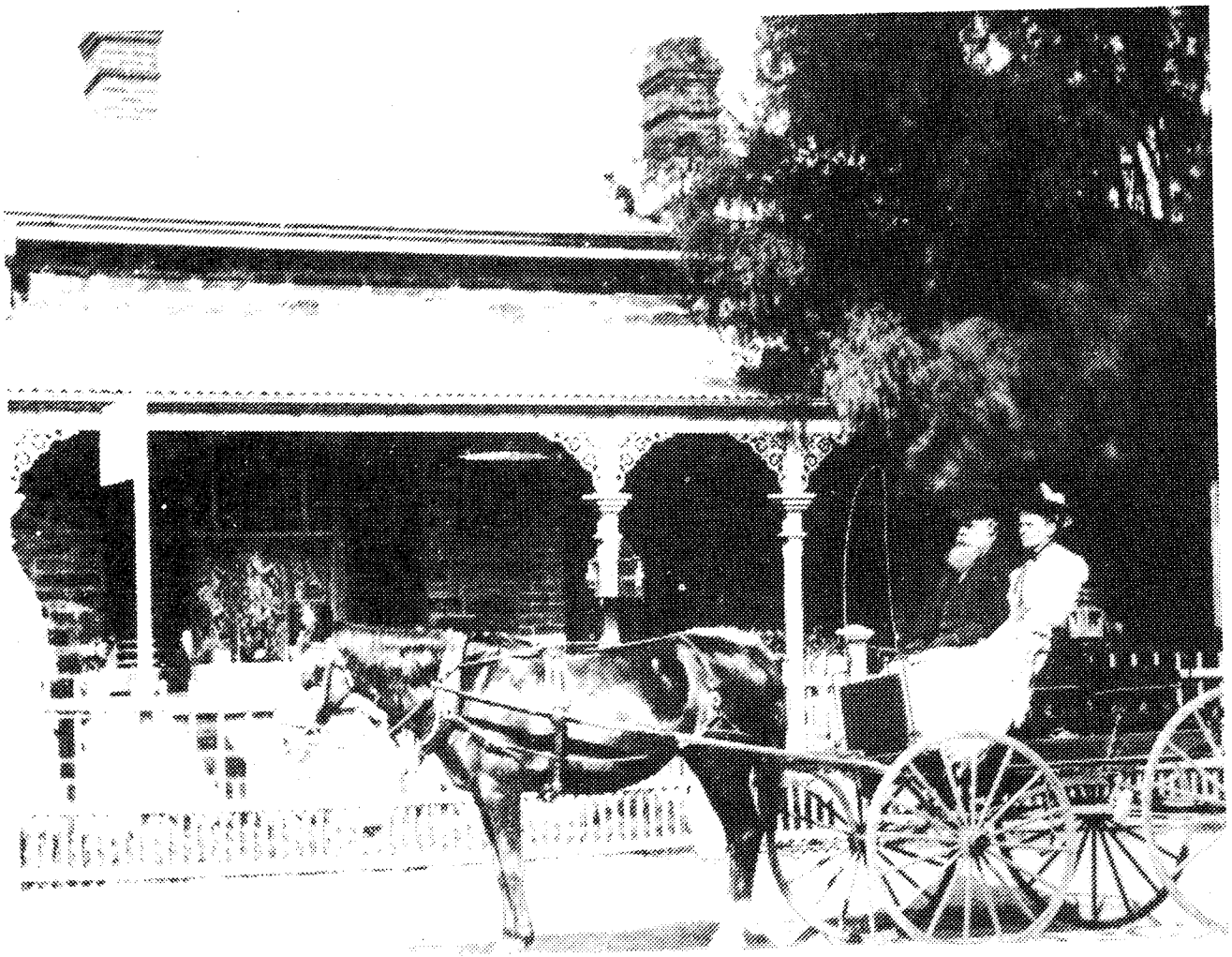
"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee. Lord, hear my prayer."

Saturday, September 28th. — Terrible morning—high sea, drenching rain, vessel pitching and rolling heavily: nobody able to be on deck. Half the people sick: the other half congregated in the saloon, with a liberal allowance of badly-behaved children. I while away the wretchedness by reading and writing, but as this has to be done in the saloon amidst a din of adult talk and child-riot, it is not much of a remedy. However, all things mortal come to an end. So at last the day closed.

Sunday, September 29th.—At noon the weather moderated, and the sea quickly went down, to the relief of every one on board. Mr. Watson posted a notice at the head of the stairs that I would lecture in the evening on "Some unfulfilled prophecies"—not as before on the deck, but in the saloon itself. When the hour (7.30) arrived, there was a large audience. Mr. Watson took the chair, and briefly introduced me. I said I would not obtrude myself on their attention if I had nothing but my own thoughts to bring forward. No human being, relying on his own brain merely, could have thoughts on religion worth presenting. Because the human mind was naturally dark on all subjects, especially on the subject of God. But here was a book professing to come from God, and which as Christians, they were bound to regard in that light: for Christ so regarded it, which was a decisive consideration in the midst of all the oppositions that had been raised against it in modern times. I for one thoroughly believed the Bible to be what it professed to be, and therefore felt great boldness in calling their attention to its prophecies of good things to come. In the last lecture, I had spoken of prophecies concerning the past which had all been fulfilled to their own certain knowledge concerning the Jews, Babylon, Egypt, Tyre, the four great empires, &c. The fulfilment of these prophecies was a guarantee of the Divine character of the Bible, for it was evident to every man of the least power of reflection that the knowledge of the future was a thing impossible to the human mind apart from revelation. This was a point on which God challenged Israel with respect to the false gods which they so pronely worshipped: "Let them show things to come, that we may know that they are gods" (Is. xli. 22). But they could not. "But I," said He, "show new (or future) things. Before they spring forth, I tell you of them" (Is. xlii. 9). This claim having been so abundantly proved by the fulfilment of all prophecy relating to events now past, it was the more easy to believe in those not yet fulfilled. The prophecy of Christ's first coming, uttered nearly 600 years beforehand, had been fulfilled, as to the time, the place, the method, and the result (death by crucifixion): how interesting then that a second coming was foretold when there should be given to him "a kingdom, glory, and dominion, and all peoples, nations, and languages should serve him." The personal reality of this second coming was proved by the personal reality of the first coming considered in connection with the statement of the angels to the apostles when he was taken away: "This same Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." I entered particularly into the vision of the image shown to Nebuchadnezzar and to Daniel, as proving the political reality of the kingdom of God as the finish of history; and showed from various Scriptures its identity with the kingdom of Israel to be restored under Christ, as the source and means of the blessedness promised for all nations in Abraham and his seed. I reminded them of the glorious finish exhibited in the Revelation to John in Patmos: the tabernacle of God with men: no more curse, no more pain, no more death: tears wiped from all faces: sorrow and sighing gone for ever (Rev. xxi. 4). I put it to them whether this was not a perfectly glorious prospect for human life as compared with the ideas and theories promulgated by science? With the one, all was darkness, even to the extinction of the sun itself at last; with the other, all was brightness and joy everlasting. There was this other great difference, that the scientific theories were mere human speculations on a theme too vast for the human mind—speculations that changed from decade to decade: while the promises of God were authenticated and guaranteed in a manner that could not be overthrown when all the

Port Adelaide

King William Street, Adelaide



Bro. & Sis. Ellis, outside their home in Adelaide

facts were allowed their due and logical force. I could only recommend the subject to them as one deeply worthy of their study. If they doubted the Bible, the study of it would be the best method of dispelling their doubts. If they believed the Bible, they did themselves a great injustice if they did not make themselves acquainted with what it taught.—A gentleman wanted to know if prophecy threw any light on the future of Australia?—I replied, "Indirectly, yes: it was included in the 'all peoples, nations, and languages' who should come under the dominion of Christ. And perhaps it was directly visible for a moment in the Tarshish 'young lions' of Ezek. xxxviii. 13, who were to antagonize the great power of the North in the last struggle. I reminded them of the offer of the Colonies to help England at the time of Gordon's death, and of their actual help with a regiment or two; and of that event being celebrated in the political cartoons of the time as the young lions coming to the help of the Old Lion. That was, of course, an ephemeral episode of little importance, but illustrated the association of young lions, and therefore of Australia, with the Tarshish (or British power) in the closing situation of human affairs. The great point was that Australia would come in for her share in the blessedness of a Divine government which would save them from themselves in abolishing their parliament and giving them governors and laws of divine appointment, which they would have to submit to on pain of death.

At the close, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to me, and quite a number privately expressed the pleasure they had derived from listening to the lecture.

Monday, September 30th.—Fine day, sun shining, sea fairly smooth: band pipes up again with its senseless toot-toots—suggestive of kick and frolic and folly, and worse. When the glory of the Lord is as all-prevailing on earth as this ocean, we shall have public music in harmony with the thoughts of God and the highest moods of man. Made farewell arrangements with sleeping-cabin companion. He hadn't a Bible, and I had two—a large and a small. I gave him my small one, as he was earnestly reading it through to upset or confirm what had been presented to him. He also purchased most of the parcel of books that brother Walker had provided me with for contingencies before starting.—At night, in the saloon, there was a burlesque farewell to "the Colonel" who had made himself prominent during the voyage. I did not attend, but I could not help hearing the shouts of laughter that greeted the speeches, and I could not help over-hearing the commiserations privately indulged in by some at the fun that was being made of the old gentleman, blended, as it was, with some practical joking—of a kind not likely to send him home in a sweet mood. Such is the way of the children of folly. There is such a lack of real zest at the bottom of their minds, that they easily snatch at the sensation afforded by buffoonery.

Tuesday, October 1st.—Ship anchored in the Bay of Adelaide early in the morning. Found we had been expected the previous day, and that some anxiety was felt at our non-appearance. The storm we encountered had impeded progress. Preparations were made to land after breakfast. While engaged at breakfast, brother Macdonald and brother Parsons were brought to me at the table by the steward. They had come out in the tender. They had been waiting all day yesterday, along with many other friends of passengers. Brother Mansfield (the devout and cordial centre of quite a circle of spiritual off-shoots—domestic and otherwise) was to have been with them, but after waiting one day, he was obliged to return to daily duty. After breakfast, I got my things together with some difficulty in the bustle; and accompanied the brethren down the movable stairway on the side of the great ship into a little steam-tender that was plying backwards and forwards between the vessel and the shore. Seated in this small craft, with a number of other passengers landing at Adelaide, the side of the *Oruba* towered above us like a giant wall. Her true dimensions were easier to realise than when on board. Hundreds of faces peered over to see our departure; and farewells were exchanged. I was sorry to part with Mr. Watson after an agreeable intercourse of nearly five weeks on the basis of the things of the Spirit. In ten minutes or so our tiny steam-vessel landed at the end of a long pier that came over half-a-mile out

from the land. Here we got out, and all our belongings were inspected by the custom-house officials to see that we were not smuggling in pig-iron or other portable articles. What a piece of barbarism this is, for one part of the civilised community to put up barriers against free intercourse with another. It is on a larger scale what happens when a Sicilian bandit successfully establishes a terrorism over a district, and exacts blackmail on all merchandise passing over the roads therein. If it is a quieter and more smooth-working affair, it is because opposition is more hopeless, and the exaction is called by another name. The barbarism of prohibitive tariffs will be abolished, with many other barbarisms, when the first truly civilised government is established in all lands under the authority of Christ. Revenue will be raised in a wiser and more honest way. A single small annual, poll-tax, which no one will feel it a burden to pay, will provide enough for the public service in an age when that other barbarism of fleets and armies that absorb so much money, will have taken its place in the blackness of history. The payment of it will not obstruct any industry or stir any resentment, but rather afford an occasion of a gladsome tribute of affection to the public good, with something of the gratified feelings with which we put in the box or plate at the breaking of bread, the small contributions by which the meeting's expenses are defrayed.

Giving up my things to a luggage-forwarding agent, under an assurance that they would follow immediately to the address given, but with some of the misgivings which past experience creates, we walked along the pier to the land. The water was remarkably clear on each side, and there was a fine bracing odour of ozone like what is to be felt among the rocks and weeds on a sea-beach when the tide is out. Before us was a low-lying coast, with neat clean-looking, one-storeyed villas, and some larger buildings, dotted here and there for a long way to the right and left. This was not Adelaide, but Largs, eight miles from Adelaide, yet might be regarded as a suburb of Adelaide, as the road all the way to Adelaide is, for a considerable breadth on both sides, occupied by villas and houses and workshops and business premises. When we got off the pier, we found a small railway station in front of us—from which, in about three-quarters-of-an-hour, a train conveyed us to Adelaide. Brother Macdonald had had to leave us earlier on account of business urgencies. Arrived at Adelaide, being unencumbered with baggage (which did not come till next day) brother Parsons conveyed me through the streets to brother Macdonald's house in Hutt Street, on the northern boundary of the city. I was able thus to get a good view of the place, which I must say is the most pleasantly laid-out city I ever saw. It is constructed on an ideal plan, which is so appreciated that the author of it has been honoured by a grave in a park in the centre of the city where no one else is buried: Light, if I remember rightly, was his name. It is an exact square of a mile each way. The square is formed by a broad belt of park on the four sides of the city, enclosing it as a frame does a picture. Through this park belt, the roads of the city are continued to the suburbs outside the square, but no houses are allowed to be built in the belt. Inside the square are five parks—one forming a centre, and the others at regular distances round it—the square and the five parks forming a symmetrical design when looked at as a ground-plan. The streets are placed at regular intervals, and run at right angles one to another. They are all broad and very spacious, especially the central thoroughfares; and except in the business streets, the houses are of one storey, and placed at a distance apart: most of the houses are built of wood, but of neat and airy designs, ornamented with verandahs and front gardens. Paint is freely used to brighten them up. Tramways seem to be in every street. The drainage is on the best sanitary system—the sewage being conveyed out of the city to some considerable distance into the country, and utilised in the growing of farm-produce. The place is, therefore, as healthy as it can be made for mortals, while the deep blue sky and the bright clear air, and the warm brilliant sunshine impart a cheerfulness of aspect little known in the humid climates of the north. It is a model city in its architectural elaboration, and, doubtless, a specimen of the kind of place that all cities will be turned into in the happy days of righteousness and plenty and

security that will come with the government of the dear seed of Abraham, who will not only possess the gate of his enemies, but bless all families of the earth in everything in which blessedness can have play. Men shall be blessed in him, and all nations shall call him blessed. They will not have to provide a grave in the centre of their beautiful towns in honour of their benefactor: a throne, a throne, and not a grave, will be his symbol everywhere, who will give not only beautiful towns but living institutions, securing the well-being of the people in all particulars. "Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of his times." No clever architect can secure these conditions—not in the best-built towns. So I heard that the fine health-giving parks of beautiful Adelaide are at night put to uses that ought to make a dog blush. All round and outside the square of Adelaide proper are suburban dwellings, to which the trams conduct the people from the inside.

Chapter XII.—ADELAIDE TO BALLARAT AND BENDIGO.

ARRIVED at brother Macdonald's house (Hutt Street), it was a pleasure to be once more in the midst of those stable conditions of life that are essential to fragile mortality, which is liable, tossed on the waves, to get into the state of a milk-can jolted over a rough road to market. A civilised meal with rational companions was a special luxury after the savourless fare of a sea-voyage in the best appointed steam-boat, taken under the souring restraints of barren Gentile society. As for a bed that didn't rock, and of a breadth you could not fill, and clothes you could not kick off—it was bliss. I was rather wearied, and was indulged with a delicious rest in the afternoon. After the evening meal, a number of brethren and sisters assembled in brother Macdonald's house to greet my arrival. They had many questions to ask and gratifications to express at the unexpected event of my visit to Australia. We had much pleasant conversation for over two hours. I found the brethren and visitors in Adelaide more numerous and more intelligent than I had anticipated. There is an ecclesia of about 50 members, besides one or two small ecclesias in the district, who joined them at the breaking of bread, and made quite a large muster. The advent of the truth in Adelaide was in the shape of a copy of the *Declaration* a number of years ago. It happened to get into the hands of a few men who were earnest seekers after Divine truth, and started them on the track of new Bible studies, which they followed up with the present happy result.

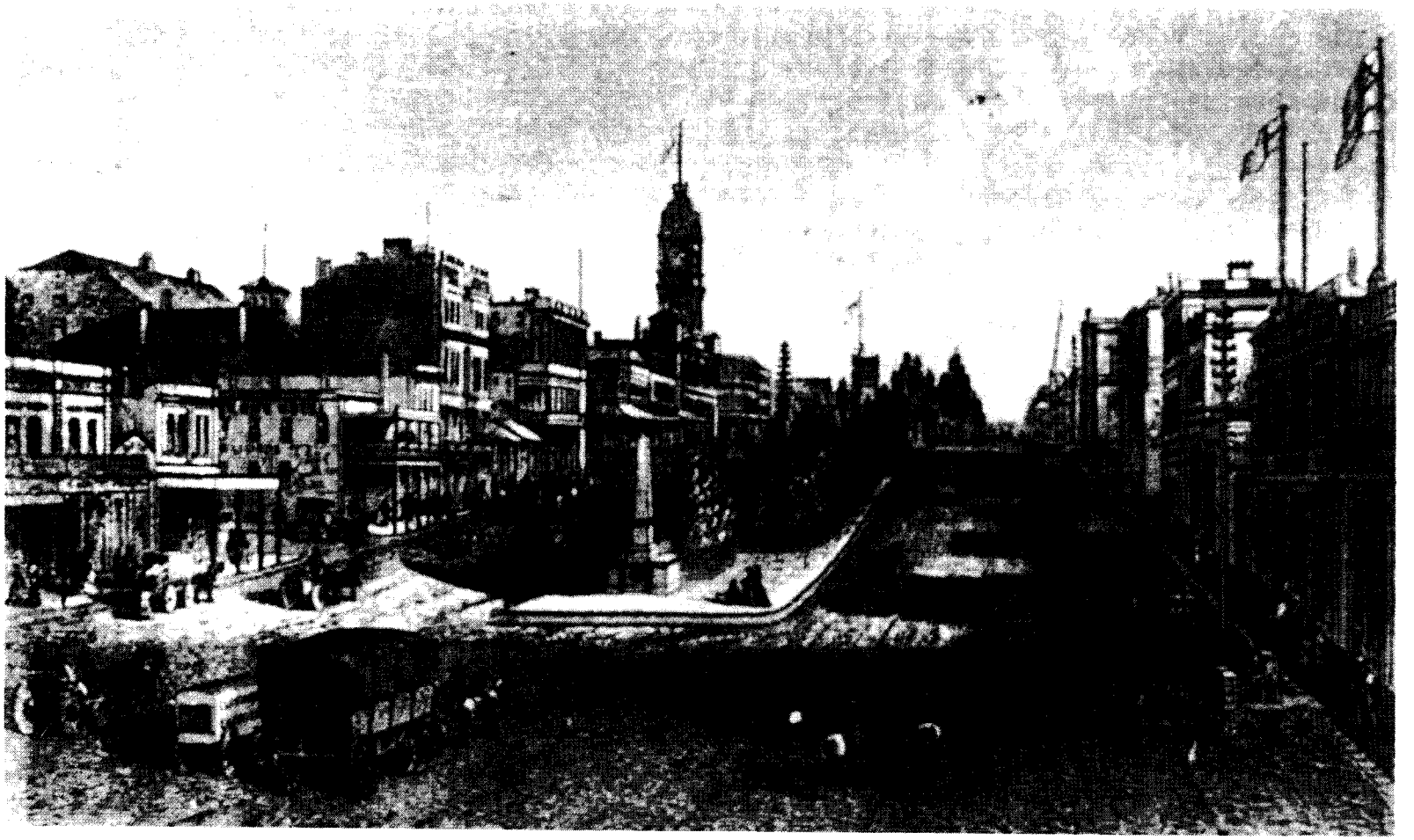
No special arrangements had been made for a public effort on this occasion. The fact is, the brethren did not know what I should be able for on arrival. They presumed that in any case, the first week ashore would have to be one of rest, and at the end of that week, by the programme that had been drawn-up and published in the *Bible Shield and Reflector*—the monthly magazine conducted by brother Gamble—I was due to be off. They did the best they could under the circumstances. They engaged a hall for one week-night lecture, and arranged for a second lecture on the Sunday evening, in their own meeting-place—which is quite a capacious room. However, all the time was filled up, so far as the evenings were concerned. Tuesday was the day of my arrival and first meeting with the brethren. Wednesday evening was their week-night meeting, which I attended and addressed them by request on the subject: "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." On Thursday there was another muster of the brethren in brother Macdonald's house. On Friday was the public-hall lecture—at which there was a large audience, attentive listening, and many questions at the close:

subject, "The Two Appearings of Christ." On Saturday there was another (smaller) private muster of the brethren, and on Sunday a large meeting at the breaking of bread, at which I spoke the best part of an hour: and in the evening a crowded meeting: "The Future State Revealed."—Regret was expressed that my visit should be so short, and a wish that it might be lengthened. I said it could not be altered, as a cast-iron programme had been drawn: but I might come back before finally departing from the Colonies.

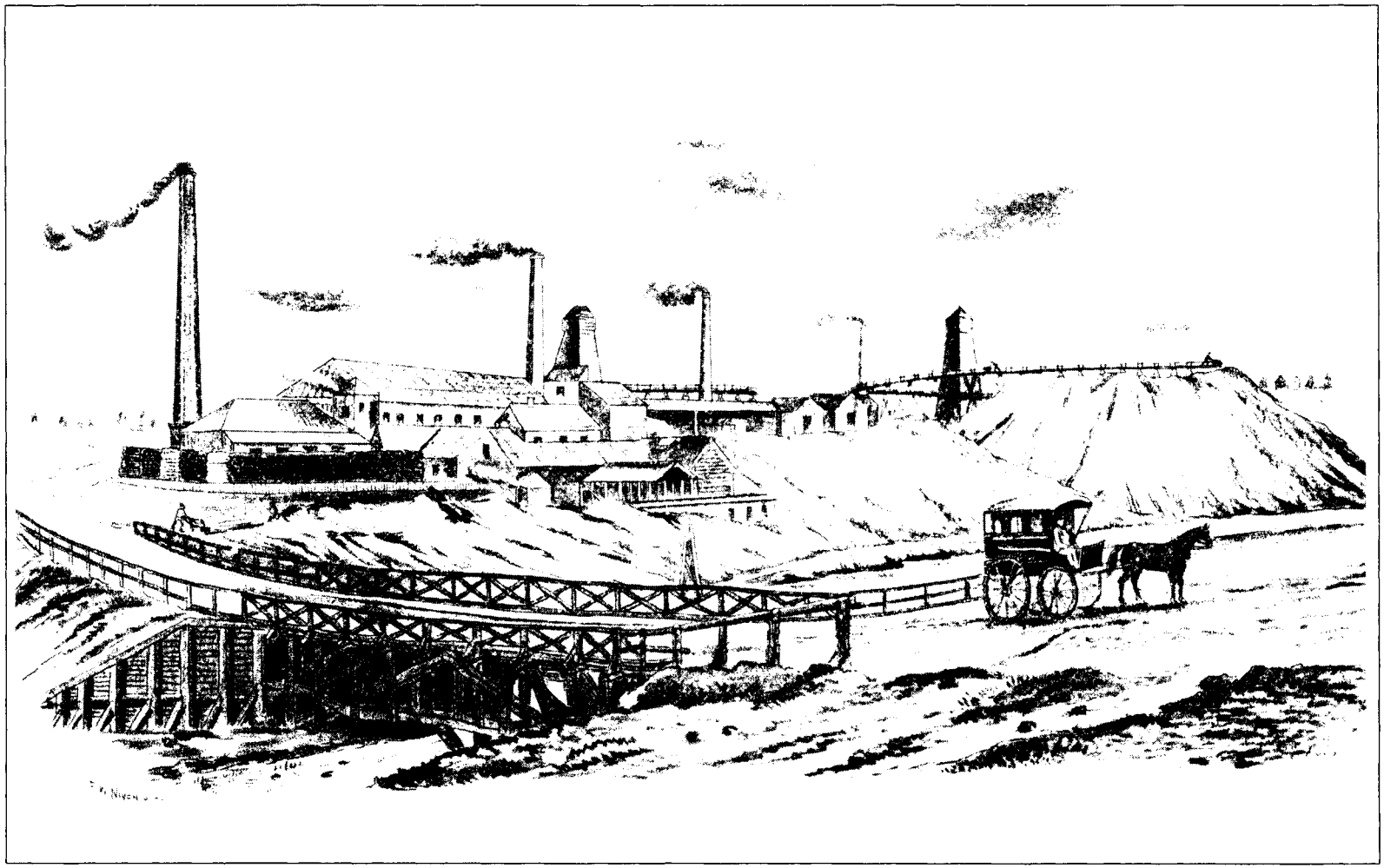
One estimable brother submitted a proposal for the issue of a small cheap hymn-book without the music, so that families might be supplied in greater number. I recognised the goodness of the object, but could only answer, as has before been answered many times: that such a book would inevitably disestablish the music hymn-book in the course of time, which would be a greater loss than those who proposed it could have any idea of. We should slowly get back to the days of poor singing, or still worse, to the days when the cultivation of good singing would be a speciality with the technical and the expert—tending to the formation of choirs, which were generally composed of performers, and not of worshippers. Our present hymn-book levelled away all such distinctions. It left the way open to all to take part in a proper and hearty way, and had a tendency to encourage, and did, in fact, encourage and unconsciously develop that amount of musical ability which was a great aid to the luxury of unfeigned worship. It made all the brethren and sisters more or less singers: and if a few were not benefitted in this respect, the great majority were distinctly benefitted, and the few not benefitted were not hurt. But with a cheap music-less hymn-book, the old evils of poor singing and technical emulations would return. The music hymn-book was dear, but not so very dear. It was a choice of evils. Brother Wenner said a cheap music-less hymn-book was in fact being introduced: and it would be better it should be done by general agreement than by stealth, as it were. As to that, the work was the work of those who were not in accord with us, and who did not see the ultimate bearings of things.

Monday, October 7th.—A crowd of brethren and sisters were at the station to see me off by the 4.30 p.m. express. One of them said it was like attending a funeral. It was not very like a funeral. Another presented me with a monster bouquet of lovely flowers, a short-lived beauty, but valued as an expression of friendship in Christ—the purest and most enduring friendship under the sun—to be seen in its true glory by-and-bye. After many hearty adieus, the train steamed out of the station, and I was soon rushing along through wooded mountains and ravines towards the elevated region of north-western Victoria, where the temperature is much lower than at the sea-board. When darkness came, it was quite cold, and I was glad to get into a sleeping-car, in which brother Macdonald had kindly engaged a berth for me early in the day. I had a taste of sleeping-cars in the United States some years ago. I hope no brother of the Stars and Stripes will think the worse of me for saying that I experienced in this case a degree of comfort for which my experience then did not prepare me. The motion of the train was as smooth as oil: there was no jar of the wheels on the closed ear when the cheek was laid on the pillow: there was no shrieking of the engine every three minutes to give warning at unprotected crossings. There was silence, ease, comfort, and sleep. The construction of the car-springs must have had something to do with it. The speed was high, yet it was the smoothest-going carriage I ever was in. I was surprised at the smooth gliding of the train at such a rapid rate of motion. It was my first trip to the Colonies, and I knew the railway tracks were rough as compared with England, and expected some corresponding roughness in the motion of the train: but no—it beat the English express trains, of which I have had a good deal of experience.

Tuesday, October 8th.—The train was timed to arrive at Ballarat at 7.20 a.m. I looked at my watch, according to which it was about six: but overhearing one say, "We are not far from Ballarat," I thought my watch might have gone wrong, and enquired the time. It was turned seven. This caused me to tumble out in a great hurry; for it is easy to imagine the dilemma



Ballarat



Gold Mining in Ballarat

of a traveller arriving under the blankets at a railway station where he has to turn out, and where the train will not wait long enough to allow of his doing so in a state of civilisation. I had just time to get into proper trim when the train drew up and the porters shouted "Ballarat." Getting out with my "things," I found brother Gamble, brother Kenny, and sister Close (unless I have mistaken the last name) waiting me. Brother Gamble, whom I knew at Leicester about 15 years ago, I should not have known again; he was so stout, and mature, and hale. However unsuccessful his transference to the Colonies may have been in other respects, it has given him health. Outside the station. we found it was a dripping wet morning. Getting into a conveyance, we drove to a hotel near the station—I think it was called Coffee Palace hotel—a comfortable place, combining the simplicity of a third-rate, with the spacious elegance of a first-rate, establishment. After a half-hour's chat or so, my guides withdrew, to call again in the evening to take me to a meeting. Thus left to my own devices, having breakfasted comfortably in welcome solitude at a long and well-spread table, capable of accommodating 50 people (my visit being a little behind breakfasting-hour), I sallied forth to execute several little commissions for brother C. C. Walker, who lived at one time in Ballarat. The day was wet, but I had a waterproof (which I now took out of its bundle for the first time since leaving Birmingham). I quickly found my way about, with the aid of a scribbled plan, with which brother Walker had furnished me.

Ballarat is quite a large and beautifully-laid out city, or rather pair of cities: for it is called the Twin City, for it has the singular peculiarity of being in two parts, and under two municipal governments—due to the circumstance that it made a start for itself in the gold-digging days, and then got taken hold of by the government, who laid out a new city close by the side of the old, and wanted the people to shift to the site of the new. But they would not, and so they held on to their own local management, while the government conferred a separate management on the new city. The two places are really one, but they are divided in the heart by a brook, which is the municipal boundary line between the two jurisdictions: and so they have two mayors, two town councils, and the cost of a dual system generally. The new city is, of course, much finer than the old. Both together have quite a considerable population (perhaps between 30,000 or 40,000). The streets are wide, and there are many large buildings. While walking in the central thoroughfare, a gentleman, who turned out to be a photographic artist, saluted me by name, and said he had orders to photograph me. I said I had no interest in that kind of thing. "No?" said he, with a somewhat crestfallen face. "But you must have some consideration for your friends." I was at a loss to know both how the man knew me, and how the question of a photograph could come into consideration in a place where I had never been before. I understood afterwards. It seems that when brother Walker was here, he ordered out some hundreds of copies of *The Trial*, and put them in the booksellers' shops: and in one case a photograph of the anonymous author was placed in a shop window, with the words written under, "The Author of *The Trial*." I told my photographic interlocutor that I did not think I could pack a visit to his studio into my programme, for I would only be about 24 hours in the place, and the time was all filled up. "Do come in," said he, "it will only be a minute." Well, I said, if he snapped me off just as I was without any preparation, I might. Taken briskly on these terms, I have not yet seen the result: but I see the photos are advertised in the *Shield and Reflector*.

At six o'clock, brother Gamble fetched me to a meeting of the brethren at the house of brother Kenny. They are not a numerous company at Ballarat, and they have been made fewer, I understand, through the proselytising activity of one Cornish, who has a hurtful hobby on the origin of death, which changes the death of Christ from God's condemnation of sin in the flesh into a human tragedy: in which Christ "died because he was killed," and not because it was necessary to the forgiveness of sin. We had pleasant intercourse together on the things of the Spirit for two hours—dispersing about ten o'clock.

Wednesday, October 9th.—At one o'clock

brother Gamble called, by arrangement, to take me to his new habitat at Leonard's Hill, a sequestered township among the hills, 30 miles distant by rail, though only about 20 as the crow flies. (The railway was constructed with a zigzag course to meet the convenience of the gold-mines, which are scattered through the country). Leonard's Hill is not a gold-mine, but a pastoral and fruit-growing district, for which it is suited by soil and elevation. Much of the country all about is in the primitive state known as "the bush," but enough is cleared to make it available for garden-produce. The country round is hilly, but is higher than it looks, reckoning from the sea. It is one of a few spots in Australia where snow is occasionally seen. Brother Gamble, having found former occupations unsuitable in various ways, had, in conjunction with a practical brother, acquired the lease of about 100 acres of market-garden, within eight minutes' walk of the railway-station. Being himself somewhat practical by original training in this line of things, he has good prospects of extracting a fair living. The market is in Melbourne, by direct rail connection. He certainly has the advantage of a healthful occupation in a healthful country, "far from the madding crowd," where he may in peace prepare for the Kingdom of God. There are several brethren in the district, such as brother Hinder (not a hindering brother at all) at Daylesford, and brother Lewis; also brother Nicholls, of (I forget the place), five miles further on. These, with brother Brown, and brother and sister Gamble, make quite a nice little ecclesia. I went over the place in the evening, and at one stage took the pleasure of helping the hands to tie up some bundles of rhubarb for the market.

Thursday, October 10th.—The brethren above-mentioned came over to Leonard's Hill, and we spent a pleasant day together. In the afternoon we (brother Gamble and I) accompanied part of them on their return journey by road, and were picked up by a conveyance bringing brother Nicholls and family. We got off at Daylesford for return, but first made one or two visits to various interesting people, under the guidance of brother Helpful Hinder. Daylesford is interesting from brother C. C. Walker having lived in it for several months before coming to England. I asked to see his house, but was told it had been taken down. If architectural trace has thus been wiped out, he has left a mark that will prove much more lasting if the work stands the fire: several in the neighbourhood rejoice in the truth who, but for his faithful activity while located here, would, in all probability, have been left in the darkness of the natural man. Daylesford is picturesquely situated on a steep hill, surrounded by other hills, but all picturesqueness is taken out of its immediate neighbourhood by the deserted gold-diggings with which the brow and sides of the hills are furrowed. An interesting old man who knows the truth bemoaned the evil of the times, for which he saw no remedy. I implored him to identify himself with God's remedy in submission to His Son, while there was yet time. But something apparently *hinders*. Returned to Leonard's Hill by late train.

Friday, October 11th.—Started about 10 a.m. for Bendigo, which was next on the programme, conjointly with Inglewood and Pyramid Hill. I had to change at Daylesford. Brother Hinder met me there, and pressed me importunately to return on the way from my second visit to Adelaide. I would not say No, but could not say Yes, leaving the matter open to events: I had to admit that my visit was very hurried. The places I have mentioned with Leonard's Hill, when I first heard of them, were dimly before my mind as a cluster of villages, within perhaps 12 miles of each other. Dear me! It took me six hours' railway riding to get to Bendigo, which I found to be quite an important and well-built town of 30,000 inhabitants, with three newspapers, important public buildings, a busy population, and tramways in all directions.

It is one of the most striking things in Australia the rapidity with which, in almost a single generation, so many large cities have sprung up, and railways opened out with their busy traffic where the silence of the primeval forest reigned a hundred years ago. But this bounding development has received a serious check, and Australia is suffering with all the world from commercial blight. There arose what is called "the land boom." An idea went round that land

having increased in value would increase more and more, and that the best and safest thing was to buy land. Under this idea there was a rush, and prices went up and up —until it was found the rise was artificial, and then a reaction commenced, which grew to a scamper down the hill. Then the banks which had made advances to enable people to buy land, discovered that their securities were not worth the money parted with. Between this and other causes of embarassment, the banks had to stop. This has re-acted disastrously on the community in several ways. Impoverished shareholders and depositors had to shift to cheaper houses. This brought the value of property down to one-half; and this disabled house-owners and stopped building, and this threw thousands out of employment in all the trades. Many are just barely able to live: accustomed to plenty, they have to be content with necessities. It is a curious result of this state of things that gold-mining has received an impetus in all parts of the country. The exhausted diggings are being raked over again in all directions by men who cannot obtain a living in an ordinary way, and are too poor to leave the country. Some good finds are got. I heard of a Birmingham man having, within the previous fortnight, come across a nugget worth between £400 and £500; but this was after two years' hopeless scraping. As a rule, the yield of gold is too small to be profitably worked, except by machinery, and even in the best equipped mines, they are content with a few penny-weights per ton of quartz crushed where they used to look at an ounce per ton as the lowest working yield.

The day after my arrival, I was taken down a mine 1,400 feet deep, and saw the whole process. When people hear of a gold-mine, they are apt to imagine the gold lies about in glittering masses like coal in a coal-mine. A gold-mine is like a coal-mine certainly, but not in this respect. To an unskilled eye there is no gold visible, and even to a skilled eye, its presence is often doubtful. You step into a narrow iron-cage after putting on an old hat and a coat no better, handed to you by the manager, to save your clothes from the drips and other defilements to which you will be exposed in the darkness. Then the signal is given, and you descend with a smooth and rapid motion. Soon the daylight is gone, and you are in pitch darkness. Down, down, you go, till in about five minutes you are at the bottom, at the end of a narrow passage, dimly lit with an oil lamp here and there in the wall. You are provided with a lighted candle, and armed with this, you follow the leader along the passage for several hundred feet. The candles do not blow out, as there are no drafts down here. The walk is not a comfortable one, for under your feet are the rails of a very narrow tramway, in which dripping water collects, and you cannot always keep on the rails, and cannot always keep off, and consequently splash in the water occasionally. What the rails are for you discover when a narrow wagon laden with crushed rock emerging from the darkness ahead of you comes along, and you have to squeeze up against the jagged wall to let it pass. Presently, the passage turns to the left, and after walking a similar distance amid similar discomforts, you come upon a sort of rough chamber excavated in the rock, and illuminated with several candles. Here six or eight men are busy digging out the rock, and shovelling it into one of the said waggons. When I say "digging," they do not dig the rock with their spades, but only shovel it. The "digging" is performed by large diamond drills, which are turned by machinery, worked by compressed air. The air is compressed at the mouth of the pit, and conveyed in iron pipes down the shaft to where it is wanted to turn the drills. These, being turned, disintegrate the rock, which comes down in heaps of broken fragments. These are shovelled into the wagon. What becomes of the wagon when it is loaded? It is driven by the hand along the said tramway to the foot of the shaft. Here it is run into the cage that brought us down, and carried to the surface, where it is run out on to rails on a raised wooden gallery or scaffold. On this it is run behind the crushing works, called the Battery. We follow the wagon up the shaft, and see how the contents are treated. The wagon is stopped opposite a wide slit in the wall, from which a slope descends to the works within. We look at the quartz before it is emptied out of the wagon down the slope. It has not the least appearance of having gold in it. It is a

dirty white rock, with patches of discolouration. To a practised eye, these discoloured patches are the indications of gold. But, whatever gold there may be in these, it seems an impossibility to get it out by any human process. Wait a bit. The quartz is emptied into the slope. Down it goes into an iron cavity or chamber, into which massive iron crushers descend from above with a din that makes hearing impossible, and a force that quickly reduces the rock to powder. We go inside the works to see these crushers or hammers at work. They consist of heavy cylindrical masses of iron lifted and dropped again two or three feet several times in a minute. This lifting and dropping is done in the simplest manner by a turning shaft, armed with reversed claws. The claw lifts the crusher, and when the claw clears it, the heavy thing descends with pulverising effect on the quartz below it. And what then? A stream of water admitted at the same time washes the powder out of the bottom of the crushing chamber, on to a series of sloping copper-plates, coated with quicksilver, which forms a descending series of gentle cascades. Well, and isn't the powdered rock all washed away? Yes, but not the gold in it. Whatever gold is in the crushed quartz is caught by chemical affinity by the quicksilver on the copper-plates, and forms with it an amalgam which looks like lead. This is afterwards scraped off the plates and put in a crucible over a powerful furnace heat. This heat expels the quicksilver in fumes, and leaves pure gold, which is then smelted into ingots, and sent to the banks. It is hard and grimy work, which no man would perform except under the pressure of necessity. The sinners are being used to extract the gold from the earth againt the day when it will be put to its true and lasting use in the hands of God's servants.

Chapter XIII.—BENDIGO TO MELBOURNE, *via* INGLEWOOD.

I ARRIVED at Bendigo at 4.20 p.m., and found a company of brethren waiting, to none of whom I was personally known, but they soon picked me out. We got into a conveyance—the seven of us, I think, including brother Collins, of Inglewood, who got up on the box outside, by the driver, and made himself one of the company inside by looking through an open window. The company also included brother Seales, the editor of a weekly paper at Pyramid Hill, who uses his position for the service of the truth in a very decided manner, but finds it embarrassing on some points to a disciple. There is no position free from embarrassment for men desiring to do the will of God. It is a difficult thing but practicable feat to be in the world, but not of it. It is the suitable training which God has appointed for the men in whose hands He will at last place the world. Their power to manage it sympathetically and wisely will in large measure arise from the experience they now go through. "Be patient, brethren." We shall be delivered at last.

Our conveyance was bound for Fir Cottage, near Fair Hill gold-mine, about two miles out of Bendigo. There was much brisk talk on board the vehicle during those two miles. Fir Cottage is the humble but snug residence of brother and sister. Packwood, built by brother Packwood's own hands. Arrived there, we found quite a large company of sisters. How we all managed to squeeze in would require investigation. I think there were two sittings down at the meal table. After much cordial talk, we repaired by the tram to a Public Hall (the name I forget). Here, brother Hardinge having taken the chair, I lectured on "God's Remedy for the World's Distress" to a large audience, who listened attentively. This was the only lecture arranged for, as only one day had been allotted to Bendigo. The lecture was

fairly reported in two local papers, but there was sad bungling in some items. I am always afraid to look at the newspaper report of a lecture. The reporters have not only no understanding on the subject, but they are, as a rule, of that fast and flippant, and in many cases profligate, character that unfits them for even the most elementary apprehension. The latest mortification is this: I lectured on "The Future State Revealed," showing that it was a state to be entered by resurrection, and to be characterised by every desirable adjunct of truly civilised life. The reporter said that I quoted passages to show that the future state was in the grave, where there was no knowledge nor device! I had said something on this head, but only to disprove the popular idea of a future state.

Saturday, October 12th.—Before leaving I had an interview, by request, with several who have been smitten with the Cornish mystification, and are standing apart from the brethren. It takes various shapes in various places. Here it was "no sinful flesh: the flesh containing good, as well as evil, requiring but to be evoked." I pointed out that the idea was contrary both to experience, and to the apostolic testimony. That testimony declared that in the flesh dwelleth no good thing (Rom. vii. 18): that the works of the flesh are evil (Gal. v. 19): that by natural constitution sin dwells there (vii. 20): and that its appropriate generic description is flesh of sin, or sinful flesh (Rom. viii. 3). Experience proved the correctness of these descriptions. A child left without training unfolded evil and not good. Cut off absolutely from contact with man, it grew up a savage. All good in man came from without, not from within. It was only in proportion as men came within the power of enlightenment from without that they rose above the animalism natural to flesh and blood. Well-meaning minds, sharp but short of sight, judged this question by what they found man to be in circumstances of civilisation, of more or less Biblical origin. In this they judged wrongly. To judge of human nature rightly, it had to be looked at away from all such circumstances. It had to be looked at as it was when left entirely to its own resources. Such minds also thought to honour Christ by clothing him with a nature to which these terms could not apply. To do this, they either had to give him a nature different to ours, or else make ours different from what the Scriptures and experience declare it to be. The subject was of some subtlety and some profundity. Its elucidation had been one of the greatest victories of the truth in our age over the intellectual fogs and anomalies connected with the whole subject of Christ as a sacrifice; and well-meaning minds, thinking to mend Dr. Thomas's work, would drag us back to the old quagmire. The brethren did well to resist their encroachments. It might seem a small thing to quarrel over the phrase, "Sinful flesh," but the phrase, which was an apostolic one, touched a truth which had a deeper and more widely-ramifying bearing than those who were tampering with it were aware.—Whether the interview was of any use I know not. As regards one worthy old man it was utterly useless, notwithstanding the self-stultification of his answers. He had a set philosophy of his own, to which he clung in spite of admissions that destroyed it. A wrong view of human nature seemed to be at the bottom of his difficulty.

In the afternoon, I went to Inglewood—not by rail, but in a wagon, drawn by one horse, a distance of 29 miles. It was a wagon used for business purposes by brother Collins, who was the driver on the occasion. It was a long distance by road for an invalid: but brother Collins had made such arrangements on board the vehicle that I was able to recline occasionally, and so escape the stress. The road lay through woods a good part of the way—not "the bush," which is virgin forest, but the "scrub"—the stunted timber left after the large trees have been taken away. There were, however, many farm-clearings on the way. The journey occupied four hours, but it did not seem so long as some journeys taking only half the time. This was, no doubt, due to the entertaining character of my companion. He was one of Sir Garnet Wolseley's gang of Canadian boatmen during the Gordon Relief Expedition up the Nile, and had a good deal of interesting information on that enterprise. His whole history was interesting down to the time, not long

ago, when he lived in a garden on less than 2s. a week, in a booth made by himself. He had only recently come into contact with the truth. It had been a joyful and unexpected deliverance to him. He was like a great many others, roving about the world without any idea of the meaning of life, but certain that clericalism was a superstition. It was a *Finger Post*, sent to him by sister Appleby, that began the process of enlightenment. *Christendom Astray* followed, and before he had finished the seventh lecture, he wanted to be immersed. His intelligence in the truth is something surprising in so short a time. He had been a brother about six months at the date of our drive.

We arrived at Inglewood about seven o'clock in the evening, and were welcomed at the hospitable home of brother W. H. Appleby—one of a somewhat extended family circle in the district, who were originally zealous Church of England people, but who became acquainted with the truth through one of the daughters marrying and removing to Melbourne, and coming in contact with it there. This daughter (the late wife of brother Irving, of Melbourne), pressed the truth earnestly upon the attention of her relatives as a thing so true and beautiful. At first, her efforts only excited antagonism; but as time went on there was a softening: and when she died, the funeral, conducted by the brethren, so impressed the relatives, that they resolved to examine the matter. The result was their acceptance of the hope of Israel, which is now the day-star in several households throughout the Inglewood district.

Sunday, October 13th.—A wagon came over from Bendigo with a load of brethren and sisters from that town—29 miles. They started very early in the morning. They packed brother Appleby's house when they arrived. In the afternoon we broke bread in the brethren's meeting-house—a considerable company. In the evening, I lectured in the Public Hall to an audience of about a hundred people. Inglewood has only about 600 of a population. It makes a much better show of streets and houses than a place of that population does in England. It looks quite a neat, important, and promising little city.

Monday, October 14th.—The wagon had returned to Bendigo this morning. I also went there, but by train, accompanied by brother Collins. I said farewell with regret to many hearty friends in Christ. There is no friendship so cordial, pure, and lasting as that which springs out of mutual submission to God. At Bendigo, after an hour's interval, I took the train for Melbourne, over a hundred miles distant—not a long run in a country of such immense distances. In the same compartment in which I travelled was a company of gamesters, who tried in vain to inveigle me in their toils. The journey was accomplished in four hours. At the station there was quite a large company of brethren and sisters waiting, including one or two familiar faces. After the exchange of hearty greatings, I was put into a conveyance which had a Christadelphian driver (and owner), brother Adair. Three brethren (brother Robertson, brother Irving, and another, whose name I forget) came in beside me. As we drove through the streets, the brethren called my attention to their striking announcements issued for the lectures. (Right: Solomon's advice is good: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.") At a certain point, the vehicle stopped, and brother McGibbon, of whom I had heard, rushed out, and exchanged hearty greetings through the door behind. Then we went on, and did not stop again till we reached the house of brother Robertson, in Brunswick, a suburb of Melbourne, about four miles from the heart of the city. Here I had a warm reception from sister Robertson and her mother, sister Whitelaw (both in the faith with all their hearts). Their house is an hospitable one, but people should wait till they are invited. While the law of Christ enjoins kindness to the utmost, it does not absolve any one from the reciprocal obligations of courtesy and good breeding. On the contrary, none are so considerate of their neighbours' privacy as those who act habitually on the Christ-prescribed rule, "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." But in a land of "sundowners," this is liable to be forgotten. A one-sided application of the laws of Christ is very unsatisfactory. It brings double pressure where only one pressure was intended. A faithful man will be

equal to the double pressure perhaps, but an arch stands best on two piers. It is apt to fall in if the weight is all on one leg. When the guests observe the rules that belong to them, it makes it easy for, the host to do his part. But the world is out of order, and will continue so till re-constructed by the Master hand that will give us "new heavens and new earth." (All which observations are unauthorised in this connection, and inspired only by sympathy for willing horses which are liable to get too much of the burden).

Tuesday, October 15th.—A day of writing and rest. Went out to see the city by getting into one of the cable trams, which took me right into its centre at the water-side, four miles distant from where I got in; then walked back part of the way. A large city of wide thoroughfares, well-laid-out streets, solid public buildings, tree-lined avenues, spacious parks, splendid tram service in all directions. Everything pertaining to the public service seemed ample and thorough and vigorous. But the aspect of the people, as they swarmed along the foot pavements, suggested a worm at the foot. There were many spiritless sad faces with the *blasé* look that comes of fast living. This is not peculiar to Melbourne, but it seemed to strike me more here—perhaps, because I had heard it was a city much given to pleasure. The city also bore evidence here and there, especially in the outskirts, of that arrested development which is the natural sequel to the overblown activity of recent years, ending in bank stoppages, the depreciation of property, the shrinkage of trade, the falling away of employment, the fall of wages, &c. Still it was a marvel to see a great and splendid city of 400,000 people standing in full activity where, only a hundred years ago, nature reigned supreme in the solitude of the virgin forest, broken only by the exploits of black savages. I called at the post-office to buy stamps. I had not thought I required any, as I had laid in a stock on landing at Adelaide, but I was informed that Adelaide stamps (or more properly speaking, South Australian stamps) were of no use in Victoria. "Well, well," thought I: "here is barbarism, to be sure." British people come to a new and spacious land, and settle in various parts of it, forming themselves into colonies here and there, and instead of throwing into one concern, they set up establishments as rivals one to another, as the foolish tribes of the Red Sea. To "the old folks at home" it is all "Australia," and a visitor from there naturally imagines it is all one family off-shoot from the mother country, in which he will be as much at home with all when he lands on any part as he is on Britain's shore. But, oh dear, far from this. He finds the different colonies are different nations. Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, are countries as separate from one another as France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Austria—except that they all speak the same tongue, and own a common allegiance in foreign matters to the Government at home. They each have their own Parliament, their own governor, their own revenue, their own railways, their own postal system, their own servants, their own stamps, their own system, and their own jealousies and vainglories. And so all my Adelaide stamps were useless because I had travelled four or five hundred miles. There is a talk of "Federation," but this will only relate to imperial relations. There is no proposal of "fusion," and so the barbarism of separate governments and clashing interests will continue till the little stone, smiting them all to powder, will substitute the one "great mountain filling the whole earth," under whose shadow the weary and self-afflicted populations will find refuge and rest and health. On the way home, I ran up against brother Irving and brother Middleton, who were full of arrangements for the forthcoming lectures.

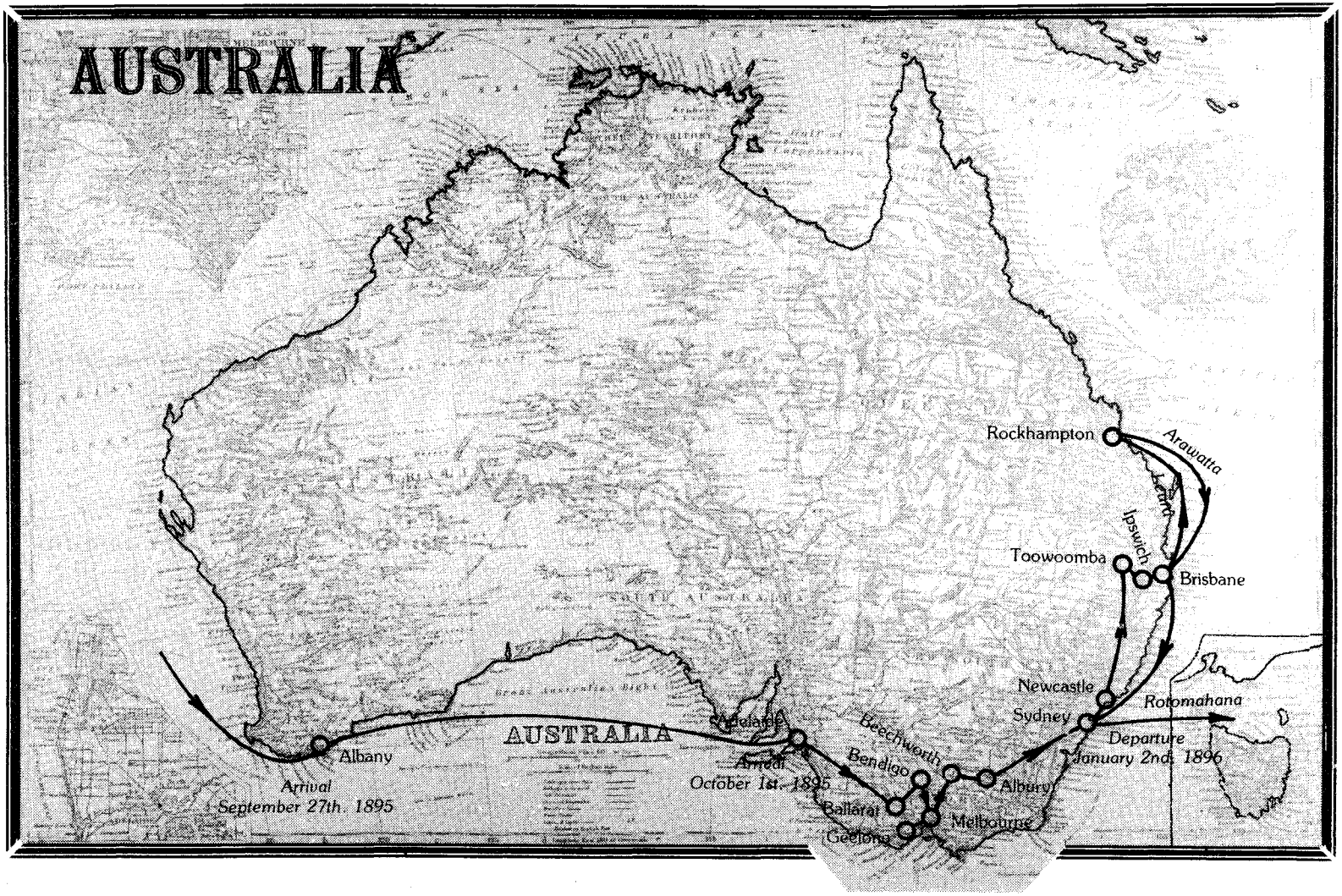
Wednesday, October 16th.—This was the day of the first lecture. The brethren had made enterprising arrangements for a lecturing effort. They had engaged the Athenæum, the largest hall in the city next to the Town Hall; and they had put out striking announcements, and had obtained the insertion of editorial notices in the leading papers, calling attention to the meetings. Still, they did not know what kind of meetings to expect. There is a certain rule that might have guided their anticipations: it works almost invariably: "He that soweth boun-

tifully shall reap also bountifully." They had sown bountifully in other ways beside those enumerated. For a long time, they had steadily kept the truth before the Melbourne people, including the sale of several hundred copies of *Christendom Astray* through the booksellers (to provide whose profit, a brother in another part of Victoria had sacrificed 25 per cent.) It was, therefore, not surprising when the first evening came to find the large hall filled from end to end, including a large end gallery. It was a "sea of faces." There would be over a thousand people present. The brethren had selected a subject of their own: "The World's Depression and its Cure." Brother McGibbon presided, and having read a portion of the Scriptures, he briefly invoked the Divine blessing, and introduced the lecturer. The *Age* gave a brief and somewhat scornful notice of the lecture next day. The following sketch had been prepared for them, but did not appear:—

"The LECTURER said the subject was of wider scope than the wording of it would indicate. The fact was, the subject was chosen by friends in Melbourne before they had an opportunity of knowing his wishes in the matter. The word depression would suggest a transient phase of economic disturbance, for which perhaps he had to propose bimetallism or Socialism, or some such thing as a remedy. The subject went much deeper than this. The world had been depressed or in a low and suffering state ever since it was a world. Human life, whether they took it in their individual experience, or in its national development, was a failure, when considered in the light of those aspirations which formed part of their mental constitution, or in relation to the greatness of the universe in which it was placed. No system of merely human thought could account for the extraordinary fact that the noblest creature on earth came the furthest short of his manifest destiny; and no scheme of human reform was able to redeem human life from its abortiveness and fatuity, or held out a reliable prospect of its deliverance from the innumerable evils from which it had suffered for ages, from the innate weakness and corruptibility of its moral and physical nature, and from the folly of political and social arrangements which impoverished and degraded the mass, without ennobling a pampered and surfeited few. Was there no explanation? Was there no hope? He put forward the Bible as the answer to both these questions. It was the only book that professed to deal with them. It was the only book that professed to have the authority of God for its answer. It was the only book that by any chance could be Divine; and when thoroughly looked into, its divinity ceased to be a question of chance. It was an affair of incontrovertible evidence, and of absolute demonstration. He thought the friends of the Bible were not bold enough; they were not positive enough; they were not enthusiastic enough. The Bible stood upon foundations massive and impregnable as the everlasting hills. The hostile efforts of science and what was called "Higher Criticism" were as the mere peckings of sea-gulls on the adamantine rocks. The criticisms and the oppositions, and the loud-voiced assaults of modern unbelief were in their true logical relations as the chattering of laughing jackasses against the advance of mounted artillery.

"Why were the professed friends of the Bible so timid? It was pitiable to see their cringing and apologetic tone in the presence of the attacks that were being made in all parts of the world. They were like gunners in a battery of hundred-pounders, who should have forgotten how to work their guns, and cower timorously before the advance of a Chinese rabble, with a harmless parade of dragons and shrieks and tom-toms. The fact was, the world did not know the Bible, and the inexpugnable facts to which it stood related. They did not give it tne daily reverential attention and study which its Divine character called for. They were disobedient to its precepts, and so fell an easy prey to the shouts of Phillistines, who sometimes captured the ark, though to their own subsequent discomfiture. The Bible stood upon the great foundations of indisputable history, fulfilled prophecy, its intrinsically evident non-human character, and on the endorsement of Christ, whose resurrection from the dead imparted to that endorsement the character of an infallible sanction. The Bible account of the unhappy state of the world was that God and man were not friends; that man at the start broke away

Swanston Street, Melbourne


AUSTRALIA
Rockhampton
Arawatta
Ipswich
Toowoomba
Brisbane
Newcastle
Sydney
Rotomahana
Departure
January 2nd. 1896
Albury
Melbourne
Geelong
Ballarat
Bendigo
Beechworth
Arrival
October 1st. 1895
Adelaide
AUSTRALIA
Albany
Arrival
September 27th. 1895

from the absolute submission that is reasonable on the part of created beings to their Creator, and has in all generations more or less maintained this attitude; and that, therefore, the curse of God is upon the earth, and death man's portion because of sin. But because out of that evil God purposes to bring unmixed good at the last, He does not make the curse destructive, or sweep the race to a universal death. The Bible is, in fact, the history of God's work so far as developed for the accomplishment of this purpose. In illustration of this, he reminded the audience of the call of Abraham and the promise to him in the very beginning of things: "In thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed" (Gen. xii. 2-3). He reminded them also of the Divine choice and organisation of Abraham's natural descendants, the Jewish race: "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise" (Is. xliii. 21). "When I have brought them again from the people and gathered them out of their enemies' hands and are sanctified in them in the sight of many nations,then shall they know me,&c." (Ez. xxxix. 27). "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea, . . . and he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and assemble the outcasts of Israel and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth" (Is. xi. 9-12). The question to which he particularly invited their attention was the method by which the promised blessedness of all mankind was to be worked out. Was it to be sudden and miraculous? Was it to be that one morning, when they awoke, they should find there had been a transformation scene, and that all things were inexplicably changed? The Bible furnished a complete answer to this question. The answer was to be found in many parts and in various forms. On this occasion, he should direct their attention to Daniel, whom Christ commended to their attention as a prophet, as a recommendation to understand his writings (Matt. xxiv. 15). He made this selection because, in the prophecies of Daniel the matter was presented in a condensed and highly-intelligible shape, which a very ordinary understanding could take in. He then entered into the particulars of the second chapter of Daniel, which he recommended the audience to read at their leisure. He said they would find that it not only outlined the history of human dominion on its leading imperial features for over 2,400 years, but revealed the upshot of human history to be this: that God would set up a kingdom by the hands of Christ (Dan. ii. 44; vii. 13, 14; Luke i. 32; 2 Tim. iv. 1); which would overturn and uproot every form of human government and absorb in itself all the kingdoms of the world (Rev. xi. 15). It would be the ancient Divine kingdom of Israel re-established at Jerusalem (Amos ix. 11; Micah iv. 8), from which the law would go forth to all the world (Is. ii. 3). Christ would resuscitate and occupy the throne of his father David then (Is. ix., 6-7; Acts ii. 29-30; Jer. xxiii. 5), and the whole earth, finding rest under one government, would abandon the study of war, and devote themselves to the peaceful occupations of civil life under institutions that would make them prosperous and enlightened and happy (Mich. iv. 3; Zech. xiv. 9; Ps. lxxii). The establishment of this kingdom would be preceded by a time of national tribulation unequalled in the world's history (Dan. xii. 1). There would be war in the first instance between Christ and the nations at his return (Zech. xiv. 1-4; Ez. xxxviii., 18.23; Rev. xvii. 12-14). The practical relation of the matter to us at present arose out of the fact that God had, by the hands of the apostles in the first century, sent out an invitation, as yet unrecalled, to all men who were willing,to become co-heirs with Christ of the kingdom to be established, on the conditions disclosed and presented in the Gospel (1 Thess. ii. 12; 1 Cor. vi. 9; Jas. ii. 5; 2 Thess. i. 5: Acts xiv. 22; Matt. xxii. 1-3). The acceptance of this invitation and conformity to its requirements involved present contempt; but all who faithfully adhered to them, suffering now with Christ, would reign with him in the day of glory that was coming on (2 Tim. ii. 12; Rev. xx. 4; Dan. vii. 27; Rev. ii. 26; iii. 21). "The World's Depression" in the larger sense he had indicated, was of Divine origin, and could only be divinely removed. It would be removed when Christ reigned, and not till then. It was a mistake to suppose the preaching of the gospel was appointed to

bring about the Millennium; it was appointed "to take out a people" from among the nations for Christ at his coming (Acts xv. 14). This work would go on to the last; for it was revealed that Christ, at his coming, would find some of his people in the land of the living (Luke xii. 37; 1 Cor. xv. 51; 1 Thess. iv. 15). The rest he would raise (John vi. 39). As regards the world at large, it would continue in the state likened by Christ to the godlessness that preceded the flood (Matt. xxiv. 38-9). There were reasons which he would not enter upon on the present occasion, for, believing that the time for the coming of Christ to do all these great things was near at hand. The exhortation suitable to the crisis was to be found in the words of Peter, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation" (Acts ii. 40). The crisis impending was a time for the punishment of the world for its wickedness (Isa. xxvi. 21; Rev. xix. 15-16). Men imagined they made themselves all right when they had amassed a fortune, but it was written, "Neither their silver nor their gold will be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath" (Zeph. i. 18). The lecturer said he had heard a poor account of the state of Melbourne. It surely could not be that all were given to lightness and folly; that none had an ear for wisdom. It surely must be that some, in their quiet moments, as they looked abroad upon the face of this tremendous earnest universe, must feel there was some higher meaning to life than the mere getting of a living and scraping together enough to be decently buried at last. He earnestly directed them to the Bible as the solution of the problem. If they doubted it let them read it, and in the reading they might perchance realise the saying written in the Scriptures: "The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light, and to them that sat in the region of the shadow of death hath light sprung up."

Thursday, October 16th.—A letter this morning from Mr. Selby, a Campbellite preacher, who had been an Atheistical lecturer, but had suddenly turned round and become a "pastor," as an experiment in the way of finding "the greatest good for the greatest number." The brethren had proposed to him, before my arrival and without my knowledge, that he should debate with me on the nature of the kingdom and the human constitution. I was in no state of health to undertake a debate; and there does not now exist the need for encouraging debates that there was in the beginning. They were useful in those days in getting a hearing for the truth, but now we can get the ear of the public without them. Nevertheless, the brethren having committed me in the matter, I wrote Mr. Selby, consenting, provided the debate should be partly in the Socratic form of question and answer. The proposal came to nothing.

In a day or two, Mr. Selby published a pamphlet, containing the correspondence, under the title of "Christadelphian Capers." Servants of the truth are not ecclesiastical politicians, so they have to leave such tactics to those in that line.—Within a few days I had other challenges—one by newspaper advertisement, to meet a certain "Pastor Abbott": one from the Secularist Society, to meet an atheistical champion of the name of Mr. Syme: and another from a Universalist of no standing. With sufficient physical pith, I should have taken pleasure in "smiting them hip and thigh," if "with the jawbone of an ass," in the estimation of some. In the actual state of things, I was obliged to forbear—and confine my efforts to lecturing. Perhaps more to the advantage of the real work in hand in these closing hours of the Gentile day.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN MELBOURNE.

FRIDAY, October 18th.—The second lecture was to-night. The brethren had selected the subject: "Does Death End All?" because of the prominence that subject had received during a recent visit from Dr. Cook. There was a still larger audience than on the first occasion, and an apparently sympathetic hearing. I said there were four answers to the question, only one of which was sustained by the evidence; first, the answer of those who judged by appearances, and who, because in current experience, nothing was ever more seen in the land of the living of those who were put into the ground, came to the conclusion that death was the end of every person who died. 2. The answer of the philosophic (Theosophist) speculator, who, with the Egyptians, Hindoos, Brahmins, &c., said No: death did not end all, but went further than that, and said that birth did not begin anything, but was only an incident in an endless series of phenomena, in which not only deathless but creationless human beings went through a succession of states. 3. The answer of traditional Christianity, which, having adopted the classical Greek speculation of the immortality of the soul, maintained that death did not touch a man's conscious being, but merely liberated him for his proper mode of existence in a disembodied state. The fourth answer was founded on the Scripture, and not contradicted by science, namely, that death "ended all" for the time being, but that in the case of those who became responsible by knowledge, there would be a recovery from death by resurrection at the return of Christ, to whom the power of raising the dead had been confided: and that in the case of those approved, this recovery from death would be an introduction to an immortal and perfect state upon earth, which would never end. I enlarged upon this fourth answer for nearly an hour-and-half, and at the close received the congratulations of not a few. Afterwards I received a long manuscript criticism from a quondam friend of the name of Brown, the chief aim of which was to maintain that the resurrected are immortal from the first moment of their resurrected being: the objection to which is that it anticipates and indeed nullifies the judgment, and clashes with the testimony that "we (dead and living) shall ALL be changed." It is an old controversy from which some have not recovered: the truth of the matter has prevailed to a larger extent than might have been expected.

In the afternoon, under the guidance of sister Robertson, I called on brother Harvey, a worthy photographic brother, who had earnestly requested my submission to the operation of the camera. Under the impression that it would be of some advantage to him, I set aside my aversion. He afterwards showed me the results in what were considered good sun-shadows of the original. Afterwards we went (also by arrangement) to see brother Ratten, at Kew, a beautiful suburb to the east of Melbourne. Brother Ratten carries on a superior scholastic establishment for gentlemen's sons. At one time it was a flourishing concern: but between the prejudice created by his acceptance of the truth, and the limitation of incomes of the patrons by the financial disasters of the times, he shares the difficulty that is hampering and harrassing the whole world in these closing hours of the times of the Gentiles.

Saturday, October 19th.—In the morning I called on brother Unsworth, who had emigrated from Warrington, England, some few years back, and was now separated from the brethren through the influence of Geo. Cornish. Found this man at his place. First saw brother Unsworth alone, and ascertained the cause of the separation. Then saw the man Cornish, who is deaf and has to use an ear horn, into which any one conversing with him has to shout. Cornish professed a great desire for truth, and much humble readiness to acknowledge himself in error if it can be shown. But, in fact, I found him

a tenacious, impetuous, domineering, and abusive crochetarian of dangerous type, one of those men on whom no sort of impression can be made by argument, but who has the power of oppressing others by dogmatism, which, armed with a superficial cleverness, takes the unwary at a disadvantage. I did not find out his true character in this respect at the first interview. He humbly implored the favour of a conference with me in the presence of the Melbourne ecclesia, who, he said, refused to give him a hearing, and with whom he was anxious to agree if he could. To this I would not consent, as the ecclesia had already suffered disturbance enough from the contentions he had raised. I said I had no objection to converse with him in the presence of those whom he had misled. It was arranged that a meeting for this purpose should take place on the following Tuesday, in the workshop of brother Unsworth. That evening had been left blank for rest in the programme of my work drawn by the brethren, and I afterwards suffered for not letting it remain so: but it seemed as if I could not, in common kindness, refuse the request for a meeting under the circumstances.

Sunday, October 20th.—A large muster of brethren and sisters in the M.U. Hall, Swanston Street, their accustomed place of meeting; a commodious hall, capable of seating about 400 people. Brother Barlow, originally of Birmingham, presided. At the right moment, I was called on to address the meeting, which I did for the best part of an hour. The object of my remarks was to fix attention on God Himself, as the ultimate climax of the truth and all its institutions. I dwelt especially on the sacrifice of Christ as an event without a meaning apart from this. That sacrifice, though apparently a human accident, was a Divine pre-arrangement, as Jesus showed, not only by foretelling it several times, but by declaring that no man should take his life from him, that he should lay it down of himself, *in harmony with commandment received from the Father* (John x. 18). The apostles showed it in their public allusions to the crucifixion after its occurrence, saying that Jesus had been delivered to death "by the *determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God*," and that the rulers in putting him to death, had done "whatsoever God's hand and God's counsel had *determined before to be done*" (Acts ii. 23: iv. 28). The object of this pre-arrangement was that sin might be put away—(Heb. ix. 26)—that sin might be condemned (Rom. viii. 3) that the righteousness of God might be declared (Rom. iii. 25-26).

All these phrases probed to their root meant that God must be exalted and man humbled in the way appointed before there *could* be remission of sins for any in a world of sinners. There were many to whom this conception was a foreign one, and who, therefore, sought to harmonise the crucifixion with merely human events and sentiments. They either struck above or below the mark of Divine wisdom in the matter. They either made the crucified Christ a substitute for sinners or a mere martyr to his own faithfulness and no sacrifice at all, such as had been Mosaically prefigured for a hundred generations. And they patched and tinkered with his nature to suit it to their unscriptural thought. They either made him immaculate, like the Roman Catholics; life-free, like the Renunciationists; or Adamically-untainted, like the man Cornish. All these were forms of error that undermined the wisdom of God in the sacrifice of Christ. They were well meant in a human sense: but none the less subversive of the great and simple fact that Christ was "made in all points like" ourselves, as to flesh nature, that through death and resurrection, he might do that which no other man could do, "destroy him (or that) having the power of death, that is, the devil" (Heb. ii. 14). This truth had been extricated from the obscuration of many ages, and delivered from the intellectual embarrassments which had beset the question of atonement for generations. And the brethren had done rightly in resisting those who, with whatever motive, would drag us back to the old difficulties and the old obscurations. These active superficial minds were not aware of the mischief inherent in the work they would like to do. They were like children interfering in a delicate chemical process, or a piece of mechanism which they did not understand. Leaving them, our business was to fix our minds on those conditions and actions which were pleasing to God, and which would prepare us for incor-

poration with his happy family in the day of harmony and glory. I followed out this idea at some length.

At the close, many hearty greetings were exchanged, for which there had not been much opportunity at the week-night lectures The condition of the lecturer, after addressing so large a body of people, and the size of the dispersing audience, were alike unfavourable to introductions in detail. It was pleasant to become personally acquainted with so many brethren and sisters whose very existence was unknown to me in any practical sense until I landed in the Colonies. In fact the numbers and heartiness of the friends of the truth in the Colonies has been a surprise at every stage. The truth found its way there by accident, as men say, thirty years ago, and ever since it has been spreading like some prolific plant, sending out creepers in all directions. But this has not been without faithful effort on the part of believers.

I heard in the afternoon that several hundred copies of *Christendom Astray* had been sold through Melbourne booksellers by the arrangement of a brother at Beechworth, who got them from Birmingham at the published price, and paid the booksellers a profit to sell them. Owing to this there was now a demand, which could not be met. In view of this, during the week, we telegraphed for a supply to be sent direct from Birmingham, and to be placed in the hands of the booksellers at the expense of the office.

In the evening, in the brethrens' meeting-place, there was a crowded attendance at the lecture, "Is the Bible Divine?" There was great attention and some adversaries astir.

Monday, October 21st.—A tea-meeting for social intercourse took place n the evening. It was on something of the scale and style of a banquet. A well-spread table, profusely adorned with flowers, ran round three sides of the hall. Brother Galbraith, of Traralgon, presided at the centre of the head table, and about 118 brethren and sisters sat down. The tables had been spread by a public caterer at so much per head, which spared the brethren considerable trouble and secured a skilful provision. When the repast was at an end, the tables were cleared, and the public meeting formed. The chairman said words could not express the pleasure he felt on that occasion. They had looked forward for months to the visit of brother Roberts, and now that it had come, they had to say with the Queen of Sheba, the half had not been told them. They had been made to feel as strong as giants, and as bold as lions. The meetings they had had were never to be forgotten, especially the Sunday morning meeting. Accustomed to the solitude of a pastoral life at Traralgon, it was indeed a feast of fat things to come and see such an assembly of brethren and sisters, and hear such words of upbuilding.—Brother J. Pettigrew, an elderly greyheaded brother, originally from Scotland, followed in a similar strain. He said he had followed brother Roberts's course closely and watched him in all circumstances for 30 years, and he was uttering no words of flattery when he said that in all that time, he had been the steady and unflagging servant of the truth; and that whether it was friend or foe that lifted hand against the truth, brother Roberts had in all cases been faithful in its defence. Brother Pettigrew, said many other pleasant things.—I was then called upon to address the meeting. I said it was unusual for me to hear such pleasant things. I was almost afraid of them, because the credit of all goodness of whatever kind rested with God, who made us all, and because I remembered that Herod being complimented, was "eaten up of worms because he gave not God the glory." To God be the glory for whatever I had been enabled to accomplish in the service of the truth for nearly 40 years past. How much of it belonged to faithful service (for God was pleased to recognise a part) would shortly be made known. I had been so accustomed for many years to hard speeches and bitter experience that it was almost too much for me to hear such pleasant words as had been spoken. One thing that enabled me to bear them was that they were true. I had worked for one object all my life, and that is, the Bible's supremacy in theory and practice. If God had recently permitted me to be overwhelmed in calamity from which there seemed at present no outlet, I had no misgivings towards Him. It was nothing new in His dealings with men for Him to suffer

and even contrive misfortune to overtake approved men (not that I presumed to be among such, but only labouring to be among such). His objects were not to be discerned till the finish of His work with all of us. But enough was made known to enable us to be reconciled to the worst. No man was perfect: but there was such a thing as getting our whips now that we might escape them then. To use Paul's expression, "When we are (now) judged, we are chastened of the Lord that we should not be condemned with the world." Irrespective of this, we were all aware that tribulation in general was the appointed preparation for the kingdom of God. Therefore, it was "no strange thing" that befel us if we encountered trouble on our way to the kingdom of God. It was a preparation of the highest kind for what was coming. I meant to say that much of the joy of salvation would arise from the affliction out of which the sons of God in every generation were to be saved. I asked them to consider how much of the pleasure of the meeting of that evening was the effect of previous knowledge of each other. Without knowledge of the truth and its struggles, we could not have been interested in each other, or had any pleasure in the meeting. Whatever pleasure we had was the result of what had gone before. This was a small illustration of what was being done for the family of God by their experience of darkness and evil for many generations. In the great gathering drawing near, when Christ would be surrounded by the chosen of God of all ages and countries, the principal ingredient of their joy would be the memory of a troubled past—from the cruel sufferings of the Lord himself to the troubles of the latest brother who might be accepted. Fused into one history by the power of the Spirit of God, their memories would go back on the history of all, and recall, in the joyful knowledge of release, the sufferings of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, and all the prophets and all the unnamed children of God in their countless multitudes who have groaned in obscurity and affliction and powerlessness while waiting for the promise. I then spoke of the signs of the times as indicative of the nearness of this joyful muster, and exhorted the patient continuance in the appointed well-doing of this probation.—The meeting dispersed after the singing of a hymn and prayer.

Tuesday, October 22nd.—Met Mr. Cornish according to agreement, in the presence of a number of brethren and sisters whom he had subverted. Up to this time, I had spoken of him as "brother Cornish," but I now discovered that his estrangement from the truth was so serious as to disentitle him to that mode of address. It was not only the "good flesh" doctrine which I had encountered among those in sympathy with him at Bendigo (see earlier part of diary), it was now no condemnation in Adam at all, and no sacrifice of Christ for sin at all, though in words confessing both.

First of all, there was an endeavour on the part of Mr. Cornish to prove that I had changed from my original position. He tried to prove this by citing an article written in 1869, in which I said that no change of nature was effected in Adam by his condemnation: that the only difference between the fore and after state, was a difference of relation to the dissolution process lying head. I now said I adhered to what was written in the article, and could wish no better exposition of the matter when taken as a whole. What Mr. Cornish had omitted to consider was, how—according to the said article—the difference of relation was established. I afterward pointed out that in the early part of the article, it was laid down that the altered relation became a law of his nature "running in the blood," and that thus only was the sentence transmissible to posterity. This was no alteration of nature, but the introduction of the law of death into it, leaving it the same nature still. But Mr. Cornish called this "evasion" the common rejoinder of perplexed antagonism in the presence of an unanswerable explanation.

I discovered Mr. Cornish's denial of the sacrifice of Christ when putting his answers to the test. I asked him why Christ died. He said "Because he was killed." Yes, but what was God's object in allowing him to be killed? The answer was:—"To wean men from their sins; it was not necessary for their forgiveness." At this point I refused to go further, because of the impassable gulf of divergence thus suddenly revealed. 2.

Because in my weak state of health, I found the work of shouting logical niceties into an ear trumpet an impossible work to continue. I said the case was far worse than I had any idea of, and that I should refuse to have anything to do as a brother with a man holding such views. I rose to go, but the company (20 persons or so) implored me to remain for their sakes. They, in fact, in a friendly manner, prevented me from going, and I remained to please them, listening to Mr. Cornish's remarks, in which he denounced Dr. Thomas as anti-Christ, and dared me to appear before the judgment seat of Christ. At the close, several of the company asked me to meet them by themselves and answer their questions, as they desired only to be in the right. I consented to meet them on the following Saturday afternoon for the purpose expressed; and they all signified their intention to be present.

Wednesday, October 23rd.—Feeling much fatigued, I devoted the principal part of to-day to a rest and ramble in the Melbourne Cemetery. It is a very large, numerously occupied, and well-laid out city of the dead. I remained long among the monuments of all sorts and sizes. It was heart-breaking work reading the inscriptions—the endless record of ruined families, blighted hopes, vain struggles, death everywhere, and the same process going on every day. The worst of it is, the living take no heed. They gather round the coffin of a dead relative, wear solemn faces for an hour, perhaps utter a pious platitude, and contribute to a costly tombstone "sacred to the memory" of a man whom they likely despised in life, and when the thing is over, back they plunge into irrational life, where, if you chance to meet them, they are barren as rocks to every sensible idea; yet onward runs the stream of things, bearing them to the inevitable end in their turn. They fret through a short life, mar it with their follies, embitter it with their unkindness, blight it with their selfishness, and disappear in the cloud of artificial interest created by death. Oh, most sad is the aspect of the sea of life, as we glance round on its restless, changing, turbid waters. There is no consolation except in Christ. By him yet we shall see the fulfillment of the Apocalyptic vision: "no more sea" (of death) but a world of wise, reasonable, beautiful, godly, immortal life; every individual in it a jewel and the activity of all "holiness to the Lord." Cemeteries will disappear in the promised day: a tombstone a relic of vanished antiquity.

In the evening I lectured in the Athenæum Hall to a good audience, but not so large as in the previous week. There might be 700 present.

Thursday, October 24th.—To-day, being a blank day, and wishing to see Melbourne harbour, which I had missed through coming by rail, I went to-day by steamboat to Geelong, under the guidance of sister Robertson, a true daughter of Sarah. If the reader will look at a map of Victoria, he will see that Melbourne harbour is a sheet of water about 40 miles across in any direction. It is nearly a lake. It is only saved from being so by an opening at the south end, into the ocean outside. Geelong is inside the sheet of water away in a corner to the left. It was the first seaport hereabouts in the beginning of things, and no doubt would have become the true Melbourne if the water had been deep enough for dock purposes. But better dock accommodation being found at the head of the 40 mile water enclosure, Melbourne developed up there, aud Geelong has subsided into a quiet, distant suburb of Melbourne, where the better-to-do people reside. It takes about four hours to sail from one place to the other. At various other parts of the enclosed water sheet are various watering places called after places in the old country—Brighton, &c. The land is not lofty. Still, these surroundings render the approach to Melbourne picturesque. Lord Brassey, the new Governor, was expected hourly in the *Sunbeam*, and there were various tokens of preparation to give him a royal reception. As a matter of fact, he entered the bottom end of the bay, through "the heads," while we were returning from Geelong to Melbourne. We did not see his entrance, but learnt the fact from the papers next day,

Friday, October 25th.—To-day was a holiday in Melbourne, in honour of the landing of Lord Brassey. There were triumphal arches, and thousands upon thousands of spectators in the streets. Of course, I did not go to see. It is nothing I would have cared for, the show, even if I had been quite robust;

but, feeling unwell, I stayed at home. I was sufficiently recovered by the evening to give the advertised lecture in the Athenæum Hall: "Prophecy that has yet to be Fulfilled." We did not expect so good an attendance at this lecture, as there were various evening gatherings connected with Lord Brassey's reception, but it turned out the other way. We had a much better audience than on Wednesday evening. This was probably due to the influx of people, by special trains, from the surrounding districts to see the arrival of Lord Brassey; and, perhaps, to the greater interest excited by the statement of the subject, which really related to the kingdom of God, but which the public might imagine had something to do with the details of current events. Some written questions had been sent in, which I answered at the close of the lecture, mostly of an inappropriate and facetious character. At the close, a written proposal of debate was handed in on behalf of Mr. Symes, the editor of the Atheistical organ in Melbourne, but as the programme of my tour had been drawn up and published by the brethren for some months in advance, it was not possible I could entertain the proposal, even had I been in proper health for a tussle, and of opinion that such a performance would have been to the advantage of the truth. There is a time to debate, and a time to refrain from debating. The present time is a time for the consolidation of faith in the love and works thereof, and not for discussing whether there is such a thing as faith or not. The coming of Christ will catch some in the act of disputing the existence of such a personage. How foolish they will seem. The course of true wisdom, after the survey and test of all the facts, is to prepare for his coming in the induction of that state of mind and line of conduct, that will be acceptable to him. This is not to be attained by "perverse disputings with men of corrupt mind," but by the sincere and meditative studies and exercises which the study of the Scriptures, and prayer will gender. An advertisement also appeared in the papers inviting "Robert Roberts" to debate with a certain "Pastor Abbott," of the Universalist persuasion, concerning whom the reports were not encouraging.—Another man, of the name of Brown, was recommended by deputation as a fitting antagonist. My natural man would have said "Meet and thrash every one of them:" it can easily be done, so far as argument is concerned. But infirmity withheld me, and time did not allow, so I had to pass on under the imputation of fear and "Christadelphian Capers." It is a mixed world at present: indeed, scarcely mixed, it is nearly all of one sort. The kingdom will be a mixed world, with righteousness, good sense and gladness as the chief part of the mixture. The ages beyond will show us a world of well-being and blessedness unmixed. In prospect of this, the toil-worn pilgrims, often dejected and faint, pursue their journey "through time's dark wilderness of years."

Chapter XV.—THE DOCTRINE OF THE CROSS IN MELBOURNE.

Saturday, October 26th.—Kept my appointment in Mr. Cornish's meeting-place with the few who came, out of the number who covenanted. Was informed for the first time that after my departure, Mr. Cornish had demanded them not to attend unless he were present, and that they passed a resolution to that effect: which would have been reasonable enough if the issue had been a question of accusation against him, but which had no reasonableness at all as relating to a meeting to question me on matters of Divine truth, and which had no defensibility at all after agreement to come.

It is the most elementary principle of righteousness that covenants must be kept. Even if one "swear to his own hurt" he must "change not." In younger days, such a flagrant breach of decorum would have caused wrath and world-rousing efforts at rectification. But after a life-time of weary fight with things that cannot be mended, I could but acquiesce with pity, and make the best of a bad job. In a large and silent room, I sat down with about six persons round a table, and talked over the matters that had been brought into dispute. I answered a number of questions put in all candour and meekness by one brother Stephens. They principally related to the results accomplished by the death of Christ, and to the nature inherited from his mother as fitting him to accomplish those results. That nature, as pointed out, was human nature inheriting death from Adam for the very purpose of destroying the death that was destroying it. It was so testified: he took part of our identical flesh and blood "that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil" (Heb. ii. 14). "He died unto sin once" (Rom. vi. 10), or in other words, "he put away sin by the sacrifice of himself" (Heb. ix. 26). The result at first was limited to himself. Death was certainly not vanquished outside of himself; hence it is that we must become united with him to obtain the benefit.

But the Cornish view, which is the Roman Catholic in a modified form, repudiates this arrangement of divine wisdom, and from feelings of mistaken reverence (presumably) revolts at the very idea of Jesus having been in any way related to sin. This is a zealous antipathy not inspired by knowledge. The statement that Christ will "appear the second time *without sin* unto salvation" looks back upon the fact that at his first coming he was "made sin for us who knew no sin" and "died unto sin once." Feeling might just as well revolt as the idea of his having been related to man at all, for it was nothing but humiliating and defiling to be born of woman, which was part of the Edenic penalty (that Eve should have children in sorrow). It is a mistake to allow sentiment to have place in the matter at all. It is truth and fact that we want, and in this matter, it is only by testimony that we can get at them. The testimony is plain: that Jesus was our very nature "in all points," but a divine form of that nature for its redemption from death by death in righteousness. It is impossible to improve upon the definition of Paul that Christ died, that He (God) might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus (Rom. iii. 26). The sacrifice of Christ shows us the justice of God working under the inspiration of the love of God, that the way might be open for forgiveness "through the forbearance of God" until life eternal.

All this is twisted out of shape by the Cornish view, which says—"Christ died because he was killed: it was not necessary for the forgiveness of sins." We cannot better demonstrate the serious nature of this departure from Gospel truth than by the exhibition of the following:—

ON THE NATURE OF MAN AND THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

1.—*That death entered the World of mankind by Adam's disobedience.* "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin" (Rom. v. 12). "In (by or through) Adam all die" (1 Cor. xv. 22). "Through the offence of one many are dead" (Rom. v. 15).

2.—*That death came by decree extraneously to the nature bestowed upon Adam in Eden, and was not inherent in him before sentence.* "God made man in his own image . . a living soul (a body of life) . . very good" (Gen. i. 27; ii. 7; i. 31). "Because thou hast harkened unto the voice of thy wife . . . unto dust shalt thou return" (Gen. iii. 17, 19).

3.—*Since that time, death has been a bodily law.* "The body is dead because of sin" (Rom. viii. 10). "The law of sin in my members . . . the body of this death" (Rom. vii. 23, 24). "This mortal . . . we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened" (1 Cor. xv. 53; 2 Cor. v. 4). "Having *the sentence of death in ourselves*, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead" (2 Cor. i. 9).

4.—*The human body is therefore a body of death requiring redemption.* "Waiting for the adoption, to with the redemption of our body" (Rom. viii. 23). "He shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His own glorious body" (Phil. iii. 21). "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. vi. 24). "This mortal (body) must put on immortality" (1 Cor. xv. 53).

5.—*That the flesh resulting from the condemnation of human nature to death because of sin, has no good in itself, but requires to be illuminated from the outside.*—"In me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. vii. 18). "Sin dwelleth in me" (Ib. vii. 20). "The law of sin which is in my members" (Ib. 23). "Every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights" (James i. 16). "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts" (Matt. xv. 19). "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption" (Gal. vi. 8). "Put off the old man which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts" (Eph. iv. 22).

6.—*That God's method for the return of sinful man to favour required and appointed the putting to death of man's condemned and evil nature in a representative man of spotless character, whom He should provide, to declare and uphold the righteousness of God, as the first condition of restoration, that He might be just while justifying the unjust, who should believingly approach through him in humility, confession, and reformation.*—"God sent His Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh" (Rom. viii. 3). "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself took part of the same, that through death he might destroy that having the power of death, that is, the devil" (Heb. ii. 14). "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body to the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24). "Our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed" (Rom. vi. 6). "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. iv. 15). "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the World" (Jno. xvi. 33). "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God, to declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 26).

7.—*That the death of Christ was by God's own appointment, and not by human accident, though brought about by human instrumentality.* "He that spared not His own Son, but *delivered him up for us all*" (Rom. viii. 32). "Him being delivered *by the determinate council and foreknowledge of God*, ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain" (Acts ii. 23). "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). "No man taketh it—my life—from me, but I lay it down of myself; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father" (Jno. x. 18).

8.—*That the death of Christ was not a mere martyrdom, but an element in the process of reconciliation.*—"You that sometimes were alienated in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled *in the body of his flesh through death*"—(Col. i. 21). "When we were enemies, we were *reconciled to God by the death of His Son*" (Rom. v. 10). "He was wounded for our transgressions: He was bruised for our iniquity: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed" (Isaiah liii. 5). "I lay down my life for my sheep" (Jno. x. 15). "Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, *by a new and living way*, which he hath consecrated for us through the veil, *that is to say, his flesh*, let us draw near" (Heb. x. 20).

9.—*That the shedding of his blood was essential for our salvation.* "Being justified *by*

his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him" (Rom. v. 9). "In whom we have redemption *through his blood*, even for the forgiveness of sins" (Col. i. 14). "Without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22). "This is the new covenant in my blood, *shed for the remission of sins*" (Matt. xxvi. 28). "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world" (Jno. i. 29). "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins *in his own blood*" (Rev. i. 5). "Have washed their robes and *made them white in the blood of the Lamb*" (Rev. vii. 14).

10.—*That Christ was himself saved in the Redemption he wrought out for us.* "In the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to *save him from death*, and was heard in that he feared. Though he were a son, yet learned obedience by the things which he suffered. And being made perfect, he became that author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him" (Heb. v. 7-9). "Joint heirs with Christ" (Rom. viii. 17). "By his own blood he entered once unto the holy place, *having obtained eternal redemption*" (Heb. ix. 12). "Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect, &c." (Heb. xiii. 20).

11.—*That as the anti-typical High Priest, it was necessary that he should offer for himself as well as for those whom he represented.* "And by reason hereof, he ought as for the people, so also for himself, to offer for sins. And no man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron. So also Christ glorified not himself to be made a high priest, but he that said unto him, &c." (Heb. v. 3). "Wherefore it is of necessity that this man have somewhat also to offer" (Heb. viii. 3). "Through the Eternal Spirit, he offered himself without spot unto God" (Heb. ix. 14). "Who needeth not *daily*, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins and then for the people's: for THIS *he did once* when he offered up himself" (Heb. vii. 27). "It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens (that is, the symbols employed under the law), should be purified with these (Mosaic sacrifices), but *the heavenly things themselves* (that is, Christ who is the substance prefigured in the law), with better sacrifices than these" (that is, the sacrifice of Christ (Heb. ix. 23).

Afterwards I saw a 102-page pamphlet put out by Mr. Cornish in connection with this subject, entitled, "The Editor of the *Christadelphian* Unmasked." I know not how to characterise it as it ought. It is not for me to judge or condemn, but rather to have in view the precept which enjoins us to "Pray for" those who despitefully use and afflict us. At the same time, the necessity for a correct understanding sometimes calls for rejoinder where silence would seem preferable. My rejoinder shall be very brief.

The venom of Mr. Cornish's production is self-manifest. Its venom is only equalled by its untruthfulness. That Mr. Cornish is a conscious liar, I cannot tell. I rather think a good deal must be put down to his infirmity of hearing, which prevents correct impressions; and (if reports are correct) to another infirmity which would go far to account for a virulence approaching insanity.

However this may be, I repudiate his report of the meeting between us as a tissue of misrepresentation and mendacity. Of course, there is a framework of fact in his account, as there is in all false versions, but as regards those details on which the character of an action or a speech depends, two-thirds of them are distortions, and some of them inventions. I disown questions put into my mouth. I disown answers I am represented as giving. I deny the calumnious version of my connection with the proposed refinement of sugar by electricity which Mr. Cornish has raked up from the extinct embers of past animosities. I do not admit that livelihood by pure literature is a just cause of reproach.

God has raised up this Shimei to curse me, and I must bear it. It comes at a time when I have many other sorrows. There is

a Divine meaning to it all, without doubt, which will be manifest in due time. It may be said, if Shimei cursed, David sinned. Be it so: "What man is he that sinneth not?" But Shimei's cursing was short-lived, and David forgiven was re-instated. We live in a time of trouble. We live in the developing crisis of the time of the end. Evil goes forth from nation to nation, and from so-called brother to brother. In such a time, the answer of a good conscience inspires resolute endurance. God guides the whirlwind, and will at last save His own out of all affliction. Wherein this man may mean well in his personal antagonisms to me, I pray God to forgive him. Wherein he fights against God, in adding to the afflictions of the Gospel, at a time when it fights an almost single-handed battle against the hosts of darkness, he is in God's hands and may have to answer for it.

Sunday, October 27th.—Assembled with the brethren in the M.U.hall for the breaking of bread at 11 o'clock. There was a large attendance, but not so large as on the previous Sunday. Brother McGibbon presided. I addressed them on the recovery of the truth which God had permitted in these latter days, and on its liability to be lost again through the inability of complacent minds of limited grasp to see its wide-lying breadth, and through their tendency to sympathise more readily with the human than the Divine bearing of its doctrines. The doctrines of the truth embody the thoughts of God, and the thoughts of God are higher than the thoughts of man, and, therefore, the majority of men easily fail to rise to the height of them, or easily fall from their height when lifted up to them. The death of Christ has more to do with the exaltation of God than the salvation of man. Most men take in the latter more easily than the former, and quickly get astray through the power of mere humanitarianism which, while admissible and beautiful as between man and man, is odious when brought between man and God. "I will be sanctified in them that approach to me" is a rule of action for which most men have no relish, and, therefore, the doctrine of the cross is easily perverted. There was a necessity for tenacity and courage in holding on to the revived truth in this matter which was so easily lost. We had to take the attitude enjoined on Jeremiah and Ezekiel and other servants of God: "Be thou strong and very courageous." "Be not dismayed at their faces lest I confound thee before them." "Speak with my words unto them . . . fear them not, neither be dismayed at their looks . . . Behold I have made thy face strong against their faces, and thy forehead strong against their foreheads."

In the evening I lectured on the question, "What must we do to be Saved?" There was a good audience, but not so large as on the previous Sunday—the subject not so exciting to the common mind, but the most important of all subjects at last.

Chapter XVI.—BEECHWORTH AND ALBURY TO SYDNEY.

Monday, October 28th.—Was due to leave early for Beechworth. Felt very unwell the first part of the day, and did not think I would be able to proceed to my appointment: but as the day worn on, I got better. I took a later train, viz., the 5.15 Sydney express. A number of the brethren and sisters saw me off, with many manifestations of affection. "Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Brother Irving, employed in the Government printing department at Melbourne, had been invited by brother Ladson to accompany me to Beechworth: so we rode together about 200 miles. The journey was through a hilly region, among woods. The last part was performed in the dark. We arrived at our destination about midnight, instead of at mid-day, as had been arranged.

This was hard upon brother Ladson and his worthy family, who are accustomed to early hours, but it could not be avoided. Brother and sister Emma Ladson were at the station. We made our apologies and were driven to their house, about half-a-mile from the station. It was too late for more than a hurried exchange of courtesies. We were quickly shown to bed. My quarters were novel. I was taken down behind the house into the garden, which slopes towards a river-bed. At the foot of the slope was a small outhouse, as it seemed. "This is your bed-room," said brother Ladson, "quite colonial." It was a small edition of our garden-room at Birmingham—a study and reading-room, which brother Ladson had put up for his son—furnished inside with a small library and ingenious shutting-up writing-desk (the most comfortable I have ever used): an organ, music-stand, small bedstead, and various curios. Brother Ladson, bidding me "good-night," left me alone in the most delicious quiet—nothing outside but the stars and the country, and no sounds but the song of the Colonial insects, which I have not yet succeeded in classifying. In the morning glorious sunshine poured in through the open door, revealing a beautiful picture of green hill-side beyond the valley. I was allowed to use this arboreal retreat during the day as well. It was an ideal place to read and write in — very different from the spot where I pen these words—on board a crowded coasting steamer, jammed into a standing corner under a port-hole between two cabins, with fierce heat in the air, perspiration on the cheeks, prickles in the hair, and sounds of romping children overhead, and occasionally squalling ones on the level.

I found Beechworth beautifully situated among the hills of north-eastern Victoria. The hills are abrupt and wooded, with masses of rock extruding in the highest positions. The ravines among the hills are deep and picturesque. The town itself is neatly laid out in straight streets and white one-storey frame houses with verandahs, as is the style all through the Colonies. It was a foremost place in the gold rush forty or fifty years ago, but has declined with the diminution of the gold yield. The population of the township might be 4,000 or 6,000. Brother Ladson has borne a steady testimony among them for the truth in various ways for many years. It was first brought to his notice by a cripple of the name of Pfeffer, from whom a letter, if I mistake not, appears in the early volumes of the *Ambassador*. Brother Ladson is earnestly supported by an excellent family in his work of faith and labour of love. There is an ecclesia of between 20 and 30 brethren and sisters. Unfortunately, a personal misunderstanding divides them for the present. It is much to be desired that this should come to an end. There are divisions that we are obliged to submit to when the truth is opposed or called in question: there are other divisions that will cause nothing but shame in the presence of the Lord, and deep sorrow that petty differences were not adjusted or even overlooked. The general observance of the rule, "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath," would prevent many troubles.

Tuesday, October 29th.—Enjoyed Jonah's booth in the garden during the day, reading and writing, and in the evening lectured in the Public Hall on "God's Remedy for the World's Distress." The Mayor presided, and there was a good audience for the size of the town. Brother Irving read a chapter and acknowledged God in thanksgiving, after which the Mayor, a beaming, friendly, well-favoured man, called on me to do my duty—which, being done, he expressed his pleasure by calling for a vote of thanks, and by inviting me to the lunatic asylum next day. It struck me as an odd sequel to the lecture. The sense of oddity was increased by the reflection that to many people such an invitation at the close of such a lecture would seem quite appropriate. Yet "we are not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." The meaning of it was, of course, perfectly obvious. Beechworth possesses a magnificent institution for the accommodation of the mentally-afflicted inhabitants of Victoria; and it is the Mayor's duty to inspect this institution on stated days. One of these visiting days fell on the day after the lecture, and it occurred to the Mayor, as a friendly thing, to ask me to accompany him. In a robust state of health it would, no doubt,

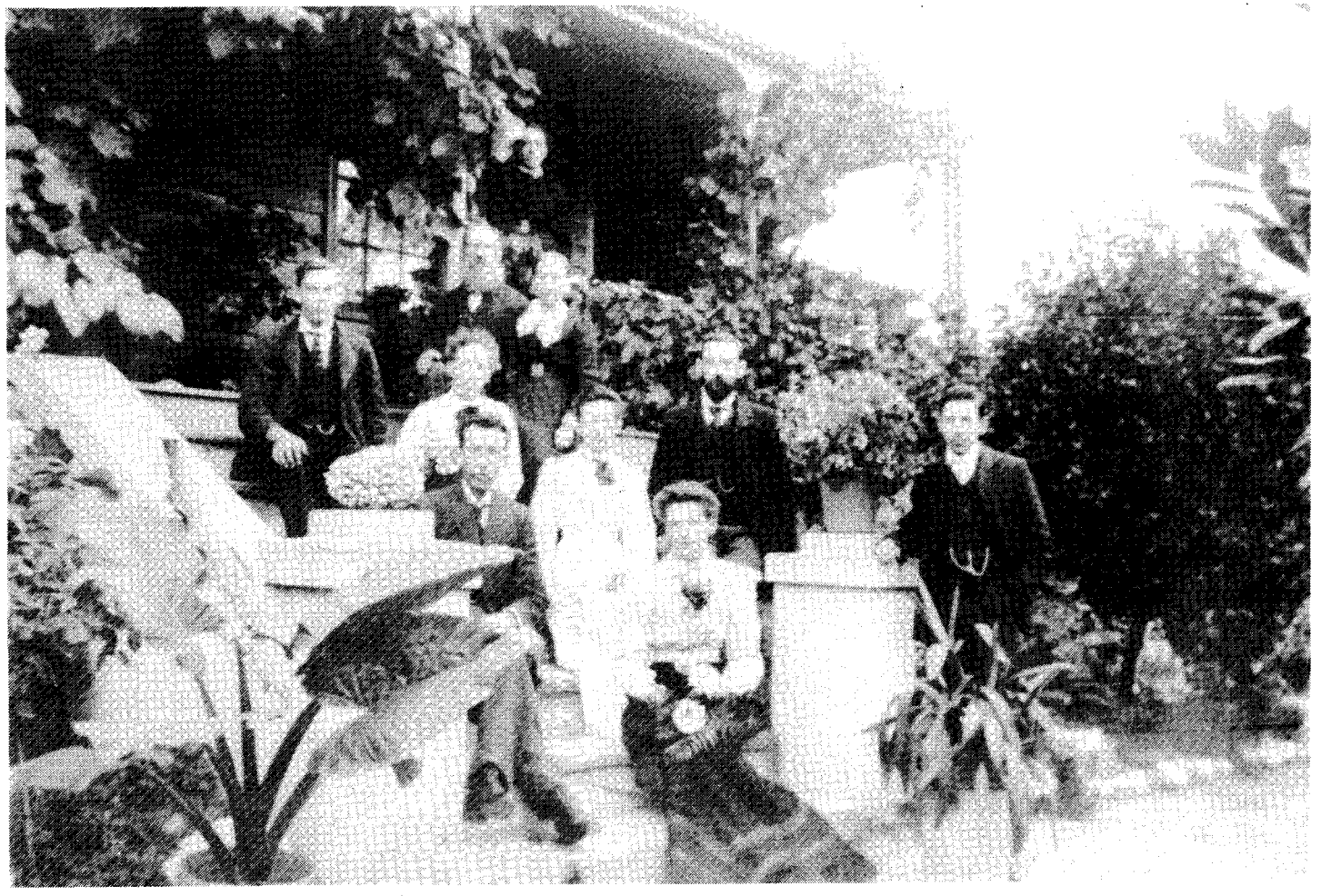
have been a pleasure: in the actual state of things, I was too much under the necessity of economising available strength to have and to consume in the admirations that are expected (and in a sense reasonably due) at the hands of a favoured visitor.

Wednesday, October 30th.—Though I did not accept the Mayor's invitation, I accidentally found myself in the grounds of the institution within an hour or so of the time he was expected. Feeling too unwell to write, I went out to spy the land in general. Following a promising road towards the hills, I came upon a gateway opening into a wooded park. Going through, I found myself among spacious paths, flower beds, ornamental shrubs, and trees. The shade and the solitude were peculiarly agreeable on a hot and weary day. By-and-bye an extensive edifice began to show through the trees, and the occasional shouts from the inmates informed me it was the very asylum after all. I kept well away from the building and the Mayor, and spent a healing time in the wooded outskirts of the grounds. In the evening there was the weekly Bible-class in brother Ladson's house. Being called on to engage their attention, I delivered a quiet sitting address of about an hour's duration on the chapter read from Daniel, and the many things opening out of it. I was called on to conclude with prayer—a sweet luxury to the weary spirit—the first condition of which is the active consciousness of God's existence: the second, the knowledge of Him as communicated in the Scriptures: the third, the love of Him generated thereby: the fourth, the knowledge of our needs produced by experience and reflection. "Saying prayer" is not praying. Prayer is the sincere and fervent address to the Father that would be natural in solitude, and at all events that does not depend upon the presence of fellow-worshippers. The prayer that is humanly-inspired is acceptable to neither God nor man. There are prayers that mortify and crush, because they are not prayers, but performances, and odious at that. Sincerity is the virtue that gives grace to all action.

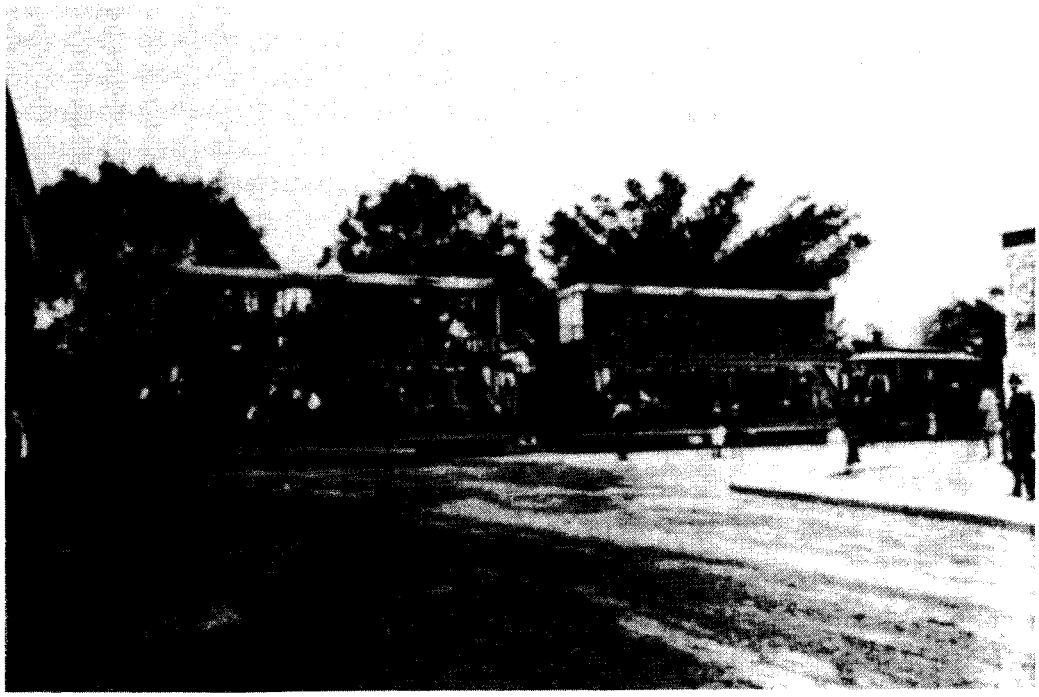
Thursday, October 31st.—The *Christadelphian* for October arrived this morning, bringing pleasant reminiscences of home. Unfit for any writing beyond a letter, I went out, after some reading in the delicious arbour, and had another stroll among the hills, going in the opposite (southern) direction, where the road out of town abruptly ascends to stone-spurred hills on the opposite. The sun was bakingly hot, and exercise a rather oppressive performance. In the evening I lectured on "The Future State Revealed" to a somewhat larger audience. The Mayor was again smilingly in the chair, and elicited a second vote of thanks, after taking my part against an interrupter. The vote was seconded by a fellow-councillor of the Mayor's, who informed me after the meeting that he read *Twelve Lectures* many years ago, and held much in common with that publication. The Mayor expressed his great satisfaction with what he had heard.

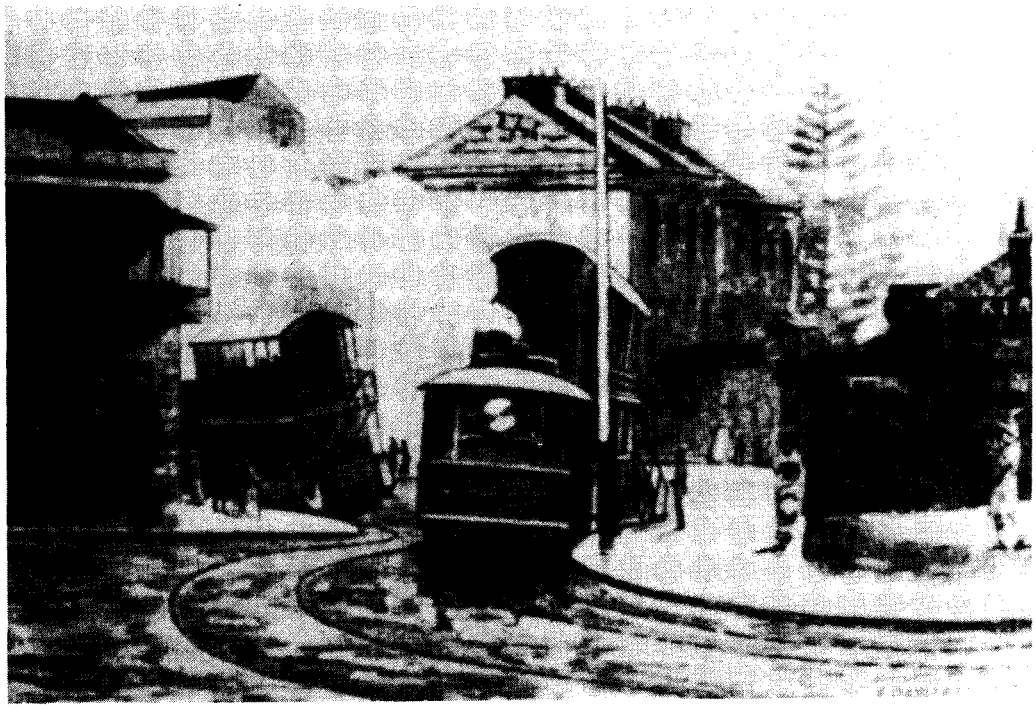
Friday, November 1st.—My appointments at Beechworth being now finished, an alteration of programme gave me one of the pleasantest experiences I have had in the Colonies. (By the way, the British visitor gets accustomed at last to speak of "the Colonies." Usually to him Australia is one large colony—very: but when he travels in the country he is made aware, to his inconvenience, that it is a cluster of colonies as distinct from each other as the countries of Europe, except in language and political allegiance). Our next appointment was Albury, and the purpose was to go there by train. It is only 30 miles distant as the crow flies, but about 70 by rail. It is just out of the colony of Victoria, and inside the border of New South Wales. The alteration referred to arose out of a proposal by brother Longmore that he should drive me over the mountains in his covered waggon to Albury instead of my performing the journey by rail. The proposal was quite acceptable, and we acted on it. As there was room in the wagon for more than brother Longmore and myself, several others joined us, with the intention to remain in Albury during my stay. The party consisted of brother and sister Longmore, brother Beck, sister Emma Ladson and her sister, whose name I forget. We started at nine o'clock. Brother Irving had to return to Melbourne, so he bade us a regretful farewell instead of coming with us. The morning was fine, and the route magni-

The Ladson's home, (centre) with the tiny room in the garden (right centre)

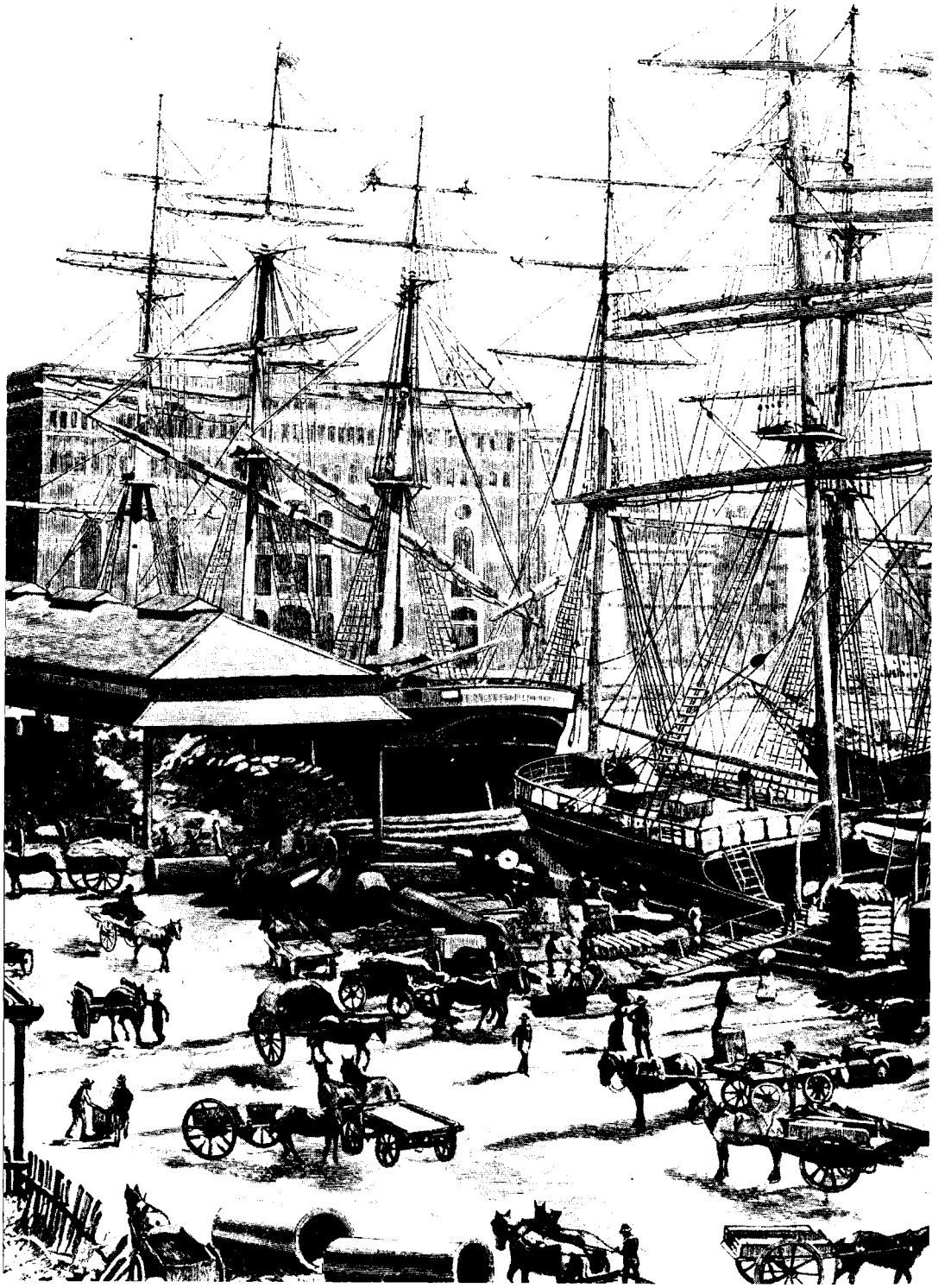


"The Ladson Family"





Trams, Sydney



Circular Quay, Sydney

ficent. The road lay over high wooded hills and down deep gorges, overlooking wide views of splendid scenery of mountain and valley. When we were half-way, we stopped and camped for an hour at a picturesque and secluded spot at a low part of the road, surrounded by hills and woods. The horse was unyoked and we sat down to lunch, and then had our reading for the day. We had much pleasant conversation. After an hour's rest in the sunshine, we resumed the journey with a sense of refreshment, and arrived at our journey's end about four o'clock in the afternoon. As I have said, Albury is just inside the New South Wales boundary, which in this part consists of a river. We had to cross this river on a bridge. At the further end of the bridge was the customs' office, from which an official emerged to inspect my boxes. I asked what he expected to find. He said he did not know: he was obliged to have a look. I asked him if it was'nt a shame that two British speaking communities should be divided by these barriers. Why did'nt they throw together and live as one happy family? "That would not be," he said, "till the general smash." I said the general smash was near. He looked incredulous, and went his way. We then drove on to brother G. W. Dinsmore, merchant tailor in the centre of the town. Brother and sister Dinsmore received us cordially. He had arranged for one lecture only—on the Sunday: this was Friday. He showed me the local paper, with the letter from a scornful correspondent, enquiring who Robert Roberts was. I wrote a reply, which the editor inserted, stating that Robert Roberts was a poor mortal from the British islands who believed the Bible, and who was sure that the common run of religious persons were astray from its doctrines and precepts. The incident tended to give us a good audience on Sunday. There is a small ecclesia of about 12 persons in Albury, meeting in an upper room, on the other side of the road, opposite brother Dinsmore's shop. Brother Dinsmore used to be a bandmaster, and has musical taste in addition to appetite for intellectual and spiritual things in general. At the meeting he not only presided and gave out the hymn, but then left his seat and sat down at a portable organ and led the singing. It is the day of small things, truly: but faithful service in dishonour will have a splendid counterpart in the day of disestablishment, when many things will be established which are now very much the reverse. Hold on. Albury is a larger place than Beechworth, and has perhaps 8,000 inhabitants. There is some proposal to make it, on account of its central position, the headquarters for the Federal representative body, which will be appointed if the Colonists should (as proposed) federate for imperial purposes. This will add to the importance of the place for a short time. All federalisations and incorporations and "separations" (for there is actually a proposal to form a new colony by the separation of the north section of Queensland) will be obliterated in the revolution which is at the door.

Sunday, November 2nd. — Devoted to letter writing, and then to a stroll in the woods, in which I lay down among stunted scrub and scraggy timber, and solaced my weary soul with a long read on the Apocalypse and a participation in the incense ascending from the altar. Met a small company of brethren in the evening.

Sunday, November 3rd.—We were reinforced by an additional company of brethren and sisters from Beechworth, who came over by road conveyance early in the morning by the picturesque road traversed by the first company on Friday. With this addition, we made quite a large company at the breaking of bread—(large for Albury). I addressed them fof about an hour. In the evening I lectured in a large public hall to a good audience on "Our unhappy age in the light of prophecy." The chair was occupied by a friendly stranger of the name of Mr. D. W. Logan — almost a Christadelphian — from whom I had received a friendly letter while in Melbourne. In his opening remarks, he said he heard the Exeter Hall debate, where he made his first acquaintance with me. He had heard all the Melbourne lectures, of which he said strongly pleasant things. At the close of the lecture, the chairman asked for questions, and, the audience being backward, pressed them—somewhat to my distress, in my state of health, after speaking an hour and twenty minutes. At last a gentleman asked a question about the vials,

which it took me about half-an-hour to answer. After an unavailing appeal for further questions, the meeting dispersed.

Monday, November 4th.—About 10 o'clock the two wagon companies from Beechworth returned by the way that they came. I had arranged to accompany them part of the way back, and to return on foot. An interested Church of England young lady of education, hearing of this, had asked the brethren's permission to join, for the sake of the opportunity of conversation with me on the way back. We rode as far as Wadonga, three miles out of Albury, and then got out, and, bidding our friends cordial farewell, walked back. Our conversation was very interesting. Miss Frew was halting between two opinions. She had taken a prominent part in Church work, in close intimacy with the local canon. She had seen much trouble, and had been earnestly religious for several years. The truth had come across her notice: it commended itself to her, yet she was staggered at some conclusions it involved concerning other people. We talked over these points for several hours. Late in the evening I took the night train for Sydney, a distance of about 400 miles. Got into a sleeping car, but not to sleep soundly.

Tuesday, November 5th.—Got up at 7-30 in a somewhat dilapidated state, in preparation for a breakfast stoppage of twenty-five minutes at Moss Vale. I was in no condition to encounter a new friend. I had heard there was a possibility of brother Bell, from Sydney, meeting me at Moss Vale. I, therefore, got out with some fear and trembling, and stole into the breakfast-room, hoping I would be undiscovered. I did not know what sort of a person brother Bell was, and, therefore, I was suspicious of every person that took the least notice of me. I got to a seat, and was attended to by the waiter, and had got through a comfortable breakfast—including even the usually unattainable Scotch item, or attainable only in such a form that it cannot own itself—when, feeling thaukful at my escape, I hurriedly settled the bill, and was walking through the door leading to the station platform, intending to make straight for my seat in the train, when a tall, dark gentleman peered into my face, and said, "I think I am not mistaken?" I hesitated. "Brother Roberts?" I could not but confess, and suggested with his endorsement, that the name of my captor was Brother Bell. I found he had just arrived by a train from Sydney, from which Moss Vale is distant 90 miles. He had nearly been too late—three minutes more would have done it. There was nothing for it but to give in with a good grace. We went to our carriage together, and the train started immediately. We were soon deep in conversation, in which, however, I had to request pauses, to get my breath, "as it were." The train reached Sydney at 11.45. There quite a large number of brethren and sisters were waiting on the platform: one or two of them known to me, such as brother Barton, sister Butler (formerly sister Bower, of Birmingham), and brother E. Waite (formerly of Leicester), and one or two others. Brother Payne was formerly of Birmingham, but, as a useful and valued servant of the truth, he is a Colonial development. The rest were new and strange—only in a sense, however. The truth is very old and friendly, and all who are of the truth are soon old friends; as will appear shortly, at the great muster in Christ's presence at his coming, when thousands upon thousands who never heard of each other till they came to the judgment-seat will joyfully and affectionately be at home at once. Of course these will have been approved, selected and glorified, which will make a mighty difference on the right side of things. Everything is mixed at present, excepting diabolism outside, which is unmixed. If a little of it dribbles inside sometimes, we need not marvel, since the diabolism outside is the raw material out of which the spirit, in its own way, is fabricating the new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. I had not been two minutes out of the train when brother Barton informed me of the death of brother Mills, of Bristol, England. Under any circumstances such an announcement would have been a bad one; in a state of weariness and low health, it was peculiarly painful. If the death of some, causes more grief than the death of others, it is because some make themselves more contributive than others to such little satisfaction as the present evil state is capable of. Some are helpful, initiative, self-renunciatory, modest, and alert, while at the same time fervent in

their appreciation of Divine things, quick in their discernment of excellence and pretence, and decisive, though prudent, in the expression of their minds, prone to serve, prompt to organise. Others are of the absorptive temperament, waiting to be ministered unto, and liable easily to feel neglected, without generous "go," dull in understanding, alive only when *ego* is concerned, having no penetrations and no noble enthusiasms. To which of these categories brother Mills belonged is known well to those who have eyes. That he should be cut down in his very prime is a blow to fellow-servants, who felt comforted by his hearty and spontaneous readiness to every good work. The separation will not be for long; we shall resume in a more congenial sphere. If survivors mourn, the deceased rests with a good account ready; so all is well. Greetings being over, I was marched off to the meeting-place of the brethren, where I found another concourse of brethren and sisters assembled. Brother Jackson took the chair, and explained that the meeting was for welcome, and would disperse immediately after an address from brother Roberts. After a hymn and prayer, I was called on, but, after such a night, was unable to do more than express my joy at meeting them and my gratitude to God for His kindness through them, and my hope of being able, after rest, to make up for present deficiencies. The meeting then broke up, but not until, planted at the door as they passed out, I had shaken hands with every one by name, according to the Colonial custom, brother Bell acting as master of the ceremonies, "to the manner born." I was then taken possession of by brother Jackson, whose guest I was to be during my stay in Sydney, and whose house is at Marrickville, a suburb about four miles out. Brother Jackson is an official high in government employment, being collector of the Government Dock Revenues, and of sufficient importance in Sydney to have recently been the subject of a magazine pictorial skit. He is shown in the act of expounding the Scriptures in the Domain Park (referred to further on). He is an old sea-captain of Danish stock, and very devoted in his attachment to the truth, which he serves in many practical ways. We got "on board" a tramcar, and were soon under brother Jackson's hospitable roof.

Chapter XVII.—In Sydney.

SYDNEY is a large city, having a population of something between 300,000 or 400,000. It lies scattered over a wide area with the irregularity of a European city, rather than with the trim precision of American models. This is due to its greater age, Sydney having been the first city founded on the Australian continent before a common plan of symmetry had come into vogue. What it may lack in this respect it makes up for in some features that are without equal in the Colonies or elsewhere. It has an harbour that cannot be over-praised for the beauty of variety and capacity; and it has a set of gardens overlooking that harbour that are absolutely without parallel in the earth at present for extent, beauty, cultivation, pleasantness, or utility. The harbour is formed by an inlet of the sea which is broken up into a series of bays by jutting headlands in all directions, which gives endless beauty of scenery and snugness of harbour accommodation. It is, in fact, a cluster of capacious harbours, all connected by natural waterways, and affording the perfection of picturesque and varied combinations of land and water. Its extent may be inferred from the fact that the measurement of the harbour coast-line from its entrance at the sea, down the zig-zag deviations on one side, and round and up through the deviations on the opposite side to the sea again, is 200 miles.

The gardens combine every feature of

arboreal cultivation on a great scale and in the finest finish. There are vast sweeps of clean cropped green sward, divided up into parterres or terraces. Against this green background appears the white gleam of Greek statuary, numerously interspersed and named in plain English. There are also shady groves of trees in every variety, among which backed seats and lawns are freely distributed. For lovers of flowers and those having a technical interest in botany, there are endless and trimly-kept beds of every kind of plant and shrub and flower—by shady nook and cooling fountains — all plainly labelled in English nomenclature — a sensible feature which opens the benefit of information to all classes instead of confining it to a small class in the population. Then there are living birds of every plumage in neatly fenced enclosures for the gratification of those who like to study such things in a state of nature. Everywhere there is neatness, finish, verdure, insurance, comfort, grateful shade, seats, and privacy. The gardens go down to the water, from which they are separated by a low sea-wall, over which the visitor can sniff the odour of seaweed or enjoy the sea-breeze or the sight of noble ships at anchor in the near distance, or the scudding about of boats and steam ferries: or he may emerge by a gateway and make a three-mile circuit sea-wards on a promenade path among trees and seats overlooking the sea, on the side of one of the before-said promontories—coming back into the gardens on their further side. The gardens combine everything calculated to gratify the senses. As brother Jackson observed, they seemed to sample beforehand the beauties of "the garden of the Lord." On the west side is a feature peculiar to Sydney in all the world—a preaching park. There are, of course, parks in other cities where open-air spouting is practised on Sundays, such as Hyde Park, in London: but there is no city in the world where a park on such a scale is used by all classes of religious people. It is a wooded enclosure, like a nobleman's park in England, kept in capital order, both as regards the turf under foot, and the tall and noble trees that give shelter overhead from the sun. The warm climate makes the use of such an outdoor meeting-place agreeable and natural. All the sects and denominations use it. There is none of the sense of *infra dig.* that associates itself with out-door preaching in England. Every denomination has its own tree: and they no more thing of dispossessing each other than they would think of appropriating each other's churches and chapels. There is a Christadelphian tree among the others. The brethren make full use of their privilege every Sunday afternoon. The various bodies — Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, Baptists, Salvation Army, Disciples, Socialists, &c.—hold their meetings sufficiently apart to make no interference one with the other. It is a sort of weekly babel of religious tongues—recognised and patronised by the whole community.

Arrived at brother Jackson's, I found letters and papers awaiting me from home, which were as cold waters to a thirsty soul. In the evening a number of brethren and sisters came out to brother Jackson's to dine. A pleasant evening's intercourse ensued—after which I thankfully retired to rest.

Wednesday, November 6th.—Devoted the first part of the day to writing and walking out alone. I discovered that brother Jackson's house is near a river, which, on the further side (to which I crossed by a bridge) is bordered by a wood in a state of nature. In the solitude of this I enjoyed many seasons of meditation, so far as the hot sun and the buzzing creatures would allow. Here I first heard the laughing jackass—a bird of which I had heard a good deal. It is a bird that is peculiar to Australia, and enjoys the protection of the law because of its usefulness in destroying snakes and keeping other vermin down. I had been told that its cry reasembled a human laugh mixed with a donkey-bray (hence its name). I was therefore curious to hear it. When I did hear it, I did not recognise it. There suddenly arose among the bushes, within fifty yards of my right, a loud and angry hubbub, as if ten excited hens were clucking in unison and struggling against some beast of prey. I went towards the noise, thinking some fowls were in the coils of a snake and that I might deliver them: I had not gone far when the mingled cry of fear and anger

ceased, and broke out again behind me about the same distance away. It then occurred to me it must be the laughing jackass—which subsequent numerous experiences confirmed.

In the evening I attended the brethren's week-night Bible-class, which was well-attended. The subject was Rev. xxi., on which I was called upon to speak after brethren Bell and Bennett.

Thursday, November 7th.—Devoted the early part of the day to writing and walking out. In the evening, met brother Bell, brother Payne, and brother Jackson, to complete arrangements for the New Zealand trip.

Friday, November 8th.—The ecclesia in Sydney, meeting as one body in fellowship at Albert Hall, numbers 106 brethren and sisters—which cannot but be regarded as a somewhat satisfactory and rather wonderful state of things in view of the various divergencies that have sprung up since the introduction of the truth some thirty years ago. There are three other smaller bodies claiming the Christadelphian name: one separated on what is called "the age question": *i.e.*, the contention of some that faith and obedience are not saving under 20 years of age: a second denying light as the ground of resurrectional responsibility: and a third standing aloof on some personal misunderstanding. To-day a deputation called on me from the last-named section, asking me to investigate the matters at issue with a view to admitting their communications into the *Christadelphian*. I was too unwell to entertain the proposal, but promised to comply if I should sufficiently regain my vigour before leaving the Colonies. I afterwards had a similar request concerning the age-limitationist body, which I had to deal with in the same way. It is arduous enough work at the present time to mingle with and address the brethren when they are walking in unity and love: to take part in the contentions that arise out of phantom-hunting, or still worse, out of real fox-hunting ("take us the little foxes that spoil the grapes") involves a tax on physical ability beyond present power of endurance.

Saturday, November 9th.—This being an annual holiday in the Colonies in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, the brethren, without any reference to the Prince of Wales, had arranged for a picnic excursion by water. Two small steam-boats had been chartered to convey about 200 brethren and sisters and friends to one of the headlands up the harbour, about eight miles distant. There were thousands of holiday-making people out on land and water, and the scene everywhere was a busy and animated one. The street-tram from Marrickville, being of slower movement than usual, on account of the crowds of people, we of brother Jackson's party were too late to catch either of the chartered steam-boats, so we followed in a small special. The sail up the harbour was very interesting. It gave us a good opportunity of seeing the beauty of "our beautiful harbour." A broad sheet of water enclosed on all hands by wooded hills, yet opening out right and left with the progress of the vessel into other bays, nooks, and inlets, behind all sorts of picturesque promontories. The land everywhere seemed occupied to the water's edge by private villas and cultivated enclosures of various kinds. A peculiarity was that each private residence seemed to have a part of the water frontage enclosed for bathing. The explanation is somewhat ghastly. The climate is hot: sea-bathing is almost a necessity as well as a luxury: but the water swarms with sharks. The only way to enjoy the benefit of bathing without the danger of being eaten, is to put up a water fence, sunk sufficiently low in the water to keep out intruders. Whether the excluded monsters prowl round the partition and gloat their eyes on the choice morsels tumbling about inside, I did not ascertain. It is likely enough. We heard of them rubbing their noses against the rocks lower down, like sheep against a post. So there is no hing improbable in the idea of their scraping their sides against the bathing fence while the attractive performance is going on. It would not much reduce the pleasure of bathing. Maybe it would add a zestful sensation to the sometimes dull monotony of a mere plash.

When we landed at the headland for which we were making (Cabarita point) we found a large company of brethren and sisters assembled on a grassy rise under

trees, near the water's edge. Landing amongst them there were many greetings to be got through, for many of them I had not before seen. Then after an interval, a ring was formed: a hymn sung: and I was called upon for an address, with an intimation that there would be another meeting in the afternoon, when I would be expected to speak at greater length. I spoke for half-an-hour on the adaptability of the truth to bring out the best aspects of human nature, as illustrated in the sweetness of the relations it established where its obligations were mutually and heartily accepted and discharged. There was then an interval of two hours for stroll and unpacking of hampers on the grass in various forms and degrees of bounty cordially interchanged. Love is the best saviour to all feasts. We only get a few passing drops from the clouds in these droughty times. How refreshing will be the day of the latter rain. At 2.30 we were called to order under the trees by brother Jackson, who gave out a hymn. He then called on brother Killip and brother McInlay, who spoke ten minutes each. Their allusions to my presence were such as I could not well repeat. After them, I spoke for an hour. If I had done for them all that was alleged, I could not take the praise, as I had only done my duty. I had published the truth, and the books had gone abroad into parts where I could not have gone. I was astonished to find so large and hearty a body of believers in Australia. Our privileges as believers were great even now. The truth brought human nature to its best where allowed a perfect work. It enabled us to get the best satisfaction out of even the present mortal life. No doubt it brought its drawbacks and crosses; but, take it all in all, we found the truth of Paul's statement that godliness was profitable for the life that now is as well as that which is to come. We experienced it on a holiday like this. None of the crowd that were out that day had the pure satisfaction imparted to us on that hillside by the truth. They lacked the beautiful and noble ideals that came with the truth. They had the Prince of Wales; we had the Prince of Peace. What could the Prince of Wales do for them? No doubt, for the time being, he filled an important place as a key-stone in the general fabric of social order and security, as would be seen by reference to past epochs of British history, when a disputed succession meant war and confusion. But beyond this general function he conferred no benefit on the millions who honoured his name. How different it was with that other Prince, whose name we bore, whose birth was not without fulness of truth declared by the angels on Bethlehem's plains to be "glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." The list of his names in Isaiah ix. 6 was suggestive of great difference between him and the greatest of earthly princes. His name shall be called WONDERFUL." There was nothing "wonderful" in the name of the Prince of Wales, but the name Jesus (*yah-hosua*) told us of the wonderful fact of the Name of the Eternal Creator being vested in a man for the salvation of the world. "COUNSELLOR": the Prince of Wales could give us no counsel above ordinary men, if so much. But here was a Prince in whom, as Paul expressed, "is filled up all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and whose word followed will bring everlasting well-being. "THE MIGHTY GOD": the Prince of Wales was a failing mortal, like the rest of us, who would presently disappear at the summons of the King of Terrors: but the Prince of Peace was God manifest in the flesh, and alive for evermore, with "all power in heaven and earth in his hand." "THE EVERLASTING FATHER": a father to his people is one who provides for all their needs. This is not in the power of the Prince of Wales to do so. Millions of British subjects are in dire poverty, the deepest mental darkness, and in misery manifold. What can he do for them? Would he even look at the widow over his carriage panels? The Prince of Peace will judge for the poor and the needy, and fill the hungry with good things. Men shall be blest in him—all men, and "his name shall endure for ever." Even if the Prince of Wales were the benefactor that some rulers have been, he must pass away and give place to the common run of self-blessers. But the Prince of Peace is immovable by change, decay, or death—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." THE PRINCE OF PEACE": the world requires peace. Life cannot be sweet without peace.

The Prince of Wales cannot give it. There are more war preparations in his day than ever there were before. But our Prince shall give peace to the ends of the earth. He shall speak peace to the heathen: and he will not leave it to their choice whether they will have it or not. He shall break the battle bow out of the earth by main force and compel them to submit to one head, which is the only way of abolishing war. "He shall *rebuke strong nations afar off*, and they shall study war no more." Mockers thought his name, "the Prince of Peace," a mockery, because war instead of peace had so far been the result of his appearance. Men should not judge an unfinished work. As the proverb has it, "Fools and children should not see things half done." Even the very circumstance that mockers tried to make capital out of was a proof of the truthfulness of the matter they mocked. Christ said he had not come at that time to bring peace, but a sword: and it had been so, and would be so till the time came for Christ to justify his Name by forcing peace on the world at the point of the sword. When wickedness is punished and overthrown, the foundation of righteousness thus laid will give "quietness and assurance for ever." "All nations shall call him blessed" at last, and then the great names of Gentile times will be forgotten. I gave a sketch of the good things in store for the saints when he should come, and for the world when he should reign. Then we had a hymn and prayer, and returned to the boats. Sailing up the harbour homeward, we sang a number of hymns, which our exclusive occupation of the craft enabled us to do without distraction—a foretaste of the happy time when all the world will be in the hands of the friends of God, and the ungodly (both elegant and uncouth) will be known no more.

Sunday, November 10th.—In the morning met with the brethren for the breaking of bread in Albert Hall—a commodious room in their exclusive occupation—with the name "Christadelphian Hall" emblazoned outside. There was a large gathering, including visitors. Brother E. Waite presided. I spoke on Paul's trial before Festus and Agrippa as affording a strong foundation for faith in Christ: and on the events now transpiring in Europe as indicative of the nearness of his coming. A large stock of Christadelphian publications is kept in this hall, and renewed from time to time from Birmingham as it runs low. It is the continuance of an arrangement first established by brother C. C. Walker when he was resident in the Colonies. It is to the deep regret of many in the Colonies that he ever left; it is to the satisfaction of another set of brethren that he settled in England. "The labourers are few" everywhere just now. Presently the Psalm will be fulfilled that says: "The Lord gave the word: great was the company of them that published it." Meanwhile, the servants toilsomely persevere in the day of small things. Brother Gray has bestowed much labour on the book department, and now hands it over to another brother who has in many ways proved himself a faithful servant. Arrangements are in progress for putting the agency on a better footing—always in the hope of all our arrangements being swallowed up by the Lord's arrival to put great things in motion.

In the evening, the lecture was delivered in one of the large public halls of the town—the Oddfellows', if I remember rightly. There was a very large audience, about equal to that realised at the Melbourne meeting. There was a large sea of faces, somewhat bringing to mind the Birmingham City Hall meetings. The subject: "What are things coming to? The light thrown upon the question by the Scriptures." There was a very close and attentive hearing throughout.

Monday, November 11th.—Too wearied to write. Rested and went out in the afternoon. In the evening, brethren came to confer on arrangements.

Tuesday, November 12th.—In receipt of letters from several places in Canada and the States, requesting visits on my way home. Gave the morning to letter-writing. Lectured in the evening in the same place as on Sunday night. Again a large audience—larger than the first—contrary to the almost universal rule of largest audiences on Sunday. Subject, "The Future State Revealed." A "Rev." Mr. Dun was present—said to be the pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in the Colonies. He came forward and talked with me at the close. Afterwards, in passing out, another gentleman asked me excitedly,

"Have you accepted Mr. Dun's challenge?" I replied, "I have not had a challenge." "Why, that is extraordinary," said the other. "I sent a written paper on purpose, and I have said that you had accepted the challenge." I replied, "I have heard nothing about it." Mr. Dun coming up at that moment, the other gentlemen spoke to him. Mr. Dun looked sheepish, and said he would communicate with me by letter—which he has not done to this day. The other gentleman then said, "Will you debate with me?" I afterwards learned he was a Campbellite evangelist or something of that sort. I said I didn't know. I used to accept and encourage challenges as the best available means of drawing attention to the truth, but now, when we can get a public hearing on the truth's own merits, there does not seem the same incentive to go through the turmoil of debate. Nevertheless, with the needful physical vigour, I would take all the challenges as they come. and put on one side my increasing aversion to the cock-pit-profanity more or less inseparable from a joust with a formal opponent.

The newspapers took notice of the leture next day. One of them said I seemed to be making out the future state to be the grave—which is nonsense. The grave is no state at all. I expressly made out the future state to be the state entered by emergence from the grave. I am always afraid when the newspapers essay to notice our efforts: they make such a muddle of them, even when professing to report in *extenso*. Once or twice, I have felt moved to write to the papers, asking for the favour of correction on the presumption that the editor had no wish to make us appear quite idiotic. But I have let them all pass, remembering that these newspaper notices are forgotten before the week is out, and shortly will be abolished altogether.

Wednesday, November 13th.—Weary, but not unwell. Rested in the forenoon: in the afternoon had an enjoyable ramble in the woods in a thunderstorm. It is possible to see things as they are in nature's solitude. In the evening, instead of the usual Bible-class, there was what is called "a fruit social," a Colonial compromise between a tea-meeting and an ordinary meeting. Fruit and flowers were piled on the platform, and when the speaking was half through there was an interval of about half-an-hour, during which conversation took place while the fruit was handed round. Then the speaking was resumed, and a profitable evening spent.

Thursday, November 14th.—Devoted the morning to writing. In the afternoon went out to the solitude of forest and river. In the evening lectured in the Oddfellows' Hall on "Prophecy Fulfilled and Fulfilling." The audience was larger than ever. At the close, there was a sort of *levee*, at which several gentlemen were introduced, including one grey-headed gentleman, who in days of wealth, had built a Cathedral for the Church, and then had spent a fortune in trying to keep it in his own control. The Bishop was too much for him, and gained the day. He is now interested in the truth, and vexed to think he spent so much on an unscriptural system. Perhaps he may have an opportunity of retrieving the day in this respect. Among those introduced were several Jews. Their interest is of a peculiar character. They are interested in the brethren because the brethren are interested in them. It *would* be interesting to see them interested in the God of their fathers, and intelligent in his communications to them by Moses and the prophets. The day will come. Meanwhile, they are apt to wither off when the exact situation is understood. Once, when in conversation with a Jewish gentleman, I had expressed the belief that the Jews were the greatest and most interesting race in the world, as the race God had chosen to work out His purpose. The said Jewish gentleman asked me why I thought God had chosen the Jews before other peoples. It was evident he asked the question in the fishing-for-compliment spirit; and I should have been glad if I could have gratified him in the case. But I turned to Ezekiel and read, "Not for your sakes, O house of Israel, but Mine own holy name's sake. Be ashamed and confounded for your own evil ways." There was a wonderful cooling off from that point.

One gentleman in the company implored me to rest, as he could see I was suffering from nervous exhaustion. I told him I was not so bad as I had been, and that I should be able to rest sufficiently between times.

Absolute inaction would be worse for me than overwork.

Friday, November 15th.—Paid my first and only visit to the beautiful Harbour Gardens before described. Afterwards made a call on the two sons of an elderly brother in Birmingham. One of them is President of the Hygienic Society, and wanted to convert me to vegetarianism. In opposition, I offered him Christ, *a la* 1 Cor. ii. 2. Had he been a believer, I might have listened to the hygienics: but I could not bear to have them brought into competition with Christ. I told him the aims of the hygienic school were too limited for a man who accepted Christ, and liable to exclude Christ from the man who did not. Good health was doubtless most desirable, and depended, with equally little doubt, on the habits we observed. But it was not so difficult to attain, nor was it sufficiently bound up with vegetarianism to make it worth while to "go in" enthusiastically for an extreme regimen. I tried vegetarianism for about 18 months when I was young, and finished my experiment with a six weeks' illness. Since then, by a medium temperate course, I had secured health enough for a long day's work, which was not yet over. Recent infirmities were due to mental causes wholly. It is comparatively easy to get through this mortal state. It did not need the absorbing attention involved in the extreme treatment of an ultra system. But eternal life was not so easily to be attained. The man who said it was not attainable was not on the same plane as the believer in Christ: and the disbeliever in Christ was at war with almost all the facts involved in the history of mankind. Christ was so great and so difficult of attainment that a wise man could not accept any "platform" short of the one defined in the words of Paul: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord . . . that I may win Christ and be found in him" (Phil. iii. 8). I kept Christ on the top of vegetarianism all the time, and am afraid made myself somewhat of a bore. The situation is to blame. I prefer to make myself thoroughly agreeable to men. But what does Paul say? "If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ." I asked the President what vegetarianism could do for him when he was locked up in his coffin? He admitted "Nothing." But how about Christ? Oh, my friends. If you were prepared to maintain that he was a myth or an imposture, "reason would" that ye should be borne with: but to admit that perhaps he was what he claimed, and yet be content to leave the claim unsettled — I cannot understand such an attitude.

Chapter XVIII.—TO NEWCASTLE AND TOOWOOMBA.

SATURDAY, November 16th.—This was the day of departure from Sydney for Newcastle—a coal sea-port about 100 miles further north on the eastern coast of Australia. I was to go at 4.20 p.m.: but on getting to the railway station, I found that the train usually starting at that hour did not run on Saturdays, so I turned aside into sister Wilson's house, where brother Bell lodges, to wait the next train, two hours later. A number of brethren saw me off with hearty farewells. There was no detriment in the alteration of the train except that the brethren at Newcastle were put to inconvenience in waiting the wrong train, and being unable most of them to stay till the next. I reached Newcastle about 11 p.m., and was conveyed by three brethren to the boarding-house of brother and sister Reece.

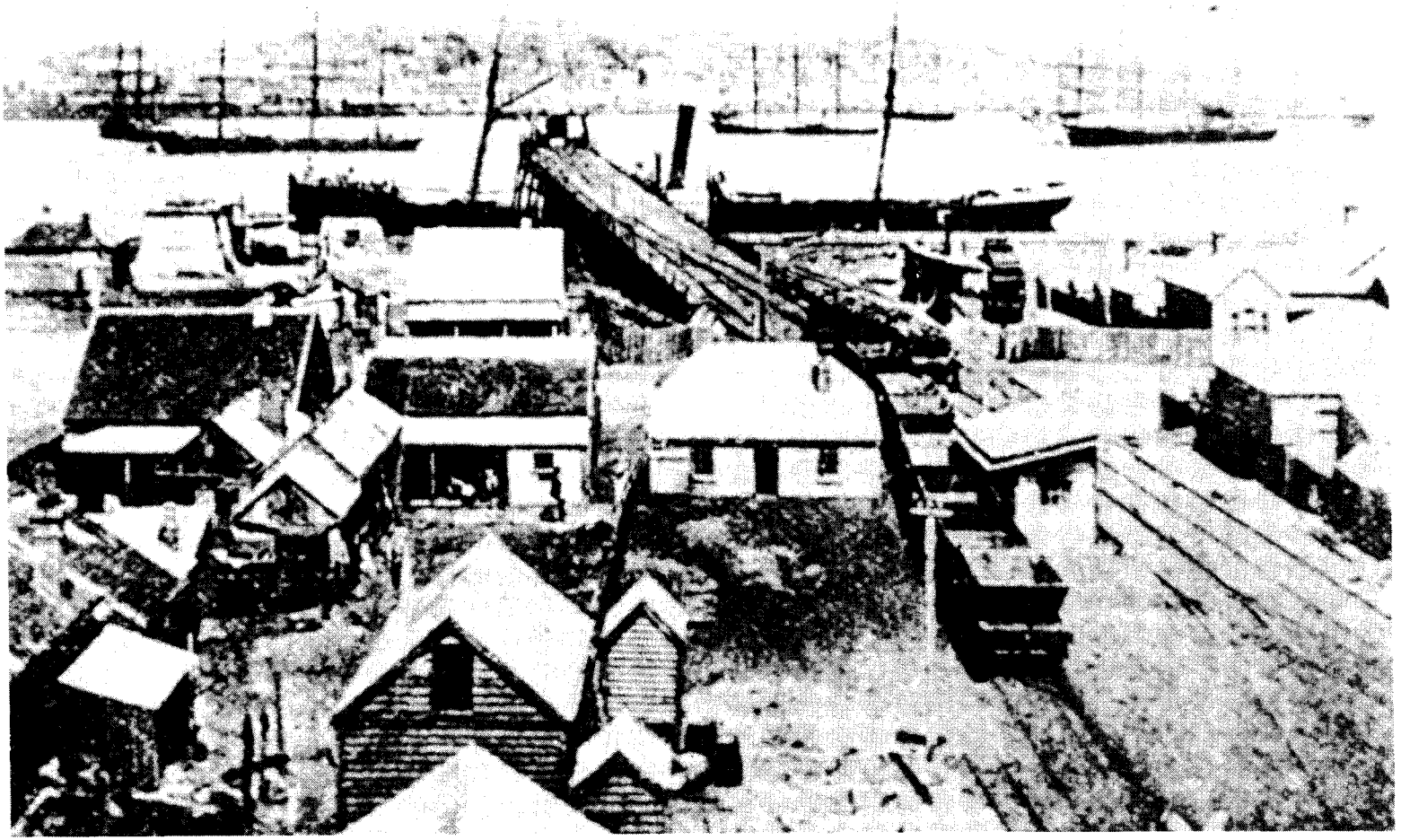
The introduction of the truth to them is quite an interesting story. They were members of a Baptist Church. Among their fellow-members was a little active woman of the name of Parker — from Briton Ferry, in Wales. This woman,

shifting into a new house, found among the litter left by the previous tenant a copy of the *Declaration*, which instantly arrested her attention. She sat down to read it, and did not rise till she had mastered the whole of its contents—a process which occupied six or seven hours. She was so absorbed that she left everything in the house unattended to till she had finished. She felt convinced it was the truth. Subsequent studies confirmed her. She then went to work right and left to apprise her neighbours—(among others, Mr. and Mrs. Reece, now in the faith)—of her discovery. She was so zealous as to be in some cases almost troublesome. She said, "I must contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

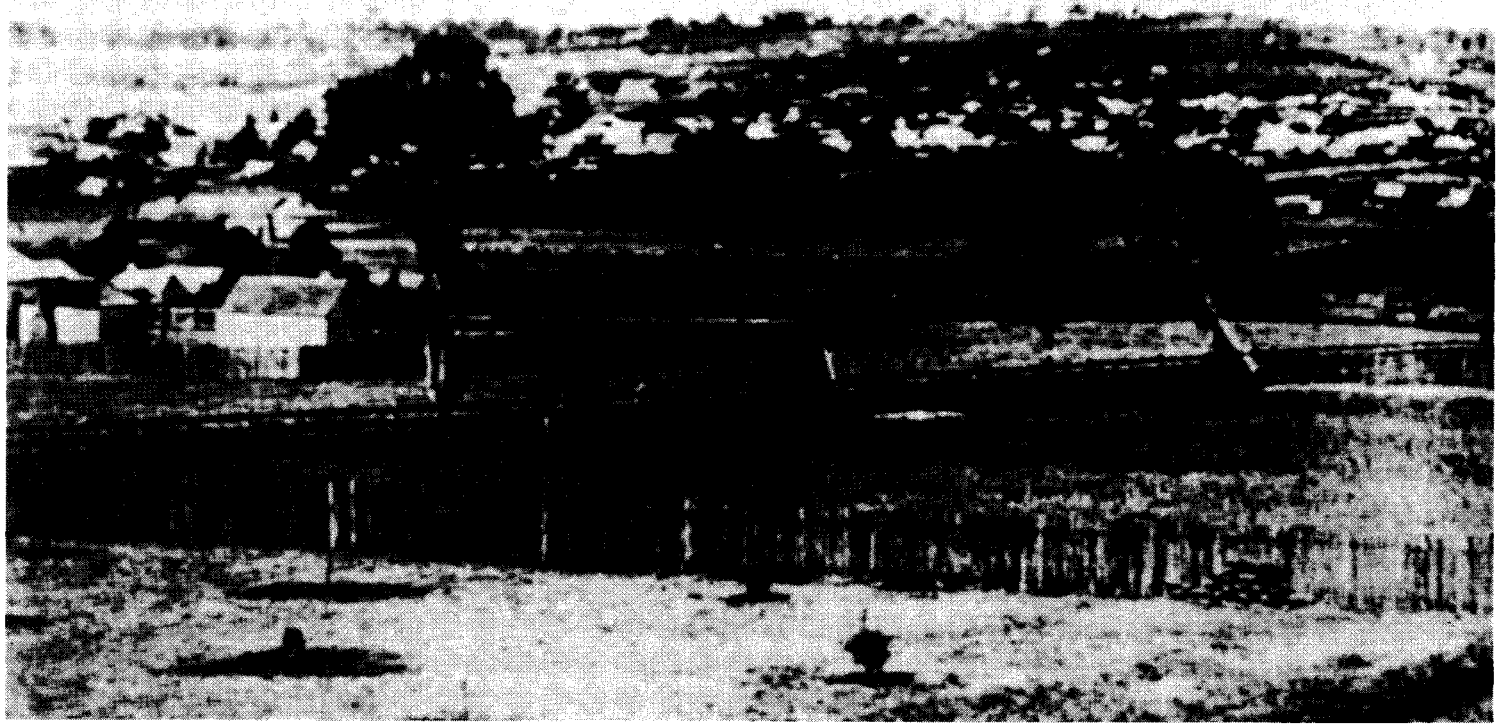
Newcastle is a place of coal-mines, like its namesake on the Tyne, in England. It is a place of perhaps 40,000 inhabitants, and quite a considerable seaport. It has a fine natural harbour, formed by an inlet of the sea. One side of the harbour is formed by an abrupt and steep hill, on which the principal part of the town is built. This hill has one side to the harbour, the other side and one end to the sea, and its other end descends to the level country of the interior. The streets are of extraordinary steepness, except those at the foot of the hill, or going along its sides. The side towards the sea is laid out as a park, and commands a beautiful view of the ocean for miles. It is numerously furnished with seats, and is a common and pleasant resort for the inhabitants. On the way to see it, I passed a school at the top of the hill, where the girls inside the railed enclosure were being exercised in military drill. It was a pretty sight to see the little things, dressed in white, going through such precise evolutions, at the grave word of command from their lady-teacher. It suggested many thoughts. How happy a place will the earth be, how interesting the human race everywhere, when the whole world, down to the smallest family, is under wise, firm, kindly, training. Give us the fear of God first, and everything else has its beautifnl place. Without this, all ends in abortion. As I looked upon the little girls going through their beautiful movements with happy faces and great expectations of the Christmas holidays at hand, I could not help going forward to later days, when, in the natural course, the happy girls would have become insipid house drudges, broken-hearted wives, querulous old women —the quiet cemetery behind all. This would be mere misanthropy were it not for the purpose of God, to which men are all heedless everywhere, to interpose at the right time for the right government of men. Forward to this we look with very different feelings. Not "vanity of vanities," but holy of holies, glory of glories, efficiency of efficiencies, joy of joys, lies ahead.

Sunday, November 17th.—Accompanied brother and sister Reece to Lambton, a mining village, four miles distant, by tram. Newcastle straggles out in all directions, and Lambton is a suburb. Here is the meeting-place of the brethren—a building that was once a public hall, but is now in the exclusive occupation of the brethren (over 40 in number), who have emblazoned it outside, "Christadelphian Hall," and filled in the windows with various devices expressive of the truth, such as "The Bible True," "Christ Rose from the Dead," &c. The existence of so large and active an ecclesia in such a comparatively out-of-the-way place is due in great part to immigration, through exigencies of employment, from Ipswich, a coal-mining town 300 or 400 miles further north, where the brethren rather complain (in a good-humoured way) of having lost about half their uumber to Newcastle. But there were roots of development independently of this. The case of sister Parker has been mentioned. There was another interesting case. A Newcastle infidel saw the advertisement of *Christendom Astray* in the *Review of Reviews*. He sent for a copy. He read. He was overwhelmed with conviction. He said to a brother infidel, "I say, Jack, I have a book which has convinced me that the Bible is true." He had not heard of the Christadelphians, and did not know of any one holding the views which he had espoused, till one day, a neighbour informed either him or the brethren of their mutuality of conviction. It was a joyful discovery, and he is now a hearty brother.

There was another rootlet to the work. Sister Louie Barton, daughter of brother Barton, Fairfield, Sydney, sojourned in this neighbourhood for several years, and faith-



Newcastle



Toowoomba

fully exerted herself in various ways in the capacity of a schoolmistress. She broke down under the pressure of overwork, and has for nine years past been an invalid in her father's house. Several times her life has been despaired of, hut she still lives to praise the Lord, though with enfeebled health. It seems that she was offered the very school on the top of the hill, which I have spoken of above, but had to decline it from considerations of health.

Brother Mogg (one of the Ipswich band) who holds a prominent position among the brethren, and seems altogether the kind of man the service of the truth requires, lectures frequently. He presided at the morning meeting, and called on me to address them, which I did for an hour. A singular reminiscence of the voyage in the *Oruba* turned up at the close. After the debate with the Theosophist on board that vessel, as I was shouldering my way among the third-class passengers, one of them said to me, "Are you the author of the *Twelve Lectures?*" I replied that I was. "Because I have a neighbour in Australia of the name of Mogg, who is very much taken up with your views." "Yes," I replied, "I know a friend of that name." And now, at the close of this meeting in Lambton, this third-class passenger presented himself, and asked me if I remembered him. I understand he is likely to become a brother.

In the evening, I lectured to a crowded audience in the Public Hall: "Is the Bible Divine?" I was enabled to come down with heavy strokes — there being many infidels present.

Monday, November 18th.—Lectured at night—not in Lambton, but in Newcastle, to a large audience on "Prophecy Fulfilled and Fulfilling." At the close, a seedy-looking individual claimed kinship on the score of having come from Birmingham—a claim I could in no way recognise. It was as if Lot, visiting in the Holy Land, had been claimed by a straying Sodomite. No: thank you. I shall be glad to shake the dust of Birmingham from my feet shortly. If we know no man after the flesh, still less do we know them after the municipal organisations of wickedness. The interview ended as I expected, "Can you spare a copper?" I have had several Birmingham interviewers of this sort while I have been in the Colonies. Ugh! — Was kept from sleeping during the night by the mosquitoes and by worse amimals next door—human beings quarrelling at the top of their voices for more than a hour—a woman's voice in the hubbub—with thuds and ominous pauses, succeeded by louder outbursts. Oh, how hideous a thing is human nature when not under law. It made me feel thankful that amid all the evil of the present state, I am pormitted to know so much of love and excellence among those to whom I belong.

Tuesday, November 19th.—After a forenoon's writing, spent the afternoon on the hills by the sea. In the evening, a number of brethren and sisters assembled in brother Reece's house. When we were seated round the table, brother Mogg threw brother Sulley's book on the Ezekiel Temple on the table, saying, "Tell us something about that." The response to this (in an informal disquisition on the glories of the Kingdom of God as centreing in worship) occupied something over an hour, after which I was accompanied by most of those present to the railway station, where I got on board the 9.45 night express to Toowoomba. After farewells, the train bowled off into the darkness on a journey of about 400 miles. A berth in the sleeping-car had been engaged, but the car was not so smooth-running as the sleeping-car from Adelaide to Ballarat. There was a constant jolt and a jar in the midst of the speed. Consequently, I slept very little. The conductor said breakfast would be at 6.30: would he call me? Perceiving my breath slightly gone (as it were), he added, "If that is too soon for you, you can have a cup of tea at nine." I thought I would prefer nine, as I was thoroughly wearied out between the heat, the work, and the previous night's unrest.

Wednesday, November 20th.—After a sleepless night, got up in time for a hurried "snack" at some wayside station or other. The train resumed its rushing journey through a picturesque, but lonely and desolate country—hills and woods for miles and miles: the hills often big enough to be called mountains: no farms, no clearings, no human habitations of any kind visible from the train except here and there at long intervals. Woods, in British experience,

are usually associated with beauty and verdure, and attractiveness. But these endless woods were the reverse of pleasing. They were sombre, weird, repellant. The individual trees, denuded of their bark, showed bleached stems and branches, and had a blighted, stark, and staring look about them. Their forms also were extraordinary, such as would suit one of Doré's pictures of the "Wandering Jew." They seemed as if they had died in torture, with contorted limbs thrown up to the sky in every attitude of agony and despair. There were, of course, trees with foliage in the background, but the foliage was scanty, and the pleasing effect of a little dark greenery was more than offset by the white and withered stems and branches with which the ground was strewn, like bones in the baking sun. No doubt the effect was greatly heightened by my own flat condition and by the prevalence of drought for many months, which had killed vegetation. I was told that in a normal season the woods look fresh and pleasing.

At Wallangara, New South Wales ends, and Queensland begins. Here also begins a new (and narrower) railway : a new postal system, and a new customs administration, and consequently, new inconveniences to the traveller. We had to get out of comparatively comfortable carriages to comparatively uncomfortable ones, and submit to the inquisitorial inspection of custom-house officers, and to declare our identity to an official with pencil and note-book in hand, as if we might have been spies and smugglers coming from an unfriendly country, instead of only railway travellers from one British colony into another. All our names we afterwards found were published next day in the papers—the one advantage of which was that the Queensland brethren became aware, without my writing, that I, for one, was *en route*, according to appointment.

The route had been of varied beauty all the way along, but it was increasingly so from this point onwards.

The whole country, as already said, is hilly, and in some places mountainous. To carry a railway through a hilly district usually requires the boring of tunnels through the hills. But in this case, the engineers have avoided the hills to escape the cost of making the tunnels. They have taken the line round the hills. The consequence is a great and constant winding about of the railway, with many picturesqe effects. At some parts of the line, descending from the higher elevations, the taveller, looking from the window, can see the line twisting about below him like a great snake among the wooded hills. This state of things prevails for perhaps two hundred miles.

After a long, hot, and toilsome ride, we arrived at Toowoomba in the evening. Here I got off, which was extra to programme. My object in staying here was to avail myself of the opportunity afforded by passing proximity of seeing Mr. Watson (my cabin-mate on the *Oruba*) and his father. I had telegraphed (or as the commercial slang is, "wired") to Mr. Watson my purpose to be at Toowoomba station by that train on that day, and to go on if it should not be convenient for him to be there. When I got out of the train, I found no Mr. Watson. I enquired of the stationmaster if he knew him. "Yes, but he is 30 miles from here, away to the south-west." I explained that I had telegraphed. He said it was very doubtful if my telegram had got to him in time, as there was no telegraphic office within several miles, and only a woman in the office without messengers to send. This set me a-thinking. I can submit to the inevitable, but I did not like being baulked by a merely mechanical obstacle. So I made up my mind to stay at a Toowoomba hotel for the night (the Henessy Queen's), and give the arrangement a chance of coming off. I perceived that if I did not do anything, it could not come off, because Mr. Watson, on getting his telegram, would see it was too late, and would conclude that I had gone on with the train. What was to be done? I asked the landlady if I could get a horse-messenger to take a letter over to Southbrook, for answer by return. Yes, but it would cost 30s. ! This was a stiff charge for what ordinarily costs 2d. Perhaps it would be worth 30s. in the spiritual results that might hang on it. I concluded it was worth trying, at all events. But the messenger, she said, could not go that night, as there was a storm coming on ; which there was—great clouds of dust were rushing in all directions before a wind that came from a

blue-black heavily-laden horizon. He would start off early in the morning. Very well: agreed.

Thursday, November 21st.—Immediately after breakfast, I received a telegram requesting me to come on to Southbrook at once by the branch railway, at an hour mentioned. In an hour or two afterwards, messenger arrived with a letter in confirmation. When the hour arrived, I proceeded to Southbrook by the railway indicated, and found Mr. Watson's father waiting me. We walked together to Sunnyside, the name of a beautifully embowered residence erected by himself many years ago on the sunny side of a hill, which forms part of the land grant taken up by him at a time when all the land was under forest. It stands in a sequestered country-side. The father and sons occupy in all 1,200 acres, a large part of which is cleared and under cultivation. The father came from England 41 years ago, from the lap of comfort, and even luxury, to fight his own way in the Colonies, when it was much rougher work than it will ever be again. The result is before the visitor in the snug homestead standing among smiling fields, which takes a long time to walk over. Death has made his call during that time, of course, and levied heavy tribute in the person of the father's wife, about ten years ago. The removal of Mrs. Watson has made a large hole in the Sunnyside circle, and taken much of the sunny light out of the father's life. He is an interesting and superior man—interested in the philanthropic, social projects of Mr. Lane, who made the Paraguay experiment, and who is, in fact, a bosom friend of Mr. Watson, sen. Mr. Watson is also something of a poet, much a lover of nature, of good men, of good books, and good works. He is not yet the lover of the Bible he may become—in the sense of being an implicit believer in its narratives. He is a philosophic doubter. I had some sharp brushes with him on the subject. He said he thought it might end in his surrender, but he could not tell. I submitted for his leisurely consideration the following eight

PROPOSITIONS.

1 That the New Testament narratives are the narratives of men who were personal companions of Jesus Christ during the $3\frac{1}{2}$ years of his public work on earth *(as proved by their acceptance as such by an unbroken line of believers from that day to this).*

2 That they are, therefore, the testimony of eye-witnesses to the things recorded *(as involved in the nature of the case, and as required by the qualifications of an apostle specified in Acts i. 21-22; also verse 8; ii. 32; iii. 15; v. 32; x. 39; John xv. 27; 2 Peter i. 16; and many other places).*

3 That said eye-witnesses were men of sufficient capacity to judge whether they truly saw and heard the things recorded *(as proved by the ability of the narratives themselves).*

4 That they were men of truth and honesty *(as proved by the character of the work to which they devoted themselves—the work of turning men from sin to righteousness—and by their submission to loss of goods, liberty, and life for the sake of their testimony).*

5 That, therefore, the record of Christ's miracles and resurrection, and of the miracles wrought by the apostles in his name, is true.

6 From which it follows that it is more than true, namely, that it is inspired by the Holy Spirit, and, therefore, entirely reliable as Divine, because Christ promised to send the Holy Spirit to qualify them for the work (Jno. xv. 26-27; xvi. 7-14; Acts i. 4-5; Matt. x. 19-20; Luke xxi. 15).

7 Therefore Christ is the only hope of man, because he declared that he was the only "way," and that all rivals are "thieves and robbers" (Jno. xiv. 6; iii. 18; x. 8-18; Acts iv. 12; 1 Cor. xv. 20-22; Eph. ii. 12-14).

8 That, therefore, the Old Testament is the word of God, because Christ so regarded it, and because the inspired apostles declared that it was so (Matt. v. 17-19; Jno. v. 39-47; x. 34-35; 2 Tim. iii. 15-16; 2 Pet. i. 21).

Young Mr. Watson, whom his father told me I must call "Harold," continues his studies, and has since written me that he begins to love the Bible; but just at the time of my visit he was so closely at work

in getting in the crops that he could not devote any time to the subject, outside a hurried morning reading and an occasional word of conversation. Though owning so large a tract of land, they require, on account of the lowness of prices, to bestow much personal labour on its cultivation to bring accounts out on the right side at the end of the year. As for baptism, he is waiting till he attains absolute certainty that he is on the right road, as acceptance will involve serious drawbacks in some directions.* Mr. Watson, sen., promised to give the subject his thorough attention. "One thing you may be sure of," he said; "you leave behind you an able lieutenant; my son never leaves me alone."

Friday, November 22nd.—While father and sons were all at work, I was installed in the father's writing-room—a literary snuggery, answering also the purpose of a sleeping-room. Writing was a delicious operation in the intense silence, bright sunshine, and twittering of birds. I afterwards walked out to find the post office for my letters. I found the said institution at and in the railway station—which station was a substantial shanty superintended by a woman, and not the kind of building that would be suggested to British ears by the name. To get to it, I had to walk through absolute country solitude—no streets, no houses, only forest enclosures, with here and there a homestead at far distance: no human beings, not a soul, only cattle lazily browsing in the baking heat. There was a wide road part of the way, but it was in turf, and bore little trace of being used as a road. The silence and solitude, broken only by the hoarse cackle of the laughing jackass or the musical chatter of the magpies, were delightful. In the atternoon, I had a walk with Mr. Watson, sen., over Mount Watson, as the hill behind the house is called in the railway survey. He told me a curious story of an experiment he made in his wife's days to open an amateur church for the benefit of the scattered families of the township who felt "lost" without a Sunday service of some sort. He built the place on his own land, and tried to run it with the help of his wife. She played on the organ, and he read prayers and read extracts from good books. But the nearest clergy got to hear of it, and told him he had no right to do such a thing. This very much disgusted him. At last it became such a source of bitterness among neighbours (the thing that he had intended for their benefit) that he allowed it to be taken down and carted away, and put up on another spot, under clerical superintendence. In the upshot, it fell altogether out of use, and remains a monument to this day of clerical intolerance. In the evening we had a long conversation on the verandah on the resurrection of Christ. It does seem a pity that a noble man like Mr. Watson, who has tried to act a benevolent part through life, should miss the only real substance there is in spiritual life. I implored them all to investigate the subject until they came to a definite conclusion, one way or other, either that the Bible was true, or that it was an imposture. To leave so important a question an uncertainty was not wise. If they gave their mind to the problem, and discovered it was all a mistake, they would confer a favour on me in letting me know, as I was throwing my life away if the Bible were not true.

Saturday, November 23rd.—Got up to catch the morning train to Toowoomba. A hearty parting. Mr. Watson gave me some lines, written by himself—addressed—

TO THE BIRDS OF SUNNYSIDE.

Sing on, wild birds! your joyous lay
Beguiles me with its happy strain,
And thoughts of scenes now far away
Bring back dear memories again
Of melodies, whose hallow'd spells
The heart for ever will retain,
Though years re-echo the farewells
Of those we may not meet again.

Sing on, sweet birds! your notes recall
Dear dreams of joy that never dies,
And gleams of love that still enthral
With glamour of beloved eyes—
Dear eyes that shed their soul's full beam
On all that makes life's light impart
A reflex of the glorious gleam
That sends its sunshine to the heart.

Your gladsome songs, O, happy birds!
Remind me of life's spring-time bright:
My English home, love's old sweet words—
The music of the heart's delight;
When love's fond smile was ever near
To deck the hour with golden hue,
That gives its grace to all things dear:
Its hope, its faith to all things true!

——— W. N. WATSON.

On arriving at Toowoomba, I found I had some hours to wait for the express to

* He has since been baptised, and other friends in the neighbourhood.

Ipswich (my next appointment). I availed myself of the opportunity of inditing a rejoinder to the lines on the birds, in the nature of a parody—

TO THE OWNER OF SUNNYSIDE.

Go on, good sire, complete the work
So nobly done in bygone years,
Let not illusions sweetly burke
The fruit of labour, love, and tears ;
The hallowed spells of wild birds' song
May soothe a passing moment's pain,
They have no power to right the wrong
Or bring the dead to life again.

The thoughts they stir within the breast,
The reveries that o'er us steal :
They leave no lasting gift of rest,
They give no solid boon of weal ;
"Dear dreams" of love are not enough—
We need a love that never dies—
Our lives are made of sterner stuff
Than solace finds in wild bird's cries.

Oh, turn your eyes with forward quest ;
Forget the things that lie behind :
The future holds more joy and rest
Than ever warmed a mortal mind ;
While listening to the feathered muse,
While looking back the way you've trod,
Expand the mind to nobler views—
Lay hold on Christ, look up to God !

Chapter XIX.—IPSWICH AND GYMPIE.

THE same evening (5·50) I took the train to Ipswich, about 80 miles distant further to the north. The journey took 3 or 4 hours, and lay through finer scenery (I am told) than that which lies between Wallangara and Toowoomba, owing to the steep and winding descent among hills, which the railway track makes in a short space of country, from the high elevation of Toowoomba to the comparatively low level of Ipswich. But as the journey was mostly performed in the dark, I did not have an opportunity of seeing it. The train arrived at Ipswich after nine o'clock. On the railway platform was a large company of brethren and sisters awaiting me. I had to go through many greetings nearly in the dark. I might almost have been in Scotland from the number of Caledonian names and voices, which was owing to the immigration, a good many years ago, of quite a colony of mining brethren from Tranent, near Edinburgh. I knew no one by face except brother P. Coley, who emigrated from Selly Oak, Birmingham, 30 years ago, and had now become a patriarchal veteran, in striking contrast to the slim, clean-shaven young man of the early days. He is the centre of the township of Coleyville, at Mount Walker, some 60 or 80 miles up the country ; postmaster, consulting physician in general, and a few other nondescript things that are liable to crystallise around a man of character in a new country.

Skulking in obscurity on the platform, unknown to me till afterwards, was brother George A. Gardner, of Newry Bar, near Cape Byron, on the sea-coast, New South Wales, who had come to Ipswich with the purpose of joining me and spending a five or six weeks' holiday in travelling with me, at his own charges, to the various places on trip that had been cut out for me by the Sydney brethren. When I was informed of this, I was a little alarmed, as a close companionship of any kind was liable to be a burden in my infirm condition. But my fears were without ground. I found brother Gardner one of those guileless, all-round intelligent brethren that will one day be numerous in the land, a help and a comfort at every stage.

Hurried greetings over, I was conveyed to the house of brother Orr, one of the Tranent contingent, and a mainstay of the truth in these parts. Though a miner, he lives in a house and 2½-acre plot of his own in the suburbs of Ipswich, on the Booval side, among quiet fields and houses of the same sort. I spent four or five days at his house as pleasantly as the strong heat of Queensland would allow.

Ipswich is a coal-mining, inland town of about 20,000 inhabitants, rather more regular and solid as a town than one would expect from home experience of coal districts. It has had one or two severe tastes of flooding, whole rows of houses under water and boats sailing in the streets. But it seems to be recovering from the effects.

Sunday, November 24th.—Driven by horse and trap to the meeting. Everybody in the Colonies seems to have a horse, and with a horse, several dogs, not that they formally own the dogs. The dogs, which are numerous in the country, attach themselves to such and such a house where there is a horse and fields (or "paddocks," as they call them universally in the Colonies). They hang about and pick up their own living, and when the horse and buggy sets out, the supreme joy of their life seems to set in. Out they scamper, ahead of the equippage with many bounds and barks, and if, in the devious ways of dogs, they fall behind through corner-snuffings and peeps into other people's places, they soon make up, with great delight, on the right or left, glancing up for a recognition, which they repay with a tail-wag or audible salute from the other end. The diversity in their size and colour is amazing, so also is the treatment of their own kind *en route*, if the other dogs happen to be inside a fence. The dogs inside the fence, being badly off for some excitement, open fire on the passing turnout. The dogs of the turnout return fire in the most ferocious style: the dogs inside and the dogs outside putting their noses as close as ever they can against their respective sides of the fence, and cause a terrible hubbub, as of mutual worry. It is said that the fellows inside would not be so brave if they did not know there was a fence between. There are other dogs that show this species of bravery. Our pack followed us right to the meeting, and some of them showed up among the benches during the meeting, to my slight embarrassment while speaking, for dogs are not good listeners, and are apt, like the babies, to make inappropriate responses when they imagine themselves addressed.

The meeting-room is quite a commodious place, near the centre of the town. It is in the permanent occupation of the brethren, though belonging to other people. There is a striking board outside, of which I heard from Mr. Watson, sen., at Toowoomba. The ecclesia numbers somewhere about 50 or 60, among whom brother Robinson, with his interesting wife and family, have earned himself a good degree by his love and faithful service to the truth. It is a matter of good-humoured complaint that Newcastle and other places have taken about half their numbers. But as it is all one concern (the Lord's concern) the sense of hardship is not great. About 60 would be present at this meeting. I addressed the brethren for about an hour on the phases of the truth before us in the readings of the day. At the close of the meeting, brother Coley gave me a monster pineapple of charming flavour, with the remark, "Here is a sample Queensland apple to take home with you." In another minute, my host relieved me of it to put it in the trap for conveyance to the house; but, like the prisoner of the parable in Ahab's day's, while the faithful man was "busy here and there," it was gone. The mysterious disappearance was the cause of oft-recurring amusement afterwards, and gave a parable: "What! gone like the pine-apple?" I had never, or, at least, scarcely ever, tasted a pineapple before; and the impression made upon my slightly-fevered state by the fragrance of the lost magnificent specimen (together with the sentimental regret that a brother's kindness should be thrown away) led me to embrace the first opportunity of trying it. In the result, I experienced the truth of what a brother told me, that it was a natural specific for feverish disorders. The consequence was, I kept close and profitable company with pineapples all the time I was in Queensland. In the evening, I lectured in the School of Arts to a large audience, on "What are Things Coming to?"

Monday, November 25th.—Was called upon by brother Philip Coley, before-mentioned. He gave me an account of the terrible hardships he experienced during the first few years of their settlement in the country. He and his family lived away up in the bush in the merest shanty. One morning, when he awoke, a snake was coiled

up on the family Bible on a little table. He called wife and children at once, and they managed to despatch the intruder. But it was not pleasant to feel they were exposed to uninvited guests of this character. They had held on to the truth in all their difficulties during 30 years, and now they were in a fair way of doing, and had the company of brethren and sisters within comparatively easy reach. In the evening, lectured again to a large audience in the School of Arts on "Fulfilled prophecy," as one of the foundations of faith in unfulfilled prophecy.

Tuesday, November 26th,—Devoted to walking; and, in the evening, another lecture, "Some Prophecies not yet Fulfilled," or "The Future State Revealed" (I forget which.)

Wednesday, November 27th.—A call from the elder brother Reid, one of the early pioneers of the truth in the colonies; from Tranent, Scotland. He had many pleasant reminiscences—especially of brother Strathearn, of that place. In the evening there was a farewell tea-meeting, at which I gave an account of the voyage in the *Oruba*, with appropriate spiritual accompaniments I enjoyed very pleasant intercourse with the brethren and sisters, most of whom said affectionate good-bye at the close of the meeting—with a feeling on all hands, in view of the active state of the Eastern Question, that we might very soon be called together to meet the Lord.

Thursday, November 28th.—Started by the 12.40 train for Brisbane, *en route* for Gympie. The journey to Brisbane was not a long one—only 30 or 40 miles. It had been arranged that we should stay a day at Brisbane before going on to Gympie, and then to make a proper visit to Brisbane, on returning from Gympie. Arrived at Brisbane, we found a number of brethren awaiting our arrival, including brother Yardley, who emigrated from Leicester, England, about twelve years ago, and who has done, a useful work for the truth in Brisbane, where there is now an ecclesia of 40 or 50 brethren and sisters. Brother Yardley conveyed us to the boarding-house which sister Yardley and their daughter Ella keep on the top of the hill above Albert Park Brother Yardley himself keeps a dairy farm three miles out of town, at which he lives, coming in regularly for "the week end," as they say in Yorkshire.

Friday, November 29th—After a refreshing night at brother Yardley's, proceeded by the 7.30 a.m. train to Gympie, about 100 miles further north. The route was of the forest-clad character common to Queensland, but not so hilly as the country further south One of the features in the route, however, was quite remarkable—indeed, unparalelled anywhere in the world as far as I know, and that is, a series of extraordinary elevations on the land side of the railway, known by the name of the Glass House Mountains—the name given to them by Captain Cook, when he first saw them from the sea over a hundred years ago, I afterwards saw them from the sea, when we went by steam-packet from Brisbane to Rockhampton, and they just look like a cluster of immense enpolas, such as are to be seen in glass-works. Whether this was the origin of the name that Captain Cooke gave them I cannot say, as it seems they have glassy features in themselves, which may have suggested the name. They are extraordinary bodies. They look like gigantic boulders of conical shape, dropped into the heart of the forest. They do not form part of a hill-range. They are detached bodies without apparent connection with the surrounding country: and the largest of the group, though of immense size, has no herbage adhering to it. It is simply naked stone. When I first saw it, I had not heard of (or had forgot) the Glass House Mountains, and in the absence of contrasting objects, I could form no idea in a hurried glance from the passing train what its height might be. I guessed it at 200 feet. I afterwards ascertained it was over 1,700 feet. Sister Florence Yardley afterwards copied out for me the following information on the subject:

THE GLASS HOUSE MOUNTAINS.—The first mountains named in Queensland by Captain Cook in 1770. The famous Glass House Mountains are on the line from Brisbane to Gympie. They were so named from their apparent resemblance to masses of Glass. Their old native names were:—Beearwah (1,769 feet in height); Connowarrin (1,160 feet); Beearburin (920 feet); Toomboomboodla, Teeborcagin, Nuhroom, Turrawrndin, Yooan, Birriebah, Ennee, and Daiangdar-

rajin. These names varied in the three different neighbouring dialects, "Wacca," "Cabbee;" and "Oonda." Each stands in gloomly isolation, silent and alone. One mighty mass of rock faces the railway line, cliff fronted, savage, defiant, towering majestically into the clear blue sky, the wide rough stone face all scarred and caverned by the rains and tempests of ten thousand years. Through the tree tops you behold transitory gleams of Beearburrum't lone companions, vast pillars of rock and broken columns, standing there as ruined fragments, surviving the merciless wreck of "grey annihilation" looking out far over the tree tops upon the vast ocean beyond, unspeakably weird in their mournful solitude, unutterably sad in their silence and decay.

We arrived at Gympie about two o'clock. Gympie is a gold-mining township of about 15,000 inhabitants. "The gold of that land is good," and enough of it is speedily obtained from the mines to keep the place prosperous when other places have withered off. But along with the prosperity, there is much moral laxity, as I was told, and as appearances seemed to tell. Notwithstanding this, there is, wonderful to relate, an ecclesia of about 30 brethren and sisters, including good men and true. We were met at the station by brother Marshall, a railway engine driver, who came from Derby, England, to hear the truth in Queensland, and as to whose appreciation of it there is no mistake: also brother Weldon, one of the excellent of the earth. He came from Leicester, England, 12 years ago, and is now toilsomely extracting a living from the soil in the bush at Cedar Pocket, eight miles from Gympie, and at the same time helping to keep alive a testimony for the truth in one of these remote gold-feeding fountains of the world at Gympie. There were one or two others, I think, whom I had not previously known We were conveyed to brother Marshall's house near the railway-station, and hospitably installed there. There were the usual "paddock" behind the house, and the usual horses (one of them a beauty, on which brother Marshall is a proper rider): and the usual supply of dogs, before referred to. In the evening I lectured to a moderate audience in a local hall, on "The Things Coming on Earth," or some such subject. Brother Weldon presided, and spoke more pointedly on the lecturer than the lecture—a tendency which I had to check in other parts as well. The best way is to say nothing about the lecturer, and let the lecture speak for itself. What is a lecturer? Nothing, except as he makes his subject speak. Attention should not be fixed upon him as a man. Brother Weldon's objects were the best: but, but, but——. At the close, a sincere, grey-headed, Anglo-Israelite put questions privately. He evidently thought I would sympathise with his views, and was a little startled when I said I did not think there was the least Scriptural grounds for the Anglo-Israel theory. I referred him to the Hine Debate, which brother Marshall lent him.

Anglo-Israelism is very popular in the Colonies. It is not to be wondered at. Earnest Bible readers who do not know the truth cannot help seeing there is much more in the Bible than orthodox religion allows place for; and they naturally take to a plausible theory which seems to provide that place, and at the same time ministers to racial vanity on very cheap terms. The truth both demolishes Anglo-Israelism in the most efficient manner, and provides a complete and perfectly fitting place for all that is contained in Moses and the prophets.

Saturday, November 30th.—At the request of brother Weldon, I decided to pay a visit to-day to his homestead in the heart of the bush, eight miles away. How to get there was a bit of a problem. There is not only no railway, but no road, except for two miles of the way. After that, the road is a mere track "up-hill and down dale" in the forest, and with the trees meeting overhead. Brother Weldon proposed I should do it on horseback; but I had never been on a horse's back in my life, except once for five minutes in a level field. He thought I might try. He would provide a quiet horse, and he would have a cart on hand to fall back upon in case of failure. When the time came to start (10 a.m.) the cart was ready, with a cart-horse yoked in it, which I supposed was the quiet horse in question—a mere solemn nag, as it were. But I was put in the cart to start with—a rigid, stout country cart, with a plank thrown across for seat; and brother

Weldon's son installed as driver. For escort there were brother Weldon, on horseback; brother Marshall ditto; brother Gardner, ditto: and brother Reed, the same—four doughty knights on steeds fit for any enterprise. Off we went, everything very graceful and easy, except the cart. The motion was not amiss for the first mile, but after that the road became decidedly Colonial, with ruts and inequalities of nature's own making. The exercise imposed on the occupants of the cart was consequently of a somewhat disciplinary description. It required a severe muscular grip during the jolts, which were neither few nor gentle, to avoid an act of ejectment unknown to a lawyer's office; and as for conversation which duty calls for with any companion, it made very distinct marks, breaking a sentence into two, and jarring words in the act of utterance. At the end of two miles, when the road shrunk to a hillocky path, and turned away on the left into the gloomy shades of the forest, brother Weldon suggested I might try the horse. As nothing could be worse than the cart, I readily fell in with his suggestion, and the cart was brought to a stand. I then expected to see the nag unyoked—though what was to be done with the cart in that case I could not imagine. But the problem was set at rest by one of the horsemen dismounting and taking my empty place in the cart. Brother Weldon then invited me to ascend the sides of the noble beast. He soothed my apprehensions by telling me that I did not require to do anything but just hold my feet firmly in the stirrups, and let the creature pick his own way, which he would be sure to do without making any mistakes. With some difficulty, I was hoisted into the unusual position, and then the horse had orders to start, which he did all right, with certain ear twitches and side glances that seemed to indicate a consciousness on his part that he had a rider with whom he could take liberties—which was, indeed, the case, for I knew next to nothing of how to manage him. It is one thing to see a man on horseback. It is quite another to be there yourself, without the most elementary knowledge of how he is to be made to trot when you want him to trot, and how you are to hold on when you have succeeded in making him trot, and how you are to stop him if you should suddenly wish to do so, which was not unlikely. It was all very amusing to men accustomed to handle horses from their boyhood. It was not quite amusing to a perspiring amateur. However, after a bit, I got into it, in a certain style, and the horse was as good as brother Weldon's word, and picked his way quite nimbly over the rough track. After the bone-shaking of the cart, it was a comparatively luxurious experience. Frequently the overhanging branches of the trees were so low that there was just a pinch of risk that the horse would go forward without his rider, leaving him suspended like Absalom. On the whole, it was a very safe ride. There were no canters, no trots, not even a jog-trot, but just a horse-walk, which my horse inclined to make slower and slower, on finding, I suppose, that there was not the usual masterful grasp. He had to have the end of a switch now and then, and then he would make a slight bolt and endangered my whole inexperienced stability. On the way back, I was put on a more mettlesome steed, but he seemed to lose his mettle under greenhorn management, and to drag as badly as the "quiet horse." It reminded me of an experience I had on the Welsh mountains over 30 years ago, when, in the midst of a sudden storm, I was left in charge of a horse, who presently came to a stand, from which I could not move him by any art or divice that I knew of. It was only when the proper manager came up that I was relieved from my absurd position.

At last we reached brother Weldon's clearing, in the midst of the bush. About 20 acres are cleared out of 100, which form the land grant. The whole grant is called Cedar Pocket, from the circumstance of cedars growing in a hollow on it. The clearing is called "Deep Creek," from a deep and ample brook of water passing through it. All streams, great or small, are called "creeks" in the Colonies. It is difficult to account for this misapplication of an English term, which means an inlet from the sea. It probably began with the first settlement having an actual creek near it or in it Brother Weldon has had a hard fight with nature, but is now nearing victory. He says there was one thing he left out of account in resolving to get a living out of

the soil, and that was the curse on the ground. It would be acceptable sailing, he said but for the pests and plagues that wait on every hand to mar the products of the land. and devour them when they are produced. It is chiefly garden stuff he raises, for which he finds a ready market in Gympie, when the grubs leave him any to dispose of. The noxious creatures and the great heat considerably reduce the desirability of the position Snakes and bears abound, also dingoes and iguanas, which rob the roosts. Inside brother Weldon's house, coiled on the rafters, is a dead specimen of the first named, a trophy of combat. The snakes are numerous and venomous when they strike, but nearly as afraid of a man as man is of them. They will get away if they can, but if cornered will give a cruel bite, which may kill. There are antidotes to the poison, but some kinds inject a poison that cannot be neutralised. They usually bite on the hand, and the usual remedy is to cut off the bitten member before the poison has time to circulate. This is one of the first lessons the Colonial children learn at school, Brother Weldon recently lost a fine dog from a serpent bite.

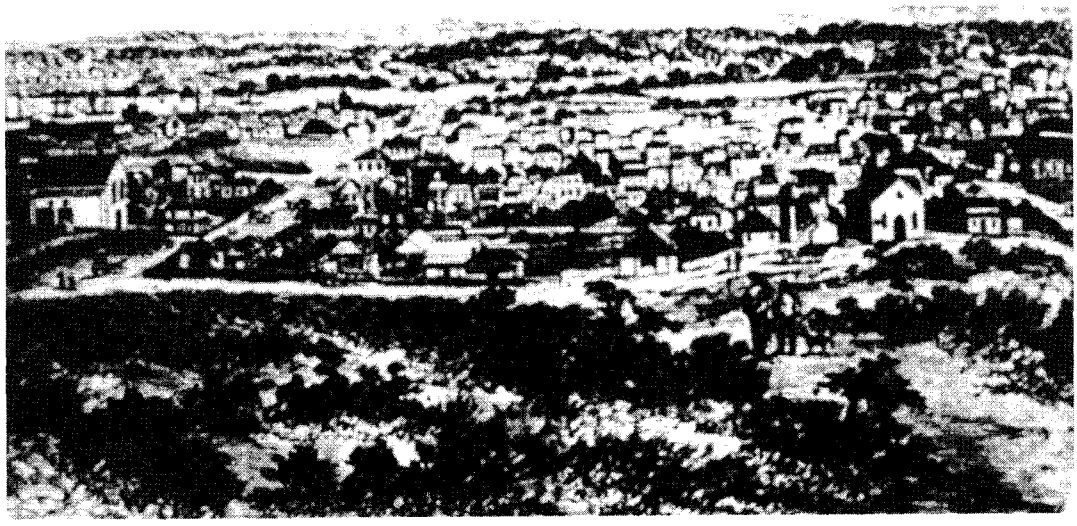
The bears are not large or dangerous. They frequent the eucalyptus trees, on the leaves of which they live. While we were at dinner, a bear was reported to be on a neighbouring tree, carrying its young one on its back. When dinner was over, we went out to see, and there it was sure enough, on a tall, slim tree, about 80 or 100 feet high. The party set to work to fell the tree with axes. The dogs, six in number, scenting prey, became excited. One of them in particular, a dingo half-breed, fixed his eyes upwards on the harmless creatures with a glare, and an open, watering mouth. By and bye, the tree came down with a great crash, and men and dogs rushed in with a shout, I felt little pleasure, I must confess, in a fight between a harmless bear and such a formidable company of assailants, The bear gave some of the dogs a severe taste of its claws before it was despatched. The young one was secured alive, and taken home to tame. The body of the mother was given to a black man that passed through the wood some time after. To him, it seems, it would be a dainty morsel, without cooking or sauce. The creature looked exactly like a Russian bear cut down.

We returned on horseback the same afternoon, reaching brother Marshall's house (eight miles distant) in a little over two hours. The seat in the saddle became rather a painful one before the ride was over, and I was rather the worse than the better for the exercise for the next two days, so far as sensation went. All things require practice for poor mortals.

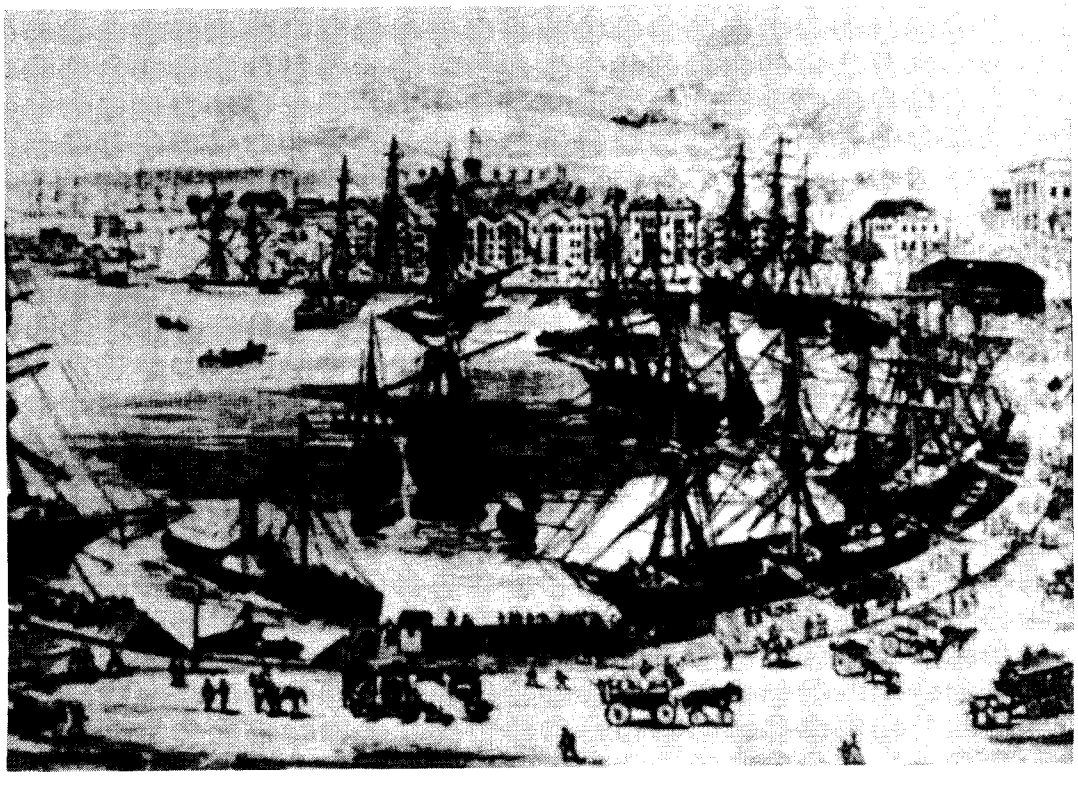
Sunday, December 1st.—Broke bread with the brethren and sisters in the Oddfellows' Hall ; about 30 present, embracing a wonderful mixture of nationalities for so small a company—a Frenchman, a German, a Dane, besides the British element—all earnestly desiring the coming of the Lord and deeply interested in the signs of the times. In the evening I lectured on "Prophecy" to a fair audience. An infidel wanted to put questions, but I felt in no state to continue an effort which I was barely successful in getting through without stopping. The appeal of anxious desire for knowledge might have overcome my inability, but the thousand times answered cavils of arrogant and stupid profanity failed to supply a ray of motive. I told the questioner the brethren would be quite able to answer all his questions, but this did not satisfy him. He wanted to fight, not to have difficulties removed. He retired, growling like a baffled dog.

Chapter XX.—BRISBANE AND ROCKHAMPTON.

MONDAY, December 2nd.—Very hot. Left Gympie by the mid-day train for Brisbane, retracing the journey past the Glass House Mountains. There was a fearful thunderstorm during the last part of the journey. Brisbane is the capital of Queensland, but is badly placed for the government of that immense terri-



Brisbane



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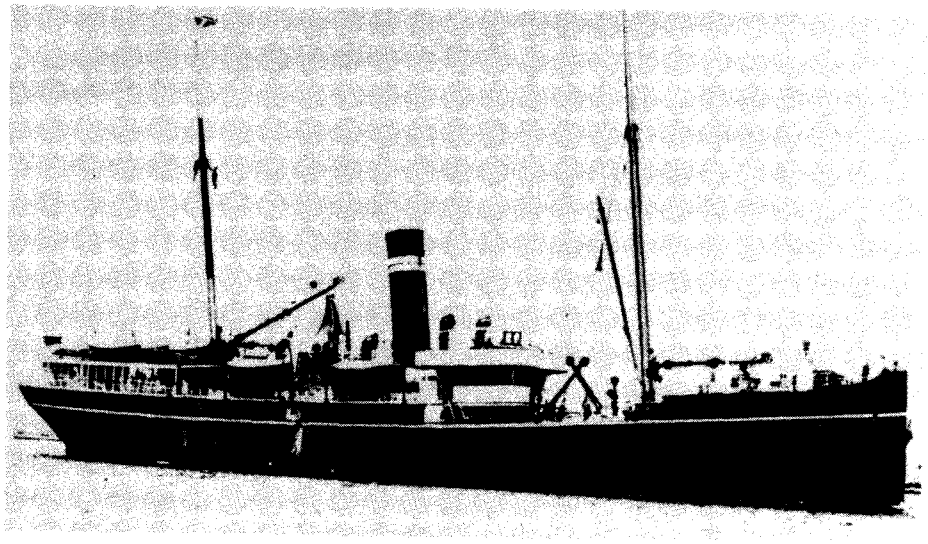
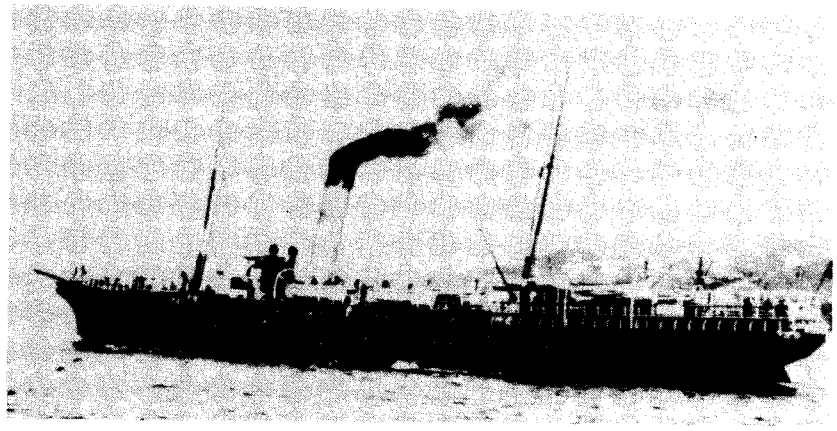


Arawatta - Refer to page 98



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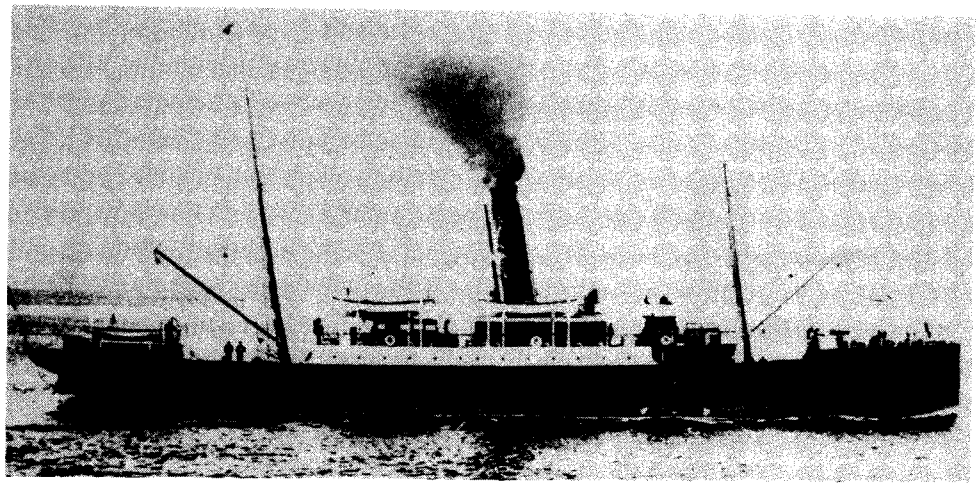


Takapuna - Refer to page 112

tory, It is right on its southern border. There is a movement afoot to have the northern part of the colony separated from Queensland and erected into an independent colony, with Rockhampton for capital This would be convenient in some respects, but more changes are wanted in the way of political re-organisation than it is in the power of man to bring about. "The kingdoms of this world" are about to undergo a change that will meet all points and accomplish all desires, and some desires not specificially desired, but desired only in the abstract. With this prospect ahead, the Sons of God can wait with patience. (*What if our cynical friends say "pshaw!"*

Brisbane is up a creek, (a true and proper creek), and well situated for commerce by the sea. It contains about 50,000 inhabitants, which is not a large community for a place having Houses of Parliament and all the machinery of government and law in its midst. It is a fairly solid and thriving place, but got a great set-back from the floods that submerged and ruined a great part of the town two or three years ago. (There have been further disasters since the writing of this.) Topographically, it is remarkable for being neither flat nor high. It is built on a series of undulations resembling the great waves of the Atlantic in their highest development and higher. It is as if an ocean in monster tempest had suddenly been congealed. The land is in great rolling waves in all directions. You go up hill and down dale everywhere in the streets, except in the principal streets, which run parallel to the river, which are flat, and flanked wifh good shops and solid public buildings. While we were there there was a holiday called "Separation Day."—the anniversary of the day when about 40 years ago, Queensland was separated from New South Wales, and became self-governing. For some reasons, this was no doubt a joyful event, but there are drawbacks. If there were one postal and telegraph service and one system of customs duties, as there is one monetary currency, and one political allegiance, "separation" for local purposes would be convenient; but as it is, it works harmfully, causing jealousy and emulation and expense where there ought to be unity and accord and economy. But what is the use of talking! Things will go foolishly along—until—until ——(*Again our friends give a squirm.*)

There is an ecclesia of about 40 or 50 brethren and sisters in the place—hitherto unaffected by the crotchets that have disturbed some. But there ought to be more unity. This is true of every place. In every place there is somethiag to interfere. In one place, it is one thing; in another place, another. In Brisbane, it is said to be jealousy of office (the paltriest and most unscriptural of all disturbing elements —specificially condemned and forbidden by the Master, who is also Lord and Judge). The occasion of it (if such really be its character) is the practice of palmistry by an otherwise worthy brother—which another brother rightly considers inconsistent with the calling of the children of light. The ability to foretell the future belongs to God alone, The profession of this ability is an encroachment on His prerogative, of which He is jealous. It was one of the sins of sorcery and other forms of witchcraft of which God so strongly marked His displeasure by Moses and the prophets. It was a common form of empiricism—we might almost say, of imposture—among all the nations of antiquity, and is not extinct to this day. It is always practised on *quasi* scientific grounds An occult connection is supposed to exist between future events and the flight of birds the state of the liver in sacrificial victims, the appearance of the entrails of slaughtered animals, &c. In our day, it is the aspect of the hand and some other things. The wrinkles in the palm of the hand may indicate character or constitution; but that they show future events—great or small—is the invention of superstition. It ought not to be difficult to banish a root of bitterness like this from the midst of a community professing subjectionto the oracles of God.

Tuesday, December 3rd.—Lectured in the School of Arts to a good audience. A magistrate—Mr. D. P. Milne—came forward at the close and congratulated me with great cordiality. But he wanted to know what I thought about the Ten Tribes. I found he was a warm believer in Anglo-Israelism. He promised he would read the Hine Debate if I sent it to him. But I found there was a difficulty in procuring a copy. Maybe the

brethren have supplied him since. There also came forward a Mr. Wallace Nelson, a native of Aberdeen, the town where I was born—("Woe is me, my mother!")—and local leader of the infidel party. He wanted me to debate with him about the Bible. I told him that having met Bradlaugh, there was no need to deal with his lieutenants. I said the brethren in Brisbane would be quite able to answer him; but this did not satisfy him at all, and there we had to leave it. Neither time, health, nor inclination favoured the proposal from my point of view. With the first two set right, I might have got rid of the third.

Wednesday, December 4th.—This was devoted to writing, reading and rest. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of brother Antony, the younger, a sugar planter at McKay, a port on the eastern coast of Australia, some hundreds of miles further north. He had come to Brisbane to bring home his sister from school, and to meet the editor of the *Christadelphian*. He is a pleasant hearty man in things both temporal and spiritual. Solomon's advice is good: "*Whatsoever* thy hand findeth to do, do it with *thy might*."

Thursday, December 5th.—Lectured again in the School of Arts to another good audience on "The Future State Revealed."

Friday, December 6th.—Tea-meeting of the brethren and sisters in the Oddfellows' Hall, at which several were present from Ipswich. Interesting addresses from various brethren. I was glad to be excused as long as possible, feeling unwell. I brought up the rear with a few remarks.

Saturday, December 7th.—Mrs Page and Mrs. Ritchie arrived from a long distance to be baptised. They live some miles from Byron Bay, and are almost neighbours of brother Gardner, of Newry Bar. They proved interesting people—of the sort that Jesus chose. Although his choice was from the poor, they were not poor in mind, faith, or character.

A brother in Sydney had requested me to call on his father in Brisbane. I was in poor state for the task, but performed it. The father promptly repulsed me. He is full of Salvation Army fire, and said it was no use my seeing him—that he was saved by the blood of Jesus: glory be to God! and he should have nothing to say to me. I asked him a question, but I might as well have spoken to a steam-engine. I felt sorry to see so much zeal thrown away. But the fact is, the world is a mass of sorrow at present. There is no remedy but the coming day, for which we patiently wait.

Sunday, December 8th.—Broke bread in the Oddfellows' Hall with a large company of brethren and sisters, including some visitors. The meeting was very enjoyable. Lectured in the evening in the same place to a good audience: "Prophecy Fulfilled and Unfulfilled."

Monday, December 9th.—Letters from home, some of a disquieting character. Had to send two cable messages. One of them consisted of only one word, and for this I had to pay £1 19s. 9d. The address, I suppose, explained the excessive charge somewhat, but not altogether. There was some mystery about it. But I could do nothing but submit. I expected to day to have sailed for Rockhampton, but it was ascertained in time that the sailing steamer called at every port between, and would have landed me too late for the advertised lecture. By putting off departure till next day, we were able to get the mail steamboat, which went direct.

Tuesday, December 10th.—Sailed at two o'clock in the coasting steamer, *Leura*, for Rockhampton—brother Church, of Rockhamptan, joining us. The day was fine and the sea smooth, and sailing pleasant. The vessel could not compare with the ocean liners. Still, she was fairly comfortable. The company was not large, and as the voyage was only to last two days, there was no temptation to cultivate acquaintance. There was a small company of Salvation Army people on board. Brother Gardner heard one say to another (pointing at me): "Now is your chance." "No thank you," said the other. They kept in a state of frigid paralysis all the voyage. It would have been nice if they had tried to convert me. Once, at the end of the voyage, a young woman in the uniform put herself in my way as if she wanted to speak with me; but our remarks were of the most trivial character. I tried to draw her into high themes. The most she said in response to a remark of mine on the necessity for stick-

ing close to the Bible in this day of diverse opinions, was that the Army were giving more attention to the reading of the Bible than they used to. There was a rapt expression on her comely face that seemed to say she was on God's side—which was beautiful to behold, but inspired sorrow. The sentiment it stirred was exactly that expressed by Paul, when he said: "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved, for I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge."

A singular incident occurred during the voyage. I was sitting at the stern of the vessel in the darkness of night, just before retiring, looking over into the whirling waters, when a young gentleman seated himself abruptly by my side. I had for twenty minutes or so (for comfort's sake) been passing in mental review the successive scenes of the Apocalypse in their European fulfilments, when he suddenly remarked, in the most off-hand way: "What a grand book the Apocalypse is! I wish I understood it. I don't a bit. There are those 24 elders, now, with the crowns on their heads, and the four beasts full of eyes: what do THEY mean? I have been trying to commit the New Testament to memory: I wish I understood the Apocalypse." All this was rushed off in one breath. I said I thought the Apocalypse was to be understood; but it was necessary to have the key first. He enquired, "What is that?" I said it was a large key, but a true one. It might briefly be expressed as the Kingdom of God revealed in Moses and the prophets. This Kingdom was both past and future. Both aspects were essential to an understanding of the Apocalypse. This, as may easily be imagined, led into a wide conversation on the truth, in which my interlocutor showed himself an admirer of the Scriptures, with a strong desire to be in harmony with them. He said he did not belong to any of the religious bodies, because be could not find one that was in accordance with the Bible. He had been brought up a Roman Catholic, but had latterly identified himself with the Wesleyans as a sort of hanger-on, but he was not satisfied. I ascertained his name and address, and some endeavours will be made to put him in possession of the literature of the truth. He seemed the very sort of man for whom the truth is intended.

Wednesday, December 11th.—At sea. In the evening a thunderstorm raging on land—which was just within sight. I never saw such magnificent lightning play. A gigantic mass of cloud lay on the landward horizon, and the lightning seemed to have a centre at each end of the mass, and flashed incessantly from end to end for two or three hours. The flashes were so frequent that I took out my watch to count them. I counted 30 flashes in about as many seconds. It was a grand and awful illustration of the powers at the disposal of Omnipotence. How small and insignificant is man!

Thursday, December 12th.—A taste of the misery of travel. We had expected arriving the previous night, and consequently did not undress, but merely threw ourselves on our sleeping berths. But a head wind had impeded progress, and the hours went on in the dark, and we were still at sea—12 o'clock, 1, 2, 3, &c. At last, at five o'clock, we came to anchor at the mouth of the Fitzroy river, where passengers for Rockhampton have to get off. Supposing this would have to be at once, we got up in an unslept and heated state, and got our things together for landing, but found there was no hurry. We were in a wide, beautifully-surrounded bay, and a tender had to come and fetch us off, which was not yet in sight. At last the tender arrived, and fastened herself to the steamer, but still there was no hurry, which we wished there had been. A large quantity of merchandise had to be transferred from the steamer to the tender before the passengers were wanted. Not only so, but there was a barge moored to the other side of the steamer, slowly loading up with sheep from the larger vessel. When the process was finished, the passengers got on board with a sense of relief, but their misery was not over. The tender, having disengaged herself from the steamboat, did not start, but went round to the sheep-laden barge—a craft about the same length as herself, and got moored to her broadside on. The barge being then also unfastened from the steamer, the tender started and dragged the barge—not after her but alongside of her—which made a great difference to the speed of the tender.

This would not have mattered if we had only being going to land at some wharf or jetty on the shore, but we had to sail 30 miles up a river in a broiling sun. Sailing by herself, this would have taken the tender four hours but dragging a heavy sheep-barge sideways, we were told it would take nine hours. We started about seven, and reached Rockhampton river wharf at three. The idea of sailing up a river is very attractive when contemplated from the midst of land monotonies. It is a very different thing in a weary state and in a hot sun, and in a stuffy boat (some people say "beastly," but I cannot put that into my vocabulary at all). There was nothing for it but to patiently endure. Our afflictions presently ended. Brother Cook was at the wharf waiting us, and drove us to his residence, outside of Rockhampton. Here we soon forget our sorrows in the luxury of a bath and the soothing influences of a home of elegance and comfort, with beautiful embowered entrance of greenery. The house is picturesquely situated on the river. The view from the verandah is ideal—river in front: woods on the other bank, and a mountain range behind all.

Rockhampton is a place of about 15,000 inhabitants, built on flat land on both sides of the river, about 30 miles from the sea. The principal part of the town is on the right bank of the river. Both parts of the town are connected by a suspension bridge It is a neat, clean, and apparently thriving place. It is expected that one day it will be the capital of a new colony, to be formed out of the north part of Queensland, as already stated.

Rockhampton had not been included in the original programme of tour; and when brother Cook directly invited me, I hesitated from fear of endorsing a wrong position, I knew there was a division, and I had the impression that it was due to a contention that strangers ought not to be present as spectators at the breaking of bread. I replied that if this were the fact, I should feel debarred from accepting the invitation. He answered that there was a misunderstanding of his attitude. He had no objections to the presence of strangers when the brethren met in a public place. His objection was to their coming into his private house when bread was broken. And as to why they were not in a public place, he thought that was a question of whether the brethren (few in number) were able to sustain the position as regards fitness for public work, &c.—which he thought they were not. It was a question for local judgment, on which some had gone away. This altered the case, and I felt at liberty to accept the invitation. It was agreed, after my arrival, that the others should be invited to the breaking of bread, and thus all my obstacles were removed.

The first lecture was on the evening of our arrival. At first it seemed that I should be unable to deliver it after such fatiguing experiences—aggravated, as they were, by the intense heat, which went over 100 degrees in the shade. But after a rest, I was sufficiently recovered to go through with it. Brother Cook had issued a striking bill, and had engaged a fine hall (the School of Arts) but the turn-out of the people was poor—from 60 to 70. This I felt to be no excuse for scamping my work. I took all the pains I would have taken with a crowded audience in discoursing to them of the purpose of God as revealed in the prophets, and its bearing upon ourselves as an invitation to obedience and preparation. While I lectured, the perspiration streamed from my face, and could not be mopped away. This was not owing to heavy clothing, for I had divested myself of both coat and vest, and had nothing on but a garment of slight alpaca. Two men died the same day in Rockhampton and neighbourhood from the extreme heat, as reported in the papers.

There was present at the lecture a Theosophist, of the name of Mr. Theodore Wright, the editor of an original monthly paper called *Living Issues*, two copies of which I saw—the cover showing a title-page consisting of a human face and head. with legends written between the lineaments. Mr. Wright afterwards wrote me, proposing debate, and came to see me, but within too short a time of my departure to allow of an interview. I was, in fact, saying farewell words to brother and sister Cook when he called. He was a much more interesting man than the *Oruba* Theosophist, and I think I should have enjoyed intercourse with him. He impressed me as a spirited

and intellectual man of strong convictions, full of reform ideas and kindly aims—and wielding a lucid, terse, and trenchant pen. But, of course, his system is all in the air. It is built on a series of gigantic assumptions —the unproveable character of which I would have tried to point out with a proper opportunity—which I did not get. I told him I was a slave to facts, and while on some points wishing his theory might be true, I could not get away from facts, and must be content to wait the Great Settlement. He cleverly rejoined that while I was a slave to facts, he was a slave to truth, which was the right construction of facts. Of course, these were mere thrusts in the air, and did not hit anything, but they were all we got in at the time. He applauded my spirit and intellectual methods, and thought I need not wait the Great Settlement, but put forth my hand and appropriate truth now. Who knew, said he, but God had sent him to me for the purpose. What could I do but smile and pass on.

Friday, December 13th.—Given to writing, reading, rest, and an attempt at boating on the river with brother Gardner. Brother Cook, who is in a large way of business, was too busy with Christmas orders to spare himself. Extraordinary weather for Christmas, according to British ideas.

Saturday, December 14th. — Writing, reading, and walking, Going to post letters at the General Post Office, I found the Salvation Army people holding a meeting in front of the building. Presently, the bonnetted young woman who came up on the same boat from Brisbane, stepped into the circle and addressed the meeting in a full, musical voice. She entreated her hearers to "give themselves to God." It was earnestly and impressively done: and I could not but feel a degree of sadness that there should be so much of the thing lamented by Paul in his day—"A zeal of God but not according to knowledge" (Rom. x. 2.) With the other and principal (male) speaker there was too much of the buffoon, mixed with occasional incongruous bursts of earnest appeal. The crowd responded to his banter not only in laughter, but in remarks, to which he rejoined. It is a curious development, this Salvation Army movement, It is well calculated to enlist the animal forces on the side of a certain kind of religionism. It does good of a certain kind, no doubt. It is better than the drunkenness and profligacy from which most of its members are drawn. But as for enlightening men and women in preparation for "the marriage of the Lamb," it is nothing better than many other heathenisms extant upon the earth. There is a great rebuff waiting them when Christ re-appears, if the movement hold out till then—which is doubtful if General Booth should happen to die. Their own estimate of their relation to Christ is high. It is well expressed in the language in which Christ says "many" will address him "on that day." "Have we not preached in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" They detest the negative attitude of Christadelphianism. It is not a matter of choice or pleasure It would be agreeable to run with them, as others do. But how is it possible for men enlightened on the Scriptures to run with those who are ignorant and disobedient? We must bear with the offence of the Gospel.

Sunday, December 15th.—Broke bread in brother Cook's house with the small company that came. Brother Church (against whom some charges had been found without serious foundation) considered it better not to accept the invitation that had been given. One or two others stayed away with him—breaking bread separately—which was a pity. There will be no absentees from the muster of the 144,000, and no schisms in the completed body of Christ. The day of their manifestation is near.—In the evening, I again lectured at the School of Arts. The subject was "The Kingdom of Heaven: what it is and what it is not.' There was a larger audience than on Thursday night, and some interest was manifested. Brother Gardner stayed behind talking with members of the audience till a late hour. Brother Cook presided at both the Thursday and the Sunday lectures.

Monday, December 16th.—Given to reading, writing, and rest.

Tuesday, December 17th.—There was to have been a lecture at Mount Morgan tonight The Hall was engaged and the bills were out, but it was found necessary to abandon it at the last moment, because the steamer which the meeting was timed (as

supposed) to catch left some hours sooner—the missing of which would have deranged appointments ahead. Brother Gardner went over to Mount Morgan to try and alter the lecture to Monday night, but found the Hall was otherwise engaged for that evening. His experience made him glad that I was going to be excused going, in my condition. Mount Morgan is about 30 miles from Rockhampton. The railway only goes within 17 miles of it. The rest of the distance is up a steep and dangerous ascent in a terribly jolting 'bus. High up the mountain is a community of eight or ten thousand souls. It is a curious place for a town to be in, but the fact is, the mountain is the richest gold mine in the country—the shares in which are saleable at high price in the share markets, local and cosmopolitan. It was a lonely, valueless spot not many years ago. A poor man of the name of Morgan took a grant of land (containing the mountain) under the arrangement in vogue in the Colonies, under which an intending settler has so much land allotted to him, on very easy purchase, extending over a good many years. The land allotted is covered with trees, and the settler has to go to work and clear it and cultivate it—which is terribly hard work. So long as he is able to keep up the small annual payment due to the Government, the land is his, and in the course of years becomes his absolutely. This poor man, Morgan, took a grant, comprising the mountain in question, and when he became acquainted with his property, he found indications of the mountain being metalliferous. He thought the metal was copper, and under this impression he tried to get moneyed men to undertake the working of it—but for a long time in vain.—At last, three or four men joined him, and on a thorough inspection, they found that the metal was not copper at all, but gold, and gold in the richest profusion. It seemed as if the gold had been vomited up from the interior like lava from a volcano, and formed the heart of the mountain There had to be no sinking of shafts to get at it, but simply horizontal cuttings inwards, which yielded the richest quartz ever found in Australia. Ordinary miners now think themselves remuneratively employed if they get an ounce of gold to every ton of quartz crushed; but this mine in many parts yielded between two and three hundred ounces of gold to the ton of quartz. The fame of it quickly spread abroad; the money of investors quickly flowed in, and the three or four abettors of Morgan (from whom the mountain is named) found themselves wealthy men, both in the sale and possession of large numbers of shares. The working of the mountain drew thousands of miners to the spot, and this led to the building of houses for their residence on the mountain, and the creation of the town known as Mount Morgan. Brother Cook, an intimate acquaintance with the place and the people of the place, thought it well that one lecture should be given there, and made arrangements accordingly. When brother Gardner went over to hasten the date, and found it necessary to announce abandonment, he said there was quite a widespread feeling of regret: everyone he met proposed attending, and doubtless there would have been a very large meeting. But there was no choice, and so the Mountain of Gold had to be left alone.

The same evening (December 17th) we repaired to the Rockhampton wharf, from which the tender was to convey us 30 miles down the river to the steamboat *Arawatta*, which was due to call at the mouth of the river "early in the morning." The brethren accompanied us to the river side, where the tender was moored. There were many people embarking, as it was the season for Christmas visitations to friends at a distance. Many passengers with their many friends crowded the deck of the small craft, which was poorly lighted. At nine o'clock the bell rang all friends ashore. Brother Gardner and I then bade adieu to the brethren with mutual regrets, softened by the reflection that in the very worst twist of affairs, we were bound to meet again shortly. The vessel then started down the river in the dark. We observed with some alarm that we were yoked sideways to a barge of sheep, as in coming up. Apart from this, we had hoped to get down to the mouth of the river by one o'clock in the morning. We had now to resign ourselves to the certainty that we could not get there before four o'clock—which meant spending seven hours in a crowded boat in the dark, and no sleeping

accommodation. There were eight sleeping berths below, but there were about 50 people on board, and what chance was there among such a number of claimants without an amount of rude self-assertion, for which the truth utterly disqualifies? Brother Gardner went to the steward, and I could hear him appealing to his kindness on behalf of "an old gentleman who was rather unwell." The steward said he would do his best, but that, as the night wore on, was nothing. The being described as "an old gentleman" was violently suggestive of thoughts. How insensibly we make progress in life's descending way. We know we are getting on, yet we retain the feelings of our early start until we are made to realise, now and again, in the light in which "others see us," that we are not what we were or what we feel, but are changing from the freshness of the "life's gay morn" to the sure and certain decay awaiting and besetting all mortal life —which would be all very sad were it not for the new vistas of life that open before us in the open door of the Gospel. The comfort which this brings is a cordial for all dolours, and the pledge of everlasting youth in the day that changes "the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." There was nothing for it but to doze on a hard bench, while the tender, with her heavily-laden consort, puffed and jogged down the river. Seven weary hours thus passed away.

Wednesday, December 18th.—We found ourselves at last at the mouth of the river at four o'clock a.m., and by the side of the *Arawatta*, which arrived from the north about the same time. But we were wrong in thinking our miseries were now over. Brother Gardner had laid a nice little plan, by which he was to end all discomforts in a twinkle. He was to board the *Arawatta* as soon as the tender was alongside, see the head-steward, and arrange for a sleeping cabin on the *Arawatta*, in the way that he knew how. I was to remain where I was on the tender with the luggage till he should come for me, and triumphantly convey me to a place of comfort and repose. The first part of the plan he successfully executed. He was up the gangway quick, followed by all the people on the tender; and I calmly waited in a dark corner as per agreement. Then the officials shouted, "Are all aboard?" It was in the dark, you see, and they could not see. I took no notice. Then an officer came peering round with a lantern, and finding me, asked if I was not going aboard. I said "Yes; but I was waiting for a friend who was coming for me." "Oh," said he, "you cannot wait here. They are going to take down the gangway, and you must get aboard." I, in vain, suggested that my friend would be here presently. The officer fairly hustled me out of my corner. It would not have mattered if I had not been cumbered with valises and bundles, or if I could have seen my way. The officer seized one or two of my things and asked me to follow him—which I felt obliged to do in the fear of being left behind, for in the fuss they were making, it seemed as if the tender was about to return instanter. I took as many of the parcels as I could carry, leaving the two largest behind, and followed the officer. I found myself presently on a narrow plank, crossing in mid-air from the poop-deck to the fore-deck over the hold, I might have managed to "walk the plank," but the tender was rocking with the motion of the water, and having bundles in my hand, and darkness at my feet, and the glare of the officer's lantern in my eyes in front, I was in great danger of being pitched head foremost into the chaos below. The men saw my difficulty and clutched me over the abyss with my things, and pushed me up the gangway into the *Arawatta*. They then unshipped the gangway; and here I was on board the *Arawatta*, and my two principal items of luggage on the tender, which I supposed was going off. I did not know where Brother Gardner was. Our plan had, in fact, landed us in a little extra misery. The *Arawatta* was crowded with Christmas people going to Brisbane and Sydney. Bye-and-bye Brother Gardner turned up, disconsolately. Could we have a sleeping cabin? No, not till a few people who were going ashore at Rockhampton had cleared out. When would that be? Eight o'clock. It was now four a.m. What about the tender? Oh, it would be all right. The tender was not going just yet. No, indeed. She stayed there for eight weary hours, delivering cargo into the *Arawatta*, and then taking cargo off the *Arawatta* for Rock-

hampton. When the light came, my valises were found and brought aboard. Meanwhile, in the wretchedness caused by dozing, heat, and fatigue, we had to sit on a side seat for several hours. At last, at eight o'clock, we were shown into a cabin, and so permitted, for a season, to end our woes.

At 12.30 we lifted anchor, and set sail for Sydney, *via* Brisbane. The stewards of this line have a name for rudeness, and experience seemed to justify it. When I had settled down in my berth, I was deprived of it at the last moment in favour of some one who knew better how to get on the mercenary side of the officials. I had to sleep on a hard lounge, or rather try to sleep: for between a hard bed and a hot atmosphere, causing profuse perspiration, and the liability to roll off my shelf, I don't think I slept any.

Thursday, December 19th.—Got up early to end my misery. While having a hasty rub down with a dry towel, the steward put in his head at the door and said, "What are you washing there for? Why don't you go to the bath?" The challenge was so unreasonable that I remained silent. If I had spoken, I might have said I was not washing, but drying; and that if I had gone to the bath, I could not have got in among the crowd of waiting applicants. I finished my wretched toilet and got on deck, and plunged my soul in the consolations of a Spirit bath—always within reach since the publication of a very small Bible allowed it to be carried on the person.

Chapter XXI.—BRISBANE AGAIN; BY SEA TO SYDNEY, AND THENCE TO NEW ZEALAND.

IN about 30 hours from starting, we sailed into Brisbane, where we ascertained the boat would stay two days, before going on to Sydney. Brother Antony was waiting on the wharf, and came aboard to welcome us ashore. He conveyed us to the house of brother Yardley, whose daughter, Florence, was to go in the same steamer with us to Sydney, and whose roof was a great relief from ship discomforts.

Friday, December 20th.—Brother Gardner ill, and requiring to be doctored, Afraid he won't be able to continue his journey. In the evening, I accompanied brother Antony through a heavy thunderstorm, to a place 13 miles distant by rail, to witness the Christmas "break-up" of the school at which his sister was a pupil. The ceremony took place in a new wooden hall near the station. There was a large muster of parents and friends. The pupils were dressed in white, and their drawing-work was displayed on the walls. A number of the more proficient of the pupils were also on the platform, from which they gave sample performances on the piano and violin, and also in the reciting of pieces. A somnolent elderly gentleman presided, but uttered not a word till all was over and the prizes had to be distributed, and then his words were few and hesitant. The leading part was taken by the mistress of the school. It was all very nice if only on the right foundation, which I painfully knew it was not. Education that does not embrace the fear of God and the knowledge of His will and glorious purpose, as disclosed in the covenants of promise, leaves the chief department of human character undeveloped, and produces the shallow, sharp, veneered chatterers and joke-crackers with which we are abundantly familiar. The result is abortive. I saw in the published report of one of these break-ups that some of the speakers were actually bewailing the effects of education in the Colony, and expressing the conviction that the people used to be better without education, and that they might have to try the effects of ignorance once more. The school system, said they, was developing a

race of smart bouncers, who despised useful work, and filled the street corners with voluble loafers and scornful sottish larri kins, who neither feared God nor regarded man. I could not help agreeing with these critics The cure, however, does not lie in the abolition of education—(God forbid,)—but in its adaptation to the whole nature of man. This mere cultivation of the intellectual faculties, under the stress of emulation, is liable to produce clever ambitionists without character, There is a remedy at the door in the shape of a government that will not gingerly handle the Bible as a thing to be tolerated in the modest corner, but will force it into the forefront of public life, with power behind it to suppress criticism and crush opposition with an iron hand, that will not brook a moment's contradiction of wisdom. Ready with love to bless submission, it will make short work with rebels in the day when the law goes forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

Saturday, December 21*st.*—Brother Gardner better, and able to proceed. The vessel started at 10 a.m., and was quickly out of Brisbane river into the open, where a breeze was blowing, and the sea beginning to rise. The company on board was numerous, well-dressed, healthful, and gay. Busy talk and merry laughter gave vent to the pleasant feelings excited by release from toil, and the prospect of holiday joys and friendly reunion. This was while we were in the smooth water of the river. When we got outside a change gradually came on. Quietness set in. Quietness settled into sobriety: sobriety deepened into solemnity: then a gradual thinning of the ranks. Many went below and many, by-and-bye, were to be seen sprawling either on deck or in the passages in every attitude of misery and despair. This sea-sickness is dreadfully distressing. I have not suffered from it since boyhood. but the taste I had of it has enabled me to sympathise with sufferers ever since. As the day wore on, the weather became worse, until it amounted to a dangerous storm (from which came shipwrecks elsewhere, as we learnt from the papers afterwards), There were very few guests at the long and well-provided meal-tables—three times a day.

Sunday, December 22*nd.*—The storm raged all day. The ship pitched and rocked badly: it was scarcely possible to keep a footing anywhere. To make matters worse, the propeller was lifted out of the water at almost every pitch of the vessel, and shook the vessel by the severe vibration of its liberated action. It often seemed as if the vessel must be torn asunder. There was not only a roaring wind, but fierce thunder peals and vivid lightning flashes, and pouring rain. There were all the elements of the wildest weather. As one looked across the face of the deep, it was a wide chaos of heaving, writhing, foaming waters. My two companions (brother Gardner and sister Yardley) were both confined to their cabins, so that we could not break bread. In the pouring rain, it was not comfortable to be on deck, notwithstanding the ample spread of a thick canvas awning. The saloon passengers were obstructed by prostrate forms. One could not go about among them without danger of stumbling over them, or being sent severely into their midst by a sudden roll of the vessel. I spent most of the time writing at the saloon-table. At night the force of the storm was terrible. At one time the vessel reeled over on one side, and stayed there a bit. Enough of that would have given us escape, *via* the bottom: but she recovered herself, and renewed her struggle with the elements.

Monday, December 23*rd.*—The weather a little moderated. We reached Sydney Harbour at 12.30, in the midst of British fog and rain. We ought to have arrived 12 hours sooner. The storm had delayed us. Brother Jackson and brother Bell were waiting us, and soon had us in the snug protection of the desired haven: in my case at brother Jackson's, four miles out of Sydney; in brother Gardner's case, at brother Payne's. Found letters waiting from home, having "the odour of a sweet smell," yet containing some tidings of a discomforting character; such is life at present—all patchwork, sunshine and shadow—with most of shadow. To this, outside the Gospel, there is no explanation, and no relief, Inside, there is such completeness of light that we can easily "bear all things"—at least, more easily than when men's minds are only fronted with blank nature.

Tuesday, December 24th.—The weather improved; air cool and bright; rain gone. After writing, took the tram into Sydney, for the afternoon. Got off too soon, and after a while found myself lost in the endless labyrinths of a great city. Studied the streets and the people as I passed by. The latter were out in well-dressed crowds, patronising the shops, in preparation for Christmas, next day. The shops were dressed out in "Christmas bush," not in holly and mistletoe, as at home, but in a pretty flowering plant, with scarlet bells. Towards evening, the crowds increased in density, until, as I learnt from the papers next day, there was a block in all the leading streets. Not finding my way, I took a cab to the railway station, from which I knew the road. Got home much behind time, and found brother Bell and brother Jackson waiting—with matters to talk about.

Wednesday, December 25th—Christmas Day, but how different from home experience! Instead of cold and snow, and the country shrouded with white, there is a blazing sun, blue sky, and thriving vegetation on all hands. One is glad to get indoors, to escape a heat which is far hotter than the hottest day of an English summer. Having devoted the first part of the day to writing, I joined brother Bell and sister Wilson in a sail up the harbour to Paramatta— the aforesaid beautiful harbour broken into all sorts of picturesque bays and corners by jutting headlands. Being Christmas day, the steamer was not crowded as on ordinary holidays—which was a luxury. The boat called at a great number of intervening wharves, putting off and taking on passengers, occupying in all considerably over an hour in getting to Paramatta. The steamboat was one of those river crafts with elevated decks, which the Americans introduced long ago. The sail was enjoyable—from two causes extra to the natural attractions of water, land, and sky: viz., the conversation of highly intelligent companions and the reading of extraordinarily good news from the East per *Daily News*, which had arrived from Birmingham. Things seem to be maturing at last for the finish upon which our hearts have been set so many weary, waiting years. On landing at Paramatta we went to an ample public park, and rested, with much pleasant talk, by the side of a river, running through it. All of a sudden, we discovered that the time was more than gone. We at once repaired to the railway station, and went to Sydney by train—a run of about 13 miles. From the heart of Sydney we each went our several ways, in the midst of a severe thunderstorm and downpour.

Thursday, December 26th.—Went, by arrangement, to Fairfield, 16 miles out of Sydney, to spend two days with brother and sister Barton and their most interesting, though limited, family circle. They live in the midst of a forest clearing, but the house stands on such good rising ground that it commands a wide, though level, view over the tree tops on all sides. Brother Killop, to whom one of the daughters is married, lives near. There was a pleasant little muster in the afternoon, comprising brother and sister Colbourn, sister Wood (originally Alice Bower of Birmingham), brother Killop and brother Gardner, besides the members of brother Barton's family. Was pleased to find the daughter—sister Louie—sufficiently well to be about and converse. She has been an invalid for nine years, through break down from overwork. She is the schoolmistress referred to in the diary notes on Newcastle. The truth is a great reality and a supreme interest with her and her whole family circle—the boys as yet excepted. There was much enjoyable intercourse in the open air on spiritual things. After supper, we had some further pleasant talk snd interesting readings from *Eureka*, closing with prayer before parting.

Friday, December 27th.—Gave the morning to letter writing and returned to Sydney in the afternoon. Was startled to find on the railway bookstall there, a certain English publication, concerning which I have had more questions than one.

Saturday, December 28th.—Wet day: gave the time to writing.

Sunday, December 29th. — Large and pleasant meeting at the breaking of bread. Spoke on the bearing of the Apocalyptic chapters read—which were both political, spiritual and practical. Met brother H. Gordon for the first time, of whom I had heard many encouraging things. He is at

present settled in Western Australia, and had come 1,500 miles to be present. In the evening, lectured to a large and attentive audience, on the first and second appearings of Christ.

Monday, December 30th. — To Manly Beach, at the bottom end of the harbour, in the morning. In the evening, to a festive meeting of the Sunday School, where I was called upon to make a speech and distribute the prizes. Several of the children recited poetical Scriptural pieces very nicely. At the close, I had proof handed to me of the tract which the brethren had decided to publish (extract from my diary) in neutralisation of the false account Mr. Cornish was circulating of my meeting with him; also a copy of his scandalous pamphlet, noticed earlier in the Diary. The very title is an absurdity. How can a man be "unmasked,' who, however odious his personality may be to some people, always, in Scriptural relations, acts his own transparent character? But there are times when reason is as powerless as a whisper in the wind.

Tuesday, December 31st.—Various interviews, arrangements, and writings.

1896 — *Wednesday, January 1st.* — Threatening aspect of foreign affairs, and conversation on the possibility of my being stopped at the Antipodes by the outbreak of war between England and America and other Powers. I would rather stay in Australia or New Zealand than be kidnapped by a cruiser and sent prisoner to a French or American gaol. Writing, rest, walk and interviews, and consultations.

Thursday, January 2nd.—The day of my departure for New Zealand. Attended to various matters, literary and otherwise, in the forepart of the day; and in the afternoon went, with brother Jackson and brother Gardner, to the New Zealand steamboat, where both wharf and boat were crowded with people going off and friends to see them off. Many of the brethren and sisters were present. I should have been sorry to part from them had there not been a prospect of my return in three months. Thus it is in a larger sense in the truth with all our partings; there is always a beyond not only of re-union, but of unspeakable goodness in friendship and every other good thing. Still, it was painful to depart. The narrator of Paul's travels says, on leaving Melita, "They laded us with such things as were necessary." I went aboard the *Rotomahana* with an absurd armful of parcels which I appreciated for the love it meant, though scarcely knowing at the time what to do with them.

At about 6 p.m., the steamer drew off from the wharf, and slowly dropped down the harbour among mutual handkerchief wavings on board and ashore. Before we got down to the heads, we were in rough water, and when we got outside, we were at once in a storm, which at once dispersed the people to their state-rooms, and interfered with anything of the nature of games or intercourse. I managed to do some writing.

People at home think of New Zealand as next-door to Australia, and imagine a voyage from the latter to the former to be something not much more than a sail across a big ferry. In actual fact, it is a voyage of a thousand miles across a stormy sea. It takes full four days to do the distance, which now-a-days is enough for the performance of two-thirds of the distance over the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York. It is not always a stormy voyage, but it is rather liable to be so from the up-coming long roll of the Southern Ocean, which has no obstruction for many hundreds of leagues.

Friday, January 3rd.—Great swell on the water, but weather fine overhead. Filled in the day with writing and reading (*Bible*, *Daily News*, and *Gibbon*).

Saturday, January 4th.—Heavy sea all day, increasing toward evening. People nearly all sick. The motion of the vessel very violent—a side and forward pitch combined, on account of the great waves being parallel to the course of the vessel. Walking scarcely possible; managed to put in a little writing; reading, of course.

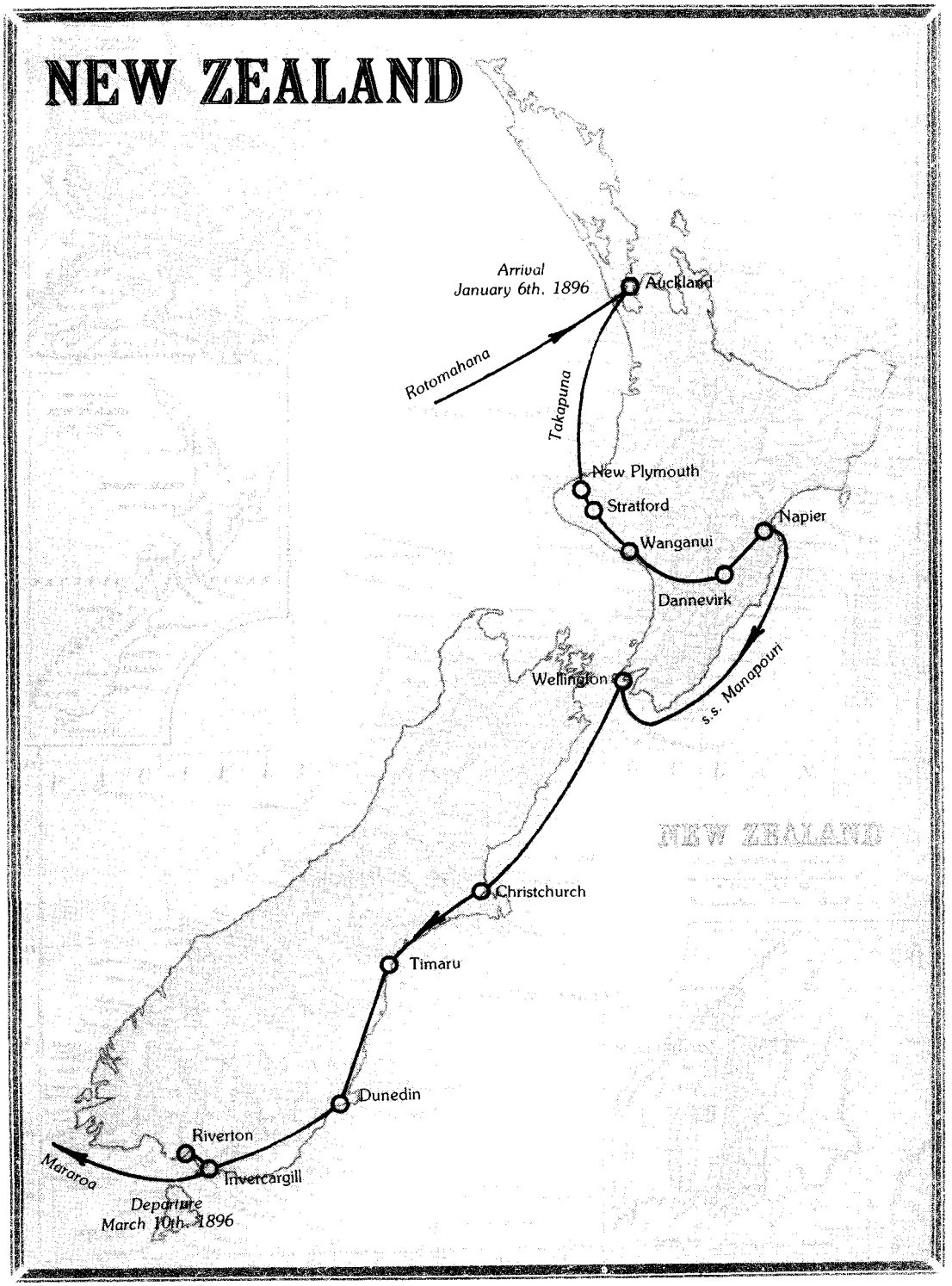
Sunday, January 5th. — Wind a little moderated, but the sea rougher, if anything. While we were sitting at tea, the engines stopped, and the vessel came to a dead stand. There were loud voices on deck; the ladies were alarmed. Gradually all left the tables and went up on deck. We found the life-boat had been lowered, and was tossing about among the waves in search of

a man who had gone overboard, and to whom life-buoys had been at once thrown. We could see the life-buoys floating about, but nothing of the man — one of the stewards—Macleod, by name, who had been ill a day or two. Some thought he had jumped overboard; others thought a lurch of the vessel had sent him overboard. At all events, he was nowhere to be seen. The life-boat, manned by eight or nine men (including one of the head stewards) pulled about in various directions in search—the passengers crowding the deck of the steamer and scanning the heaving waters. Once or twice it was thought the missing man had been discovered. But it was a mistake. But for the pain of the situation, it was a grand sight to see the steamer "hove to," helplessly rising and falling with the great waves instead of proudly cleaving them and leaving them behind; and it was a "fearsome" sight to see the cockle shell of a boat, as she seemed, dancing about among the angry, heaving waters, and disappearing from our sight every time a wave came between. There was an anxious expression on every face. Within half-an-hour the search was given up, and the lifeboat hoisted on board, and the voyage resumed.

Some days afterwards I saw a paragraph in a New Zealand paper, stating that a steamer had passed a mutilated body at sea, covered with sea-gulls fighting over their prey. The paragraph added that it was supposed to be the missing steward of the *Rotomahana*.

Monday, January 6th.—The wind fallen, but the sea high, only in smoother masses—the vessel still rolling exceedingly. About breakfast-time we pass, on the left, a long row of islands not marked on the map. They are of very forbidding aspect—jagged and precipitous masses of rock, almost conical in shape, standing sheer out of the water, without any apparent beach of even the narrowest kind. One or two of the larger ones are of considerable size, and more like habitable islands, with mountainous interior. They stretch over a length of 10 or 20 miles, I should guess. I got a very good view of them through brother Walker's royal glass. The rock is grey and arid. The sea breaks in a line of white surf all round the melancholy shore. It would be a dreadful place to be banished to. People confined there would not live long.

At 12, a large albatross, beautiful with golden bill and dark wings, perched on the top of the stern flag-staff, his breast and body as white as snow. He could not keep himself steady on his perch on account of the rolling of the vessel. Every other now and then he would be thrown off, as the vessel gave a lurch, and out would go his great wings to steady himself and regain his hold. He was a beautiful object in the added glory of sunlight, shining on his snow-white plumage, as he stood, archly surveying us from his perch, glancing rapidly from side to side. I could not help thinking how beautiful are the works of God in the relations for which He has adapted them. That bird looks almost an angelic figure in the spotless purity and free-soaring graceful strength of life on the sea. But let some barbarian level a fowling piece at him, and you have only a mass of flesh that will soon be putrid, and feathers that will loose their beauty and their moving force. The creature stood there a long time—the binocular enabling me to scan him thoroughly. His beauty and strength and gladness inevitably tempted my thoughts to the recollection of higher and purer forms of life, which have been many times seen on earth already, and will be seen more numerously in days to come, when He dwells on earth, whose countenance is as the lightning, and His raiment white as snow: and who will be attended by a multitude of the heavenly host, and surrounded by a body of brethren, conformed to the image of their glory This, course, seems fooling, mooning dreaming to the passengers of a modern steamship, with her stoke-hole, her smoke, and her tons of ashes thrown overboard. But it is none the less the assured prospect opened up in the words of truth and soberness. Everything has its place. The nobleman's stables and dung-heaps do not exclude his plate and his jewellery. God has jewels He has not yet shown us except in sample for faith. We are lying "in the cattle pens" for the time: but our "wings shall be as silver, and our feathers as yellow gold."


NEW ZEALAND
Arrival
January 6th. 1896
Auckland
Rotomahana
Takapuna
New Plymouth
Stratford
Napier
Wanganui
Dannevirk
Wellington
s.s. Manapouri
NEW ZEALAND
Christchurch
Timaru
Dunedin
Riverton
Invercargill
Mataroa
Departure
March 10th. 1896

CHAPTER XXII.—ARRIVAL IN NEW ZEALAND—AUCKLAND TO STRATFORD.

AT 12.30—(January 6th, 1896)—we came in sight of New Zealand, in its bold northern coast of precipitous hills and rocks washed in the present state of the weather by an everywhere prevalent line of snow-white breakers. The whole country has a look of Britain from first to last, with many added features of picturesque impressiveness in headland, mountain, harbour, and island. It is curious to think of this improved Britain of the southern hemisphere—measuring 1,000 miles from north to south—having lain outside the world of civilised life to the present century. Covered with dense forest on hill and plain—infested—we can scarcely say inhabited—by a race of savage tribes, who arrived in canoes some centuries ago from the Asiatic Continent, *via* the islands of Polynesia, and spread over the land which they made no attempt to subdue, being content to hunt and fish and live as savages generally do It is only since the English landed not much more than 50 years ago, that the land has become part of the civilised world. Within that time, its advances have been enormous. It is now peopled throughout by an improving industrial race who number over three-quarters of a million: its jungle-like forests have disappeared over vast areas: smiling farms and townships have sprung up in their place: valuable minerals have been unearthed from its soil: harbours and cities have been constructed at its principal points: railways have been laid down through nearly the entire country, and regular lines of steamboat communication established on all its coasts: while the native population, reduced to a small number, is fast disappearing off the earth.

New Zealand and Australia are alike in these particulars, and so for the matter of that—going far enough back—are America and Africa. They have all become parts of the civilised world system within recent times. It is impossible, in an enlightened process of reflection, to disconnect these modern geographical developments from the fact that the world is nearing a grand culmination, to which it has been conducted from the beginning. It was meet that the whole earth should be humanly occupied in a decent human way before being handed over to the Divine government of Christ. There is something fitting in generations of sinners being made use of, unconsciously to themselves, in getting ready the inheritance of the saints. The world, limited to the countries of the old Roman Habitable, would have been too limited a world for the Divine operations to be set in motion at the coming of Christ. It required that the whole world geographically should be opened up and subdued and occupied with the appliances and habits of civilised life, and made part of the whole-world system, so that it might be ready for easy treatment at the hand of a government that will turn the whole developed machinery of modern life into an instrumentality of peace and rest and blessing, instead of a mere means of further enriching the few and treading the mass deeper into the mire of servitude. This is doubtless one of the meanings of the rapid extensions of discovery and new-country settlement that has characterised the present century.

It is noteworthy how striking is the evidence afforded by this spectacle, of recently wild and now-occupied countries at the ends of the earth, of the Asiatic origin of the whole movement of human life as recorded in the Bible. Stationed away in these new and sparsely-peopled countries (New Zealand with her 700,000: Australia, with her three or four millions: Africa with her half-million or so), and looking across the wide waste of waters to the countries of Europe and Asia, with their teeming millions of people, for whom there is a threatening want of room, and their vast fields of historical ruins outspread in Egypt, Syria, Babylon, Greece, and Rome, we are made to feel that *there* is the

history of human life to be found, and that in the new countries opened up in this hastening time of the end, we behold but the spreading growth of old-world life ; the overspilling of the old-world populations, and the finishing touches to the world-development, in preparation for the end that has been in view from the beginning.

But these reflections are perhaps a little too wide of the present business, which is to watch the ship's course as she rounds the North Cape, and creeps down the eastern or further side of the North Island (for, as the reader will perceive by the map, New Zealand is divided into two great islands in line with each other, and two very small ones). As we get within shelter of the land, the sea falls very much,and sailing becomes quite pleasant. But why do we go down the east, instead of the west side of the island? Our destination is Auckland, which stands on the narrow neck of land accessible on either side of the island ; and it would be shorter, by several hundreds of miles, to go straight to that point on the western side than to go round the north end of the island and down the east coast? Well, there is a reason, as there is for everything, when we know. The water on the east side is deep all along the coast, and the harbours accessible in all states of the tide, while on the west side, through the rolling action of the great waves from the Southern Ocean, there is a silting up of sand, which forms bars across the entrances to all openings on that side. Consequently, harbours on the west coast can only be entered at high tide, and if a ship arrives at low tide, or just as the ebb tide has begun, she has to lose much time in waiting, and the public ashore cannot adjust themselves to her movements.

As we steam along the eastern coast, we get a good view of the country, and cannot help being struck with its resemblance to England—green hill-sides, kindly, luxuriant woods, and smiling landscape. The impression is more than confirmed when we discover ashore the softness of the vegetation, the perfume of flowers, and the stateliness and verdure of the trees. The country is quite unlike Australia. It is remarkable that two countries so comparatively near, should be so unlike each other. The Australian animals are not found in New Zealand. In fact, New Zealand has no animals peculiar to itself, except a dog and a rat, and two species of bat. It has a large variety of birds, but not a single snake. The sheep and cattle, pigs and poultry that now flourish so well have all been introduced recently. The vegetation peculiar to the country is more varied than the vegetation of Australia. It is stated in the *Oriental Guide* that "two thirds of the prevailing species (of forest trees) are confined to the New Zealand group of islands, and that 26 of the *genera* are found nowhere else. The fern-tree grows in endless variety, and almost endless profusion, and is represented by about 130 species. Large tracts are covered with indigenous grasses of high-feeding quality, which support millions of sheep." Various grasses and plants have been introduced into New Zealand from Europe, America, and Australia, and flourish with a greater vigour than in their native countries.

The two islands of which New Zealand is composed differ from each other in several respects. The north island has active volcanoes and boiling springs. The south island, with its mountain slopes, is of a quieter character, and has been formed by sedimentary deposits rather than by volcanic upheavals. But both are distinguished by mountainous elevations of great height, which give the country a very picturesque character.

The difference between Australia and New Zealand is, no doubt, due to the difference of climate. New Zealand is much cooler, on account of its narrowness. At no places is the inhabitant more than 75 miles from the sea, while the extreme length of the country, north and south, would be 1,200 miles. But while thus constructed to be cooled on all sides by the sea, it is not cold. In fact, it is somewhat Laodicean, in that line of things where Laodiceanism is not an abomination. It is neither very cold nor very hot. Snow is not unknown, but "over a large area it never falls, and in parts liable to be visited by snow, it rarely lies more than two or three days during the year, except on high lands in the interior." The climate is considered to range between the south of England and the south of Italy. Its coldest would be considered mild in the northern districts of England, and its

warmest makes it suitable for the out of door cultivation of semi-tropical fruits. It is one of the most fertile of countries in certain lines of things. "All the productions of the British isles flourish luxuriantly in New Zealand." Manure spoils them. "Potatoes, unblighted, are floury, as they were in Great Britain before the failure of 1848. There is not a wild beast or venomous reptile in the whole land, and there are no droughts and insect-pests such as devastate vast regions in Australia and Africa. It is a country of comfort and plenty, and beauty." To add to its other sources of prosperity, gold has been discovered in great plenty on the north island. Brother Jones, of Waihai, who is connected with this industry, gave me quite a glowing account of its prospects in this respect.

The whole population, including the natives, who now only number about 40,000, is only 700,000, in a land capable of maintaining 100,000,000. But the political experiments, strongly in the direction of Socialism, contain the seeds of danger, while the enormous debt that has been incurred in the construction of railways will necessarily act as a check to ease and development. Garden insects, too, unknown before, are beginning to show themselves. With time enough, there is no doubt the evils common to man would show themselves in beautiful New Zealand. But there are many grounds for the conviction that time enough for this there cannot be, as New Zealand, with all lands, will shortly come under a government that will lay the powerful hand of wisdom and force on the neck of all evil, and establish the blessedness that can only come through Abraham and his seed.

But this is a long digression from the diary, and must be thought of as a sort of lecture delivered on the deck of the s.s. *Rotomahana* as we sail along the eastern coast of the northern island, southwards, surveying in the glories of evening sunset and a smooth sea, the beauties of the land as it gently passes before us as a panorama of varied scenery on our now nearly-closing voyage to Auckland. The lecture over (as it were) we retire below. After tea, I take my place at the deserted table to write some letters. While I am so engaged, I suddenly discover myself to be jammed into my place by a company that has been slowly gathering, unobserved by me, for "a concert," as I am informed. By-and-bye, all are in their places. I continue my letters, a little distracted by the concert which duly commences, but not so much as if it had been speechifying or anything to engage the mind. It was of the usual insipid character, with the exception of one song, "New Jerusalem," which, although flavoured with an orthodox bias, was sufficiently near the Apocalyptic original to stir my imagination to a degree compelling me to lay down my pen. If people would only wed to music themes worthy of the "harmony Divine," music would not be the wearisome frivolity it usually is. How can they, as things now are? Their minds are dark: their sympathies all fleshwards. They naturally twang their harps in union with the small topics that appeal to their small souls. One young lady electrified the hearers with the outpourings of a contralto voice of great richness and volume, into which, with a charming clearness of articulation, she threw much earnestness of sympathetic expression. But what was it all about? "This night twelve months ago" she had spent an evening with some "good fellows," and she wondered now where they all were. What a shallow pool for so much dramatic splashing. The "good fellows" would very likely be like the rest of the clever sparks with which modern commerce makes us familiar on every hand: and if tracked to their whereabouts on the particular night of the song, would be found, no doubt, in no circumstances justifying the young girl's pleading memories: lounging in a music-hall; strutting, cigar-mouthed, on a race-course, or chaffing fellow "good fellows" in their endless, senseless frivols, or—something much worse.

Away from the light significance of the girl's words, the superb qualities of her voice could not but suggest what might be if all human voices were of such exquisite timbre and polished management, and in the service of true intelligence and wisdom. Moonbeam thoughts and dreams of fairy-land, say some. Granted, if there is nothing ahead of us but automatic development in the line of things

now flourishing in the earth, but not granted in view of the uncontradictable gospel of the kingdom. The day will come when human nature will be perfect in all its faculties throughout the world wide, and immortal besides. The songs then often to be heard will not only be like "the roar of many waters and the voice of mighty thunderings," as John describes the sample performance he heard in vision, but in detail will equal the most dulcet warblings, crisp musical carollings, that were ever heard in the mellifluous air, excelling them utterly in the ravishing inspiration that comes from the adoration of the eternal. Oh, for the day! It will come. It is only a question of time.

We ought to have reached Auckland early in the day, but the storm had delayed us several hours, and it was now certain we could not get there before four in the morning. This was an awkward hour to arrive at. However, as the steamer was due to remain in the harbour at least 24 hours, it did not seem to matter, as we could rest till the usual hour for getting up. With this idea, I retired to my berth at eleven p.m. There were too many noises of preparation for landing to get off into proper slumber.

Tuesday, January 7th.—At four o'clock, the engines stopped, and there was a prospect in the welcome silence, of deepening into sweet sleep. I had made considerable progress in this direction when a head level with my berth enquiringly pronounced my name several times. When I had managed to respond, the same voice said there were two gentlemen wanting to see me. It was the steward, who was not sure who I was, and who, having thus identified me, retired, and gave place to two other heads, who came to the same level and said, "Brother Roberts." It was brother Walker, of Auckland, and brother Jones, of Waihai (or some such place). One of them had been waiting all night: the other had been summoned by telephone on the arrival of the vessel. They said they had had the greatest difficulty in finding me. No one on board knew me. They had been directed to one gentleman who was going ashore. "That," said the steward, "must be Mr. Roberts, but we have known him as Robertson." They advanced to him, and shook hands with him, and said how happy they were to see him. The gentleman thanked them, but said he was not Mr. Roberts · he wished he was, to be so cordially greeted. The two brethren were about concluding that I was not on board when the steward bethought him of a sleeper whose name he did not know. Downstairs they came, with the result that I was detected—and arrested: for one of them (brother Walker) was a constable, having been found so by the truth (1 Cor. vii. 20). I was for remaining to have my sleep out, but they said they had a cab waiting, and that the other passengers were going ashore. So there was nothing for it but to tumble out—literally, for I was in the top bunk, and there was no ladder. A hurried toilet, and getting my things, ended in my finding myself, presently, driving through the streets of pretty Auckland, towards the house of brother and sister Leitch, in Belmont Terrace, Remuera, a suburb of Auckland. But the hour was early, and the streets were silent, and our souls were in our boots, so to speak. So much depends upon our state as to whether enjoyable things are enjoyable. The most ravishing dinner before a sea-sick passenger: the most beautiful picture before the eyes of a person distracted with toothache, so are all things to a man out of sorts. Negatively, this touches the everlasting joy that waits the children of God: for, with a perfect vital machinery, what is it that they will not enjoy? unless it be the barbarism of indifference to God?—Brother Leitch was not in: he had gone to meet the steamboat, but missed us, and presently returned. Brother Walker having landed his charge, returned to duty. An hour or two in sister Leitch's kindly hands soon brought things to their normal form. After proper toilet and breakfast, I went out to post letters that I had written on board, and to buy New Zealand stamps, and to see the place and rest in the sunshine. I found my way to a hill called Hobson's Hill, on one side of which (rather steep) is a terraced park, with seats. From this position I got an excellent view of Auckland and the surrounding country. And truly the view is grand. Sydney harbour is beautiful with a beauty all its own: but in another line of beauty. Auckland has not

been equalled by anything I have yet seen. The remark applies not to the architecture, but the situation of the town. It is magnificently placed on high and undulating ground on a narrow neck of land, measuring only seven miles from sea to sea—that is, from the east side of the island to the west side. If the reader will look at a map of the northern island of New Zealand, he will find that at a distance of about a couple of hundred miles from the north, the land pinches in to a narrowness so extreme that it seems as if there must be a sea-way through from west to east. This is the neck of land on which Auckland is built, and from which you see the sea on both sides. The approaches on both sides are varied with large and small islands of lofty centre, the long reaches of high land jutting out into the sea, and sloping north and south on both sides, curving about in a manner that forms picturesque bays and inlets and headlands in all directions. These are seen from the higher parts of Auckland at long distances. The combination of sea and mountain on such a scale and in such far-reaching view, constitutes a situation of scenic beauty not often to be met with.

Auckland itself is the largest city in New Zealand, and was once the capital of the country—(now, Wellington, more central). The population of Auckland is something over 51,000—which is not large for a city that is the first on the scale. But the fact is, New Zealand is remarkable for having a large number of towns and cities of small population, rather than a few of large population—which is a peculiarity in the right direction. To get the people on to the soil, instead of gathered at enormous centres, is the great aim of the more enlightened class of politicians in the present day. It was where the law of Moses placed Israel—each man in his own inheritance. It was where happy mankind will be established in the day when wise government will be the order of the day for the first time in the history of the human race.

The ecclesia in Auckland is not a large body, but it is interesting from the thorough Scripturality of the position taken by its members, and the heartiness with which they adhere to that position, in the midst of difficulties altogether peculiar. They have not only had to contend with an element in their own midst in active sympathy with all the envious malcontents and evil speakers and mischief - workers that have arisen within the professing household throughout the world within the last 40 years, but they have had the rivalry of that very loose body known as the Conditional Immortalists, who happen to be somewhat numerous in Auckland, through the active agency of a certain quondam "Rev." who came out from England years ago, and whose broader principles offer a greater attraction to people struggling out of the darkness of the orthodox world than the principles espoused by those who, like Paul, "shun not to declare the whole counsel of God," and are united on a complete apostolic basis. From the former, they have had to accept separation. To the latter, they have lost several who thought the Conditional Immortalists and the Christadelphians were the same thing. They have fairly earned the encomium addressed by the Lord to the ecclesia at Ephesus: "Thou hast tried them which say they are apostles and are not, and hast found them liars, and hast borne and hast patience, and for my sake hast laboured and hast not fainted." They have come through various vicissitudes, but seem to have a fair prospect before them of consolidation, increase, love, and peace.

There is this remarkable peculiarity in their history, that most of those now forming the ecclesia owe their enlightenment largely to the activity of one brother who lives in another part of the country, and in isolation —brother Clark, of Whangarei, an engine-driver. The quiet, loving, persistence of this brother has scattered the seed of the Kingdom far and wide, reaching even to England, where his own brother (now in Wolverhampton) has embraced the truth through his exertions. Brother Clark came to Auckland while I was there, and I was pleased to make the acquaintance of one of whom I had heard so much. He told me some interesting things about his own enlightenment. It seems he spent many years in Birmingham, and took a prominent part in religious work among the churches. As time went on, he grew dissatisfied, feeling there was a lack in the systems, the men and the principles. At last, he cultivated the acquaintance of the

Quakers, thinking he would find something more genuine among them. One day, while walking with a Quaker friend in High Street, the editor of the *Christadelphian* hove in sight. "Do you see that young man?" said the Quaker friend. "We call him the walking Bible." The remark struck brother Clark. It was the Bible he wanted to know. He resolved to find out something about the walking Bible. But one day, passing up Temple Street, an old man put brother Shuttleworth's *Christadelphian Trumpet* into his hand. He read it. He was disgusted. He said "if that is Walking Bibleism, I want no more to do with it." "I can now see," he said, "it was all true; but being presented as a string of declarations to one not knowing the Scriptures, it threw me over." In a few years, he grew disgusted with everything in the shape of religion, and put the Bible itself aside, though holding on to his faith in a Deity. After emigrating to New Zealand, he noticed that a certain fellow workman differed from all his shop-mates, and he became curious about him. He was astounded to be informed that he went neither to church or chapel *because he believed the Bible.* "Why, how's that?" The fellow-workman gave him a *Declaration* in answer to the question. "Then I saw it all," said brother Clark.

The Auckland ecclesia are privileged to have in their midst an energetic, fully-developed and interesting woman, whom brother Clark was instrumental in assisting to the truth, and yet who almost pushed herself into it in spite of him. She was living at Mercer, in the country where also brother Clark at that time was located. She had lost some children and was grieving over them, when to comfort herself, she read the hymn "Around the throne of God in heaven, ten thousand children stand." She said to herself "Is this true? If it is, why do I grieve?" She then set herself to find out from the Bible whether it was true, but found nothing satisfactory. At this time, she was mistress of the district school, and was struck with the fact that certain children refused to learn the catechism. When she asked them why they refused, they said their father would not let them. (This was brother Clark). Was their father an infidel? No, he believed the Bible. This excited her curiosity. She went and saw him. He explained matters to her, and gave her *Christendom Astray.* She had not gone far when her knowledge of the Bible enabled her to see that this was what she wanted. She went back to brother Clark, who told her to be in no hurry. She told him she was inclined to address him as Christ addressed Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan." The matter was of such vast and such urgent importance that he ought not to dare to stand in her way. The end was, her obedience, and after a time of opposition, her husband (brother Walker).

The first lecture was on the night of my arrival. I was in very poor trim for it after the experience of the morning, but I was enabled to get through. It was in St. James's Hall, the subject: "What are Things Coming to?" There was a large audience, including quasi friends, and some with the eyes of men who come to look on a curious animal. Brother Conolly presided.

Wednesday, January 8th.—A wet day: went out with brother Jones to the top of Mount Eden, an extinct volcano, overlooking Auckland. The crater at the top is well marked, but grass-grown. From this height, we would have had a splendid view of Auckland and the adjacent sea coasts, but the fogs interfered. However, we had a view, though not a clear one. Brother Jones gave me many interesting particulars of his life in the bush a hundred miles away. He is what is known in the colony as a "gold prospector"—that is, a man who by skill and examination finds out places where gold is to be found—which places are afterwards worked by combinations of men who take them. He is often in the bush for weeks together. New Zealand bush is much denser and higher than Australian bush, and the undergrowth thicker—more in the nature of jungle. Often the sky is shut out from view by the coalescing branches overhead. The prospector has to steer his course by the compass. All is solitude—neither man nor beast is to be seen for many days—unless it be occasionally one of "Captain Cook's pigs"—that is, the descendants of some pigs which Captain Cook let loose in the country more than a hundred years ago. Often brother J. spends Sunday in these solitudes. He carries bread and wine with him, and breaks bread by himself. Once he left his Bible behind him at such a

spot. Fifteen months afterwards, another prospector, who had found it in the wood, returned it to him. He comes to Auckland sometimes and enjoys the society of the brethren.—Devoted the rest of the day to rest and writing.

Thursday, January 9th.—After a forenoon of writing, I was taken out a drive in a hired conveyance by brother Jones—the company comprising, besides brother Jones, sister Walker, one of her daughters: and a Mrs. Allsopp, originally from Birmingham, where she nearly embraced the truth, but was repelled by the renunciationist division; and sister Leitch. Mrs. Allsopp is a pleasant, well-bred, intelligent lady. She has been in the country over 20 years, and has identified herself with the political movements of women, which have become common in New Zealand since the establishment of the female franchise. She has not renounced the hope of Israel, but sometimes doubts. I pressed her to settle the doubts and come to a decision, pointing out that efforts in all other directions were destined to end in futility, which she admitted.—The object of the drive was to show us the beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood. Sister Walker and I so easily plunged into spiritual topics that the views were in danger of receiving scant attention. Mrs. Allsopp, roused us up to look at "the views." We would look at that particular view for a moment, and relapse into our pre-occupation. Mrs. Allsopp, with meek humour, would again very shortly call our attention to a "view," to which, with hurried difficulty, we would attend, and return to our more congenial subject. We were inclined to take all the views for granted, but Mrs. Allsopp would not allow of this wholesale scamping of the subject. With quiet persistency, intended not more to secure attention to the scenery than to drop the curtain on the other set of views which invariably danced in the midst of our conversation, she called attention to every striking point in the passing scenery. We repaid her politeness by a hurried twist of the neck and note of admiration, but were not to be diverted from our topics. She tried a change of place in the vehicle—which was a decided improvement, as it enabled us to look at the views with less effort, but did not change the deep current of intercourse natural to two minds, equally in love with wisdom in its varied ramifications. Mrs. Allsopp, amid much laughter, gave up her efforts as hopeless, and the views had to take care of themselves during the second part of the journey.

Friday, January 10th.—Feeling very unwell, but, with rest, managed to get through the lecture at night on the first and second comings of Christ.

Saturday, January 11th.—Got through a quiet day: reading, writing, resting.—In the evening, met a number of the brethren and sisters, socially, at brother Walker's. After tea, to prevent the talk becoming discursive and unprofitable, brother Conolly took the chair, read a chapter, made a few remarks, and called on every person present, one by one, to do the same. Among others, he called on sister Walker, who, it seems, before her submission to the truth, took a prominent part in female politics, and was considered a good lecturer. She now declined, remarking that it would be out of place on various grounds recognised. —A very profitable evening was spent.

Sunday, January 12th.—Met with the brethren in their meeting-place—a commodious room in a leading street, capable of seating 200 people. Brother Conolly presided, and informed us that the meeting was much larger than usual that morning. Brother Clark was present from Whangereri; two brothers Starr (father and son), and sister Starr, from—I forget the name of the place—(it is difficult to remember the name of New Zealand places—more so than Australian places—they are so liquid and invertebrate, and there is often such a total lack of correspondence between the spelling and the pronunciation—almost as bad as the French); two sisters of sister Barclay, of Dunedin; and one or two others that I do not remember.—In the evening, I lectured to a full house, on "The Jews"—with some difficulty.

Monday, January 13th.—Got the turn, and now feeling better.—Writing and a solitary walk filled up the morning. At two o'clock, brother Jones came for my "things," and took them to the station for conveyance to Onehunga — pronounced Onyhunga—the west port of Auckland, seven miles off. Sister Leitch and I

followed shortly; and, at 4.25 we got into the train, which contained brother Clarke, sister Walker, and some others. In about half-an-hour, we were at Onehunga, alongside the steamer *Takapuna*. I was obliged to go forward by steamer, because, although there are many hundreds of miles of railway in New Zealand, there is a break of about a hundred miles in the middle part of the North Island. Bidding affectionate farewell to the brethren and sisters with the certainty that in all human probability we should never meet again till the coming of the Lord, I got on board the vessel, which shortly afterwards "loosed from her moorings" and set forward. It was a good while before we were out to sea, because of the extensive land-locked harbour (measuring not less than 20 miles in all directions), that had to be cleared. For a long time we seemed to be sailing in an immense lake, with distant views of mountains all round. By-and-bye the mountains opened on the right, and let us out by a narrow channel into the wild ocean. It was very wild. It was rough enough inside the bay or sound—wind high and the water jerky, turbid, and angry-looking. But when we got outside, it was a regular gale, in darkness, with torrents of rain, and mountain waves, in which the vessel rolled and tossed and plunged and wrenched in a manner threatening the stability of the fabric. I afterwards saw that another steamer broke her propeller in the tumult, and drifted helplessly for many days in imminent danger of running on the rocks, till rescued by another vessel (in which I am due to make the Pacific voyage). But nothing happened to our propeller or to anything else. The vessel was powerfully engined, and sped her way with great rapidity through the storm for 12 hours or so, when we came to a halt in quiet water at New Plymouth.

Tuesday, January 14th.—Moored alongside the new wharf. New Plymouth is not exactly a harbour, but an indentation on the coast sufficient to form a small bay of fairly smooth water. The water is charmingly clear and clean, and close to the land are several remarkable-looking rocks or islands of sugar-loaf shape, standing abruptly out of the water. A train was standing on the wharf, waiting to receive us. But the morning was so wet and windy that it was a misery to land. I let everybody get ashore before I followed. Standing on the gangway, in the dripping and gusty discomforts, was a tall old man, in rigid felt "hard hitter" hat, with white beard and bushy white eyebrows, who begged to be excused, but was my name Roberts? It was brother Gold, of Hastings, near Napier, more than 200 miles away. He had come to convey me, by rail, to my next appointment. I felt sorry that any human being, especially a venerable man visibly getting towards the inevitable, should turn out at such an unreasonable hour on such a morning on the mere courtesy of seeing me land. However, I must not let my sorrow prevent my thankfulness. No fear. Brother Gold was quite serviceable in the process of transferring the impedimenta of travel—a process which, however, ought not to have the difficulties that now belong to it. It ought to be so done that passengers should not only have no trouble, but no anxiety as to the fate of their poor belongings while other people are handling them, and perhaps recklessly piling heavy weights on them. Instead of that, they and their things are hustled into the most absurd and distracting situations, and all brought to the level of barbarism from which they are at other times painfully trying to elevate themselves. As in this case, a company of excited people were jammed into a space on a platform in which they could not move without rudeness, and standing before a mass of luggage piled roof high as it were before them, and were peremptorily summoned in the stentorian voice of a guard to "Claim your luggage!" Easily said, but as one said, "that is what we want to do, but how are we to do it?" It was done at last after an amount of scowling and scuffling that gave every man cause to be ashamed. What a picture an instantaneous photograph of this scramble would make. I will not stay to describe how it could be done without rousing every selfish instinct and turning decent people into demons for the time being. For one thing, it would mean spending more money than present management would tolerate. It therefore could not be done now. It would require the setting aside of the present management to begin with, and the substitution of a new management (which

is coming) to which "salary would be no object," but the comfort and well-being of all—the object. Why not? Money is poured out like water in building ironclads and maintaining vast armies and nursing a sumptuous aristocracy. We want a management who would have power to turn the money streams into other channels, and wisdom to apply it in kindness and well-being. Oh, my railway directors, and snug railway shareholders, and hustling, shouting porters, such a management will shortly be installed without your consent. Meanwhile, you are doing your level best in an evil world, and are entitled to the cheap votes of thanks you sometimes get for working things in a better way than the Maoris knew before you came. The case is bad, but might be worse. But nothing is prejudiced by a glance at a better day which is "near at hand to come" (however much our anti-sermonising friend may pucker his unlovely face).

Two-and-a-half miles from the pier we had to get out and change into another train. There was a stay of twenty minutes, during which the passengers, having had no breakfast, were expected to get something at the refreshment-room — if they could manage it, after a renewed struggle on the luggage question. I settled this latter question first, and then, at the instigation of brother Gold, repaired to the so-called refreshment-room, which was an office-table, temporarily changed into a buffet—at which the lowest charge for anything was 1s.—when there was anything there. But the passengers had all been before me, and everything was cleared out except a solitary cup of lukewarm liquid called tea, and a sausage-roll, or the elements of food twisted and tormented into as unwholesome a shape as possible. I was more fortunate than two others, however. While I was hurriedly swallowing my "refreshment," in the momentary fear of hearing the train whistle (or rather bellow, as it is in the Colonies), an inflamed and angry Englishman, who had evidently just finished his luggage agony, burst into the place and demanded something or other, in a very lordly style. The single booking-clerk (temporarily turned into a waiter) told him there was nothing left—whereupon the infuriated John Bull swore in the most lordly style, threatening to report the scared booking-clerk. Most absurd! Most unreasonable! Most unbeautiful! How different the demeanour of the next applicant, who had the same reason for bluster, but had been taught in a different school—the Lord's school of meekness and self-restraint and endurance. I had just finished and gone when he came in. He was told a gentleman had just been and had the last drop of tea. This was cruel. It was brother Gold, who I supposed had been served, when he came and sent me to the refreshment-room. My supposition was wrong. He had had nothing, and now had to go without altogether.—Well, well. Everything mortal has an end. We got into the train and in two hours found ourselves at Stratford — a small township of 900 souls, lying in a fertile plain, under the shadow of Mount Egmont, a snow-capped mountain more than 8,000 feet above the level of the sea.

What brought us to this small and out-of-the-way place was the presence in it of three sisters—Blair, Anderson, and Barben who had enterprisingly invited a visit, and had arranged for a course of three lectures in the chief hall of the place (called either the Public Hall or the Town Hall. Two of them met us at the railway station and conveyed us to the house of sister Blair, which is called "the Castle," and at which a knitting factory is carried on. The Castle was converted into a hotel on this occasion; for besides brother Gold and myself, brother and sister Jenkins, from Hawera, 20 miles off, were entertained for several days under its hospitable roof, and also an interesting young lady with an interesting history, Miss Sherwood (who became sister Sherwood before she left). Miss Sherwood came from Patea, 40 miles to the south, to be present at the leetures. The three sisters have three husbands, who all observe an attitude of friendly neutrality. Let us hope this may be converted, in one case at least, into alliance and co-operation for Christ's sake. It is a peculiar position for three women to be placed in, to be the single-handed witnesses for the truth in the place of their sojourn—without any brother to lead them. This position is now at an end, through the

submission of a neighbour, Mr. Nash, who was baptised before we left. But for some time, matters had been in the form described. They had a meeting place, with table and benches, in which they assembled weekly for the breaking of bread—reading the Sunday morning addresses in the absence of a brother to speak to them. Presuming faithfulness to the end, we must suppose the Lord will say "Well done" to such an unique ecclesia, composed, as may be imagined, of women of Israelitish stamp—with that strength of conviction and capacity for management and knowledge of the truth which have enabled them to sustain so unusual a position. Sister Blair, in particular, has earned for herself a high degree in the matter.—Day mainly devoted to conversation and writing.

Wednesday, January 15th.—A walk out into the country after writing. The air delightfully bracing, and the aspect of the great mountain in the back ground, grand. The land in all directions for miles fairly cleared. Roads, with one or two exceptions, a little primitive, but what can be expected in a district that 16 years ago was all virgin forest (or "bush," as it is locally called)? The state of cultivation is wonderful in view of this. The soil is soft, rich, and dark: the vegetation bright and kindly: crops of all kinds luxuriant, and yielded two or three times in the year. A feature everywhere visible at present is the gigantic tree stumps by the road side, and large fallen tree trunks in the fields or "paddocks," as fields are everywhere called in the Colonies, and extensive groves of bleached and leafless tree skeletons. The latter feature is due to the method most commonly adopted of clearing the forest off the land. The axe is laid at the root of the biggest trees (and many of them are very big, 12, and 15 and 20 feet in circumference at the base). These fall and wither. Fire is then applied to the dried branches, and there is a conflagration which kills and consumes the undergrowth, many of the smaller trees as well, but leaves the skeleton remaining. This, in due time, rots, and is easily cleared off the ground. While it is rotting, the land is sewn with grass, and used for grazing cattle. Afterwards, it is put under the plough—all very pleasant to read about, but dreadfully hard work in the doing: but what is it a man will not do for his life?—In the evening, the first lecture, "What are Things Coming to?" An audience of perhaps 100—a large audience for such a small place. There was never so quiet a meeting, said Mr. Blair, in the place before. The speakers usually indulge in buffoonery, and the audience are not slow to respond.—Brother Gold presided, and brother Jenkins read the chapter.

At the close, the aforesaid Mr. Nash came forward in a state of the deepest interest, not entirely due to the lecture. He said that some time ago, he picked up a waste copy of the *City Hall Lectures*, which had been thrown aside by some one (to whom, presumably, it had been sent by post in the distributions that some of the sisters had made—this he did not say). The reading of it had impressed him exceedingly. He had been for years a religious man, but was getting to feel dissatisfied with the systems around him. He felt there was more in the Bible than the preachers knew: and when he read the pamphlet, a new world opened before him. He had never hoped to have his desires so entirely gratified. He saw *Christendom Astray* advertised on it, and had managed to get at it. When he heard the author was coming to Stratford, he was elated beyond measure: and with the lecture now heard, he was delighted. He was now desirous of conference with a view to obedience.

Thursday, January 16th.—Sister Blair had arranged that a party should ascend Mount Egmont on horseback to-day, to "view the landscape o'er." I was to have been taken in a conveyance curiously called "The Sulky," and put on horseback for the last two miles of the journey—(a distance of 17 miles in all, to "the moss line," though the mountain seemed so near). But the day proved unfavourable, so we had to be content with a sight of the mountain from a distance. But even this was difficult, for, as on several other days, the mountain was so often wrapped in cloud from peak to base as to be entirely hidden from sight—so entirely that the beholder could not at such moments tell that there was a mountain there at all. The mountain is just double the height of the highest mountain in Britain, and is an

object of great beauty seen from great distances all round. It helps to impart an invigorating character to the air over an extended district. Instead of going up the mountain, we visited a highly finished bit of clearing some miles out, the work of a single man, who has found his happiness in subduing and tilling a small portion of "the face of the ground" with his own hands. Years ago, it was virgin forest: now it is a flower-garden, with an artificial lake, as fair and well-kept as any gentleman's grounds in the neighbourhood of London. One corner of the land he has left in its original wild state, as a curiosity for visitors. There you see the giant trees of the New Zealand bush (which is much taller and more luxuriant than Australian bush), rearing their massive trunks away up into a distance lost from sight in the branches of other trees and underwood. The whole place was very interesting; but how will it valuate as a life's work? There were well-kept villas and plantations in Pompeii: but "lo, they are not," and their proprietors are unknown. So it is in a thousand cities that were not overwhelmed in volcanic ash. So it is in every generation. Human industry is good, but not sufficient by itself. A man must know, love, and serve God to fulfil a part in this universe equal to his original design and adaptibility. He got away from that ideal. Christ is bringing him back where men will listen. They need not give up their gardening to listen, but they must give the listening at least an equal place.

Friday, January 17th.—After writing, indulged in a long contemplative ramble through the aforesaid skeleton groves. A certain amount of solitude is a necessity in the present state of human society. You cannot otherwise open out the mind to the realisation of the actual, the invisible, the eternal. You cannot pray in association, with the frankness, the thoroughness, the refreshing earnestness that is possible when in the solitudes of nature. And without effectual prayer, the mind grows arid and pinched.—In the evening, lectured on "The Future State Revealed." A larger audience than before, but the comfort of the meeting was somewhat interfered with by a number of idle fellows assembled outside the door, who found pleasure in mocking my rhetorical shouts. Mr. Blair declared he would cure this for the last meeting.

Saturday, January 18th.—Having occupied the first part of the day in writing, and part of the afternoon in reading, paid a promised visit to the house of sister Anderson, who is a Swede, and spelt her way into the truth with great difficulty many years ago. Her interest in it is great proportionately. It has been her consolation in the midst of much trouble. She has done what her limited opportunities have allowed, to call other people's attention to it—with no result as she imagined, but she is now being permitted to see that her labour has not been in vain. It addition to fruit in other directions, her own daughter—an unusually intelligent girl of 16, expressed her desire to be assisted in putting on the name of Christ, and proved, under examination the same evening, her fitness for the step. Miss Sherwood expressed the same wish, and had a prolonged interview with brethren Gold and Jenkins—which was succeeded by arrangements for immersion on the following morning.

Sunday, January 19th.—Got up betimes, so that the immersions might take place in time to allow the new-borns to unite in the morning breaking of bread. We repaired to a suitable spot under the high bank of an adjoining river, where the ceremony was becomingly performed by brother Gold, who first read part of Rom. vi., and then called on another brother to pray. The assistance of sisters Jenkins and Anderson was of great value. Assembled for the breaking of bread at the meeting-room in sister Blair's premises. Mr. and Mrs. Nash were present, and regretted for the moment that they had not been included in the morning's baptisms. An enjoyable remembrance of the Lord took place under the presidency of brother Gold. In the evening, there was a still larger audience at the third and concluding lecture ("Prophecy Fulfilled and Fulfilling.") It had been intended to hold the meeting at 6.30, but it was suggested that if the lecture was postponed till 8, many of the people attending church and chapel would come. This required the issue of an extra bill, which the editor of the local paper not only printed, but pasted on the walls with his own hands, as an evidence of friendliness. The result

justified the change. The hall was quite full, and there was a very attentive hearing. A little attention to door-keeping protected us from the nuisance experienced on Friday night. More than one expressed an earnest interest. Mr. Nash desired that he should be immersed before our departure, as there would be no brother to help him afterwards. He came home with us, and in conference with brother Gold and brother Jenkins, gave evidence of the faith based upon knowledge, which is the Divinely-appointed qualification for a valid baptism. It was arranged his baptism should take place on the following morning.

Monday, January 20th.—Before breakfast, at the same spot that witnessed the immersions of the previous day, brother Gold and Mr. Nash "went down both of them into the water," like Philip and the eunuch, and Mr. Nash was baptised upon his intelligent confession of "the things concerning the Kingdom of God and the Name of Jesus Christ."—Ten c'clock found us at the railway-station, accompanied by the three sisters, now become five in number. The pain of our leave-taking was softened by the company of brother and sister Jenkins, who went in the same train as far as Hawera (20 miles distant), and sister Sherwood, who went to Patea, still 20 miles further. These were in addition to brother Gold, who was going with me to Wanganui. At Hawera, the train stopped (or, at all events, we had to stop) nearly two hours—an interval which brother and sister Jenkins insisted we should spend in refreshment at their house — about half-a-mile from the station.—Resuming the journey, we came to Patea. by the sea, in about another hour, parting there from sister Sherwood with great regret. She will be absolutely alone at Patea, but has some idea of arranging for a periodical visit to brother and sister Jenkins for the purpose of breaking bread. *How did she come into contact with the truth in the first instance?* Well, this is how it was. There are two scenes in it. Here is *Scene I.* A brother travelling in a business capacity was at her house. On the Sunday, when she got ready to "go to church," she asked the visitor if he was going to church? He said, No. Wasn't he in the habit of going? No. How was that? Well, if she would read a book that he would lend her, she would understand all about it. She would be pleased to read, for, in point of fact, some things about the Church were perplexing her. (Lends her CHRISTENDOM ASTRAY). *Scene II.* : A railway train. Sister Jenkins in one compartment, and Miss Sherwood in another—(both strangers to each other.) Sister Jenkins hears an old lady taking Miss Sherwood to task for not attending church, and Miss Sherwood excusing herself on the score that the truth was not taught in the church. She also heard her, with still greater surprise, recommend the old lady to read *Christendom Astray.* When the train came to Patea, and Miss Sherwood got out, sister Jenkins felt so deeply interested that she ran after her and introduced herself. In this way they became acquainted: *result,* Miss Sherwood's presence at Stratford, and baptism on the occasion of my visit.

CHAPTER XXIII.—WANGANUI, WOODVILLE, DANNEVIRK, NAPIER, AND WELLINGTON.

AT four o'clock (Monday, January 23rd) the train reached Wanganui, which was the next place of call on the programme. I expected to find it an inconsiderable country village, like Stratford. Instead of that, it is quite an important town of nearly 10,000 inhabitants—a solidly-built and thriving place at the mouth of a broad river, and having a wharf to which considerable

vessels can come from the sea at high tide. It is surrounded with hills, and picturesquely and compactly placed on the northern bank of the river. A bridge leads over to the southern side, where, on the top of a high cliff, many villa residences nestle among gardens and trees. The town is the seat of the rolling-stock and repairing works connected with the railway to Napier and Wellington; and, therefore, has a stable basis of prosperity. It used to be an important place with the Maoris before the English took possession. The surrounding country is beautiful, and the air a salubrious mixture of sea and woodland air.

The presence of the truth here is due to the lecturing efforts of brother Baker, of Danevirke, some distance off, further south. The footline, "Seats free; no collection," attracted the attention of a couple just arrived from England over ten years ago. They said, "This looks genuine: let us go and hear." And brother and sister Dexter, as they afterwards became, went, and so the truth began.

Brother Dexter was in waiting at the station, and conducted us to his house, where, after tea the same evening, a number of brethren and sisters assembled for intercourse, including brother Lesueur, of Wellington, of whom I had long heard good things; and brother Wm. Challinor, who had just arrived, with his wife, from Birmingham. I was also introduced to sister Dexter, whose characteristics are described in many a Scripture specification of womanly excellence, and whose serving capacities are so highly appreciated that she has been appointed "a managing *brother!*" Deborah, the wife of Lapidoth, was an excellent managing brother, to whom Barak naturally took the second place. We spent a very pleasant evening, during which, however, we had the unusual experience of an earthquake tremor—well, when I say "unusual,"—that is—to me. Such an experience is not unusual in New Zealand. The ground shakes about once in three months—sometimes too distinctly to be comfortable. In this case, it was the kind of motion caused by the rumble of a heavy dray in the street, or a high wind outside. The floor vibrated, and the chandelier swung gently to and fro. Sometimes articles will be thrown off tables and piano-tops. Once in a great while there is a violent visitation like that which some ten years ago destroyed the pink and yellow terrace falls at Tarawara. But on the whole, it is nothing to be frightened at, and the inhabitants have become reconciled to the uncanny phenomenon.

Tuesday, January 21st.—After writing, walking out, and resting, I lectured in the evening in the theatre—(that is, the Oddfellows' hall, which is used as a theatre)—to a large audience on "What are Things Coming to?" The mayor and the local newspaper editor were in the audience. It was astonishing to see so large and respectful a company of hearers in so small a town, as it would be reckoned in England. But nothing from nothing springs. Where there is an effect, there is always a cause. If there was a large and curious audience, it was because steps had been taken to bring it together. In addition to *ordinary* wall posters, handbills, and newspaper advertisements, there had been a house to house distribution of invitation cards. Every house in the place received one—Deborah taking a leading part. In addition to this, the newspaper editors had been induced by the same active personality to insert preliminary paragraphs. It is, of course, immaterial as regards God's view of the action of His servants, whether many or few of the alienated sons of men turn out to hear the truth at their call, but it is more encouraging to said servants to see "a full house" than empty benches. A very fair report appeared in the paper next day—one of the best written by a stranger that has appeared in the course of the tour. As a rule I am afraid to read a newspaper report of a Christadelphian lecture—for it is usually so muddled and emasculated that it would be better for there to be no report at all. But this time, a really sensible outline of the matters presented was given. Brother H. Taylor presided.

Wednesday, January 22nd.—Mr. Tingey, an influential tradesman in both Wanganui and Wellington, called on me in the morning to say he had for a long time been a reader of Christadelphian literature, and was "almost persuaded" to throw in his lot with us. Indeed, he went further, and said that on his return from Wellington, to which he was to depart, he would arrange

with the brethren for his obedience. He was at present connected with the Wesleyans, among whom, however, he was in bad odour on account of his sympathy with the truth.—The day was a holiday in honour of the anniversary of the founding of Wanganui as a British town. All were, therefore, at liberty to use the day as they might wish. In the afternoon, brother and sister Dexter took brother Gold and myself a long drive up the opposite bank of the river. We passed some precipitous hills where the last struggle between the natives and the English took place. At a place called Upokognara, the horse and vehicle crossed the river on a chain ferry—a big wooden float pulled across by an overhead chain: very simple—quite effectual—the first of the kind I had seen. Of course, a solid bridge would be much better, but consider the extraordinary difference in the expense. Besides, a solid bridge was out of the question in such an out-of-the-way thinly-peopled district.—Returning on the other side of the river, we stopped at a native village or "pah," as it is called in the country. I wanted to talk with the natives. There seemed to be nobody about. I was suggested the people had gone to "the sports"— which were being held somewhere or other in connection with the holiday. Not at all unlikely: the natives are fond of sports and races—a good indication of the true moral status of such things. Feathers, paint, and sports for savages: what for angels, actual and in the germ? The sinners make a wry face at the answer: and there are sinners who are called saints. There will be a proper assortment at the judgment-seat. Preferring not to be baulked, I got off the conveyance, and went in at a garden gate and up a garden walk to a house, which, though it looked stylish and European, I was told was occupied by a native. I knocked at the door: no answer. Knocked again: the door opened, but the person opening it, instead of presenting herself frankly in the door-way, according to the European custom, stood with back against the wall on one side, looking sullenly at the other side of the passage, instead of at her visitors. It was a Maori woman—a fat creature, about as ugly as possible. I asked where the village people were. She gave a murmur, without looking at me. I repeated the question. She said they were in the houses. I said, No: there was nobody to be seen. Then she said contemplatively, "Gone to the sports," but there were some some left. She then came out, and motioned us to follow her. The daylight made her beauty more hideous. I wondered at the time what made her so ugly: I now noticed she was tattooed on her lips and chin. She waddled down the walk, and across the road, and into the enclosure where the "pah" was situate, brother Gold and I following. She went to one of the doors and thumped at it. Presently there was a response, not at the door, but at the end of the house from the back. It was a very small house—only high enough to let a person in by stooping his head a little. There was a lane of the same sort of houses along the bank of the river. Going round the end of the house, we entered by the back door, and found a man and two women seated. The man, with blinking, wizened face, was smoking: the women were weaving bright coloured threads upon a white fabric stretched across the room, and smoking, too. I sat down and examined the work, and tried to talk with the women—both very fat, and one very old. I asked questions in the simplest language I could employ, but only made myself a little understood. They smiled back my smiles, and tried to explain about the work they were making, but I could not follow their blubbering sounds. The man was more intelligible, and became quite frank when he had made up his mind we were to be trusted. There was a small temple in the midst of the houses. I said I would like to see it. He took us to it, opened the door, and let us in. It had no windows except at one end. It had no furniture except central pillars dividing the area into two sections. There was no floor except the earth, and the sides were very dirty, and the odour of the place sickening. The outside was very ornamental (native workmanship). I asksd what they used the temple for. He motioned with his hands and feet to signify dancing. "And sing?" said I. "Yes." "And pray?" "Yes." "Why do you pray?" I asked. "Whom do you pray to?" "Oh, we never mind about that," said the man, with a grin. The man's

boy drew near, in an interested attitude. I gave him a penny, with which he was much pleased; but when I tried to lay hold of his head, to get a look of his face, he fled in the most amusing panic, and could not be brought back by the most coaxing assurances of his father. Brother Gold told the man I had come 12,000 miles to see his country. He said, "It is too far," and so we said good-bye, with a sense of the utter poverty of human nature, when left to its own resources. Resuming our journey, we drove to a hillside in a picturesque corner, where some of the brethren and their children had been spending the holiday afternoon. Here we were photographed, on the hillside, by brother W. Challinor—not quite for the sake of the persons, but for the sake of having a group in the midst of a bit of characteristic New Zealand scenery. After this, we drove to the house of brother Taylor, where, after tea, a pleasant evening was spent in conversation and singing. Here I made the acquaintance of sister Comrie, a real specimen of the rugged Scotch Covenanter stock—a stock mentally characterised by a curious combination of penetrating good sense and fervent devotion, but sometimes needing a bit of Abrahamic enlightenment to be serviceable for true Israelitish purposes. Sister Comrie was first attracted by the twilight of early Campbellism; then charmed with the fuller Scripture expositions of Dr. Thomas, whose Glasgow lectures she heard over 40 years ago; then embarrassed by the fogs raised by half-friends of the truth in the Dowie days, and now enjoying the tranquil light as of the evening sun, looking for to-morrow's long and everlasting day.

Thursday, January 23rd.—Devoted first part of the day to writing. In the afternoon, rode out with sister Dexter, who, from a hill top, showed me the beautiful environs of Wanganui. In the evening, lectured on "The Future State Revealed." Again a large audience, and a good newspaper notice the following day. This was to have been the last lecture in Wanganui: but a change of programme had been made, admitting of another lecture on the Sunday evening. This was not the object of the change. I had expressed the wish that, in my state, I could have stayed a week in Wanganui: the brethren, without my knowledge, chiefly at the inspiration of brother Challinor, telegraphed to brother Baker and obtained my discharge from Woodville, which would allow of my staying the week in question. I then volunteered to lecture on the Sunday. But afterwards, the Woodville brethren, discovering that I was not seriously unwell, though in need of rest, made such strenuous demur, that the matter was compromised by my departure to them for two out of the three days that had been originally arranged for.

Friday, January 24th.—After a forenoon spent in writing, had a long and beautiful ride to the south with sister Dexter and family, returning on high table land in view of the distant sea.

Saturday, January 25th.—Another day's writing, followed in the afternoon by a long ride out to the north with brother Dexter, brother Lesueur, and Mr. Burrows—the last being one of brother Dexter's workmen in love with the truth. In the course of our drive, we called to get some milk at a rather superior farm house, standing from the road, on the other side of the ravine, over which by an elevated roadway we had to pass. The lady of the house we found was a Russian, who had been in the Colonies for 40 years, and whom we could not have distinguished from an English lady. She was very courteous with us, while she came to the garden gate and supplied us with what we required, as we retained our seats. We found her a somewhat inexplicable character. After some general chat about the country and the friendliness of the Colonists, we said how good it would be when all nations would be friends, and all makind in love with one another. "The day is not far off," I said. "That's true," she said: "it is nearer than you know." I said I believed it was very near. "Ah," she said, "you don't understand." I said I believed the Bible. She said, "Oh, the Bible: you musn't believe all that is in the Bible. There are more saviours than one. There is a saviour for women, and a saviour for men. It wasn't as is said about the Virgin Mary." She grew very animated, and even stern, and said things we could not quite follow. I said I would rather see people in earnest about what might be wrong, than in the state of indifference and stagnation that was

almost universal in spiritual things. She said we should understand each other by-and-bye ; and, having paid her liberally for her wholesome beverage, we drove away, with thoughts and sadnesses that cannot be dispelled till the Sun of Righteousness rise with healing in his beams !—After our return home, we had a conversation with Mr. Burrows, by his desire, with a view to immersion. The conversation revealed a haziness in the historic part of the truth that a short time will remove. Mr. Burrows, an excellent young man, has special difficulties in the way of obedience, but is determined to surmount them all. He may know, for his consolation, that others have had a like experience before him, and in many cases the difficulties have all disappeared, and foes turned to friends.

Sunday, January 26th.—Beautiful day. The brethren assembled in Druid's Hall for the breaking of bread. Brother Challinor presided. I spoke on the readings, emphasising the need for preserving the modern revival of the truth against the encroachment of unenlightened good feeling. It is true, though unpalatable, to say that the world we live in is a world of unjustified sinners, using the earth as their own, instead of God's — ignoring God, disregarding His word, and casting His will behind their backs. It is true, though a sad thing to proclaim, that in this attitude God hath no pleasure in them : "they that are in the flesh cannot please God." It is true, though "narrow," that in Christ alone (humbled, penitent, glad, and loving) will God be approached by sinners, changed into saints. It is true, though detestable to the natural mind, that men can only get into Christ by believing what Christ preached and conforming to what he commanded. It is true, though unpleasant to recognise, that the public are not in Christ. It is true, though some either cannot see it or ignore it, that to distribute hymn-books among strangers is to tell them, by act and deed, that they are acceptable worshippers, and to hide the testimony of the gospel because of offence. All these embarrassments will cease when "many nations are joined to the Lord in that day," and the knowledge and love of God and reconciliation to Him are universal. Till then, we must "faithfully endure the offence of the cross, "by which the world is crucified unto us and we unto the world." The "faith once delivered to the saints," for which we are commanded "to contend earnestly," embraces these features of testimony as to the true position of natural men, who are in their sins and under condemnation.—In the evening, we had a large audience : subject, "Salvation : its Nature and Conditions."—After the lecture, there was a farewell gathering of the brethren at brother Dexter's house. After the singing of a few hymns and an address by brother Dexter, in which he said some encouraging things concerning my course, which some in their envious sterility might consider fulsome, but which were simply true, I was called on to engage in prayer. Thus ended a pleasant sojourn of seven days in Wanganui, which I shall not soon forget.

Monday, January 27th.—After packing up, and a short ride towards the sea with sister Dexter and daughter, and affectionate and regretful farewell to a happy household, brother Gold and I embarked at mid-day in the train for Woodville. The distance was about 80 miles to the south, and the distance lay through picturesque hilly country, largely covered as yet with the original "bush." The most striking feature of the journey was the Manawatu Gorge, a natural gap or chasm in the mountain backbone of the country, admitting of communication from the west to the east side of the country. The mountains pierced by the gorge are very high. Consequently, the gorge is a very considerable affair—reaching through the base of the mountains from side to side for a space of five miles. The gorge is not a straight gorge. It winds about in its passage from the west to the east, and therefore presents a variety of ever-changing and magnificent scenery. At the bottom of the gorge is a brawling river of some volume. The railway track (which must have been very difficult to construct), is cut out on the face of the declivity on the north side, about 50 feet or so above the water, and twists about with the irregularities of the hill face. Looking out of the window of the railway-car, you see the engine ahead of you toiling round the curving corners like a living thing, and the train winding after it like a serpent,

but all dwarfed to the apparent dimensions of a toy by the stupendous wood-clad heights, running away sheer overhead, and closing in the view on the other side of the gorge. It was a magnificent and prolonged spectacle of Nature's grandeur, but causing the feeling that brings relief to most of the passengers when they find themselves safe out of the gorge without having been dashed headlong to the bottom.—In the train was a company of natives on the way to attend a native funeral—which is a great occasion among them, something like a wake among the Irish. They were dressed, not in crape and black, but in garlands of evergreen: that is, these garlands were twisted into their ordinary attire, and worn as crowns on the head. When they drew near the station where the funeral was to be, they got up and leant out of the windows to set up an intense and prolonged wail, which was taken up and returned by a crowd of other natives in a field, not a long way off. I was told they would spend a week together over the affair. There was not much real sorrow in it apparently: for before the arrival of the train at the place, the natives in the train were busy playing cards and laughing after the most jovial manner. The train reached Woodville at 6.30. And what sort of a place is Woodville? Well, it is not much of a place as cities reckon in England, but has to be looked at with different eyes in a country where, a few years back, the very site of the place was covered with bush. About a thousand souls are located in it, and these are housed in houses scattered over a considerable area. A leading street where shops and houses are built close together in the ordinary way, and a few short side streets going out of this, and ending in the open country about a hundred yards off, constitute about all there is of town. The rest consists of scattered villas dotted over a plain, bounded on all sides with a fine back-ground of mountains. The houses are of wood, as is the rule throughout the Colonies, but built in such a way as to look both real and substantial. There are three or four large hotels in the place, which seems more than the place could maintain. Certainly there is no crush of business, but they seem to make out. I was accommodated in princely quarters free of charge in one of these. These unusual terms of residence were due to the fact that it is kept by a son of Abraham after the flesh, and his generosity in the case was due to Christadelphian interest in the Jews. It was a case of "Blessed is he that blesseth thee." In Woodville there is an ecclesia of 20 or 30 brethren and sisters. Their existence is due to the presence for some years of brother Thomas Baker, originally of Liverpool, England. He emigrated some ten or twelve years ago, when he was fast succumbing to pulmonary complaint, from which, in the dry and bracing atmosphere of New Zealand, he has since recovered. His managership of a saw-mill business, on behalf of principals living in Napier, has given him occupation, and a status which he has faithfully turned to account in this way. This saw-milling business is a most curious kind of co-operation. It has its basis in native rights to the forest. Certain parts of the country are laid out in reserves, which are recognised as the property of certain Maori tribes. These parts are all under bush, in a state of nature. These tribes do nothing with the bush: but they grant rights of felling timber to any one who chooses to take them up on specified terms. A saw-milling firm, as in this case, will lease a certain few thousands of acres for this purpose alone. For the timber felled, the firm will pay a certain royalty, according to the quantity felled, to the tribe to which the land belongs. When the timber is all felled, the land belongs to the tribe to sell or lease for farm or building purposes. Under this law, the natives are a sort of landed aristocracy, living on the proceeds drawn out of the soil by other hands. Some of them are very well off under it, and become educated: (there is a Maori college at Napier), but the majority largely drink and squander the money they receive, and are dying off. But there is not only co-operation between the saw-mills and the natives, but between the saw-mills and the men who fell the timber. The latter fell the timber at a price and deliver to the saw-mills, where it is cut and dried in readiness for house-building. It is dreadfully hard work. Only certain tall trees in the bush are eligible for cutting down: and these stand away in the depth of the forest, amid tangled undergrowth and swampy land.

When a tree is cut down, the work is only begun. It is such a ponderous body, it cannot be moved from its place as a whole: it has to be cut into lengths by hand-saws. And when cut into lengths, the lengths are enormous blocks which have to be dragged one by one out of the forest depths on to the road leading to the saw-mills, perhaps two miles off, or more. And how is this to be done? Horses are no use on account of the dense growths and quaggy soil through which the timber lengths have to be dragged, and steep hill sides up which they have sometimes to be pulled from the fat marshy land in hollows, where the trees have flourished for ages. So ox-labour has to be employed, but oxen are as much inclined to take it easy as human creatures. Consequently, pressure is needed. They work only under the lash, and that not merely flourished in the air, but brought into rousing contact with their not altogether impervious hides. The result is that timber fetching is a constant succession of scenes of violence. Sometimes, the oxen are nearly invisible in a slough of despond, kicking their way through liquid mire under the blows and shouts of drivers, who have lost all feeling in the exercise of their vocation. The oxen have no provision for rest when work is done. They are simply turned adrift in the bush with bells attached to their necks—the jingle of which enables the men to find them next day. Their food they have to find as best they can among the undergrowth of the bush. There is no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and the poor animals don't last long under those conditions. But they have one bright spell of sunshine in the short evening of their days. When they are used up, they are turned into pasture to fatten up, and are then sold to be turned into butcher's meat for the market. No wonder beef is mostly tough in the Colonies. A rough and evil world is this. It is worth everything to know that it will end, and that it will be succeeded by another world, where all barbarous excesses of labour and suffering, for man and beast, will have disappeared.

Within two hours of my arrival, there was a lecture in the public hall adjoining the hotel. The advertisement announcing it had only appeared three hours previously, in consequence of the unsettlement referred to at Wanganui. It was, therefore, doubtful if there would be much of a meeting. However, there was a good audience. Brother Baker presided. As there was only to be one lecture at this place, I put in as much variety of Scriptural matter as I could. The editor of the local paper was present. He gave a fair report, but added some unfriendly criticisms, which might be due to his Theosophic prepossessions. They certainly would have been spared by any one in sympathy with Bible truth. He obtained his fulcrum for them by falling back upon what his expectations had been. He was disappointed because he had looked for this, that, and the other. He expected a smooth, fluent, and effective speaker, whereas he found a jerky cogitator, who closed his eyes. Perhaps he is to be excused. Things and men, and places heard of in advance are liable to loom unduly large through the magnifying medium of rumour. Then, as a matter of fact, I am no speaker in the oratorical sense, but only a practical enforcer of certain terribly important facts and ideas, "Coming not with excellency of speech or of wisdom (but) declaring the testimony of God" (1 Cor. ii. 1). What of platform rhetoric may ever be employed in the lecturing service of the truth is only the natural evolution of that earnest contention for the faith which is apostolically enjoined. The main object is to create conviction by the rehearsal of evidence: in a word, to make the Bible speak. This object and this process are incompatible with oratorical display. Many of the preachers find this, and deliberately eschew Bible quotation, regarding it as a sort of obstruction on the rails that makes the train jolt. I remember Dr. Parker, at the end of a six-column address, congratulating his hearers (mostly fellow-clerics) that he had not quoted a single Bible text! A style of platform utterance that aims at polished periods is inconsistent with the work of the gospel which aims at exhibiting the mind of God as revealed, rather than at the entertainment of an audience as with "the lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, or that can play well on an instrument"—words which they hear with pleasure, but will not do (Ezek. xxxiii. 32).

Tuesday, January 28th.—Slightly indisposed this morning: obliged to abstain from writing, and take rest. In the afternoon, walked out into the bush, and spent some hours like Nebuchadnezzar — among the cattle. Went hither and thither in the wood, crossing a river by the trunk of a tree fallen across: a little risky for an invalid, but the exercise good. Getting a little out of my way, I returned how I could, having to go through the private premises of a mutton-freezing works: encountering the night-watchman whereof. He did not challenge me, but said, "Brother Roberts." He had been at the lecture on the previous night, and recognised me. He was a middle-aged man, Colonial born, whose parents had come from the neighbourhood of Manchester. He had recently come to a knowledge of the truth. The times had gone against him, and compelled him to accept a position below what he had been accustomed to, but he was hoping he might better himself by-and-bye. At all events, he earnest hoped we were right in expecting the early coming of the Lord. The earth had much need of him.—In the evening, I met with the brethren in their meeting-place at a "social." Brother Gold preceded me in some remarks. I afterwards spoke for about an hour on the practical bearings of the truth.

Wednesday, January 29th.—Spent the forenoon writing. After dinner, brother Gold and brother Oulsneam called on me with a conveyance to drive me to the next place of appointment—Dannevirk—about 18 miles distant, instead of going by train. The object was to show the country in its natural state. The ride was certainly a beautiful one—a hill-country clothed with wood everywhere, with clearings everywhere. As we drew near to Dannevirk, at the end of three hours, the country assumed a more cultivated appearance. We passed some Maoris, and took off our hats to them. They like this. It is a very cheap bit of pleasure to give them. The day will come when human beings will honour each other everywhere. When we reached Dannevirk, races had just finished, and the crowd was dispersing. My Jew landlord was among the frequenters. Racing has attained a very extensive development in New Zealand, so has out-door sports of all kinds, and betting is nearly universal. This is an unwholesome feature of Colonial life. Games and betting are a sort of natural relief from the tedium and laboriousness inseparable from the raw life of a new and sparsely-populated country. But while they may tend to physical health, they check and blight the best faculties of man. It is impossible for spiritual life or even intellectual culture to thrive where the mental force is dissipated in the excitement of mercenary emulations or muscular competitions. The type of coarse and lawless youth that is growing up in the Colonies is one of the evil effects of the wrong habits which prevail in educational and other matters. The outlook is very unpromising, if it were not for the Kingdom of God. This will enforce the right system in all things in all countries, and cause the moral wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Dannevirk is so called because a colony of Danes were the first settlers. It is about the size of Woodville—perhaps larger and more solidly developed, but on the whole very much like it. It is the centre of the tree-felling and timber-dressing industry. Brother Baker has been here perhaps for two years, in charge of several saw-mills. There is a small ecclesia, with good prospects of increase. Its existence is due to brother Baker's activity in the truth. A gentleman originally from Birmingham is on the point of submission. He told me he remembered our meetings in Birmingham, and was now sorry he had lost so many opportunities of attending them. Another friend was nearly as far advanced: and also Mrs. Scott, the wife of brother Scott. Also a Mr. Macey, a travelling photographer. Then there was some prospect of brother Gold settling in Dannevirk.

Found letters and papers waiting. In the evening, two hours after arrival, lectured in the meeting-place of the brethren—a large commodious room. There was a fair audience, but a number rose and left the meeting during the lecture.

Thursday, January 30th. — Devoted the forenoon to writing in brother Baker's house, where I stayed. In the afternoon, rode out with brother Baker and brother Gold into a picturesque part of the bush, having much pleasant conversation. — In

the evening there was a Bible-class, but I did not attend, as I was feeling in need of rest, in prospect of a lecture next evening.

Friday, January 31*st.*—Indisposed for writing, went out in the sunshine for a little of that open-air solitude that is needful—so much of it. The sun being hot, and the roads answering back with a fierce glare, I turned into a wood for shade. The wood was on a steep hill-side, with a river running at the bottom. I took what I supposed was a pathway in the underwood, but it presently lost itself in the thick tangle and bog. I sat down upon a dry trunk in a glorious covert on the hill-side, concealed in luxurious vegetation, which surrounded me on all sides, with trees overhead, whose interlacing branches effectually protected from the sun. There was a refreshing silence varied only by the murmur of running brooks. The situation was favourable for that meditative reverie for which the truth alone supplies adequate material, and in which I freely indulged. After a time, I commenced to retrace my steps, but found no way. The path by which I had come was invisible in the miscellaneous growths that intertwisted their obstructive branches on every hand. The steepness of the hill-side made it all the worse, with its boggy holes and sudden descents. I fixed the direction in which I ought to go, and simply stumbled along till I was out of the entanglement. It seems it is no unusual thing for men to be "bushed"—that is, to be so lost in the woody, pathless labyrinth as to be unable to get their way out. In some cases, their skeletons are found long afterwards. I saw mention of one or two such cases in the papers while I was in the Colonies.—But I was not far enough in, and too close to a road for any danger of that kind.

In the evening, I lectured to a fair audience on the nature of Salvation and the means of its attainment. After the lecture, there was an adjournment to the house of brother Scott, where a royal banquet was spread for the fortification of a company of brethren and sisters who had to ride to Woodville by road. After the repast, brother Baker made some suitable parting remarks, and then called upon me to engage in prayer—after which, the company dispersed. Brother and sister Baker and I rode home in their conveyance. On the road, we passed and saluted brother Gold in the dark. This was my informal parting with him after a pleasant travelling companionship of nearly three weeks. He was to have said good-bye next day at the railway station, but something prevented his coming.

Saturday, February 1*st.*—Occupied the morning in packing, writing, and a farewell stroll in a new direction. Parted with brother Baker at midday on the verandah of his house. Business prevented his staying longer. Sister Baker drove me to the railway-station, where a number of the brethren and sisters were assembled. The train started at 1.20 for Napier—a considerable town on the east coast, about 80 miles distant. The first part of the journey lay through woods and hills, and the second mostly through plain country, with hills in the distance. Nothing noteworthy occurred *en route*, except the conversation of two native women who sat opposite me. I feasted my eyes on them for a whole hour. It was the manner of the conversation that entertained me: I did not understand a single word of what they said. They were dramatic in the highest degree. One talked and the other listened—by turns. The talk was emphasized with a grace and vehemence of gesture that is very unusual with English people. Hands and arms were flourishing all the time in the most expressive style, and heads nodding and shaking, and the whole body in supple responsive movement. Every other now and then, the index finger would be shaken deprecatively or indicatively—(I could not tell which), and as frequently, one hand would be brought with a blow into the palm of the other. Sometimes, the whole body, head and arms would be concentrated in convulsive emphasis, as if describing some combat. It was quite entertaining. They showed no symptom of self-consciousness. They seemed quite absorbed in their subject, and quite insensible to the presence of listeners. I could not help thinking what a harmonious machine is the human frame, and how beautiful are its movements when unhampered by fear, and moved by earnestness of any kind. What possibilities are in it are aborted and quenched by its present circumstances. How charming is the prospect

of the liberty that waits it in the day of the manifestation of the sons of God.

At 6.30 p.m. the train reached Napier—a most curiously-situated place, with its population of perhaps 20,000. Imagine a long hilly island set down in the midst of a wide sea-swamp—that is, a wide flat reach of land—inundated by sea-water at high tide—at the back of the island: the deep sea in front of the island, a wide river and a bridge at one end, and a long narrow spit of land on the other, connecting it with the main land. The town is built on this island, and on the spit of land. As may be imagined, there are many picturesque combinations of land and water, wood and sky, in such a topographical situation. The hills of the island are not gentle slopes, but abrupt prominences, with deep gullies on all sides, in which villas are clustered in all sorts of apparently impossible positions, on the sides and tops of the hills. Flights of steps give access to these difficult sites on all hands. Sometimes a steep road will end in a flight of steps. It is not a good place for short-winded people, but it is very picturesque. There are splendid views of the sea in all directions. The principal part of the town is spread on the level, at the foot of the hills, along the aforesaid spit. Along the sea-front is over a mile of spacious asphalted promenade, with seats at intervals. A break-water is being built at a great cost, so as to make Napier eligible as a proper sea-port. It is partly finished and in use: but there are fears that, after all, the rough water of the bay will not be sufficiently smoothed inside the breakwater to make it available for shipping at all times.

The ocean view to the east has a sense of solitariness with it—due, probably, not only to the absence of shipping, but to the knowledge that the spectator is gazing upon the widest and loneliest expanse of ocean there is the world. Far away from contact with the busy world are these wide and stormy waters. Forward, eastwards, the voyager could sail thousands and thousands of miles without striking land. South America would, perhaps, come in the way: after that, New Zealand itself, on its west side, would have to be reached before the wilderness of waters would end.

Brother Martin and brother Neale were waiting the train on its arrival, and picked me out immediately, although they had never seen me, and although I was nearly unrecognisable in a great slouch hat in black, which I was obliged to get in Sydney. Having all packed into a conveyance, we started for brother Neale's house, but stopped on the way to inspect the hall where the lectures were to be given. The brethren were anxious to know if all was *en regle*. Brother Neale's house we found at the top of a long ascending road, called Milton Road. Here we were cordially welcomed by sister Neale, and here I made my comfortable home for four days. Brother and sister Neale are young married people—she from Birmingham, once a Flavell: he from Boston, Lincolnshire, England. (All the people in the Colonies, with few exceptions, are either emigrants from "home," or the children of such).

There are only six brethren and sisters in Napier. One would suppose from the size of the building they occupy and the number and regularity of the lectures delivered, that there must be a large ecclesia. It is wonderful what one or two can accomplish where there is genuine enlightenment and the right enterprise. There is another brother not many miles off—a brother Beck, in a fair way of life—who attained to enlightenment 20 years ago: whom various things have hindered, but who is likely now to identify himself as closely with the brethren as the law of an absent Lord requires. Several are interested, and there is a prospect of growth.

Sunday, February 2nd.—Broke bread in brother Neale's house—the smallness of the company rendering a resort to the hall unnecessary. In the evening, lectured to a good audience on "The First and Second Comings of Christ: what they mean for mankind."

Monday, February 3rd.—After writing, made the solitary acquaintance of the seaside under the Bluff before dinner. In the afternoon, I visited the cemetery, which is situated on the very top of the hill, close on a precipitous descent to the water level. A funeral was just finishing, and the minister, coming forward to me as I was passing, asked if I was Mr. Roberts? Being unable to say

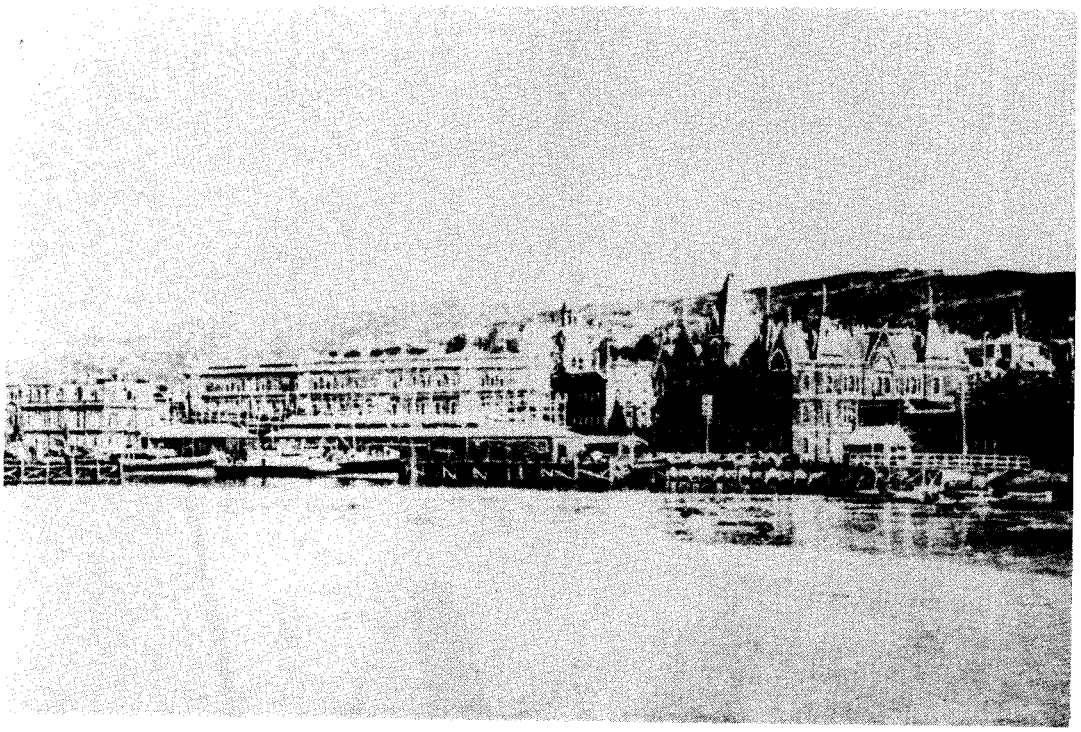
"No," he shook me cordially by the hand, and said he was very glad to have the opportunity of seeing me. He said, in a strong Scotch accent, that he was the Presbyterian minister of Napier; that he had read many of my writings: that he agreed with much, &c. He seemed as if he would have liked "a crack," but I felt in that state in which talking is almost a distress, and having a lecture two hours ahead, for which all my pith would be wanted, I was obliged to cut it short. An ecclesiastic is a most unfortunately-placed human being. The truth of God is the great concern of life, and yet, as I have known in several cases, if he becomes acquainted with it, he must either hide it and preach lies for hire, or abandon the only means of livelihood for which education fits him. There is an occasional Saul or Nicodemus, but they don't survive the bleak weather long. "O, Lord: arise: plead thine own cause."—In the evening lectured to a good audience on "What things are coming to: or the present troubled state of the world in the light of Bible prophecy."

Tuesday, February 4th.—A lonely visit to the breakwater in the morning: in the afternoon, a ride out with brother Martin, sister Neale and children. Went a circuit of about 16 miles through the country on the mainland, passing a company of Maoris, who were greatly gratified at our respectful salute from the carriage.—In the evening, a successful reconciliation meeting in a matter that ought not to have divided men of enlightenment. The misunderstanding had been aggravated by making the mistake with the best of intentions, of suspending a brother *pro. tem.* without process of withdrawal—a thing which no ecclesia has power to do under any law, human or Divine—and which might easily be the means of sore injustice. Hands were shaken all round at the close of our interview.

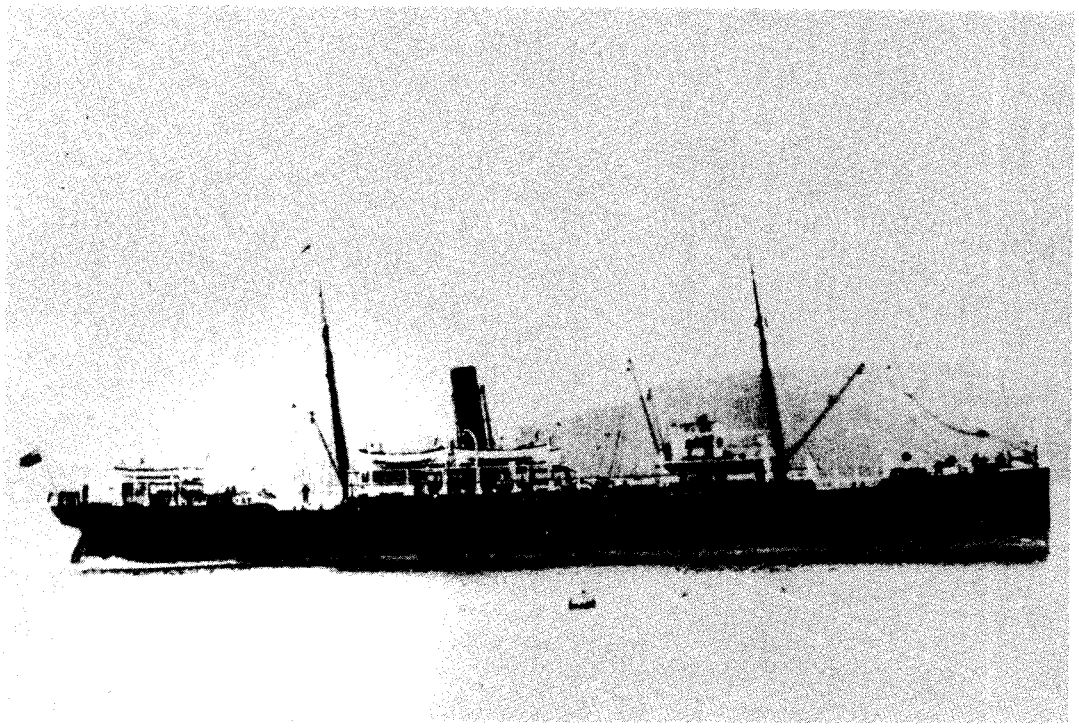
Wednesday, February 5th.—Unable to write, I explored the little harbour on the river-end of the town, known as "The Spit," though what I have spoken of as "The Spit" is at the other end.—In the evening, I lectured on "The Future State Revealed." There was a good audience. At the close, a Spiritualist came forward to "ask a question": but really, as it proved, it was to argue in favour of his peculiar form of darkness. The consequence was, a stiff brush, due to the immobile kind of mentality which is characteristic of crotchet-mongers—a mere pushing of their points, either without the willingness or without the ability to candidly recognise the bearing of what is said in reply. Controversy of this kind degenerates to mere wrangle, and I always avoid it when I can, because liable, in the extreme endeavour to keep a slippery antagonist to his own points, to employ a rhetorical emphasis which he mistakes for heat of mind. Alas! Alas! Yet rejoice, rejoice! the day is at hand when the tongue of logic will be exchanged for the sword of irresistible coercion, which will sweep the field of tangled overgrowth, and open the way, in the hands of unerring wisdom and kindness, to great peace and joy for all. Meanwhile, we must patiently bear the confusions.

Thursday, February 6th.—Devoting the morning to correspondence, I was conveyed, after dinner, to the break-water, where the s.s. *Manapouri* was due to sail at 2 p.m. for Wellington, a distance of about 250 miles. I bade fond adieu to the company that were on the wharf to see me off, which included one or two not yet identified with the brethren. A Miss Greener, of Birmingham, if I remember aright, embarked on the same vessel for Christchurch, but said good-bye before going aboard, as she said she was a bad sailor and would not likely see me during the voyage—which turned out to be the case. It seems she came out 15 years ago as a passenger from England on the ship *Bebington*, which was commanded by my brother Arthur—since perished at sea: and with whom she came to be on intimate terms. She was interested in me on that account, but also in measure on account of those other things and persons with whom the ephemeral accessories of this vain and vanishing life can make no comparison.

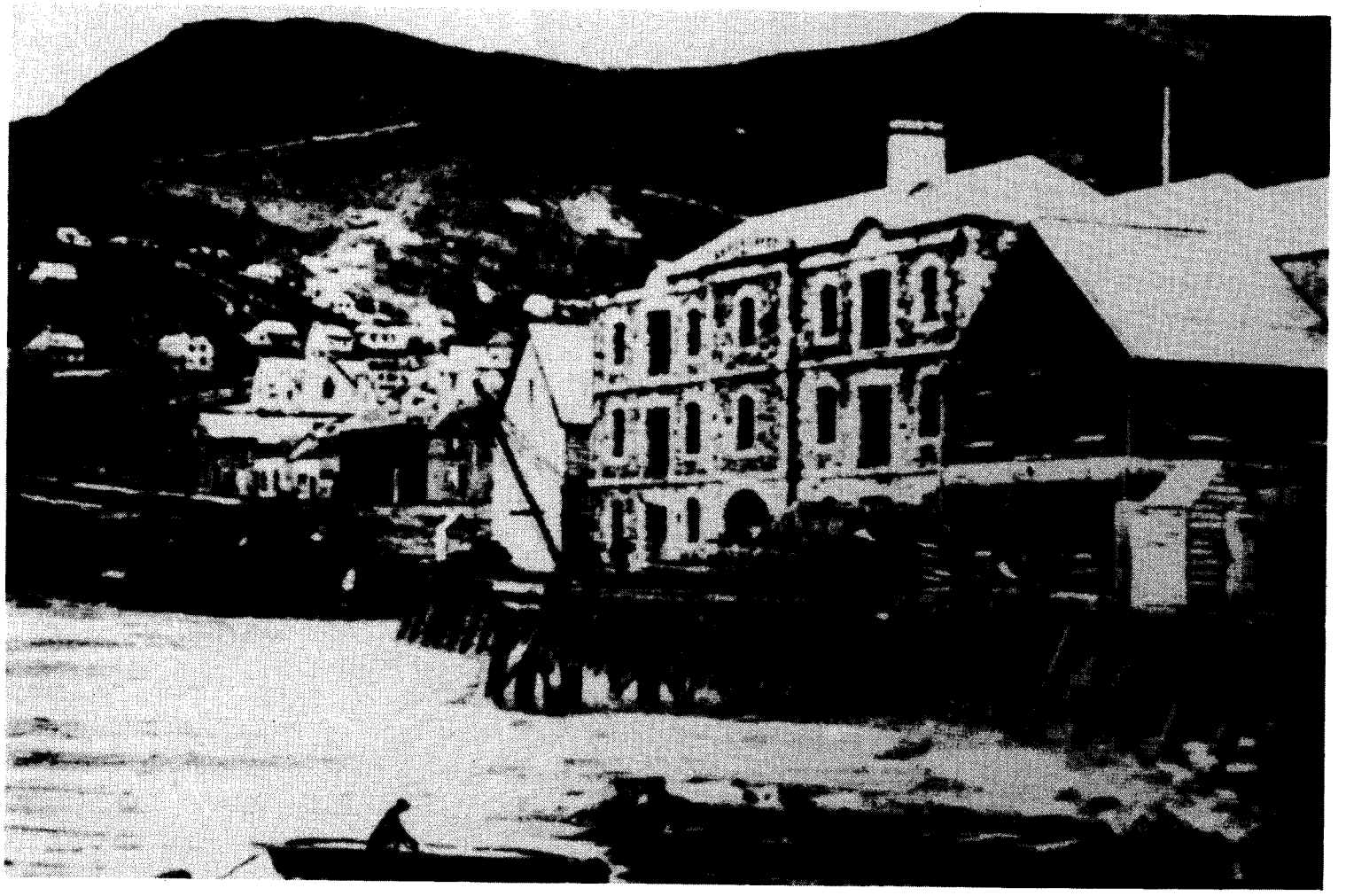
Friday, February 7th.—After a roughish voyage in the first part, arrived at Wellington about 7.30. Wellington is the capital of New Zealand. It is at the south end of the north island, and therefore between the two islands which lie in a line one with another—north and south. Wellington is therefore, in the centre of the country. The approach by sea is very beautiful. The town stands away up at the end of a long creek of the



Wellington - Approaching by Sea



Manapouri



Lyttelton Waterfront

sea, which is some miles in length, and closed in by high hills on all sides. The town has a backing of high hills, and looks snug and well-protected. At first, the capital was Auckland, well away to the north of the north island. But as the country developed, a transfer was made from Auckland to Wellington, as a much more convenient location for the governing centre. The change was not made without demur from the Auckland people, who naturally foresaw the loss and damage that would come from the removal of the Government from their midst. It puzzles the young mind at first how a geographical neighbourhood can be affected for good or evil by the presence or absence of particular men. It is a dim place in the narrative to them when they read in the Acts of the Apostles that the men of Tyre and Sidon desired peace with Herod "because their country was nourished by the King's country" (Acts xii. 20). They think that a country is a country anywhere, and is nourished by the rain and sunshine of heaven irrespective of the will or favour of man, and that it matters not who comes or goes: stays or departs. When they attain to knowledge, they see differently. They discover that the value of produce, and therefore, the productiveness of labour, and therefore, the welfare, and even the existence, of a community depends upon those hidden currents of demand that are controlled by men in authority; and that although men may always keep life in by what they can extract from the soil, the larger interests of life will languish if the currents of public life are diverted from their neighbourhood. So Auckland begrudged a change which meant the transfer of the enriching activities of public life to another part of the country. But it was for the general benefit and so the change took place. Wellington has not yet attained to the size of Auckland, in point of population. It would, doubtless, do so in the ordinary course of events. At present, the inhabitants of Wellington number over 30,000, while the popnlation of Auckland is over 50,000.

When the vessel was moored, a number of brethren (brother Lesueur, brother Parton, and others) came aboard and conveyed me ashore, and in a cab drove me to the house of brother McKinlay, where I was cordially received by sister McKinlay and her mother, sister Fox. Letters were waiting me here, which gave me a sweet glimpse of affairs at home. Brother McKinlay's house is on the outskirts—Russell Terrace, if I remember rightly—a very quiet neighbourhood. The quiet and rest were very acceptable after a very unrefreshing night on board the steamer. I had particular necessity to avail myself of them, as I was to lecture the same night. A walk in the open air being part of the resting process, I was directed to a park in the same road. It was a truly suitable seclusion—not a park in the ordinary sense—not a level of walks and cultivated flower-beds, but a series of steep hill-sides and tree-shaded gorges and breezy hill-tops, on which I did not meet a single soul. Some measure of solitude is a necessity if you are to accustom the mind to those relations with the Eternal, which is the highest capacity of man. You cannot well see and estimate life as it actually is if you are all the while among men. In their company, you cannot help those mental accommodations to little ways and little ideas which exclude those larger views of being which belong to the essence of truth. An amount of human society is both right, necessary, and wholesome—especially if it is of the right sort: but the constant human association which is the rule, is dwarfing and withering. God said by Isaiah (lv.), "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." This being the undoubted truth, it is necessary to get away from man sometimes, that we may stretch out our puny minds somewhat in the direction of the Divine greatness.

In the evening, there was a large audience in the Alhambra Hall. I lectured on "The Jews: who are They?" brother Lesueur acceptably presiding.

Saturday, February 8th.—Having devoted the morning to writing, I went in the afternoon a long drive with brother Carter, sister Lesueur and sister Fox. The route lay along the shore of the bay for some miles, and then through what can only be described as a prolonged serpentine gorge—a road turning in and out among high hills, whose sides were often sheer on the right and left of the carriage

road. It was both picturesque and grand. New Zealand is remarkable for such features, many small detached, troubled-looking hills; and large ones, too, looking as if they had been violently contorted into their present shapes long, long, ago. No doubt: they were formed in scenes of volcanic tumult, similar to those which recently destroyed the terraced falls of Tarawera The earth is great, and has to be hammered on big anvils: but both hammers and glow-furnaces are under guidance, or our poor earth would become a tenantless mass of slag.—We ended our journey at brother Lesueur's happy home, where a number of brethren and sisters had assembled for tea. I had an unusually cordial reception from the little daughter, Eunice, whose ways exemplified those traits of childhood which led Jesus more than once to make children prominent in his proceedings, and to employ them as standards of character on some points, "He took them up in his arms and blessed them." Brother and sister Lesueur are educated people. The history of their contact with the truth is interesting. Compelled, for health's sake, to come to New Zealand 13 years ago, sister Lesueur brought with her, in her luggage, as the gift of a friend, a copy of *Christendom Astray*, without knowing what she was bringing. Happening to look at it in due course of time, she came to the conclusion, before going far, that something was radically wrong with popular systems of religion Further reading, strengthened by intercourse with some friends of the truth, brought her to the point of complete conviction and obedience. Her decision was a great distress to her husband, who was a devout and fervent adherent of Anglicanism. Persuaded that the church was Divine, he would not put himself in the way of temptation by reading. But his equally devout and fervent wife left reading matter in his way—particularly on the hat-stand. Here, one day, he picked up a *Finger Post:* "Have I an immortal soul?" Perceiving it was all Bible quotation, he read: he was shaken. On his return from his business, he said: "My dear, I have been reading that tract: I think there is something in it." "Oh," she said, "I do wish you would read." He did. He then had recourse to his clergyman, with an earnest desire that the clergyman would dispose of the argument. But all the efforts of the clergyman only confirmed him the other way, and the result was the final acceptance of the truth: to the great joy of husband and wife.

This evening, we spent in conversation, the singing of hymns, and then in an informal address, which sister Lesueur asked me to give on "The Signs of the Times." The evening concluded with prayer.

Sunday, February 9th.—Breaking of bread in Alhambra Hall. Thirty-three brethren and sisters present. I spoke of God as light and love — the one essential to the free action of the other—light as the basis of love, and love as the indispensible complement of light What is knowledge without love? A blinding glare. What is love without light? A mere sickly fondness. Both together are as the glorious life-blend we see in the harmonious conditions of nature.—In the evening, there was again a large audience: subject of lecture, "Salvation." One of the audience called the lecture the worst piece of blasphemy it had ever been his pain to listen to. He wanted to argue, but the opportunity was not afforded. There is a time for everything. The gentleman had been invited to hear a lecture, and he was out of order in attempting to force a debate.

Monday, February 10th.—Took tea at brother Parton's house, where there is a large and interesting family—some of whom are in the truth. Brother Parton was originally from Birmingham, but had to come to New Zealand to find the truth—and a wife. He playfully says he married a native. True one born in the country, but not a Maori; on the contrary, a hearty woman of British stock, not to be distinguished from an ordinary Briton, unless it be in intelligence and Scriptural zeal. At their house, by special arrangement, I had an interview with a refreshingly earnest, honest man, from Edinburgh, associated with the brethren years ago in the States, but who, in the changes of employment, had drifted out of touch with the brotherhood, and was painfully anxious to get into connection with them again. He had been in New Zealand for some time, but did not know and did not suppose there were Christadelphians in the country. In conversation with a Salvation Army captain, he ascertained there were some in Wellington. Being told where they met, he

went, but found the place empty. His friend then told him of a house where one lived. He went, but there was no one in. He then set himself to watch the house, and finding some people enter at last, he made himself known. He found out, to his astonishment, that I was expected in Wellington in two weeks time; he determined to wait till he could see me. He was distressed as to his first immersion: whether he knew enough to make it valid; he was distressed also as to his life since. On both hands I was able to give him some ease. He left, earnestly thanking me, and intimating his intention to apply for admission among the brethren.—After tea, we repaired to a small hall (opposite the Alhambra) where a private meeting of the brethren and sisters took place for conference on various questions that had engaged the brethren. I delivered a brief address, and then answered a number of questions.

Tuesday, February 11th.—Wet day: kept appointments in the town, in the course of which, met a worthy gentleman who had been to the lecture, who believed in the kingdom, but thought it was not an essential matter of faith. I asked him whether he did not recognise that the gospel was the gospel of the kingdom. He said, Yes. I then asked if it had not pleased God to appoint the belief of the gospel as the condition of salvation. He could but say yes. Then I asked if the gospel was the gospel of the kingdom, how could it be the gospel with the kingdom left out? He could but smile. He justified his position by quoting Paul's answers to the Phillipian jailor: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." I asked whether Paul meant the jailor was to believe only part of the truth about the Lord Jesus or the whole? He did not quite understand.—Well, I said, it was part of the truth that Chrst was born in Bethlehem: would that be enough to believe? Certainly not.—It was part of the truth that he was crucified: would that be enough?—No: we must believe in his resurrection. But was it not part of the preached truth, also that he was judge, and that he was the king—the Christ—the Messiah? Why were we to leave these out? Mr. Brown thought perhaps he might grow in his views of things. I recommended the close study of the Scriptures.

The steamer for Christchurch (my next appointment) was to sail at four o'clock. My various preparations complete, I was driven down to the wharf along with sister McKinlay and sister Fox. At the wharf and on the steamer, I found the other brethren and sisters, from whom I had a most affectionate leave-taking—the cordiality of which excited the notice of officers, fellow-passengers, and by standing. You see, *out* of the truth, there is nothing to kindle warmth. When the inevitable disillusions of experience cool down the ardours of young blood, there is nothing left but the sinister grims of nature. In Christ, the future is aglow with the brightness of the glory of God, and the present (where the truth truly reigns and not one's own importance) is warmed by the love of the Father and Son and all who love them: for "he that loveth Him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him."—At 4.30, the vessel slowly left the wharf, and on getting clear of the shipping, turned on full steam, and got rapidly down the bay, clearing "the heads" in about half-an-hour, and getting out into the rough open; where setting her head in a straight line, s.s.w., she earnestly clove the mounting waves on her way to Port Lyttleton—the sea port for Christchurch.—Reading, dinner, and writing, soon brought bed, but not much sleep

CHAPTER XXIV.—CHRISTCHURCH, TIMARU, INCH-CLUTHA, AND DUNEDIN.

WEDNESDAY, January 12th.—At 7 a.m., the steamer arrived in Lyttleton Harbour—one of those capacious natural roadsteads with which the coast of New Zealand abounds. The view is shut in by hills all round. Lyttleton itself is on a high hill-side. Communication with the interior of the country is by a railway tunnel through the hill, which introduces the traveller to Christchurch, after a short run of eight miles. Christchurch (of which Lyttleton is the sea-port) stands on an immense level plain, stretching as far as the eye can see—one of the most fertile and English-looking spots in New Zealand. This immense plain comprises the province of Canterbury. The ecclesiastical name of the town and district is due to the origin of its settlement. The colony, formed here 50 years ago, was under Anglican auspices and due to Anglican initiative, just as the colony of Dunedin, further south, was due to Scotch Presbyterian enterprise. But the place, though more ecclesiastical, is not more religious than other places. Unbelief, I was told, has an extensive footing, and dissent of all kind flourishes. The population numbers about 50,000. It is a solid and thriving, well-kept place, all on the flat, but with a southern backing of hills in the distance. It does not thrive so well now as it did. It is smitten, like most other parts of the country, with the depression consequent on the cessation of public spending. For many years, railways, public buildings, &c., were being constructed with money borrowed from England on the security of the public revenue. All this while, business was brisk and employment plentiful; but now this has practically stopped, work is scarce, wages less, rents down, and a general depression checking everything. The discovery of gold and export of frozen-meat have supplied a natural source of recovery, but it will be a long time before this brings things back to where they were. Food of all kinds is cheap, but money to buy it is scare, and articles of manufacture dear. Consequently, the advice I heard for emmigrants was, "Don't come to New Zealand." The cloud that covers the world covers New Zealand too. Military questions are to the fore in the midst of the public poverty.

There is a large and prosperous ecclesia in Christchurch, whose beginnings reach back over 30 years. It began with the arrival of brother Scott's family from Scotland, and brother Disher and brother Morgan from London. It has seen troubles, but is now as nearly harmonious as a company of the friends of Christ ought to be.

I had not had time to land at Lyttleton Harbour, when brother Gorton, the secretary of the ecclesia, came aboard, and pulled me out. He expected others to have been with him, and could not account for their absence. There was an amusing miscarriage presently in connection with this, which afforded a little innocent mirth. There is a train between Christchurch and Lyttleton every half hour or so. Brother Gorton had taken the first train. Some half a dozen others took the second, and one of their company, a sister Richards, originally from Birmingham, missed this second train by a minute, and disconsolately waited events at Christchurch Station. Brother Gorton, an expert business young man, hastened me ashore, so as to catch the first return train. While we were sitting in Lyttelton Station waiting, the train from Christchurch came in—bringing, as brother Gorton supposed, the other brethren and sisters, but he looked in vain for them. The fact was, as afterwards transpired, they were in the end carriage: but in such a hurry to get to the steamer that they hurried out of the station by a side-door, without looking at the platform at all. Brother Gorton concluded that something had prevented them from coming, and we entered the train on its return trip to Christchurch. Getting there in half-an-

hour, our carriage drew up opposite sister Richards, who could not contain herself at findingthat the missing of the train had really given her the start of the company that caught it. I was put into a cab, and driven to brother Disher's house (13, Milton Street, Sydenham), where sister Richards knew I was to have my home while in Christchurch. Nobody was at home, of course, except two of the younger daughters left in charge. Sister Richards set to work and got breakfast ready, asking all manner of questions about Birmingham, &c. When she had got her fill, as it were, and breakfast was over and the things cleared away, the other company, who had been to the steamer and found the birds flown, came bundling in, and could not make out for a while by what legerdemain we had escaped their hands. When the explanations and the laughter were ended, we got to more serious subjects. They had been greatly alarmed by a dear brother's letter from Wellington, who seemed to propose that my arrival in Christchurch should be postponed for a day or two. They had made such extensive preparations—engaging the largest halls, distributing 1,200 invitation cards from house to house, in addition to usual advertisements—that they were afraid the effort would fall dead if the people came and had to be sent away the first night. There was no cause for fear, for the letter in question was more an enquiry as to whether Christchurch arrangements would allow of a further day or two at Wellington. But they did not know this. So they feared a little fear only to find a great relief in a telegram that told them I would be in Christchurch to time.—After earnest talk for an hour or so, the visitors withdrew, and I (wearied), was glad to find refuge in a walk in the sunshine, in the quiet suburbs towards the solitary mountains, from which I afterwards obtained a serviceable idea of the "lie" of the town on the plain. In harmony with its ecclesiastical origin, the cathedral is both a central and a prominent object. It forms the centre of the town in a square, from which the tram lines radiate in all directions. In the afternoon I was glad of a rest. I was too wearied to go to the Bible-class in the evening: I gave the time to writing—which is always liable to get into arrears.

Thursday, February 13*th.*—After writing, walked into the town to make its acquaintance: a solid English-looking place, with good business streets in the centre, and really elegant suburban roads. The public museum and park (a mile square) are a feature.—In the evening, there was a large audience for the first lecture in the Oddfellows' Hall. The audience quite filled the place—many hundreds present—almost a wonder, for there had been a Parliamentary election poll in progress during the day—of a somewhat exciting character—with which it was supposed the people would be so engrossed as to have no taste for a lecture on Bible subjects: the more so, as there had recently been a succession of English lectures—money-making lime-light affairs—which had rather satiated the people, according to report—Haweis, Haskett Smith, Aldridge, and some others. The subject was, "The Future State Revealed in the Bible." Brother Morgan presided, as at all the lectures—doing very well indeed. There was a very attentive hearing, except on the part of one over-stimulated friend, who seemed to mistake the meeting for an electioneering propaganda, and kept shouting to the lecturer to "vote for Lewis." He was quieted at last, and the lecture was listened to without interruption.

Friday, February 14*th.*—Again a large audience and a good hearing: subject "The Light thrown by the Bible on the Present Distressed State of the World."

Saturday, February 15*th.*—After devoting the forenoon to writing, rode with about two dozen brethren and sisters in a brake down to New Brighton—a watering place on the sea-coast, about eight miles off. Spent an hour on the promenade pier there, and returned to tea at sister Richards's. Much pleasant conversation.

Sunday, February 16*th.*—Addressed the Sunday School in the morning before the breaking of bread: spoke to the brethren and sisters afterwards—(said to be the largest meeting for such a purpose that had ever taken place in New Zealand). In the evening, there was a monster audience in the Opera House—the largest public building in Christchurch. Subject: "The Two Comings of Christ and their meaning for

mankind." I was thanked by many for the lecture. My chief aim was to show the Bible true: to make it speak, and to force home upon a professedly Christian public the criminality of neglecting it, while giving such attention to the phosphorescent lights of their own invention. The vast audience was profoundly attentive.

Monday, February 17th.—Received this morning a copy of *The Bible Standard*, containing the following notice of my visit to Auckland. I reproduce it here because in compliance with request I answered it, and not because I own to any leadership. I simply do my duty as a private and irresponsible friend of the Bible. It is not pleasing at all when my shadow is thus thrown distortedly from the lantern-slides of public showmen, but I do not complain. The alien—whether electro-plated or in the baser-looking ore—cannot be expected in their peculiar relation to the wine cup to discern celestial phenomena correctly. After potations, the man sees two moons or a general blur of glory, which he mistakes for something within reach of his hand:—

"THE CHRISTADELPHIAN LEADER.

"Mr. Robert Roberts, of Birmingham, the great leader in England of Christadelphianism, is now visiting Australasia, having been under the necessity of taking the trip for the benefit of his health. His admirers are naturally anxious that he should deliver addresses wherever he may visit, that they may hear him for themselves, and that thereby their cause may grow. On his visit to Auckland, he delivered three public addresses. The first of these we heard, and confess to a feeling of disappointment; for, firstly, his staccato delivery and harsh, scolding voice and manner, gave an unfavourable impression; and, secondly, such ideas as were true in his discourse were well-known to the majority present, and they were not presented in very orderly fashion. Mr. Roberts is an able writer, and has done much in the modern reformation to call attention to long-forgotten truths, albeit in his teachings have appeared some things which, in our judgment, have no basis of fact to rest upon. Such, for instance, is the advocacy of the 'historic' view of prophecy, resting upon the year-day basis. According to Mr. Roberts, 'We are instructed by God Himself in Ezekiel to regard the prophetic use of days as years.' Although he claims to have 'the truth,' we venture to believe that in this particular he has an error which very seriously affects his claim, in that should that principle be proved untrue, he will have to eliminate a large part of his teachings now based upon it.

"Yet another statement we were surprised to hear from one who might be presumed to have well weighed his ideas before publishing them. In speaking of the signs of the time which indicate the necessity of intervention of some kind to prevent the wreck of the world, he referred to the enormous increase of population which marks this century, and quoted, evidently with endorsement, the idea of Malthus and his school, that the increase of population is according to geometrical ratio, but the increase of subsistence is only, and can only be, by arithmetical progression. We had thought that no one in these days could have been so foolish as to endorse this antiquated and exploded fallacy. We hope that as Mr. Roberts journeys through this colony he will note 'the cattle on a thousand hills,' the sheep which dot the pastures, and the waving grain on the Canterbury plains, and reflect how, should necessity demand, this can be multiplied to supply food for the markets of the world. As Henry George puts it, 'The increase of men means the increase of food, and until man is prepared to show the limits of earth's productiveness and of man's inventive skill, he should be wary of a catchy but spurious argument. The fact that all the things which furnish man's subsistence have the power to multiply many fold—some of them many thousand-fold, and some of them many million or billion-fold—while he is only doubling his numbers, shows that, let human beings increase to the full extent of their reproductive power, the increase of population can never exceed subsistence.

"Then we should be inclined to question the idea of the vast and rapid increase of population. The modern discoveries go to show that there have existed in some parts of the world denser populations than now inhabit them. 'The only continent we can now be sure of as containing a larger population than ever is Europe. Certainly,

Greece, the Mediterranean Islands, Turkey in Europe, and probably Italy and Spain, have contained larger populations than now. The continent of America has witnessed a large increase during its modern history, but all indications show that nations with dense populations have existed upon it. Northern Africa can contain but a fraction of the population that it had in ancient times. Egypt, Asia Minor, Syria, Babylonia, and Persia were once hives of human beings. There are indications that India and China once contained larger populations than now. The fact is, that the theorists have been deceived by appearances. The local increase in Britain has been made the measure of the world, but this is a mistake. 'Population has ebbed and flowed, centres have changed, new nations have risen and old nations declined, sparsely-settled districts have lost their population.' 'Whilst undoubtedly numbers have increased since the beginning, it is, in view of past history, a very unsafe thing to say that the increase is as stated—a doubling every twenty-five years. It argues little for the goodness of God to have the world of men upon the earth by His will, facing the problem of starvation because of a law which is beyond man's control or influence save as he may avert *its consequences by neglecting* the first command."

To this I wrote the following reply :—

"Christchurch (N. Z.),
"18th February, 1896.

"*To the Editor of the Bible Standard.*

"DEAR SIR,—My friends in Auckland have sent me a copy of your paper for February, containing a notice of my visit to that city some weeks ago, and have requested me to write a rejoinder to it. Perhaps you may allow me a little space in compliance with their wishes.

"There can, of course, be no complaint as to the exercise of your right to publish your impressions of the lecture you heard; but there may be some exception to the evident unfriendliness inspiring a notice which refuses commendation to even what its writer agrees with, and exaggerates a subsidiary allusion into a material argument; while it goes out of its way to depreciate personal peculiarities, for which the lecturer is not responsible.

That the "ideas" acknowledged to be true in the discourse should be written down as 'disappointing,' because 'well known to the majority present,' is evidence of a state of mind that cannot be called reasonable, but of a state of mind that is bound to find fault, like the children of the market place: for, in all ordinary experience, the inculcation of true ideas 'well known to the majority present' is a cause of gratification and not of disappointment to the majority.

"The same evidence of unfriendly bias is afforded by the prominence given to the 'population question,' to which I merely alluded in a breath, as indicating a problem to which the purpose of God afforded a perfect solution and not as putting forward one of 'the signs of the times which indicate the necessity of intervention, etc.' (your words). I am no Malthusian in any sense, which your dissertation on 'an economic fallacy,' occupying two-thirds of your notice, would lead readers to imagine I was. I simply take note incidentally of a fact which strengthens the claims of Divine truth to attention, but which is not essential to those claims at all: viz., that if the current conditions of human life were to go on unarrested, life upon earth must in time become a pandemonium. That the writer of the notice should go out of his way to enlarge upon this minor accessory to the argument, as if the lecturer had advanced it as a theory essential to that argument, indicates that the writer was both much at a loss and very much in a mood to say something damaging.

"More to the point is the objection raised 'to historic views of prophecy' and the interpretation of days in certain cases to mean years. But though more to the point as a criticism of the lecture, it lacks cogency from inherent pointlessness. It is impossible to deny that prophecy in its great bulk (whether as applied to the Jewish nation or to the development of Gentile imperialism), is historic in its application. It is impossible to deny that in relation to the latter, there are appointed periods which Jesus recognises as 'the times of the Gentiles' (Luke xxi. 24). It is impossible to deny that these periods have been expressed in the term 'days' (Dan. viii. 14; xii. 11-13; Rev. xii. 6-14; xiii. 5—in the last case days in months). It is finally impossible to deny

that God himself has given us a case in which He expressly says He meant the days of Ezekiel's public exhibition to the Jews to represent years (Ezek. iv. 5-6). It is further impossible to deny that the cases in which we have no such specific intimation require that days should be so understood, since they are given as the measure of events that could not be compressed into days, but which actually filled periods of years, 'according to the number of the days' (*e.g.*, the successive uprise and downfall of the empires of Persia, Greece, and Rome, in Dan. viii.: the legal prevalence of Papal Rome over all kinds of dissent in Dan. vii. 25 ('time, times, and the dividing of time' being demonstrably synonymous with 1260 days in Rev. xii. 6, compared with verse 14 of same chapter): and the ascendancy of the Turkish woe as defined in the cypher, 'an hour and a day and a month and a year'—not to speak of the 70-week prophecy of the Lord's death in Dan. ix.—which is not to be brushed aside by any number of exhortations to go softly.

"Not denying that the Editor of the *Standard* meant and did his best, I submit these comments as a legitimate rejoinder to the notice with which he has honoured me.

"Faithfully yours,

"ROBERT ROBERTS."

In the evening, there was a social meeting of the brethren and sisters, at which, after other brethren had spoken, I delivered an address, of about an hour's duration, on the value of Divine wisdom as a remedy for every human woe.

Tuesday, February 18th.—After writing the foregoing answer to the *Bible Standard*, I went out for a lonely stroll: rested in the afternoon, and in the evening lectured in the Oddfellows' Hall, on the difference between "Salvation" as popularly conceived and Biblically exhibited. There was again a large audience and a close hearing. The brethren thought it was the best lecture of the course. They were not aware how poor it seemed to me, and how sharply I had to whip the horse to keep him on the track. I had to make up for my own dissatisfaction with the expressed pleasure of the brethren, and gratitude to God that I had been enabled to pull through.

Wednesday, February 19th.—Was taken this morning (being my last day in Christchurch) to Sumner, another little place in the sea-side—in a sequestered nook—about four miles further south than New Brighton. Spent a pleasant hour or two among the rocks with about a dozen brethren and sisters. It had been arranged I should come back by myself, and pay a visit to Heathcote, where brother and sister Scott live in a mountain corner, and also sister Flavell, whose husband is originally from Birmingham. But it was found at the last moment there was no tram at the hour appointed—Sunday time having been mistaken for week-day time. It happened that a business "trap" was about leaving Sumner for Christchurch, so sister Richards arranged that I should be taken so far on my way with this—which worked very well. I paid my visit to the glen (as I should call it) and was back in time for tea at sister Lees, where a number congregated. I was to have gone to the Bible class in the evening, but was feeling too wearied, and gave the evening to reading at home instead—a "stitch in time" which "saved nine."

Thursday, February 20th.—My day of departure from Christchurch. I leave with regret, as at every place, but some more than others. I have made some valued additions to the number of my dear friends in Christ. Brother and sister Disher and their home circle, where love and light reign: (what is so beautiful on earth as a God-fearing and God-knowing family knit together in the bonds of unaffected love?): Brother Morgan and his circle—but I must not pretend to make a list, for fear I leave out some. I was told my visit had lifted a great cloud from New Zealand. The circulation of slanderous literature had created the prejudice due to wrong impressions: and this prejudice had vanished like smoke at my own presence. I was told the same thing in other parts, which was pleasing for me to know, though at no time allowing myself to lean on human approbations. I never have any difficulty in getting on with those who love God (1 Jno. v. 1. second clause). It is smart men, "lovers of their own selves," by "perverting the right

ways of the Lord," that make the difficulty. They challenge opposition, and never forgive the wounds to pride which they themselves evoke. The Lord will adjust and adjudicate all by-and-bye. It is sometimes difficult to know just what to do. "Stick by the straight course and give the truth the benefit of all doubts" seems the only practicable line of action. Do the best we can, and commend all to the Lord's mercy, who will forgive much when done in His own love.

A number of the brethren and the sisters were at the station to see me off. We bade affectionate farewell at 11 o'clock, and brother King and I then went forward with the Dunedin express for Timaru, from which neighbourhood brother King had been a visitor for some days. Timaru is about 80 miles from Christchurch—due south. The railway route is manly by the sea-shore (east coast), through a level country with background of mountains to the right. The country looked green, and the sea, occasionally showing in the distance on the left, very blue. We arrived at Timaru about three o'clock. Timaru is a small seaport. The few ships in the harbour were decked with flags as we approached. We wondered what the reason could be. Once, on my travels a long while ago, a similar state of things in Cardiff harbour was the first news I had of a great battle. Could any great event have transpired in Europe in this case? I suggested it might be a local marriage. So it turned out—the harbour master's daughter: not the downfall of Turkey yet, or any other sure harbinger of the coming day. Yet, "The needy shall not always be forgotten: the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever" (Psa. ix. 18).

Brother Seward and other brethren and sisters were waiting at the station. Brother King, whose place is at Fairlie, a small township 40 miles inland, towards the mountains, was taken charge of: and I was conveyed to brother Seward's. Brother and sister Seward are originally from Devonshire, whence they emigrated over 20 years ago. They came into contact with the truth after coming out. Brother and sister Young from Wishaw, Scotland, now located at St. Andrews, 12 miles from Timaru, have been pioneers and outposts of the truth from the beginning. With them and brother King, and one or two others at Fairlie, the Timaru ecclesia would number about 25. Locally, they are 12 or 15, with prospect of increase. They have a meeting-room in the Arcade, in the centre of the town—near the harbour. On the evening of my arrival, a social meeting of the brethren and sisters was held, at which I delivered an informal lecture on the 60th chapter of Isaiah.

Friday, February 21st.—To-day, after writing, I had an opportunity of seeing the town. It is a neat, picturesque, wide-lying place of about 4,000 inhabitants, built on undulating ground, with pleasant peeps of the blue sea to the eastern front, here and there views of distant mountains behind. There are various industries carried on, woollen manufactures, flour milling, &c. The beach is shingly, but the water singularly clear and of that charming hue of green peculiar to the ocean depths. There is an ample park on the south side of the town—that mixture of nature and art that is agreeable: and of course there is a cemetery—beautifully laid out, but meaning all the same: "Ye people that are so busy in town have only a short lease of life: come here you must at last, lay your bones with the mouldering skeletons: but remember, 'there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust.'"

In the evening, I lectured in the Mechanics' Institute on "Unfulfilled Prophecy." There was not a large audience, but still it was a fair one, considering the counter-attraction of a "limelight" exhibition by the Conditional Immortalists, who were holding what they called "a mission"—and who make themselves more acceptable to the populace by preaching the devil, the personal pre-existence, no times discernible, Apocalypse all future, salvation in all sects, and some other things that keep them in odour with the orthodox world, while discarding the Greek dogma of immortal soulism. These are the Dowieites of the southern hemisphere, who lack either courage or brains enough to see and espouse the whole Bible truth, as revived by Dr. Thomas: not invented by him, but only rescued by him from the rubbish heaps piled upon it by the man-pleasing traditions of ages.

Saturday, February 22nd.—After writing, had a stroll by the beautiful sea. Returning home, remembering it was February, was struck with the midsummer glory of fruits and flowers, while on the other side of the world, as letters from home reminded me, frost and snow and storm and "winter drear" prevailed.—In the afternoon, rode out with brother Young, brother Hunt, and brother King. Went about 13 miles towards the mountains, within view of the sheep runs where the animals in thousands, over a wide range, have to look after themselves under the casual superintendence of mounted shepherds. There is great mortality among the lambs under such conditions, and often the grown animals perish also: accidentally turned on their backs, and unable, in their shaggy wool, to get on their legs again. But enough survive to make the grazing business profitable, except when, as during last season, there was such a prolonged draught that the creatures died by thousands, and the owners of the runs, in many cases, lost their all. Here and there were Chinese gardens in the hollows—that is, market gardens kept by Chinamen from the "Celestial" empire. They are patient and industrious tillers of the soil, and, like the Jews, live where others would starve. They are harmless people, and fairly honest where detection is easy, but not above a sharp trick: are the Europeans much better? Some. Not many. We were out three hours, and talked the whole time: the brethren thought we had not seen much of the country from the intensity of our conversational pre-occupations. We saw enough for people that were not prospecting for gold or reconnoitering for military or civil engineering purposes. We would have seen Mount Cook in the distance—New Zealand's largest mountain—14,000 feet, but for an accumulation of cloud, which came down upon us in rain next day.

Sunday, February 23rd.—The day opened in storm and pouring rain: but just as meeting-time arrived, it cleared off. Met in an upper room in the Arcade for the breaking of bread. The room is small, but sufficient for the small company of the Lord's friends in Timaru. They are larger than they were, and likely to increase. They number from 12 to 18. It is wonderful to think of the growth of the truth in snch out-of-the-way places without any organized agency to cause or foster it. The truth has no paid missionaries or flesh-gratifying organisations. Its spread is due to its innate strength and the faithfulness of its friends; and if it were not the truth, it could not have spontaneously spread, like a creeping plant, from place to place. Brother Young, of St. Andrew's, presided. Brother Young is a senior brother, who came out from Scotland over 20 years ago. St. Andrew's had no existence in the civic sense then. There was a single roadside inn, near the railway, surrounded with bush. He opened a smithy near it, and from that, other things grew. He found his customers among the farms, sheep graziers, and railway. The district is now a fairly settled country side. At the breaking of bread, I delivered an address, for which a brother thanked me with tears.—Thc evening lecture (in the Mechanics's Hall, I think) was fixed for 8.30, so as to give Church-goers an opportunity of attending, after being at their own places. There was a full audience. Subject: "The True Bible Doctrine of a Future State." At the close, a schoolmaster declared his approval of what had been said, and his general conviction of the Scripturality of the doctrines advocated by Christadelphians.

Monday, February 24th.—In the morning, after writing, paid a farewell visit to the sea and the park. The water of the sea is pure and green: the music of the waves soothing as they break in snow-white lines on the shingly beach: the solitude of nature charming: the park beautiful, in rough native charms, with a fringe of trim garden bed and summer flowers, all in bloom in February, when in Britain the wintry winds howl and frost glistens on the lea. But what is that away on the right of the beach, in a sheltered nook, under a headland? A white square object—a rifle target—at which, a day or two previously, I saw men practising: with what object? To make themseves proficient in the art of landing deadly bullets in men's skulls at a good distance. I could not but note the token: here, on this quiet, scarcely-peopled coast — looking away over a thousand

leagues of blue ocean, the epidemic of war preparation has penetrated. Men accustomed to it make light of the grim fact: men with discernment of the times take note of it as one of a multitude of symptoms of the nearing crisis when God will have "a controversy with the nations," will enter into conflict with universal man, "pleading with all flesh, giving them that are wicked to the sword," in "the war of the great day of God Almighty."

At three o'clock, accompanied to the station by a goodly number of hearty brethren and sisters, from whom I took a regretful farewell, I left in the train for Dunedin—the principal city in the southern section of New Zealand—a place of over 50,000 inhabitants, about a hundred miles to the south of Timaru, on the same lost coast. The railway route is more or less in sight of the sea all the way, and runs through a fairly-cultivated and flat country, with mountains in the distance on the right as the train goes south. At St. Andrew's I was joined by a married daughter of brother Young, who went 40 miles of the journey on private business. It was dark as the train approached Dunedin, so that I could not see the beauty of the coast. But the light of a brilliant moon enabled me to see a good deal. Dunedin is not quite on the sea, but at the head of a narrow arm of sea, which runs inland between high hills for perhaps 10 miles or more. The train runs along the precipitous side of the hills on the west side of this sea-arm or estuary, and looks down upon the glancing waters and across the hills on the opposite side. Port Chalmers is at the entrance of the estuary at the sea, and do doubt would have become the city that Dunedin now is but for the fact that the land there being so hilly. there was no room for its expansion. Port Chalmers is the port proper for Dunedin: nevertheless Dunedin has a port of its own—largely an artificial creation. The water of the estuary is too shallow to allow of the entrance of vessels of large tonnage: consequently, the sea-going business of Dunedin is done both at Port Chalmers and Dunedin.

Dunedin itself is largely built on land reclaimed from the sea—or rather from the shallow water of the estuary. The reclamation was affected by shovelling some of the smaller hills into the shoal water. There was a need for this to get a flat site for at least a part of the city, as the surrounding country is very hilly. Dunedin is built in the form of a crescent on the western side of the estuary. The back part of the crescent is on steep rising ground, which is cut up into abrupt sections by what were gullies in the natural state of the country. Consequently, there are many ups and downs in the back part of the city, a free use of step-flights in roads and pathways—which must be very trying to asthmatical people. The view from the top of these high back parts of the town is very fine. The whole of Dunedin is visible at your feet while in front and away, many miles to right and left, is an extended view of mountain and water. It is nearly equal to Auckland, and has some approach to Sydney.

The name Dunedin is of Scottish association. It is Edinburgh put into a new form for New Zealand use. Dun-edin—the hill or rock of Edin; as Edin-burgh is the town of Edin. The name is due to the Scottish origin of the city. A large number of Scotch people came out under the auspices of the Synod, about the time when Christchurch was founded by the Church of England. This was at the beginning of the settlement of the country, about 50 years ago. Ever since, Scotch people have more or less gravitated to the south of the country under the shadow of Dunedin, so that this section of the country is largely Scottish, as shown by the names on the sign boards, the accent of the talk of the people, the aspect of the town, and the nomenclature of the trades and professions. There is an admixture of English and other elements, but the Scotch predominates. To some extent, this was agreeable to me as a Scotchman, but not to the extent it is to most Scotchmen, because the truth has burnt out my national affinities, and, without making me English, has led me to put a poor value on Scotch nature as such, except in so far as it makes good soil for the truth. It has some of the qualities suitable for this—more so than most races; but, on the other hand, it is terribly tough: very conceited, though very honest: very "dour," though more susceptible to religious considerations than some fellow-

mortals in other lands and races: rather narrow, though somewhat given to intellectual views of things. I hope no Scotchman will be hurt at these reservations. Scotchmen truly grafted in the stock of Abraham will not be hurt, I know—cannot be. If others feel a stirring of the "dander," I must remember that once upon a time I also could thrill responsive to "Scots wha hae," and toss the head in national pride against "the Southrons." As I now look back upon it, I see it as the foolish strut of the angry peacock, without the justification of beautiful plumes. If "we ourselves were sometimes foolish and disobedient," Paul makes it a reason why we should be patient with all men (Tit. iii. 3). Consequently, I will not be angry with any Scotchman who is angry with me on account of the cooling down of my old fire of the kilt and the bagpipes: at the same time, I can never say "Amen" to any Scotch brother who, like one I once knew, said "the time had come for Scotch brethren to draw together." I told him it was the voice of barbarism: that in Christ Jesus there were neither "Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." He is now in his grave, with his Scotch glengarry (at least, I suppose he left that behind): and when he awakes in the presence of the Lord and Judge of all nations, he will repudiate the spiritual rawness of former days.

By the way, I have sometimes been disappointed to find American brethren taking amiss remarks that in any way appeared to question the Yankee claim to "lick creation." Perhaps I ought to remember that they naturally share the sentiments of the community in which they have been born and brought up; and that it takes time and spiritual culture to enable them to realise that they are no more of America than I am of Scotland, but that we are all of Christ, who will at the last obliterate all nations alike, and fuse the entire human race into one Divine family, who will fill the earth to God's everlasting praise and then own everlasting joy.

But we are a long time in getting into Dunedin railway station. Here there was quite a crowd of brethren and sisters waiting me. I had first to attend to the chronic luggage question before at liberty to respond to their cordial greetings. It is a curious and incongruous admixture of feelings you feel under such circumstances—like the meeting of two cross seas. You feel possessed of the demon travelling spirit for the moment—a spirit of callous and grim executiveness inspired by the knowledge that if you do not promptly and vigorously attend to personal belongings, you will afterwards be involved in vexatious loss of time and convenience, and at the same time, you feel the cordial up-wellings and tender friendship in Christ. The embarrassment is only momentary. You have, as it were, to ignore friends for the moment, and appear in their eyes as an unfeeling portmanteau finick, while you hustle in an unfeeling crowd after the merely temporary, but for the time, highly necessary impedimenta of mortal life. And having secured everything in right shape, you can then let yourself out to the hundred enquiries that are showered upon you. We stood in a crowd in the doorway in this latter business till we were reminded by the railway officials that we were blocking the way. Then I was bundled into a conveyance along with brother and sister Campbell and sister Barclay, and driven off in the dark by an Irish driver to the home of sister Barclay, the rest following on foot. Sister Barclay's house is on one of the high ridges at the back of the hill crescent before spoken of. Consequently, we had to go round and up steep roads to get at it. We stopped at a wicket-gate, and our cheery but unskilful Irishman, got off his seat, and armed himself with the carriage lamps to show us the way up the steep garden-path to the house. On one side of the path is a steep descent, down which it would be rather inconvenient to have to fall. The Irishman's lamp glaring into my eyes blinded me to this, and I nearly fell down. But "near deed never filled the kirkaird." We scrambled onwards and upwards, and at last got into the house and found the company we had left at the station arrived before us. Being on foot, they had come a shorter way. We had brisk conversation for some time, and then they all dispersed to meet next evening at the lecture.

Tuesday, February 25th.—After writing, visited the harbour, and had a lonely and contemplative squat in a sequestered corner,

by the water's edge in the sunshine. It is absolutely necessary to get away now and then from the society of men. You cannot otherwise keep the mental telescope in the right focus. Men belittle each other and conceal from each other the unutterable stupendousness of power and wisdom in which all things subsist. The universe is made up of little things, but in itself, it is of overwhelming greatness. The human mind in its right state reflects the universe in both particulars. After dinner, rest: after rest, lecture. There was a large audience; some hundreds. I was enabled to exhibit the Scriptural argument against prevalent ideas of "the future state," and received a very close hearing, and at the close many congratulations. Next day, the following letter appeared in the *Evening Star*:—

"*To the Editor Dunedin Star.*

"SIR,—I listened last night with much interest to the earnest lecture of Mr. Roberts upon our generally-accepted views of the future state, and I gather that Christadelphians teach (1) that of all those who have died from the beginning of the world not one at the present moment is in any sense alive; (2) that when the Lord Jesus Christ appears again upon the earth all who have died from the beginning of the world will come to life; (3) that after the general judgment those who truly believe in Christ will dwell for ever in felicity in the land of Palestine. I listened with great seriousness, and if I have misunderstood the lecturer I would take it as a kindness if someone of authority would correct me.—I am, &c., W. H. B.

"Dunedin, February 26th."

To this I sent the following answer which appeared the next day:—

"*To the Editor Dunedin Star.*

"SIR,—A friend has handed me a copy of your issue for the 26th inst., containing 'H.W.B.'s' letter on 'Christadelphian Doctrine,' wherein he defies his impressions of the lecture he heard on the previous evening, and enquires if his impressions are correct. Had they been so, I should have had no occasion to write. That it is otherwise is no matter of complaint. It would have been a wonder if a stranger could have accurately discerned in the mass of argumentative matter the outlines of the propositions which it was designed to establish. That silence may not be construed as consent, I submit the following corrected statement of what Christadelphians believe on the three points formulated by 'H.W.B.':—

"1. That of human beings who have died since the commencement of human life upon earth, none are actually alive except Enoch (Heb. xi. 5), Elijah (2 Kings ii. 11), possibly Moses (Deut. xxxiv. 6; Matt. xvii. 3), and those who rose from the dead at Christ's resurrection (Matt. xxvii. 52, 53). In these cases either death did not occur or resurrection took place. In all other cases the approved dead are alive only in the sense of Divine purpose (compare Rom. iv. 17; and Luke xx. 37, 38).

"2. That when the Lord Jesus returns to the earth there shall be a resurrection of the responsible classes of mankind—just and unjust; but these are very far short of 'all who have died from the beginning of the world.' The mass of mankind are in total darkness, and where this is the case there is no resurrection (compare Eph. iv., 18; Psalm xlix. 20; Prov. xxi. 19; Isaiah xxvi. 14). Responsibility is limited to those who know the will of God (John iii. 19—ix. 41; Rom. v. 13).

"3. That those who are approved of Christ at his coming will inherit the Kingdom of God to be set up by Him in the land promised to Abraham (Luke xii. 32; Micah iv. 8; Isaiah xxvi. 1; Luke xiii. 28).

"'H.W.B.' would find a clear and full definition of these matters, with Scripture testimony set out in full, in a pamphlet entitled '*The Declaration*,' to be had of Mr. John Campbell, Green Island.—I am, etc.,

"ROBERT ROBERTS.

"Dunedin, February 27th."

Wednesday, February 26th.—The day was wet and stormy. The lecture was given in the City Hall, a kind of theatre which was good for hearing, but not for comfort in lecturing. Behind the stage was an immense ante-room, as large as many a hall. There was no separation between this and the stage, except such as was afforded by the slim partitions and shifting scenes appropriate to the theatrical craft. The consequence was, there was a powerful draught across the

platform all the time, which made lecturing an immensely difficult performance. I felt as if the lecture were blown away from my mouth as it came out, and prevented from coming out properly. The discomfort was aggravated by the fact that I had put on a slim alpaca garment, in anticipation of a swelter similar to the previous night. Also I was under the impression that the audience must be feeling as uncomfortable as I did. There was nothing for it—after a vain attempt to find out open windows or doors that might be closed—but to go ahead and get through, which I did, in the full expectation that, next day, I should be a sufferer from the highly-unfavourable conditions. My fears in this respect were not realised beyond a slight increase of chronic bronchial obstruction. Subject : "The Bible Meaning of the present Disturbed State of the World." The audience was large, but not so large (every one said) as it would have been if the weather had been fine.

In the course of the day, I received an invitation to address 272 old men and women in the Benevolent Institution, which is Colonial for "workhouse." The invitation came from one of the inmates, who said that many of his fellow-inmates were nearly Christadelphians. I should have been glad to comply if circumstances had permitted; I replied to that effect. The sender of the invitation was known in the town as "Jock Graham," an eccentric old man to whom it would seem the Colonies indirectly owe the introduction of the truth over 30 years ago. In some way, he got hold of a copy of *Twelve Lectures*, and began to preach and circulate them amid the derision of his neighbours. The reading of the book convinced "John Brown, the first Christadelphian in New Zealand." From him, the truth slowly spread to others; and by-and-bye, crept over to Melbourne and Sydney, and so crept about, until now, it is all over the colonies in a certain slender way.

Thursday, February 27th.—The storm over, the day was now fine. It had been arranged I should lecture in the evening at Greenisland—a sort of suburb of Dunedin—about five miles distant. A good many people have heard of Greenisland, and have looked the map in vain for it, as I did. Strangers, naturally, imagine it is an island on the coast: there is a small island in the neighbourhood, and it is green; but it is not Greenisland, though the origin of the name. The quiet hamlet (or township, as they say in the Colonies) had to have a name, and admiration for the gem of the sea in question led to the adoption of that name. It is mostly known in association with brother John Campbell—a quiet, meek, wisdom-loving Scotchman, who is postmaster and principal store-keeper of the place. He came to a knowledge of the truth many years ago, through the said Jock Graham. He arrived in the Colonies 33 years ago, a Scotch Presbyterian, with a Scotch knowledge of the Bible, and it is interesting to hear how, while at first offering a stout opposition to the truth, it gradually dawned upon him, as a Scriptural thing and the key to the Bible scheme of things. His wife followed, but not without fierce spasms of contradiction, which gradually died down as the light slowly dawned. They make the best friends of the truth, as a rule, who oppose at first with the most determination: though there are exceptions to all rules. They are now united as the nucleus of a happy family, and the centre of a harmonious ecclesia, which meets regularly in a comfortable meeting-room adjoining brother Campbell's house. The name of Christ is on the front of the building in the ancient Greek monogram, *I..H.E* (a contraction for Jesus, afterwards transformed by the Roman Church into the Latin I.H.S., used as initials of the motto in Latin, Jesus the Saviour of Man).

The lecture was delivered in the Drill Hall. There was a large audience—several hundreds. Brother Campbell presided. The subject was "Christ in His First and Second Advents." The attention was all that could be desired. Several Dunedin brethren, sisters, and friends were present. After the lecture, there was a pleasant muster at brother Campbell's house, and the spending of an hour or so (while waiting the return train) in singing hymns. "Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." I remained in brother Campbell's house.

Friday, February 28th.—I was due to lecture to-night at Mosgiel, another small

township about five miles further south than Greenisland. It was a mistake for me to lecture so many nights running. It came about by accident, as it were. I had been written to some time before, to ask if I would lecture at Mosgiel, giving reasons why it would be expedient that I should do so. Not knowing that I was to lecture at Greenisland, I consented to do so, under the impression I should have a blank day before and after. It was rather a strain from the effects of which I suffered nearly a whole week after leaving Dunedin. However, I got through, and got over it, so that, as the proverb goes, "All is well that ends well." The lecture was in the Drill Hall. The attendance was not good: amounting, perhaps, to a hundred. The cause of this was various. 1. Shortness of notice, owing to correspondence before arrangements could be made. 2. The holding of special services in the chapels in connection with a periodical "fast"; and a third reason, which I forget. Two large black dogs were in the audience. It was all right while they lay still: but they began to wander up and down the middle passage, right before me. Worse than that, they passed in front of the platform and wagged their tails, under the apparent impression that I was addressing them. Nobody seemed to take any notice of them, as everybody was intent on listening. I bore up against it for a while, but at last they so thinned off my thoughts that I was obliged apologetically to remind the audience that it was Scriptural to place dogs "without," though they were very nice in their own place. The owners of the animals obligingly took them to the door, and shut them out; but by-and-bye, on someone coming in, the dogs came bounding in again with an air of satisfaction as if they decidedly preferred to attend the meeting, and were glad at having got inside. Another removal quickly followed, and some one posted at the door kept them out (with some difficulty, I was told, as they pushed against the door with great strength whenever there was the least chance of admittance). The lecture was on the nature of Bible salvation as contrasted with the salvation discoursed on from the pulpits of all denominations.—Brother Skinner presided. After the lecture, the train took some of us back to Greenisland and some to Dunedin.

CHAPTER XXV.—FROM DUNEDIN TO TASMANIA, *via* INVERCARGILL AND RIVERTON.

SATURDAY, February 29th.—It had been arranged that before leaving Dunedin, I should have a meeting with several fragments into which the Dunedin ecclesia had been broken from various causes. The object was, if possible, to unite them. In one case there were doctrinal divergencies that rendered union impossible (there must be one faith before there can be one body); these were not invited. In the other cases, it was what may be called old man-ism that was at the root of the trouble. The question, who should be chief, is the most destructive of all discords: "When pride cometh, then cometh contention." It is the Lord's express command to all who aspire to be his disciples: "Be servants: take the lowest place." "If any among you desire to be chief, the same shall be last of all." When the reasonable spirit of modest self-assessment prevails, dis-union is impossible; for each holds the other up instead of pulling him down. In this case, the affair was mixed up with the question: "Should women rule?" "Does not Paul forbid her to 'usurp authority over the man'?" If this question is treated in the spirit the Lord prescribes for all his brethren, there will be no danger or even question of the

woman usurping authority over the man. If the last thing is for man to usurp authority over his brother—if, as Peter commands, "all are clothed with humility and all are subject one to another"—there will be no room for the usurpation of either man or woman to come in. But in point of fact, there was no question of usurpation, though Paul's interdict was quoted. It was in reality a question of whether woman's voice was to be heard in consultation or suggestion. There was no question of public speaking. All were agreed that the law of the Lord prohibited woman's voice from being heard in public assembly. The question really was whether in the non-public working or management of things, woman's voice might be allowed a place. The question seems an extraordinary one. The Lord's law is never directed to the prescription of impossibilities. You can no more suppress a wise woman's influence and a wise woman's voice, than you can suppress the law of gravitation. You may prevent her delivering a public address: but you cannot prevent her giving good counsel, and you ought not. Though woman, by Divine law is in subjection, she is not to be extinguished. If man is her head, it is not to domineer over her, but to protect and cherish and serve her in honour "as the weaker vessel," content with the casting vote in matters of difference, which is the extent of his superior privilege. If the Scriptures appoint man as her head, they do not exclude her from partnership in all that concerns their mutual well-being. They show us women "labouring with Paul in the gospel" (Phillip iv. 3): as official servants of an ecclesia with business in hand, which the ecclesia was called upon to promote (Rom. xvi. 1-3): exercising the prophetic gift (Acts xxi. 9); prominently ministering to Christ himself (Luke viii. 2-3): sometimes leaders in Israel, like Deborah (Judg. iv. 4). The denial of public speech to women is as far as we are justified in repressing them. I have seen tyrannical and unsympathetic men wrongly using Paul's authority to put down and quench godly women more qualified than they themselves to exercise judgment and give counsel. A woman certainly be modest, but let her not be reduced to a cypher, which God never intended. She is intended as a comrade and a help which she greatly is, when enlightened and treated rightly. We ought to be thankful when women turn up who are able to help with wise suggestion. To object to such on the score of "ruling the ecclesia," is to evince either a shameful misconception of duty or an itch for headship which disqualifies for the true service of the ecclesia. No man who wants to be head is fit to be head. The headship that comes from service is the only headship that is either useful or tolerable, or, in the long run, possible. Where the spirit of exalting each other, instead of exalting ourselves prevails (as Christ commands), there is little danger of difficulty arising, and an easy settlement of them when they do arise. There were some other and more doubtful points, but these were the chief. I pressed them upon attention, and in the end, it was agreed that a new attempt should be made to meet as one body.

In the afternoon, I was accompanied to the train by a number of brethren and sisters from whom I was sorry to part. The train started at four o'clock for Balclutha —my next appointment. I was to be met at Stirling, the next station before. I was expected by the morning train, but delayed till the afternoon for the reconciliation meeting. Brother Campbell telegraphed the change to the brothers Moseley, but, through somebody's forgetfulness, the telegram was not delivered for two or three days, so that, when I arrived at Stirling, I found brothers Moseley in attendance for the second time, and in some trepidation as to the cause of my non-arrival by the first train. However, "all is well that ends well." There were two small conveyances —a brother Moseley in each. William took me, and John the "things," and we set off on a three-mile ride in the solitary countryside to Inchclutha—a sort of island delta formed by the action of two rivers. This delta is flat farm country, nearly wholly occupied by the Moseleys.

The Moseleys are a numerous family, of the sturdy Puritan type, inproved by the enlightening operation of the truth. The father (now dead) came into the country 40 years ago, from Nottingham, with the first batch of settlers, when the country was covered with bush and Maories. He was

an uncompromising foe to Roman Catholicism and Presbyterianism, and made many enemies, who tried unsuccessfully to end the conflict with the bullet. The acuteness of their enmity was chiefly due to his successful thwarting of a plan, in the first settlement of things, to saddle the land with a perpetual endowment of Presbyterianism. He thwarted the plan by presenting, along with others, a petition to the Home Government, to throw open the land in the new colony to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects. There was a more numerously-signed petition on the other side, but the Moseley petitionists, being more expeditious in their ways, their petition arrived considerably ahead of the other, and had obtained a decision in advance.

In the end, Mr. Moseley embraced the truth. which came under his notice through his sons, to whom it had been introduced by brother R. Simons, the local station-master —now located at Greenisland. At his death, his numerous family—about a dozen, if I remember rightly—nearly all of whom have accepted the truth, broke up into different establishments in the neighbourhood of one another: so that it now comes to pass that the neighbourhood is dominated by the Moseleys, and by the truth.

I was conveyed to the comfortable house of William, where I was cordially welcomed by William's wife (sister Moseley—from Aberdeenshire, Scotland) and her small and interesting family. I was ready for rest after the fatigues of the day, and was soon lost in the silent slumbers of the night.

Sunday, March 1st.—After breakfast, rode three miles to the breaking of bread at Kaitangata. This is a native name, and means man-food—that is, man as food. It was the centre at which the natives used to have periodical feasts on human flesh. The subjects were prisoners, taken in the tribal wars: and they used to be treated well and fattened up till the day of use. The cannibalism was largely due to the fact that there were no animals in the country: the only food was fern-root and fish. Human flesh was more of a delicacy than it would have been if they had known the cow, sheep, pig, or even horse. Kaitangata (*Kai*, food: *tangata*, man) is now the quiet seat of a mining industry, which supports a population of about 1,000 souls, who are housed in substantial wooden buildings, forming several streets on the hill-side, and scattered about in the neighbourhood. Kaitaganta is used as the centre for the breaking of bread to suit the convenience of the scattered members of the ecclesia. They mustered to the number of between 20 and 30—assembling in the hall of the Free Masons—Brother Cunningham presided. The strong smell of tobacco was a jar to that holiness "in all manner of conversation," "both in body and spirit," which the truth prescribes. The truth does not teach all the lessons at once. Time is needed for growth in knowledge and duty. When, at last, it completes its work, the members of the house of Christ are a joy to God and man. It is very certain there will be no smell of tobacco in the Kingdom of God.

In the evening, the hall was filled to hear a lecture on the Bible doctrine of a future state.

Monday, March 2nd.—Day very wet, spent indoors writing. In the evening, drove in the rain eight miles to Balclutha, where I had been advertised to lecture on the Bible significance of the disturbed state of the world. Counter-attractions had been provided by the adversary in the shape of two lectures, one by a lady on my subject: the other by a New Zealand public man. Between this and the bad weather, our audience was only small, numbering about 80: but the meeting was not without result, if the remarks made in dispersing were any guide. We rode home in the rain the same distance. I might have apprehended bad effects from such prolonged exposure in the wet after lecture, but no harm followed.

Tuesday, March 3rd.—Bright day. After devoting the first part of the day to writing, I was driven out in the afternoon by brothers William and John Moseley to a picturesque corner by the sea, where the Maories still live. I think the name was Mullins. The prinpcipal part of the enjoyment was in the animated conversation that took place on various topics, but chiefly Scriptural. On our return, we found a number of the brethren and sisters assembled at brother William's house to spend a social evening. I delivered an informal address seated—feeling rather unwell.

Wednesday, March 4th.—Departed at 11 a.m. from Balclutha station for Invercargill, accompanied by brother Moseley and his unmarried sister. In the train, we found sister Barclay, of Dunedin, and brother Campbell's youngest daughter, of Greenisland. They had been invited to Invercargill on the occasion of my visit. Invercargill is about 80 miles further south than Balclutha. We performed the journey in about four hours. About 30 miles from Invercargill, we were joined by brother Frank Mackay, son of brother and sister Mackay, of Invercargill, so that we were a goodly company on our arrival. Several others were with them. Brother Brown drove me by myself to brother Mackay's, where I was cordially received by sister Mackay. I had known sister Mackay about 30 years ago as sister Wood, of Tamworth. Brother Mackay, originally from the Highlands of Scotlands, was at that time in New Zealand, and hearing of sister Wood, came to see, and obtained favour, which ended in marriage, and return to New Zealand with a prize. Those of us at home who were disposed to begrudge him his victory have since seen cause to rejoice in the benefit indirectly resulting, in many ways to the truth in New Zealand. In addition, there is a large and promising family growing up under the fostering influences of a wise mother and the truth supreme. The effects are visible in a gratifying form.

Invercargill has grown to considerable importance since then. It a now a coast town of about 8,000 inhabitants. It is not exactly a seaport, but has communication with the sea. It is built at the top of a shallow estuary, which is deep enough to allow small steamers and ketches to come up to a wooden pier, forming a sort small harbour. Besides this, at the mouth of the estuary, about 18 miles distant, is a hill, called The Bluff, at which the water is deep enough to berth ocean going steamers. Here, by means of a communicating railway, Invercargill exports wool, and does a general sea business. The town is solidly and elegantly built at the centre, and prettily scatters out on all sides on a ground plan admitting of ample extension. The plentiful admixture of vegetation with neat villas is very pleasing. The town is laid out in four municipal sections, for two of which brother Mackay fills the office of Town Clerk. The object of this sub-division is to ensure that the money contributed by a district shall be spent in it. It often happens in a municipality extending over a large area, that the money contributed by the whole is spent at the centre or in some favoured part. The Invercargill plan seems wise.

There is an ecclesia of over twenty members, and many are interested. The Campbellites (as we know them) are a large body, and friendly. The arrangements made by the brethren in connection with my visit were announced in their meeting. As my stay was to be a short one, only one lecture was arranged for: the brethren intending me to have as much rest as possible.

On the evening of my arrival, there was a meeting of the brethren and sisters in brother Mackay's house, at which brother Mackay presided, and gave me formal welcome in an address, to which I responded, sitting, in a speech of some length. My speech referred, in the first place, to the possibility of my becoming a periodical visitor to the Colonies, under an arrangement of financial relief which was being promoted in certain Colonial quarters: and, secondly, to the moral aims associated with the truth, which I regretted were not distinctly-enough recognised by many who embraced the truth. I strongly pointed out that the truth of Christ would in the end be of no benefit without the spirit and character of Christ.

Thursday, March 5th.—The lecture arranged for was to-night in the Theatre, on the subject of Christ in his first and second advents. There was a large audience, in a very expectant and attentive mood: due, doubtless, to the interest always felt in a stranger from a distance, and to the additional interest created by the circulation of *Christendom Astray* and other works in the Colonies. Brother Mackay presided, and brother Moseley assisted. I was enabled to do my duty in an address lasting over an hour and a quarter, and received a close and attentive hearing. There were complaints of the shortness of my address. Some said they could have sat all night. others said they had no idea I had spoken an hour and twenty minutes, and were surprised when I sat down. This was better than the other

way. As a rule, people are thankful when a religious discourse of more than forty minutes is ended. Brother Mackay afterwards said: "That one lecture has done a vast amount of good. It has dispelled prejudice from many minds. A great many had some degree of acquaintance with Christadelphian doctrines, but they had no idea that Christadelphianism was such a spiritual and earnest thing." The papers next day spoke favourably of the lecture, but did not attempt to report it, I was glad of this. Not knowing the truth, they are not able to report it, and generally make a sad muddle when they attempt it. Brethren were present from divers parts, and expressed their great pleasure. Brother Mackay said the old fire was not dead. No, indeed! How could it. The materials on which it is fed do not admit of its going out. Rather must it glow with a fiercer if more regulated heat. It is all a question of physical vigour, which God is giving back. The testimony of "the gospels" to Christ is TRUE: therefore enthusiasm cannot die: for Christ lives, and everything comes out of that: the signs of the times: the glory of the coming kingdom: and life for ever more in a perfect state. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, holding fast to the confidence and rejoicing of the hope to the end." Our labour is not in vain, though it may often seem so.

Friday, March 6th.—Devoted the morning to reading. In the afternoon, was driven out by the aforesaid "brother John Brown," with whom I felt the double tie of Scottish kinship and Israelitish adoption. Brother Brown is rough and blunt, but true. He has a tender place for the Bible, yet a Scotch heartiness that shakes him to the bottom of the diaphram when the spark is struck by Scottish steel. He came out as a lad from Scotland 40 years ago, and has got largely into the wool exporting business, from which, however, he purposes disentanglement as soon as possible, that he may give himself more thoroughly to the work of preparation for that meeting of the Lord at the judgment-seat which awaits us all. He has been many years in the truth. He was the first to embrace it in New Zealand, at the hands of "Jock Graham," the eccentric post-messenger of Dunedin, who had got hold of a copy of *Twelve Lectures* and gave it to him to read, at the close of a tumultuous meeting, at which Jock vainly endeavoured to get a hearing for the truth. Many have professed the truth since then up and down New Zealand: but the profession has been mixed with unlovelinesses which do not belong to it, but which have stumbled some. Brother Brown desires to "redeem" the remaining time—in which he will have the approbation and goodwill of every true servant of Christ. Spent the evening in pleasant intercourse with brother Mackay's delightful family.

Saturday, March 7th.—Left Invercargill by train for Riverton about four o'clock, but having to return for embarkation at the Bluff on Tuesday, I did not feel we were parting just yet. I arrived at Riverton about six o'clock, and was met by brother William Roberts and brother Moseley, who had preceded me, and several other brethren whom I had seen at the Invercargill meeting.

Riverton is no great size of a place (numbering under 1,000 inhabitants): but it is a neat, clean-looking hamlet or village ("township," they call it in the Colonies), nestling by the seaside, up an estuary, under the protection of a bluff that runs out on the west side. It stands on both sides of the estuary, connected by a long substantial wooden bridge, which carries the railway, as well as being a capital bridge for passengers and horse conveyances. There are wide views of water and land on all sides, and mountains in the distance inland. There is an ecclesia of over 20 brethren and sisters in this quiet and remote corner of the earth. The truth entered about 30 years ago. The medium was a harbour official of some kind, to whom a sister Percy, at Port Chalmers (I think) had sent a copy of *Twelve Lectures*. This harbour official did nothing practical with the book himself, but he handed it to a zealous Wesleyan, who was trying to convert him. This zealous Wesleyan was greatly angered by the book, and set to work to confute it, which he thought would be an easy thing. But he found it too strong for him. He says that every argument he brought forward against it melted out of his hand like dry sand, and at last, he was obliged to give in. One old

lady burnt the book, that it might do no more mischief; "but," says the zealous Wesleyan, "by this time, we knew where to get it, and the burning did not matter. It rather increased the desire to have it." So the zealous Wesleyan set to work among his neighbours, and in a short time wrought the same conviction in a number of them that had been created in himself. The result was that eleven were immersed in the estuary in one day. The event created great excitement in a sparsely-peopled neighbourhood like Riverton. There was a great muster of spectators, and much derision. Since then, while others have joined them in faith and obedience, some have left both the neighbourhood and the faith; but some have proved steadfast till the present moment. The zealous Wesleyan was our (now) brother William Roberts, who is known and respected throughout the district, though considered somewhat of a religious crank by those who do not understand. He has a large family—some of whom are in the faith. He asked me to "Say to sister Roberts that you broke bread at Riverton, with three brother Robertses and three sister Robertses, the result of the leaven of the truth introduced 30 years ago."

In the evening, there was a muster of brethren and sisters at brother Roberts's, for social intercourse. I stayed under his hospitable roof.

Sunday, March 8th.—Bread was broken in a hall in the centre of the town. I did not address the meeting, because the mistake had been made of fixing the lecture for the afternoon, and I knew that, in my present state of health, if I spoke in the morning, I should not be able for my work in the afternoon. The lecture was at three o'clock in the afternoon The place was filled to overflowing, and the building, being an old chapel whose windows were nailed up, we could not have proper ventilation. The consequences were distressing to several of the audience, whom I made the mistake of supposing to be the victims of theological disgust, as they walked out of the building. However, many were able to sit the lecture out, and expressed themselves as greatly delighted. The subject was, "The Nature of Salvation."—In the evening I went, by brother More's invitation, to spend the night at his house, about a mile out of town, at the water's edge. He has lived there for 40 years, close to a saw-mill, by which he earns an honest living for himself and large family. The saw-mill saws the logs obtained from the neighbouring bush, and supplies the dressed timber to local builders, and sometimes sends shiploads of it to Dunedin by the little steamers that come up the estuary to a wooden wharf erected below the footbridge before spoken of. He has done well in his time, but, like some others, has been despoiled by misfortunes: yet survives and floats, for which there is cause of thanksgiving. At his house, met an honest Aberdonian and his wife, at one time in association with the brethren, but unable to accept the doctrine that the judgment-seat of Christ is the dispensation of life or death to those appearing before it. Had some bootless conversation on this topic.

Monday, March 9th.—The brethren had a picnic at the neighbouring sea-coast, but, as I had to lecture at night, I was obliged to stay away, so that I might conserve electric force for the evening's efforts. I gave myself to writing instead. After tea time I returned, by arrangement, to brother Roberts's house, where there had been several arrivals from Invercargill for the evening's lecture: brother Mackay, brother John Brown, sister Mackay, sister Moseley, and others from other parts. The lecture was given in a different building from the one occupied on Sunday, namely, the Oddfellows' Hall—the largest public building in Riverton. Here we had ventilation and twice as much sitting space, and a much larger audience. The subject was, "The Present Disturbed State of the World considered from a Bible point of view." The attention was profound. The editor of the local paper was present, as he had also been at the Sunday meeting. He was reported to be wonderfully pleased. Should a report worth re-publishing appear (as the brethren expect) I will insert it afterwards.

Tuesday, March 10th.—My work in New Zealand being now done, nothing remained but to embark at "The Bluff" for Tasmania. To do this I had to return to Invercargill, which I did by the 8.30 train,

accompanied by the various friends named above: two of whom had to go back to Dunedin and two to Balclutha. All were strongly desirous that I should remain a week longer for rest, but engagemeuts ahead prevented. Having a few hours in Invercargill, I returned by arrangement to the house of brother Mackay, and completed preparations for the voyage. Then, at 1-45, I took the train at Invercargill for The Bluff, 20 miles distant, whence the steamer for Hobart (Tasmania) was to start. It was a windy day and cold, in consideration of which I rather begrudged the somewhat numerous escort of friends that came to The Bluff along with me, "determined," as they said, "to see the last of me." It is so easy, under such circumstances, to "catch a chill." We were not only exposed on a breezy wharf, but we had actually to wait more than two hours before the steamer was due to start. Most of this time we spent on board the bustling steamboat, but still without the protection which some of the weaker ones ought to have had. I sincerely hope no harm was taken. The steamer was the *Mararoa:* a fine vessel of 3,000 tons, equal to some Atlantic liners. I would have felt more pain at parting, if there had not been rather more than the ghost of a chance that I would see them again before very long. I was assured that my visit had been a source of great spiritual strength, which was a great comfort to me. At the second bell, I said farewell to brother and sister Mackay, and their son, Frank (also a brother): brother and sister John Brown (sister Brown originally a Yorkshire woman, from Halifax), brother William Moseley and his unmarried sister, brother M'Innon (husband to "little sister Wood," as she used to be known at home, now the mother of a large family on a large farm), Miss Mary Campbell (who said on parting she was not a sister yet, but should be before very long): sister Barclay, of Dunedin, and some others who names I forget. (Oh! brother Brighton, Riverton neighbourhood.) Anybody else? Cannot remember.

The steamboat was slow in starting, having to wheel round by haulage; and the dear friends named stood on that breezy wharf for some time, signalling farewell. At last we were off, and quickly passed The Bluff, out into the tempestuous sea.

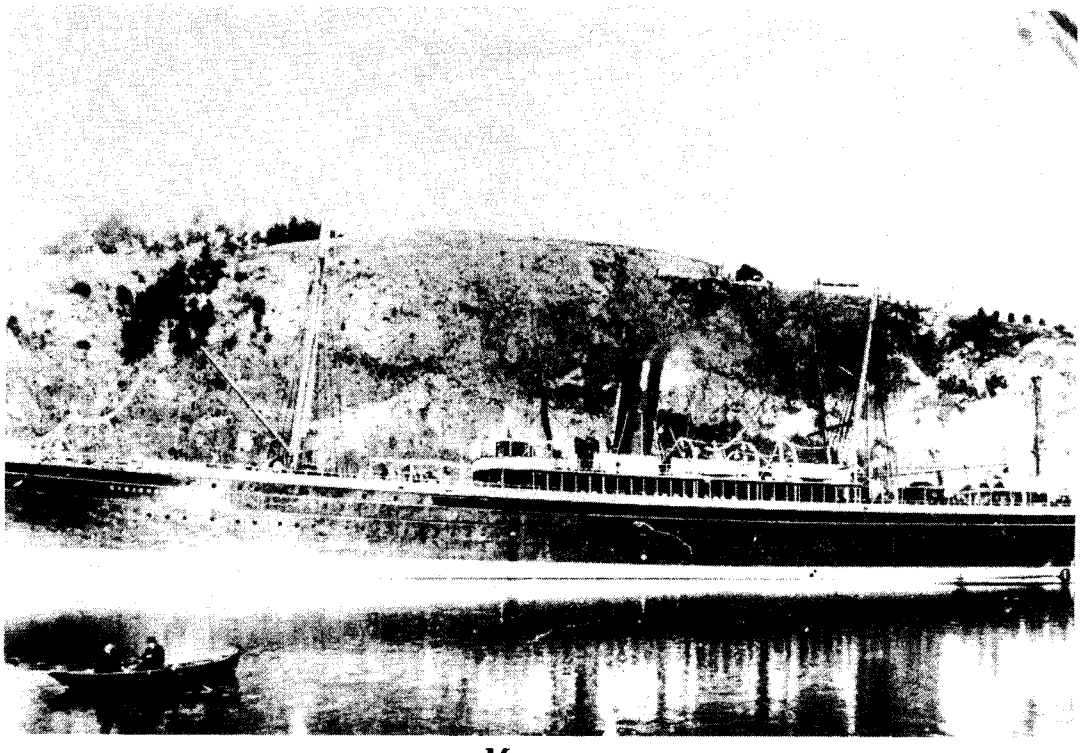
And now my visit to New Zealand was at an end. In a sense, my visit to Australia was also over. Alone among strangers, on a large steamer (for the *Mararoa*, bound for Hobart, about a thousand miles distant, was as large and well-appointed as many of the Atlantic liners), pacing the deck in solitariness, I was enabled to review and realise the work in which I had been engaged for five months since landing at Adelaide in the end of September. I had visited 33 places, delivered 61 lectures and 37 exhortations, addressed 7,53 brethren and sisters and about 10,000 strangers, counting only one audience at each place. It was remarked upon as a curious performance for an invalid, and an inconsiderate programme on the part of those who drew it up. In reality, however, it was more suitable to my requirements than absolute inaction or mere recreative employment. My trouble has not been physical, though bringing on physical results. It has been purely mental, and no more healing remedy could have been applied than activity in the congenial service of the truth in new fields. Though seriously infirm at one or two points in the jou ney, I have been slowly recovering in the midst of the work, and at the close of it, am in a fair way of coming all to myself again, the future before me, and God o'erhead. My intercourse with the brethren has everywhere (with one or two slight exceptions) been of the most cordial character, while the hearing accorded by the public has been perfect in its respectfulness and attention. The brethren declare themselves greatly strengthened in their devotion to the truth and disabused of many false impressions concerning myself, sedously fostered by hostile magazines. The spread of the truth has doubtless received an unexpected impetus, and a good many cases of obedience has directly resulted. The end is not yet. Sympathising with the spoliations of which I have been the victim; the brethren have spontaneously put in motion a scheme to deliver me from my burdens on the understanding that I will in future abstain from business, that I will give the Colonies somewhat of my presence in days to come, with-

out requiring my total absence from England. That this will be successfully carried out cannot yet be regarded as certain. The enterprise I fear may prove beyond the abilities of the poor and scattered friends of the truth, however willing-hearted. We shall see. The Colonies, doubtless, present a more promising field for the truth than England, for various reasons. I see this more clearly than I could in past times. My judgment has always been against the requests made to me to visit the Colonies. I supposed it impossible that I could disengage myself from the pressing demands of the work in Britain, especially as regards its literary operations. When the time came, the matter was taken out of my hands. The force of very rude circumstances pitchforked me, as it were, out of England into Australia and New Zealand; and the result may be a connection with these parts of the world which I never dreamt of. The hand of God appears to be in the whole operation. If I have been humbled and broken, higher ends have at the same time been served. Those who deny that a man's mistakes may be a Divine instrumentality for a Divine end, have poorly studied the ways of Providence as authentically illustrated in Bible history. It may be, and I hope it will be so, that the Lord's return may upset all ideas and all arrangements in the direction indicated. But until he arrives, the order of the day remains: "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh shall find so doing."

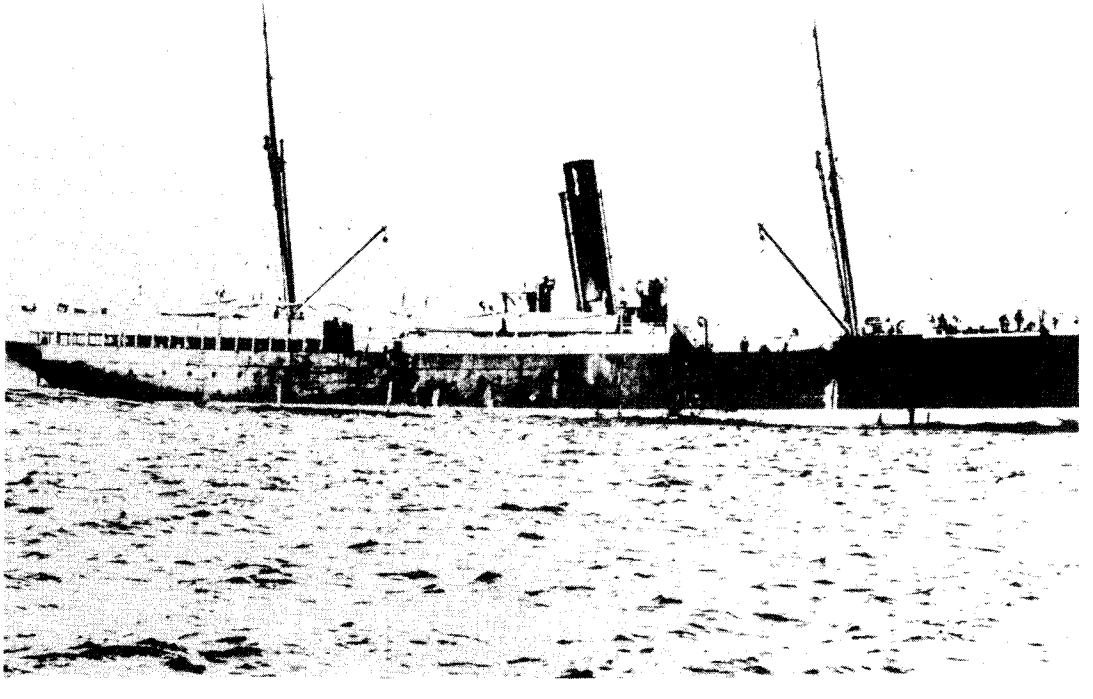
A somewhat stormy passage of three days brought the steamboat to Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, a distance of about 1,000 miles from the southern end of New Zealand, in a straight line from east to west. Tasmania is the smallest colony in the Australian group. It has a population of only about 150,000 people. It is an island about three-fourths the size of Ireland, on the southern coast of Australia from which it is separated by a channel about 120 miles broad, as will be seen by a glance at the map. There are only two cities of any consequence in the island—Hobart, the capital, on the south, with a population of about 30,000; and Launceston, on the north, looking over to Australia, as it were, with a population of about 25,000. About a hundred thousand people are scattered over the land in farms and villages. A great part of the land is still under bush. It is a very hilly country throughout, and not so well suited for farming in this respect as Australia and New Zealand. Here and there are plains and valleys, but the leading character of the country is steeply undulating—the undulations often reaching the height of mountains. Although the smallest, it is the oldest of the Colonies. It was the first to be discovered and settled. People went from Tasmania to found the settlements of Melbourne and Sydney. Its slow growth, by comparison with Australia and New Zealand, is due to the greater farming and grazing eligibility of the two latter countries, and also the early discovery of gold in Australia, which diverted the emigration stream from Tasmania. Though so limited a community, Tasmania is an autonomous state, having all the apparatus of government—Governor, two Houses of Parliament, Premier, Civil Service, &c. Once, it had an aboriginal population of a similar type to the Australian natives: but now they have all died out. The last of them—a native "king"—died some years ago, so that the country is now as purely British as Essex or Cornwall. In a geological sense, Tasmania belongs to Australia. Its soil, trees, and animals are identical: but in climate, it differs considerably. It is not subject to the same heat, and knows nothing of the droughts that are frequent in Australia. It is cool and bright, and temperate during most part of the year; in this respect resembling New Zealand. Tasmania is Australia improved as a habitable country. Its climate and products are English: oats, wheat, potatoes, apples, vegetables, fruits, and flowers. It is, in fact, the market garden of Australia. It cannot grow grapes, like Queensland; but its apples are splendid, and find a ready market both in Australia and in England. Grazing is cultivated to some extent. General farming is more common. Even gold-mining is followed—on the western coast.

The approach to Hobart is magnificent. A long, and comparatively narrow, arm

Harbour, Hobart Town



Mararoa



Pateena

of the sea runs 40 miles into the land, between precipitous hills, with mountains in the back-ground. Hobart is built on the hill-slopes, at the inner end of this splendid protected piece of water, with mountains closing in behind. The water is a great depth right to the water's edge. The estuary runs a little way past the town on the left, round a corner between high hills, on the east of the town, affording many combinations of land and water. In fact, for picturesqueness of situation, Hobart is not excelled by any of the cities of the Colonies. Sydney takes the palm for extended and diversified harbour coast-line, and snug inlets, and anchorages; but Hobart is not behind any in the general magnificence of distant view. It is a little more closed in than Auckland. With this exception, it is quite equal to that beautifully-situated place.

The aspect of the town, as the steamer drew nigh in the calm evening sun-light, was neat, clean, and quiet. The whole place, rising on the steep slope, was visible at a glance: no fog or smoke, and none of the bustling characteristics of most sea-ports. It looked a quiet habitation, a nook for people retired, away out of the rush and noise of the world. "Sleepy Hollow," some people contemptuously call it. There is another side to this. Life ought not to be the feverish scramble it is nearly everywhere at present. No wonder people ask: "Is life worth living?" Life ought to be a deliberate, dignified, placid, joyful sequence of rational exercise. It is not so anywhere at present. Wait a bit.

I was received at the harbour landing-stage by brother Barnard and brother Large (the former from England: the latter, the local fruit of brother Barnard's faithfulness in the truth). I found there were in all about eight or a dozen brethren and sisters in the town and neighbourhood. A few years ago there were none. One who came from Matlock went over to the Seventh Day Adventists. Perhaps he may return, as brother Veysey, of Taunton, did, after he had been to America, and found out the unscriptural character of the principles of that body. But temporal connections are a hindrance. Hitherto, the brethren have met for the breaking of bread in brother Barnard's house, at which I stayed: but, two weeks previous to my arrival, they had rented a schoolroom, in which they will hereafter hold regular meetings morning and evening. It is a room in Arthur Street. A request has been made by interested friends that a Sunday School should be commenced, which may also be done.

Sunday, March 15th.—The brethren met in their new meeting-place for the breaking of bread, but I did not address them, on account of having to reserve my strength for the lecture, which was to follow in the afternoon. The mistake had been made here that was made in Riverton, of fixing the lecture for the afternoon, instead of the evening. It was done with the excellent intention of getting the public ear at a time of day when they could spare themselves from the churches and chapels: but it has the drawback of being a bad time of day for either speaking, or hearing even, if you get the public together, which is not always certain. People like to take their ease on Sunday afternoons. The meeting in the afternoon (Tasmanian Hall) was not large, but attention was keen, and some interest was manifested.

Monday, March 16th.—A blank day spent, after writing, in visiting the picturesquely-situated Domain Park and Botanical Gardens, at the water's edge, in a bay to the east of the town, in the company of Mr. King, a brother of brother King's, on a visit from Queensland on the occasion of my visit. He is "not far from the Kingdom of God." He has been with the body that we know as the Campbellites, but now sees that the ceremony performed at their hands was not the obedience which God requires: namely, the immersion of an enlightened believer. God has not commanded the baptism of anyone ignorant of the gospel of the kingdom. Consequently, the baptism of such a one is of no account. There cannot be the one baptism without the one faith. In the evening, being weary, I retired early.

Tuesday, March 17th.—Being out of fit for writing, I went out early in the day, and had a long solitary ramble, amid the sublimest scenery. I took the fine carriage road, which was constructed by the convicts in the early days of the colony, when both

Botany Bay and Hobart Town were used as penal settlements by the British Government. This carriage road goes round the Domain Hill at a considerable elevation, and overlooks splendid views of land and water on all sides. To the west across the valley containing Hobart, is Mount Wellington, a lofty range about as high as Snowdon, in Wales; and Mount Nelson, not much below it. To the east, looking from the other side of the Domain Hill, is a fine expanse of water, stretched at the feet of the spectator, backed by hills, while in front, to the south, is the magnificent Bay of Hobart, and a good part of the town. The road goes through the silent woods on both sides, and there is scarce a soul to be met. I had much profitable meditation, a process of putting this and that together, which may be compared to cleaning the lenses and adjusting the focus of a binocular glass. Mortal faculty so easily gets out of fit with facts that this process requires to be frequently performed. In the evening, there was a lecture on "The Coming of Christ and the Signs of the Times"; the audience was not much larger than on Sunday afternoon.

Wednesday, March 18th.—Left Hobart by the 8 a.m. train for Launceston, the only other city of moment in Tasmania, and situated on the north of the island, looking over to Australia. The distance from Hobart to Launceston is not much over a hundred miles as the crow flies, but the windings of the railway among the hills, to avoid tunnelling, makes the distance considerably greater. It took the train six hours to do the distance. The route lay through a country more suited to the artist than to the agriculturist—all hills and valleys, with very little flat country. The valleys and hill-slopes, however, are fairly cultivated. At the last station before Launceston—St. Leonard's—a voice outside the carriage said, "Here he is," and in came a brother and sister of old English acquaintance—brother Stapleton, of Northwich, and Nellie Wood, of Tamworth, now his wife. It is 20 years since they left England: or at least, since we had met. We were all much changed: as is inevitable with perishing mortals, who are truly but as the flower that cometh forth in the morning, and flourisheth, in the evening it is cut down and sometimes sooner. They had "knocked about" a good deal in Queensland in railway work; came at last for health to Tasmania; and were now settled down at St. Leonard's—a quiet respectable township of a few hundred souls, among whom they reckon as one of the principal storekeepers. Amid all their wanderings, the truth has been the load-star of their life.

At Launceston, I was taken charge of by brother and sister Barnard, originally from Lincolnshire, England, and three years in London, which they left three years ago, not from necessity, but from an idea that it would be nice to follow a quiet farming life. When they came out, they found farming was not so nice in Tasmania as in England, and wished themselves back. However, they remained in the country: not to farm, but to open a shop, which, after much struggle and toil, is fairly successful. Their advent has been the means of establishing a nucleus of the truth in Launceston, and the truth is really very generally known about through their means. They meet regularly with brother and sister Stapleton for the breaking of bread, and Launceston alternately. Besides these, there is a sister Colson in Launceston, who has come to a knowledge of the truth by their means: and a brother Kite, at Devonport, and a sister Hopton (originally from Leeds, England), at Beaconsfield, not many miles off. There was a gathering of all those on the occasion of my visit.

There was a lecture on the night of my arrival: "Does Death End All?" There was a large and attentive audience in the Temperance Hall, and a very favourable notice in the daily paper next day.

Launceston is a town of about 30,000 people, situated up a tidal river about 40 miles from the sea. By this river, it has sea connection with Melbourne. It is, in fact, a quiet little seaport town, built upon a gentle hill in its central part, and extending along a steep bluff, by the river side on the western side. This bluff near the town is cut by a gorge, which gave the exit to a considerable stream into the river. This stream is caused by a waterfall about a mile from the exit. Both sides of the gorge are precipitous and picturesque, and

one side is laid out as an ornamental terrace known as the Gorge Cliff Park, or some such name, to which admission is charged, a penny. It is one of the features of Launceston. The town is solidly built, and appears to be prosperous. It is lit by electric light, generated by water-power. It is wonderful to think of such a modernised town living a peaceful European life, where not many years ago, barbarians roamed and warred.

Thursday, March 19th.—After writing, wandered by the river in the sunshine, discovering, however, that it was frequented by mosquitoes, as well as occasional wayfarers. Everything is mixed at present. The sunshine and the solitude were delightful, but the mosquitoes otherwise. God could give us a combination of climatic conditions that would have no drawback. He has promised to do so, and He will fulfil His promise.

In the evening, I had a conversation with an interesting unmarried lady who had been at the lecture, and who wished an interview. She is a Baptist, and an earnest religious worker according to the recognised methods. She is not convinced of the truth, but she is uneasy about it, and feels that on one or two points, the orthodox position is untenable. Her leading difficulties turned on "the multitude of good people," whom the truth cut off from hope, and the manifest work of the Spirit in their midst. I asked her if it were not true what Paul said, that "all had sinned and come short of the glory of God." She could not but admit it. I asked her whether sinners could be saved in their sins? No. I asked her whether God had not appointed the belief and obedience of the gospel as the means of our justification? I had to quote various Scriptures to get her full assent to this, and assent was not very complete. I asked, if that were so, how could there be any doubt as to the position of those who neither knew nor obeyed the gospel? Oh, but she was sure the people she spoke of believed the gospel. This introduced the question: What is the gospel? I called her attention to the fact that the gospel preached by Christ was the gospel of the Kingdom, and quoted statements to show that the gospel preached by the apostles after him was the same, with the addition of the things concerning the death and resurrection of Jesus. She could not deny the testimony, but she could not possibly believe such a thing; and she would really think hard things of God if He were to allow good people to perish because they did not happen to know the gospel. I said that a complete knowledge of the truth dissipated all feelings of that kind, and brought us to the attitude that Jesus required, which was the attitude of true reason: viz., a recognition that we were mere creatures of God, and sinners besides; and that it was for us, with the docility of little children, to submit implicity to the appointments of God, whatever they might be. We could not lay down the law to Him: it was for us to take the law from Him. We well knew we were mortal: this was because of sin. How could we become immortal, except by His act? and could we expect Him to act in opposition to His own appointments? The Law of Moses was a powerful teacher on this head: a schoolmaster leading to Christ; and, granted it were a question of eternal torments to follow, there might be a difficulty; but with all idea of that sort out of the way, with the immortality of the soul, there was no difficulty in recognising and conforming to His prerogative as the potter manipulating the human clay in His own way, and for His own ends. Until people recognised that they were but clay in His hands, they were not fit for His use.

All this was too narrow and too hard; and it went against, what she considered, the manifest working of the Spirit of God among Christians. She could not shut her eyes to that. Christ had said, "By their fruits, ye shall know them." I said she was judging the true by the doubtful. We could be sure of the teaching of the Spirit of God in the Scriptures: but we could not be sure about our interpretations of human states and feelings. She smiled a wintry smile, with a sense of the truth of the remark. I asked her how the operations of the Christian world could be the work of the Spirit of God, with so much both of diversity among themselves and of direct opposition to the teachings of the Spirit of

God in the Scriptures? The Spirit of God was a unity, and would not teach different things to different people. The one faith and the one body always went with the one spirit in apostolic times: and the Spirit of God had not changed since then. The Bible was the product of the Spirit of God, and was a unity throughout. If the work of the denominations were the work of the Spirit, we should not have Catholics anathematising the Anglican Church as a schismatic body, and the Anglican Clergy anathematising the dissenters as a schismatic body, and the dissenters standing apart from each other, and all their members thinking and saying different things. The Bible was the work of the Spirit of God; and our only safe plan was to judge the professing bodies by the Bible, and not to judge the Bible by the professing bodies. The simple rule that God himself had prescribed was the only workable rule in our present circumstances, "To the law, to the testimony; if any speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in him."—She could not possibly take such views.—I replied that it was not to be expected she could bring her mind all at once to such revolutionary conclusions: but I felt sure with her intelligence and godly fervour that the reading of the Bible would bring her to them.

Much more passed, apparently without result, but perhaps with more result than was apparent. I have met many people who, on surrendering finally to the truth, have confessed that they felt the weakness of their position long before they got to the point of admitting it. I can only hope this may be a similar case. Whether or no, the words of Christ are true: "All that the Father hath given me shall come to me."

Friday, March 20th.—Morning devoted to writing. In the evening a lecture on the coming of Christ and the signs of the times. Again a large audience, and questions at the close.

Saturday, March 21st.—Unfit to write: visited the town park, sitting in a corner and thinking. At mid-day brother Stapleton called with his conveyance and drove me to St. Leonard's, through 4½ miles of pleasant country, with pleasant conversation. He told me he had arranged for me to meet a gentleman who had read the *Apocalyptic Lecture*, who lived at St. Leonard's, and who had occupied a high official position in the Wesleyan body. On arriving at brother Stapleton's house, word was sent to say I would only be there for an hour, and if he came up at once, I could see him. But the answer came back that he could not come just then: at which I was relieved, for I was in no state for an interview with a stranger, especially one prompted by curiosity merely—so far as I could make out. At brother Stapleton's I met sister Strand, whom I had known many years ago in England. She had seen much trouble since then, but looked, I thought, improved by it. She said she had had a good deal of complaisance taken out of her, and had been made to feel towards God the sense of nothingness which he required, and which was according to truth. If Abraham said, "I am but dust and ashes," what ought his children to feel, but just the same?—Returning home by afternoon train, I was too wearied to encounter anybody, and stole away by the river, at the risk of the mosquitoes, who gave me a parting token.

Sunday, March 22nd.—Breaking of bread in brother Barnard's house. The mistake had been made of fixing the lecture for the afternoon. Therefore, I did not speak at the breaking of bread. My place was taken by brother Barnard: brother Stapleton presiding. The lecture in the afternoon: "What must we do to be Saved?" was well attended, but not so largely as the two previous lectures. It was rather a tiring performance at that time of day for an invalid, but like all mortal things, it was got through and finished. The evening was spent in further conversation with the lady referred to a page back.

Monday, March 23rd.—Embarked at 9 a.m. on the s.s. *Pateena* for Melbourne. The sail down the quiet and comparatively narrow river was pleasant. The country on each side was hilly, wooded and solitary, with here and there clearings and farm settlements. At intervals, the river widened out to a great breadth, especially towards the sea, where it became a broad sheet of water. Half-way down to the sea, we came

to anchor for some hours, waiting the tender from Launceston, with the mails and passengers from Hobart. Why we did not wait at Launceston was that the ebb-tide would have left too little water for our vessel to float. We cleared the wide mouth of the river about 6 p.m., and sailed out into a comparatively calm and sunlit sea towards a landless horizon northwards, in the direction of Melbourne. Looking back, Tasmania lay in the placid bosom of the ocean—a compact, pleasing principality of picturesque aspect: temperate climate, bountiful resources of fruit, grain and mineral: destined, in a day not far distant, to come with all the earth, into the hands of a government that will know how to deal with its unemployed without pinching the deserving, or encouraging the lawless; and to settle its beautiful valleys with a population intelligent, without being pedantic; good, without being "soft;" devout, without being superstitious—under the charge, perhaps, of some of the brethren and sisters now being developed, in dishonour, among its heedless population. Towards night, the weather roughened.

Chapter XXVI.—FROM TASMANIA BACK TO MELBOURNE FOR REPEAT VISITS IN AUSTRALIA.

(ADELAIDE, BALLARAT, DAYLESFORD, BEECHWORTH, AND ALBURY.)

Tuesday, March 24th.—(On the sea between Tasmania and Australia). After a rather miserable night—packed into a small state room containing four sleeping berths and sick fellow-passengers, we entered Melbourne heads about eight o'clock in the clear morning air, and in three hours more, after sailing up Port Phillip Harbour, a wide expanse of water about 40 miles across, in which land for some time was scarcely visible, we came to our moorings in the Melbourne river. Brother Robertson and brother Adair were waiting, and with brother Webb most of the way, drove to brother Robertson's hospitable abode. They thought I was not looking so well. The fact was I had lost my locks through a barber's too literal interpretation of my request to have them shortened. But, of course, I was a little way-worn and otherwise.—In the evening, I attended the Bible class, and spoke sitting, for about an hour.

Wednesday, March 25th.—Day devoted to writing and rest: violent thunderstorm in the afternoon; in the evening, pleasant interview with sister Hanson, a young lady who recently embraced the truth at the highest sacrifice an engaged young lady can be called upon to submit to. There is a very ample promise for every one who incurs any kind of loss for Christ's sake: friends and honour "an hundredfold," when Christ returns.

Thursday, March 26th.—After writing, was driven out in the afternoon by brother Adair to see Melbourne, brother and sister Robertson accompanying. Visited Melbourne Library, a magnificent institution, the perfection of reference organisation: besides being a museum, a picture gallery and industrial exhibition. Among the books, I was interested to see a copy of brother Sulley's *Ezekiel Temple* exposition well-thumbed. I was also shown the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," a facsimile of the original papyrus in chromo-lithograph. It was a large ponderous folio with many pages—each page showing a separate mythological group with explanatory text in Egyptian hierographic characters: interesting from the point of view of antiquity, but as regards truth and sense, inexpressibly dreary, and useful only as showing, by contrast, the electrical brightness and moral and intellectual sub-

limities of the Scriptures of Moses and the prophets. The Botanical Gardens show how beautiful the earth's surface can become under kindly tillage, which will be the law of all agriculture in the age to come.

Friday, March 27th.—Lectured in the evening on the present state of Turkey as a portent of the nearing consummation of the Divine purpose with the Holy Land. A large audience, brother Irvine presiding.

Saturday, March 28th.—Day principally occupied by a visit to Ringwood, about 17 miles distant, where brother and sister Unsworth and family are endeavouring, with a cheery heart under difficulties, to extract a partial livelihood from 70 or 80 acres of lean pasture land, partly scrub. The house is called "Bleak House," and it is bleak enough in exterior aspect, but better inside than out. There will be many reviving reversals of fortune when Christ comes.

Sunday, March 29th.—Large assembly at the breaking of bread (M. U. Hall) in the morning: theme of meditation: Luke xxi. Had to cut short remarks for the catching of trains: all hurrying through the wilderness, as it were: not yet reached a land of habitation, but nearing every hour. In the evening, a crowded audience: many unable to get in; "The disappearance of the Papal power."

Monday, March 30th.—Interview with a lady interested in the truth since my last visit to Melbourne. Likely to become obedient. Her daughter already in the truth three months ago: originally a tender-hearted Baptist, without Scriptural knowledge: now instructed without losing her tender-heartedness, though it takes a different form. Her interest dated from the tea-meeting held five months ago. Brother Middleton had introduced the truth to her notice before then, but not till she listened to the addresses at that meeting did she realise its Scriptural character.

Tuesday, March 31st.—Unable for work: went out instead. After rest in the afternoon, made a long-promised visit to brother and sister Harvey at Camberwell, about 12 miles from Brunswick, away at the other side of Melbourne.

Wednesday, April 1st.—Greatly delighted by reading telegram from Europe in the morning papers, announcing the public abandonment by England of the policy of opposing the subjugation of Turkey by Russia: announcement (official) made by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the House of Commons. Acted as a glass of wine all day, cheering drooping spirits. In the evening, lectured to a large audience on the Franco-frog sign of Christ's nearness.

Thursday, April 2nd.—Devoted morning to writing. In the afternoon, rode out with brother Adair, who completed his exhibition of Melbourne by driving down to the sea-front (splendid promenade), calling on sick sister Spence, not expected to live), and dear brother and sister Walker, originally from the States. Returning home, interview with brother Ratten (waiting us), and the reading of the March *Christadelphian*, which had just arrived.

Friday, April 3rd.—Writing and walk out alone: needful for electrical re-storage. Being Good Friday, lots of people idling about in a holiday sort of way, in a very different style from the holidays that the eye of enlightened faith can see in the future: "Oh, let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people rightly and govern the nations upon the earth." In the evening, lectured to a very large audience on the part prophetically assigned to Russia in the latter days.

Saturday, April 4th.—The pleasant company of brother and sister Seales, of Pyramid Hill, and brother Collins, of Inglewood, came to spend "Easter" in Melbourne. In the evening, a visit to brother and sister Webb, originally of Birmingham years ago.

Sunday, April 5th.—Large muster at the breaking of bread in the morning, and in the evening, a packed audience on Britain's mission in the latter days.

Monday, April 6th.—Easter Monday: public holiday: due off to Ballarat in the afternoon. Rode out with brother Webb in the morning, who showed me round North Coburg (a suburb of Melbourne) and more particularly to show me a large and striking-looking house of Oriental aspect, with square observatory tower and arched balcony and verandah, faced exactly to the four points of the compass, with the "profane places" or the domestic offices to the west: front looking east (or Oriented, to speak technically) recently erected by a brother

after a visit to the Orient, and since dedicated to true Oriental (or hope of Israel) purposes, and now named ORIENT HOUSE. I knew nothing then of proposals to be made afterwards.—At 4-30, departed by train for Ballarat, hoping to return for a third time to Melbourne in about a fortnight. Arrived at Ballarat at 8-30. This visit had been specially arranged by request of Ballarat to Melbourne, but did not go through with any great success, on account of the fewness and financial inabilities of the brethren, and the absence of those arrangements that experience finds necessary. They did their best, and when it can be said, "She hath done what she could," the Lord's approval waits. Two brethren were waiting for me at the station, but they missed me. I went to the hotel where they had advised me, by letter, rooms would be engaged. I was informed the place was full, and that no rooms had been engaged. I went to another, kept by a Jew, and was taken in. The daughter of the proprietor acted the part of the hostess. She looked at me archly, and enquired if I was "in holy orders." I suppose my get-up in neck and breast misled her, for a brother afterwards told me, in a place 9,000 miles away, that on the platform I looked like a Roman Catholic priest—the very last resemblance to which I could have any liking. How it came to pass that I should look so much like what I so little should care to resemble, was due to the innocent stress of travel. The neck-gear with which I had left Birmingham had given in: or, as some say, "given out." Having had no experience in self-provision in this line since God gave me so excellent a help-meet, and being unable to get the out-of-date articles I have been accustomed to for nearly 40 years, I had to content myself with an easy-fittiug arrangement of low collar and breast-covering black tie with the startling but unsuspected result that I "looked like a Roman Catholic priest." I assured the Jewish lady that I had nothing to do with the pulpit or with priests, but was a strong believer in the Bible, and deeply interested in the nation through which it had come to the world. This pleased her greatly, and she said she must call her father, to whom afterwards she introduced me, but with no gratifying result on either side. He did not look like a Jew, and made a very poor response to my ardent references to the Divine origin of Israel and the future in store for his nation. By-and-bye, the two brethren turned up, having ascertained from the first hotel that I was at the second. The second hotel was a busy, noisy place, of an evidently fast character. The waiting maids evidently saw the pulpit in my neck, and were disposed to make merry, to which I could not respond: evidently to the increase of their mirth. They seemed to think it fun to make sport with a "parson" in a place where presumably they would be snpposed out of place. It was not a pleasant situation, but had to be patiently borne for a couple of days.

Tuesday, April 7th.—Devoting the morning to writing, I lectured in the evening to a very poor audience in a small and sombre hall: brother Gamble, from Leonard's Hill, presiding, took off some of the gloom. I had been invited to debate with Cornish sympathisers, but considered the effort at Melbourne quite sufficient in that line.

Wednesday, April 8th.—Weather wet and cold. After writing, paid an afternoon visit to Miss Walker, sister to brother C. C. Walker, of Birmingham. In the evening, there was a somewhat improved attendance at the lecture. Still, it was a poor affair except for the beautiful things always involved in the contemplations of the truth. We always do ourselves good when the gospel is preached, whether there is an appreciative audience or not.

Thursday, April 9th.—In the forenoon spent a pleasant couple of hours with brother Gamble and other brethren at the house of sister Smith, and in the evening at 7.55, took night train (there is no other train) for Adelaide. Arrived next morning between 9 and 10 in the midst of a terriffic storm. Brother Macdonald met me at the station, and conveyed me to his elegant and loving home in Hutt Street. In the evening, there was a lecture in the New Trades Hall on the Bible significance of the present state of the Turkish Empire, brother Ellis presiding. There was a good audience. The brethren succeeded in getting a good notice into the papers.

Saturday, April 11th.—Wrote in the morning; went out in the afternoon; in the evening wrote again, but intermitted work

at a certain stage to talk with brethren who had called, and were in another room.

Sunday, April 12th.—Met with the brethren in their place of meeting for the breaking of bread; a large and pleasant meeting. Addressed them on the reality, truth, and excellence of our hope. Children a little too prominent; cannot be helped perhaps, yet perhaps it can. Sunday School is the place for children, and if there is no Sunday School, then home; and if the parents cannot leave them at home, by reason of having then to absent themselves, then let them be placed away behind, so that the object of the meeting may not be interfered with. The object is spiritual exercise, deep and impressive. The movements and sounds of children are as destructive of this as the admission of light rays into a camera are destructive of the forming photographic image. There is a right and a dear place for the children, as there is for everything else. Out of this place, they are liable to be—well, not acceptable, when they might be delightful. Parental authority is the first requisite, and then wise arrangements. Things might be worse: but it would be well to have them better by the rule that no children in arms are eligible in meetings held for spiritual purposes; and no children out of arms either, unless they are under control, and as much out of sight as may be. Enough.—In the evening, there was a crowded audience (brethren's meeting-place) to hear of the powerless position of the Papacy as a sign of the nearness of the Lord.

Monday, April 13th.—Day spent in writing; lecture in the evening on the mission of the political frogs: better audience: brother Hopkins presiding.

Tuesday, April 14th.—Took it into my head to write "Open Letter to the Readers of the *Christadelphian*," which appeared in the *Christadelphian* for July following. In the evening, took tea with brother Mansfield and family: most pleasing experience: Godly-hearted family, with practical capability of hand and eye. How interesting is human nature when wisdom rules. They gave me a curio or two, to take home. This was owing to my mentioning that I had received a request from an American sister to bring something from Australia for her scientific daughter—if only a small bottle of sand. If I had been in the mood for either photo or curio collecting, the long journey afforded me capital opportunities: but my mind was in another line. But a request from a beloved family woke me up. There is nothing so pleasing as the service of love. I got a few things together: but I regret that when I got to the place in America where they ought to have been safely delivered, most of them were in a state of ruin and *debris* from the smashing nature of the American baggage express service. I had heard of the perils of this service, but did not provide sufficiently against them in those careful wrappages that skilled and experienced hands know how to employ. Consequently my carefully labelled bottle of Henley beach sand from Adelaide; ditto, ditto, crushed quartz from the ruby mines of Beechworth; ditto, ditto, from an Australian gold mine. I could only find in scattered fragments at the bottom of my box. A sea-ball (a natural formation by the action of the surf on a fibre laden beach) was intact, but even this had a little adventure on the way. I was taking great care of the somewhat tender basket package, of which it formed a part, and left it in a secure place in an empty carriage compartment, while I slept in an adjoining car. On my returning to get it, that and everything else had disappeared. Enquiring at the guard, he informed me that finding no one in the compartment he had transferred the things for safety to the van, and in doing so, a ball had rolled out on to the line, at a spot now some hundreds of miles away. He had telegraphed back to the place to have the line inspected. No doubt it would be found, and I would get it afterwards on application at Sydney, which I did. This was greatly appreciated, as, also a small Australian bear, which received much admiring attention from the children of the Buffum Street Christadelphian colony, Buffalo. But this is going too far ahead.

In the evening, there was an informal ecclesial assembly at brother Macdonald's, for consultation as to the best ecclesial methods on some matters. The Adelaide

ecclesia is not very old, and was desirous of what people call "a wrinkle or two."

Wednesday, April 15th, to Saturday, April 18th.—These days spent in similar manner; embracing two lectures in the New Trades Hall, on Russia and Britain. Made the acquaintance of what is called "The Christadelphian dog," an animal that attends all the meetings, whether public or private, and knows all the places of resort, and all the brethren: behaves well, curling himself demurely under chairs or tables at the proper times, and saluting friends with a wag of his tail. He trotted before us on the homeward journeys with becoming gravity. He would be an example to some dogs with two legs.

Sunday, April 19th.—Large and interesting meeting at the breaking of bread in the morning. In the afternoon, brother Walkup (a tall, spruce, intelligent and engaging young man, not long married, and having the enthusiastic appreciation of the truth that belongs to "first love)," and sometimes continues to the very last love (may it be so with him, which I should say is probable, from the nature of the "soil") drove me out to the seaside at Henley, with sister Walkup and an interested and interesting young lady friend. (God grant her the wisdom to embrace heartily the hope of Israel.) The day was fine, the drive beautiful, and the conversation gratifying. In the evening, there was a crowded meeting to hear a lecture on Jewish movements and prospects as betokening the near approach of the Kingdom of God. After the lecture, the public having dispersed, the brethren and sisters remained behind, and we had a sort of farewell meeting. I told them of the possibility of my return to Australia under circumstances of which they might hear a wrong version, and therefore of which I gave them the right. We parted with mutual regret, and many declared resolves on their part that they would act a more vigorous part hereafter as the servants of the gospel in Adelaide.

Monday, April 20th.—Left Adelaide in the afternoon—a number of brethren and sisters coming to see me off; hot day: crowded station, and crowded train. In due time (at 4.30), the train started, and we were soon rushing eastwards, through many picturesque wood-clad hills and valleys, towards Daylesford.

Tuesday, April 21st, to Friday, April 24th.—Arrived at Daylesford (after an all-night journey, and a change at Ballarat). Brother Helpful Hinder met me at the station, and conveyed me to Bachelor's Home, where it was not difficult to find ease and comfort, notwithstanding the absence of some home features, which were lamented by my two hosts (brother and brother-in-law). Daylesford is a picturesque place, which I described on the occasion of my first visit. The weather on this occasion was wet, as winter was approaching with May and June, when summer holds high festival on the other side of the globe. There were two lectures—favourably noticed before and after by the local paper, but poorly attended by the Daylesford public. The occasion was pure altar service, when the day of the truth's misfortunes has to be borne as cheerily as possibly by the truth's friends. The hall was gloomy, low-roofed, badly lit, and draught-swept. There was the usual band of idle "larrikin" Colonial loiterers at the door, staring at everybody that went in. This piece of bad manners will disppear with the advance of culture. At present, it is a noticeable and inconvenient feature everywhere in the Colonies. I suppose the police are too weak-handed, or too busy with more serious work, to interfere. It certainly ought to be interdicted. It will be remorsely suppressed, with many other nuisances, under the new civilisation that is waiting to burst in thunderstorm upon the world in the near future. Brother Gamble presided, and a number of brethren were present from adjacent parts.

Saturday, April 25th.—Left Daylesford in the forenoon for Melbourne, where I arrived in the afternoon, and was met by brother Adair, and driven to brother Robertson's restful abode.

Sunday, April 26th.—Pleasant meeting in the morning, at the breaking of bread. In the evening, the lecture was in the Athenæum Hall, the largest public hall of Melbourne, next the Town Hall. The brethren had taken special advertising measures, and there was a monster audience, at which many of the more respectable members of the community were present,

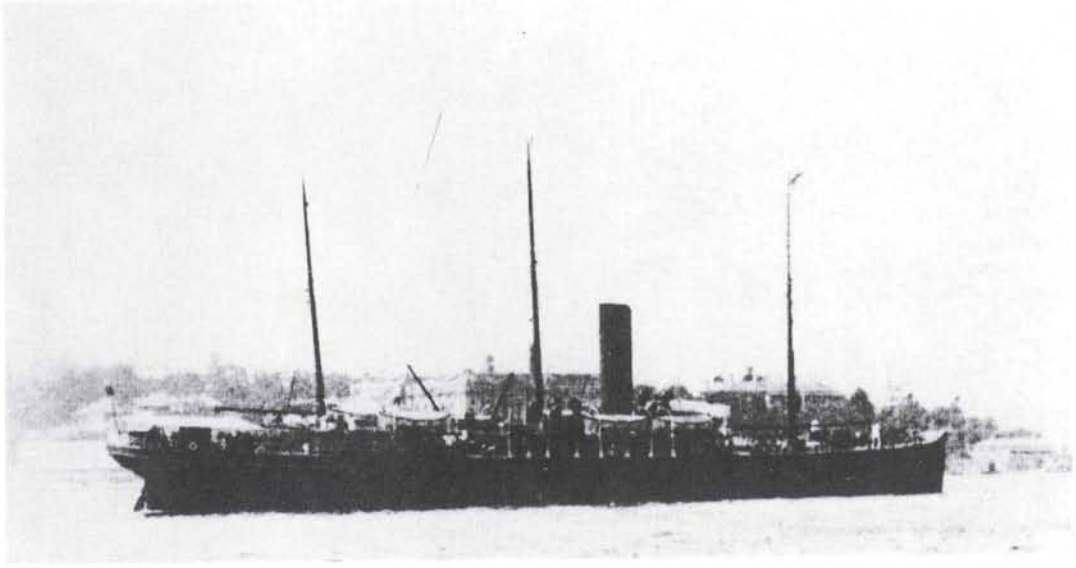
including the Chief Justice of Victoria. The subject was the Jews, in which many people are interested. I was enabled to engage the attention of the audience, successfully, for about an hour-and-a-half, and to make myself heard, notwithstanding the size of the place. There were many hearty congratulations at the close.

Monday, April 27th.—Farewell tea-gathering at the Y.M.C. Hall. Large muster of brethren and sisters, and very hearty meeting. After tea, several brethren spoke in a very gratifying manner concerning my visit, now drawing to a close. In responding, I gave some account of my experience in various parts of Australia and New Zealand since the time I had left them, six months previously; and also some inkling of the circumstances and proposals that might lead to my presence in Australia every second year till the coming of the Lord. The announcement was received with every manifestation of pleasure; and at the close, I had to shake hands with almost every person present, and then drove off, with less sorrow than if I had had to go away with the idea that I, probably, would never see them again.

Tuesday, April 28th to Friday, May 1st.—Was to have gone to-day to Albury, which is on the way to Sydney, but it had been arranged at the last moment that I should go first to Beechworth (30 miles distant from Albury); and make some endeavour to help the brethren there to end a division on personal differences, which had lasted some time. Brother Wortley met me at 11.25 p.m., and drove me to his place at Glenwood, a romantically-situated bush clearing some mile or two out of Beechworth. The reconciliation meeting next day was an entire success, for which we were all purely thankful. There was another gratifying element in the situation. On arriving, I was informed that Miss Frew, whom I had seen at Albury six months before, was in Beechworth, and that she had made up her mind to obey the truth. The news was good news, for I had heard nothing of her in the interval, and was afraid that the opposition of a large circle of church friends would be too much to allow of her practical submission to the requirements of the truth. It was, therefore, both a joyful and a surprising intimation. But there were clouds and obstacles. When I met her next day, she was in tears at a letter of affectionate expostulation, which she had received from her brother (the Superintendent of the St. Matthew's Church Sunday School, under whom she was a teacher). Various other pressures were being brought to bear to deter her from her intended course; and she was in distress. We had a long conversation, which she said strengthened her, and renewed her decision to go forward. She invited me to question her with a view to her fitness for immersion, which I did, with satisfactory results, but advised her to submit to a similar process at the hands of the Albury brethren on her return home. My journey lay straight to the place, and we went there together on Friday, May 1st, being driven part of the way by brother Longmore, and the rest by train from Chiltern. Arrived at Albury, we parted. Some time afterwards I received a note, stating she was threatened with expulsion from home if she went on with her baptism: what was she to do? Sister Dinsmore authorised me, in a reply note, to offer her a temporary home in that case. This seemed to disperse the danger. Then another note reported a pressing call upon her by the canon, accompanied by another ecclesiastic, a "Rev." Allanson, who was holding an 18-days "mission" in Albury. She had felt unable to meet all their statements, but she had asked Mr. Allanson if he would consent to meet me in her presence, and that gentleman had consented: would I come? I wrote back consenting, and another note fixed the interview to come off next day in the vestry of St. Matthew's Church, at three o'clock in the afternoon, her immersion having been arranged to take place in the evening, so that we might all break bread together next day.

Saturday, May 2nd.—Miss Frew having called for me, we walked together to the vestry of the church named, and found Mr. Allanson waiting. We at once got into conversation, and talked without pause for an hour and a half. It was a sharp passage of arms. Mr. Allanson was an astute antagonist, and he said I was the most ingenious man he had ever met: this was by way of

Members of Beechworth ecclesia travelling to Albury, during Bro. Roberts' visit



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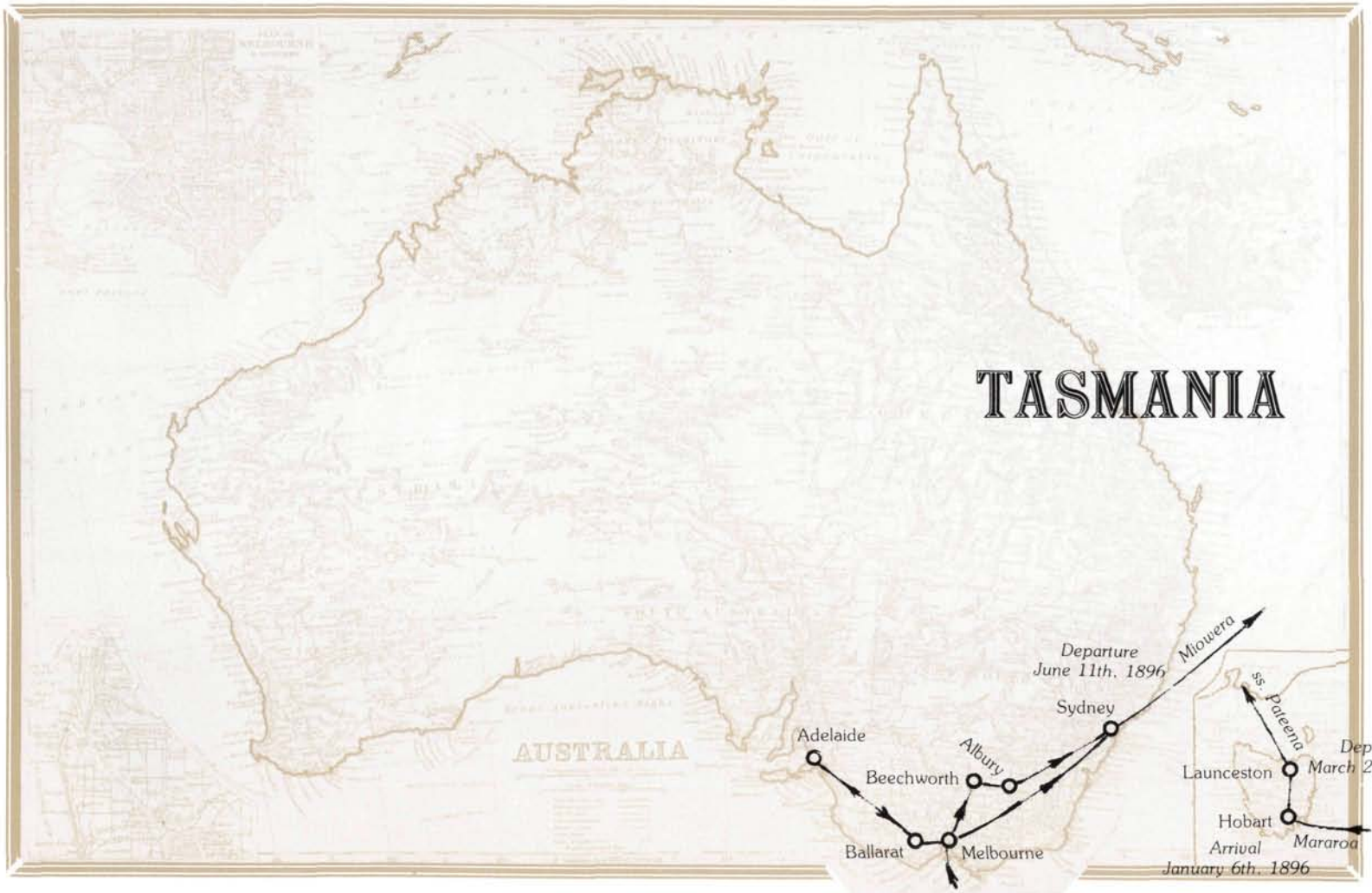

TASMANIA
AUSTRALIA
Departure
June 11th, 1896
Miowera
Sydney
Adelaide
Albury
Beechworth
Ballarat
Melbourne
ss. Pateena
Launceston
Departure
March 23rd, 1896
Hobart
Mararoa
Arrival
January 6th, 1896

taking off the point of arguments he could not answer. By the end of our talk, I had driven him into the position of disowning certain statements of Scripture on the ground that they were the mistaken statements of the writers, who though inspired, had been permitted to err. Mr. Allanson, having afterwards in a public assembly given a version of the interview in harmony with his own mortified feelings, I wrote, and the brethren circulated the following account of it. under the heading :—

"BRUMMAGEM RELIGION" AND THE "MISSION" AT ALBURY.

"In an afternoon address, on Sunday, the 3rd of May, in Albury, on the western border of New South Wales, the "Rev." E. Allanson, B.D., 'missioner,' made a violent attack on the Christadelphians, whose faith he stigmatised with great emphasis as 'Brummagem Religion.' In the course of his address, he made allusion to an interview which I had with him on the previous day, and made allegations concerning that interview that call for a correct statement at my hands.

"The interview took place at the request of a young lady on whom Mr. Allanson had called with a view to dissuade her from a contemplated retirement from the Church, and union with the Christadelphians. I would not have felt at liberty to say anything about that conversation, had not Mr. Allanson thought proper to make it public on the occasion referred to. I do not find fault with him for speaking his mind before a congregation, because it is natural he should seek relief for his feelings under the logical stress to which he was subjected at our interview. Nor can I altogether marvel that he should so energetically represent its result as disastrous to me ; because, imagining himself to be in the right, he could not do otherwise than fancy he had overthrown that to which he is opposed as the wrong. Nevertheless, I cannot but regard the vehemence and publicity of his denunciation as an indication of the conscious force with which he was hit.

"It is certain that what passsed at the interview, instead of being of the disastrous character to Christadelphianism that he alleged, had the effect of dismissing all final hesitation from the mind of the young lady in question as to the duty of identifying herself with the thing he so fiercely denounced. One thing struck her, as she afterwards said, that while I quoted Scripture all the time, Mr. Allanson rarely did anything but bring forward Church authority.

"On being introduced to Mr. Allanson in the vestry of 'St. Matthew's' Church, by the young lady (no one else being present), I said I was afraid I was somewhat of an intruder. He cordially said, 'Not at all.' I said I had come at the young lady's request, not knowing exactly with what object. He said he understood the object was that we should unite in dissuading her from her contemplated step until she had thoroughly and maturely considered matters. He hoped I would see the wisdom of that advice. I replied that if she had not been studying the matter for six months (I have since discovered she had been studying for two years), and if the proposed step had not been one commanded by God for every believer of the gospel, I might have joined him on his recommendation. Under the circumstances, I thought I should be advising her wrongly.

"He said it was a dreadful thing to cause such trouble in a family. I said I was sorry I should be the unwitting cause of trouble. He said it could not be a work of righteousness to produce such fruit: separating mother and daughter. I replied that Christ had foretold such results from his work. He had said, 'I am come to set a man at variance against his father and the daughter against her mother' (Matt. x. 35). He said it was a very wrong thing to creep into houses and lead foolish young women away. I said I was not guilty : I had never been in the young lady's house. Her convictions were well advanced before I knew her. He said my arguments had done the work, and it was the same thing. I asked him if it was not a legitimate thing to employ arguments in defence of conviction. Why did he stand apart from the Church of Rome and advocate the cause of the Church of England?

"He said I should not wish to draw away people from a Christian Church in which they could be saved. I replied that if I thought the Church of England was an

institution in which men could be saved, I would join it.

"It was no advantage to me, but the reverse in every way, to stand apart from the Church. But if I thought the Church was astray from the truth, was I not justified in trying to show it? He thought it was great presumption in me to take such ground. I did not know anything about it. I said I knew the Scriptures.

"And, pray, who have you got the Scriptures from? 'From God,' I replied.—But how? 'By transmission from those who wrote by inspiration.'—But how have they been transmitted? By their having always subsisted from age to age.—But how do you know they have subsisted? By evidence of the fact.—But who settled the canon of Scripture for you? What do you mean by 'canon'?—You know what I mean. Yes, and I would like you to define it literally. (My reason for this was that our young lady friend might not be confused by an ecclesiastical technicality. To some people, the Church settling the canon, suggests the Church exercising an inspired function, instead of merely agreeing in a verdict upon evidence which it is open to all men to reject or endorse upon examination of the same evidence. Therefore, I insisted on Mr. Allanson explaining what he meant by 'canon'). Do you mean the decision upon evidence of which books, among many books current, were the genuine books of the apostles and prophets?—You know what I mean. If this is what you mean, I allow that an aggregation of persons, called an ecclesiastical council, expressed a sound opinion as to the genuine books of Scripture as against spurious books; but they did not give us the scripture or add anything to its authority.

"Mr. Allanson said that I knew very well that the Church settled the canon of Scripture, and that we were indebted to the Church for the very Bible that we used against her. I said that if even that were the case, in the sense intended by Mr. Allanson, it would not follow that the Church was a reliable guide as to the teaching of the Bible. I asked him to remember that the Jews in the days of Jesus were indebted to the Levitical priesthood for the transmission of the Scriptures of Moses and the Prophets to their days; and what did Christ say of that Levitical priesthood.—That they had taken away the key of knowledge, and had made void the words of God through their tradition, and had become blind leaders of the blind?

"Besides, said I, Mr. Allanson, granting your contention for the sake of argument, the Church that settled the 'canon' was not your Church, but the Roman Catholic Church, which condemns your Church as schismatic. It is impossible to listen to any claim or guidance put forth on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church?—Why? Because the Bible condemns her utterly.—Where? In Revelations: 'Come out of her, be not partaker of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues,' 'All the world will worship whose name are not written in the Lamb's book of life.' Whosoever worships her 'shall receive of the wine of the wrath of God poured out mixture.' Mr. Allanson said that was not the Church of Rome. I replied it must be so in view of the last verse of Chap. xvii. 'The woman that thou sawest is that great city that reigneth over the kings of their earth.'—What city reigned over kings of John's day? Rome.—It was Rome Pagan that was meant by the woman, said Mr. Allanson. I replied that that could not be, because the woman was to be destroyed at the coming of Christ, and Christ was not come yet; whereas Rome Pagan was long vanished, but Rome Papal was still flaunting herself before the world as the woman of Christ.

"Mr. Allan did not enjoy this identification of Rome, which the mystical Babylon of the Apocalypse. Still, he delivered himself so far as to say that the English Church had an unbroken line of succession, independently of Rome. I replied that that was his contention, no doubt: but that, even if it were sustained, it does not prove the Church of England the Church of Christ, unless it could be shown that the doctrines of the Church of England were the doctrines of the original Church of Christ. I submitted that this could not be shown, but that the reverse could be shown. He (Mr. Allanson), for example, taught the Greek doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Yes, he believed man in his inner being was immortal. Paul, I answered, taught that

man was mortal, because of sin : that death had entered the world of mankind through disobedience (Rom. v. 12). Yes, said he : that is moral decomposition. No : physical dissolution, please, Mr. Allanson . death of the body.—Where does it say so? 'The body is dead because of sin' (Rom. viii. 10). Mr. Allanson replied that physical dissolution was the result of moral decomposition. I said that the testimony of Moses in Gen. iii. proved that death was physical dissolution : 'Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return.' But it was to be 'on the day that thou eatest,' said Mr. Allanson. Yes, on the very day of transgression, he came under the power of death by sentence. The sentence must be taken as the meaning of the death threatened : and it was a sentence of death, 'Whereas, Mr. Allanson, you say there is no such thing as death.'

"Mr. Allanson said it was true he did not believe that man in his essential being could not die.—Then you and the Bible are at issue. The Bible said, 'The dead know not anything.' 'In death there is no remembrance of thee' (Ecc. ix. 5). What did he understand by those statements? He said they were not full revelations. I replied that did not meet the case ; here was a statement of fact : the dead knew nothing : that was either true or false ; which did he say it was? Oh, no doubt the writers thought that death was destruction.—Was it a mistake then?—They did not know all that time.—I said it was not a question of knowing all ; it was a question of whether what they said was true : was it truth or error to say that the dead knew nothing?—It was a mistake.—God, I asked, allowed inspired men to make a mistake?—(*Timidly*) Yes.—That will do, I said. You see, I said to Miss ——, you see where we are. Mr. Allanson says, inspiration can err. We say the Bible is the inspired and infallible word of God.

"Such a theory of inspiration, said Mr. Allanson, has made more infidels than any other cause. I replied, I was not afraid to maintain such a theory. I had been a daily reader of the Bible for nearly 50 years. and I had grappled with the leading champion of unbelief for six nights on a public platform and knew all the bearings of the question, and was prepared frankly to maintain a full belief in the inspiration and Divine authority and truth of the whole Scriptures.

"At this point, we both seemed to think it was no use going further, but Mr. Allanson made further remarks which prolonged our conversation a little. He said I knew nothing of the original languages, and that it was impossible that I could judge of the Scripture. I said, I had not said I knew nothing of the original languages ; I knew enough of them to judge of their import in disputed cases, though I might not know so much as those who had made the languages a study. But even if I had been ignorant, as he alleged, it would not have disqualified me for judging of the meaning of Scripture in the presence of a universally circulated English translation. Mr. Allanson said the English translation had many flaws. But, said I, there has been a Revision : do you say the Revisers have failed to give us the sense of the original? If so, how can any man profess to give the sense ; can you? Do you profess to be more learned than the body of the Revisers? If the Bible had been locked up in the original tongues, there might be some weight in the stress laid upon a knowledge of them, the original tongues. But now that every Englishman could read in his own tongue the wonderful works of God, it did look like trifling to make so much of the original languages.

"He said I evidently did not understand the meaning of the word *baptise* : it did not mean immerse. I granted there was more in baptism than immersion, but said it included immersion, though you might have immersion without baptism. Baptism was originally a dyer's word, descriptive of the process by which clothing fabrics were changed from one colour to another. The articles were not merely immersed in the dyer's bath, but were changed in colour by the immersion. I said I thought it was a very fitting term to employ in denoting a ceremony that was not only a burial, but that effected a change of relation in God, in the person baptised. But though it expressed the idea of change, it certainly involved the idea of immersion. Mr. Allanson asked if the Israelities who who were 'baptised unto Moses in the cloud and the sea' were immersed in them? I

said, certainly, they were covered. What, in the sea? Yes, when they entered the Red Sea, they were hidden from sight for the time being by the sea wall on either side, and so with the cloud that stood over them as they emerged on the other shore.

"Mr. Allanson said, what about washing or baptising the hands? *Answer:* The hands were immersed in the water. What about the sop that was handed to Judas? *Answer:* The part that was dipped was immersed. Mr. Allanson would not have it, but could not confute it. Why, Mr. Allanson, said I, it must be so. Paul says, baptism is 'a likeness' of the death of Christ. (Rom. vi. 4): in what way would sprinkling or pouring be 'a likeness' of the death of Christ? Immersion is a complete likeness. Paul says we are 'buried with him by baptism unto death.' Can we be buried in sprinkling or pouring? Mr. Allanson said the sprinkling or pouring signified the death of Christ. I reminded him that Paul said 'likeness,' which was different from significance.

"Mr. Allanson laid great stress on the authority of the Church. I laid my stress on the Bible, as the literary embodiment of the voice of God. God himself has said, 'If any man speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in him' (Isa. viii. 20); and that, though an angel from heaven should preach any other gospel, we are to regard him as accursed (Gal i. 8).

"A true Church was the creation of the truth believed—the mere sum total of the persons believing what had been revealed by inspiration in prophet and apostle—speaking for Christ. It was not in itself an authority; and when it ceased to hold the truth, it ceased to be a Church at all; for a Church was the assembly of those called out of the world by the truth.

"Mr. Allanson contended for a continuity of Church authority by the laying on of the hands of the Apostles? (Acts xiii. 3). Yes, but there had been a previous nomination and appointment by the Holy Spirit (see verse 2). The laying on of hands was the ceremonial endorsement of the work of Paul and Barnabas, as far as the apostles were concerned. It was a voluntary and friendly act of fellowship. It was not the creation of the authority by which Paul and Barnabas went forth. It had not the legal virtue in it, that is imputed to 'holy orders' by the ecclesiastical system.

"Mr. Allanson reminded me that 'through the laying on of the hands of the apostles, the Holy Spirit was given' (Acts viii. 18). Yes, but that is inapplicable to the case of sending out Paul and Barnabas, who had the Holy Spirit previously. The statement must be understood in the sense in which it is affirmed. It was made concerning those in Samaria, who had been unbelievers, and who had just submitted to the truth at the hands of Philip (see Acts viii. 12). The apostles, hearing of their submission, came down from Jerusalem, and laid their hands on them that they might receive the Holy Spirit. Its presence was shown by the manifestation of miraculous gift (Acts x. 46). It was an impartation of power for the confirmation of the testimony of the apostles (Heb. ii. 4). This was a totally different thing from laying on of episcopal hands which imparted no gift, but merely a human permission to be a preacher in a certain Church.

"Mr. Allanson said I knew nothing about it. There was an unbroken line of succession from the apostolic age in the Church of England. Yes, Mr. Allanson, I said: that is your conviction, but you must remember that the Pope does not allow your claim; you set aside the Pope's demur by the exercise of your own judgment; and you cannot object to my subjecting your claim to a similar process. Mr. Allanson said I knew nothing about it. The Pope did not disallow the orders of the Church of England. In the event of the Church of England going over to Rome, the Church of England clergy would not require re-ordination.—Ah, yes, in the event of her going over; but while she was outside the Roman pale, the Pope did not recogise Anglican orders; and therefore, the question came back: how were the conflicting claims to be settled? The only tenable answer was, by the testimony of the word of God.

"According to your reading of it? said Mr. Allanson. I replied, 'I can only judge for myself; do you not do the same? Do you allow any man to judge for you?' 'Then you say,' he rejoined, 'that all the Churches are wrong, and that your miserable

sect alone will be saved.' I say I find Christendom astray from the Bible.' 'And that your sect is the only one that is right?' 'I make nothing of our sect; leave that out on account, we are only men and women receiving and conforming to the word of God.' 'Then it is you alone, you are the one person against all the world?' 'No, that's your objectionable way of putting it. I am nothing, but the word of God is everything, and on that I stand, if all the world is against it.'

"This is not a verbatim report, of course. The conversation lasted nearly an hour and a half, and there was no reporter present; but this is the substance of what passed. I said to Mr. Allanson, in parting, that it would be a great relief to me to find at last that the Churches were acceptable to God; but that with the Bible in hand, as the only present source of enlightenment concerning His will, I was obliged to entertain the reservations that so shocked him.

"And I say so that those who may read this paper. It is a constant sorrow to me to see so many well-meaning and intelligent people surrendering themselves to mere tradition, and blindly following the leadership of a merely human authority, instead of studying the Bible for themselves, to see what are the doctrines of truth. If they were acquainted with the Bible, then, instead of being shocked at the idea of Christendom being astray, they would see that it must be so, for its prophecies to be true. Paul foretold that the Christians of the next generation after him would turn away from the truth and be turned to fables (Acts xx. 29-30; 2 Tim. iv. 4), and that a false Church with branches would hold all the world in thraldom, and reduce the population to a state of spiritual inebriation (Rev. xvii. 1, 4, 15, 16), that the spiritual imposture would flourish till it should be destroyed with the brightness of the Lord's coming (2 Thes. ii. 7-8), and that intense darkness should brood upon the earth till the very moment of the manifestation of the glory of the Lord (Israel lx. 2).

"What was foretold had come to pass, and it renders the position of those who stand aloof from the foretold darkness a very onerous, a very distressing, one—distressing, not only on account of the enmity felt towards them by those who remain in the darkness, but on account of the spectacle of a world deceived by spiritual falsehood and walking, as some of them think, in the way of the Lord. The prophecy has been fulfilled, which says that God should send on the Christian community 'strong delusion that they should BELIEVE a lie' because 'they received not the love of the truth' (2 Thes. ii. 10-12).

"That it is a Divinely-permitted state of things does not lessen the 'continual sorrow of heart,' that it causes as in the case of Paul with Israel's blindness (Rom. ix. 2-3). They can only do their best in all humility, but with all firmness, to call attention to the teaching of the obedience to the command, 'Let him that heareth say come' (Rev. xxii. 17).

"The number of those whose eyes are being opened is increasing. It will increase more and more if the people begin to ask for Scripture evidence in place of priestly dogmatism at the hands of their teachers I heard of a young lady saying, 'I wish our clergy would get up a statement of our faith, with all the Scripture proofs set forth after each proposition, like the *Declaration* put out by the Christadelphians.' The answer, I was told, was given by another young lady, was more to the point than most Church people would be disposed to allow: 'They cannot do it; their beliefs are not in the Bible: they are of Church invention.'

"I believe that nothing would do so much to open the people's eyes to the unscripturalness of clerical theology as any attempt to act on the young lady's suggestion. Any one desirous of seeing the publication referred to (the *Declaration*) may gratify their desire on application to Mr. G. W. Dinsmore, merchant tailor, Albury, N.S.W.

"This is sent forth with best wishes for all concerned.

"ROBERT ROBERTS.

"Beechworth, Victoria,
"5th May, 1896."

The effect of the interview with Mr. Allanson was to dispel the last lingering hesitation from Miss Frew's mind; and she told her mother that whatever the conse-

quences might be, she intended to be baptised that evening. Her mother came to the baptism, which was performed in an empty house having a bath, next door to brother Eberle's. The mother was in a very unfriendly mood, and said if she had known in time, she would have roused the town against us. It was well she did not: we were able to hold our meeting in peace. Being Saturday night, the brethren were unable to be present, and I had to perform the ceremony. Five sisters were present, and Mrs. Frew, who would not sit down or reciprocate a single courtesy. We held the meeting in brother Eberle's house—reading Rom. vi., with remarks, followed by thanksgiving and supplication. After the immersion, we again prayed together. Mrs. Frew declared we had no right to baptise, and that the whole performance was an indecency. We could but bear the unpleasantness, thankful that the enemy had not been permitted to prevail to the interference of Miss Frew's obedience.

Sunday, May 3rd to Thursday, May 7th. —A number of the brethren came over from Beechworth, and we had a very pleasant breaking of bread in the brethren's meeting-place: Miss Frew, now sister Frew, taking part. Brother Collins, of Inglewood, was present. He was in Beechworth for several days, and took occasion of Mr. Allanson's out-of-door "mission" efforts to present the truth to the same audience before their dispersal. I lectured in the evening to a well-filled room on so-called "Brummagem Religion." On the following morning, I accompanied the Beechworth company back to Beechworth in their wagon. This was according to promise. I had been invited several months previously to make a second visit to Beechworth, but had felt that in their divided state, there was a block in my way. I, therefore, omitted it from my programme of re-visits. The hurried visit at the last moment for attempted reconciliation was an Albury suggestion, and when I made the visit, I promised if the reconciliation was effected, that I would come back after being at Albury—the postponement of the sailing of the *Miowera*, from May 18th to June 1st, admitting of it. I now went back, according to the promise, to have the pleasure of intercourse on the basis of agreement. "Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for the brethren to dwell together in unity." The drive of 30 miles was through the picturesque hilly country before described We had a halt half way for lunch, the same as on the former occasion, but we did not make the journey in so short a time, as it was mostly uphill. We started about ten, and arrived at five. Rain marred our drive towards the end. Much pleasant conversation beguiled the time. When we arrived, those at home were anxious to hear how we had got on about Miss Frew. All were highly gratified with the report we had to present. I spent two days with the brethren at Beechworth. I wrote the foregoing report of the Allanson interview in the garden booth. Two other incidents while I was there were a fully-attended reunited Bible class in brother Ladson's house; and a funeral (a baby of brother and sister Longmore's), which I attended on the principle of "weeping with those who weep." I returned to Albury on the Wednesday morning, being driven to Chiltern (perhaps 15 miles away, among the mountains) by brother Longmore, and making the rest of the journey from the railway station there. In the evening, there was a Bible-class at brother Dinsmore's, which sister Frew attended.—Next day, I had a long walk with sister Frew, and much pleasing intercourse on spiritual things. Her state of mind is illustrated in a letter since received, in which she says: "Who am I to go to if I leave God (as now revealed to me in His word)? Before I was in the truth, I often wondered what was the use of trying to be good. I often failed, and others who did not try to serve God seemed to get on better than I did; yet I could not leave off trying. It was so bound up in my life to acknowledge Him in all my ways that I could not leave Him out, so if I did fail for a little, I sought him again with tears. How much more now, when it is not merely feeling but solid fact and truth that I stand on. I feel as if I had been in a desert for years, and had at last got into paradise with food just to my taste. The truth is more glorious as I get to know it. Yet I hunger after the knowledge of God as I never did before. I do not think there is much fear of my

leaving Him now, because I love Him, and wish to be with Christ for ever."

In the evening, I lectured to a large audience on apostolic truth in contrast with clerical theology, after which I took my departure by the night train for Sydney. I was introduced to the driver of the train before leaving Albury. It was interesting to be informed that he heard me lecture many years ago in Huddersfield, and was interested in the truth, which he is likely to embrace, along with his family. His name, I think, was Kaye.

Chapter XXVII.—FROM SYDNEY TO THE FIJI ISLANDS, ACROSS THE PACIFIC

FRIDAY, May 8th, to Saturday, May 10th.—I arrived in Sydney at 11.40 a.m.—brother Jackson, brother Bell, brother Gardner (of Newry Bar), and others waiting. The day very wet. This is winter, you see, in Australia. It is not like winter in England, but it is different from the bright and hot Australian summer. The sky is overcast: it is cool — not unpleasantly so, and there is rain-drip—no frost and show. Even the rain-drip is intermitted with intervals of sunshine and blue sky. The brethren put me in a cab, with my "things," for "Osborne" house, Marrickville: and went their several ways. This was acceptable, after the fatigues of a night journey. Lectures and papers waiting me at home required my attention during the day. In the evening, there was a conference of the brethren, on matters of business arrangement. There was an extraordinary advertisement in the papers for next day's lecture. An acrostic "Robert Roberts" down one side, and "Bible Defender" down the other; and between the two lines of letters, variations of the subject to be spoken of. I rather think the idea was taken from the advertisement of the Melbourne lecture on the Jews. In the Melbourne advertisment, the acrostic was the letters of the alphabet up to a certain letter, with various statements and quotations about the Jews after each letter. The arrangement was ingenious and striking, and the audience immense in both cases. The Sydney subject was, "The present attitude of the public towards the Bible, inconsistent with its admitted character, as a true record of facts and a revelation of Divine ideas."

The succeeding week was much of a holiday, as regards platform work. The brethren had arranged it in view of the incessant labour of the previous seven months, and in view of the further postponement of the sailing of the *Miowera*, which was now fixed to start on the 10th of June—which would allow of a breathing time before the special lectures advertised for the finishing two weeks. A good deal of work, however, of of one kind or another, was squeezed into the time. On Monday, I met brother Firth, who was up from Melbourne, and conferred with him and brother Colborne on the legal bearings of a certain munificent proposal of the former's, in the event of my consenting to give a good part of my time to Australia in the days that may remain to me of labour. Tuesday, I devoted to writing; Wednesday, the same, with the Bible class to finish with; Thursday, writing; Friday, a lecture in Marrickville, with a charge of silver admission, money to be entirely given to a fund being raised to provide a local Cottage Hospital: (This was brother Jackson's idea, by way of getting respectable suburban residents within hearing of the truth.) It was not much of a success as regards this. The audience was mostly composed of brethren and sisters from various parts of Sydney. A few strangers were present: the Hospital

got the sixpences all the same, and sent an effusive vote of thanks, to which the lecturer, if they had known, was not entitled. – On Saturday, I went with brethren Gardner and brother Killop, sister Hooper and sister Bell, to Manly beach—a pleasant resort at the mouth of the Harbour. Our intercourse was of an exceedingly agreable and profitable character.

Sunday, May 17th, to *Saturday, May 23rd.*—Lecture in the Oddfellows' Hall, about a thousand people present : "The Condition of the Turkish Empire as a Sign of the Approaching Maturity of God's Revealed Purpose on the Earth."—*Monday :* A visit to the Botanical Gardens with brother Gardner.—*Tuesday :* Letters and proof-reading—(I had written out the substance of the lectures given in Melbourne and Adelaide on "The Signs of the Times," in compliance with request for publication, and was getting them through the press before my departure). The printer made a slow and a poor job of it. I had to have them re-printed in Birmingham. The Australian edition was called *The Gathering Storm ;* the English edition, *A Look Round the Troubled World.*—*Wednesday :* A visit to Fairfield, brother Barton's pleasant residence, about 20 miles south-west from Sydney : a day of extremely enjoyable intercourse with him and his family : nearly all heartily and joyously in the truth.—*Thursday :* Writing : evening, lecture to large audience on the frog-sign (the armed state of the nations).—*Friday :* Writing first part of the day : visit to the Gardens, with brother Gardner : and, in the evening, the requested meeting with those who had gone out some two years ago, with brother Bayliss, and representatives of the ecclesia, with a view to reconciliation, if possible. A foundation laid : how it worked out afterwards I have not yet heard.—*Saturday :* Writing : wet day : went to keep appointment with brother Dulvey, who wanted to show me Sydney Museum. Did not meet said brother, through a misunderstanding as to precise point of rendezvous. Went another day and found the place closed : gave it up with resignation.

Sunday, May 24th, to Thursday, May 28th.—Lecture to large audience in Oddfellows' Hall, on the place assigned to Russia in the prophetic programme of the latter-days.—MONDAY, wrote farewell to Colonial brethren, for publication in the *Shield*, as follows :—

"FAREWELL.

"Sydney, 25th May, 1896.

"MY DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS,—

"In a few days, I shall be setting sail for Vancouver, on my return home, and it occurs to me to write a few words of farewell before going. I depart with very different feelings from those with which I landed on the shores of Australia about eight months ago. My health is almost entirely restored, and this alone makes a great difference to one's spirits. Besides this, God has permitted my ideas and prospects a revival and enlargement that open before me a new world by comparison. When I landed, it was with a feeling that my day was over and my work done. As I depart, I look back upon a busier and more effectual work for the truth than I have done during any previous eight months of my life ; and forward to a wider door of utterance and a more fruitful field of ministration among the saints than I have been permitted to use at any time in the past.

"I render thanks to God for all His mercy to me, and it is impossible that I can forget the thanks that are due to His servants throughout the Colonies who have been the instruments of His goodness to me, especially those brethren in Sydney to whose organising energy and enterprise the whole development has been due. I cherish a comforting and loving memory of all among whom I have been. They were unknown to me twelve months ago. Australia was a mere geographical term to my imagination, and New Zealand, the last melancholy outpost of civilisation, with dreary prospect towards the realm of storm and snow environing the south pole. Now, both are peopled and smiling lands, in which the hope of Israel is as warmly fostered as in the Isles of Tarshish. I have a whole portrait gallery lining the inner walls of my mind, of men and women under Colonial skies, whose faith, and love, and steadfastness, and joy in God will form a powerful addition to the consolation and support derivable from fellow-servants in all part of the world.

"The only drawback to the perfect satisfaction with which I look back upon my eight months' Colonial sojourn is connected with the fact that I have become a burden instead of an easer of burdens to others. How much this is contrary to the leading bent of my mind is known to God. I had purposed and aimed, and laboured at helping others, and lo! I fell into a pit of woe, in which I have become a cause of only adding to already grevious burdens. This fact galls me sorely. It is the one point on which I could be hurt and humbled. Enemies smile a satirical smile, but friends know the truth of what I allege. I can but submit to the humiliation, in the thankful language of David, 'The Lord hath chastened me sore, but hath not given me over to death. I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.' I acknowledge my unworthiness before God, though disclaiming utterly the things imputed to me by those who do not understand. Nothing but the dire experiences that befell me in England could have brought me to the Colonies. Whatever good may have come out of my visit may therefore, without presumption, be taken as pointing to a providential origin in those experiences. God knows how to involve our ways to bring about His ends with us.

"In an 'open letter,' which ought to appear in the July number of the *Christadelphian*, I have spoken freely of general impressions. If I appear in the attitude of a critic at all, I can sincerely say with Paul that it is only excellence of the brethren I desire to see established, and that 'we are glad when we are weak and ye are strong.' I have no delight in fault-finding, but sometimes it is necessary to point to a better way.

"While the prospect of returning home is naturally a pleasant one, my departure from the Colonies would be a cause of sorrow not far short of acute, if it were not for something like an assured prospect that I will return at no very distant time if the Lord's absence continue. The probability is that I will become a resident in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, as a central point at which I shall be within easy visiting distance of any part of the colonies. This is due to the munificence of a brother who offers me a house for life if I will come. To this home I shall probably bring sister Roberts and our daughters. But though resident in Australia, I would not be permanently present in this part of the world. I would become a visitor to England, where I would spend every second year so long as the Lord may continue absent. I would thus divide my time between England and the Colonies. Such is the prospect developing. Some points of detail are as yet in fog, but no doubt they will clear up as time advances. An Australian edition of the *Christadelphian* is a thing I would try to arrange for, so that Colonial matter may have the prominence and freshness not possible at so great a distance. The *Shield* has usefully filled a gap in this respect.

"I sail with the probability of returning to Australia in 15 or 18 months time. You see I am not going straight home, having to make calls in Canada and the United States, which will make the first interval longer than subsequent ones would likely be.

"With these few words I say farewell for a time, 'commending you to God and the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.' With much love, always striving to be

"Faithfully your brother and fellow-worker, for the Kingdom of God,

"ROBERT ROBERTS."

P.S.—I was to have sailed on the 18th of May, but the starting of the vessel—the *Miowera*—has thrice been postponed through accident to the machinery. She is now (June 3rd) announced to sail June 10th.

Also finished *Gathering Storm*. In the evening, there was a largely-attended and gaily-decorated tea-meeting of the ecclesia, at which I spoke twice. I should have preferred if the programme had comprised other addresses. There was an interval for conversation in the middle of the proceedings. Animated conversation at the tea-table, and two speeches were too much for a tired machine. However, the occasion passed off without anything worse than an extreme sense of fatigue, which turned down the gas, as it were, in the midst of the second speech. —TUESDAY: Writing in the morning; in the evening, lecture on Britain as the Tarshish of the latter-days: immense audience: great

attention and interest: brother Bell presiding. — WEDNESDAY: Ride out, with brother Gardner and sister Bell, to the heads of Sydney|Harbour: the lighthouse on the south side: called on a Jewish household on the way back: interesting but unbelieving: I held Jesus strongly before them, not as the metaphysical monstrosity of pulpit theology, but as the Messiah promised to their fathers, under whom their nation would yet attain the dominion of the world. From there, passed to brother Bell's, with whom, after supper, attended the week-night meeting, unless, indeed, memory is correct in suggesting that I begged off on the way, on account of the need for conserving strength for next night's lecture. — THURSDAY: writing during the day, and at night, lecture on the Jews to an immense audience in the Oddfellows Hall: a goodly number of Jews present, including the household already referred to, with whom sister Bell is a guest.

Friday, May 29th, to Sunday, May 31st. —Took the 5-15 night train to Melbourne, on a flying visit to brother Firth, connected with matters on which I had seen him at Sydney. This visit was an after-thought, admitted of by the delay in the sailing of the *Miowera*. I spent the Saturday and Sunday at brother Firth's house in North Coburg, driving into the breaking of bread on Sunday morning. Being a little unwell, I was afraid I would have to lecture, but consulting the paper on arrival, I saw nothing, and concluded I would escape. But when I got to the meeting in the morning, I ascertained that an advertisement had appeared in another part of the paper than I had looked at, announcing that I would lecture on the subject which another brother had chosen for that night. I was feeling so unwell, however, that I felt justified in asking release, which the brethren kindly granted. Brother Robertson afterwards wrote me that the brother had a good audience.

Monday, June 1st, to Wednesday, June 3rd. —Left by an early train (6.30) for Sydney. On the way, got off at Albury: did some writing in apartments there: called on brother and sister Dinsmore, and saw sister Frew, who stood in need of comfort. The brethren saw me off by the late train on Tuesday night. Arrived Sydney next day at 11.40. Wet day. Brother Bell and brother Jackson, who were at the station, told me with a cunning look, that the sailing of the *Miowera* was now put off to the 6th inst. These delays, it appears, were due to the vessel having to go into dry dock for repairs, in consequence of injuries sustained during a previous voyage. The *Miowera* had fallen in with a steamer helplessly adrift on the ocean through loss of rudder. She towed the same for four days, and parted in a storm during the night. Each vessel imagined in the morning that the other had gone down. The direlict vessel afterwards turned up all right. Attended the Bible meeting at night, and took part in the deliberations: there was a good attendance.

Thursday, June 4th.—Had an interview in the evening with Captain Comte de Rossi and his lady (along with brother Bell), with reference to felt obstacles in the way of their submission to the truth: obstacles likely to be removed. The Count earnestly desirous of obeying the truth.

Friday, June 5th.—Interview, at brother Bell's, with Dr. Hanson, with reference to evidences of the Bible's truth. Dr. Hanson regards the truth favourably, but had doubts as to the foundation, which he is now disposed to regard as proved: indeed, he said he did not see how the evidence was to be resisted.

Saturday, June 6th.—After writing, sail in a row-boat in the Harbour, with brother Gardner and sister Hooper. *Miowera* ought to have sailed to-day, but a further delay of four days was announced.

Saturday, June 7th, to Tuesday, June 9th.—A very pleasant day at the breaking of bread with the brethren and sisters in large muster. Day very wet: dine with brother Colborne. Lecture in the evening, "Bible Religion as distinguishable from Popular Theory."—MONDAY, given to writing; in the evening, business conference at brother Bell's, with himself and brethren Jackson and Payne. Reeeived several copies of a photograph of those three (in group), which I left at various points of my subsequent journey.—On Tuesday evening, there was a farewell meeting of the brethren and sisters,

at which I spoke at some length. I gave a *resumé* of my tour, and delivered myself of friendly criticisms of Sydney procedure (as per request). I also spoke of the probability of my return to Australia in the course of 15 or 18 months, if circumstances in England could be brought into accommodation with that proposal. If I came, my residence would probably be at Melbourne. Great dissatisfaction had been expressed at this in Sydney: but I thought it might work out for the best. Sydney and Melbourne were natural rivals: but this feeling had no place in the truth: and if I stayed in Melbourne and published at Sydney (visiting as the brethren might desire), I would belong to both, and both would be one. It was possible our arrangements might be cut short by the Lord's arrival in the earth. At the longest, it would only be a temporary arrangement. England would come in for a share of my time, and Canada and the States also, in my passage from one country to the other.—It was a farewell meeting, The brethren said I had no idea of the amount of good I had done—both as regards the public and the brethren. Our separations would have been too painful if there had been no prospect of my return. As it was, it was tears and laughter and cries for quick come back.

THE VOYAGE ACROSS THE PACIFIC.

Wednesday, June 10th.—The *Miowera* was due to sail at four p.m., after various postponements lasting into a whole month, in which the brethren have wickedly rejoiced. When I got down to the ship at 3.30, there was a crowd of brethren and sisters and much bustling for departure. The Count and Countess de Rossi were amongst the number. We had a cordial half-hour together, and then said our good-byes, and all had cleared down the gangway ashore when word went round that the vessel would not sail for three hours, owing to some burst-pipe having to be repaired. Then all the brethren and sisters all came on board again, and the question was: what was to be done? Brother Bell went ashore to see if he could find a room where we could have tea together, and hold a meeting. But coming back presently with the report that a convenient place could not be found, it was decided they should disperse and that I should be left in peace. So we said our good-byes over again, and I was glad to be left alone. I went into the saloon, and wrote a letter. When I had written it I went ashore and posted it, and was sauntering quietly back in the twilight when I was caught by some of the brethren and sisters, who were hanging about for the final departure of the vessel. They went on board the vessel with me, and presently, as the hour drew near, quite a number of others came—not far short of the whole, including the Count and Countess and a lady friend of theirs, a Mrs. McMillan, who has read *Apocalyptic Lectures* four times, and is deeply interested in the truth. We stood talking animatedly on deck in the dark for half-an-hour among many uncouth noises. Mrs. McMillan asked me a number of earnest questions. The Count tearfully implored me to pray for him, and asked me to write. I had many words with many others and messages of love. Then the vessel slipped her cable and all hurried ashore, after good-bye for the third time. Slowly the vessel moved away from the wharf. There were waving of handkerchiefs and cheers in the dark. I did not know whether they were intended for me or the Governor of Polynesia, who was on board; but in case they might be for me, I did my best to respond. The other people watched us, wondering, I daresay, what we could be so cordial about: (I could not help thinking what an interest the truth and all its exercises adds to life, in comparison with the barren dullness of mere natural life). But we weren't off yet. I thought we were, and went below to dinner, and afterwards retired to my well-lit cabin and indulged in reverie and rest till bed-time, when I turned in. It did not seem to me the vessel was really going. And so it proved.

Thursday, June 11th.—When I awoke in the morning (after a good night's rest), I found on getting on deck that the vessel was moored in the middle of the harbour in full view of Sydney. Dear me, thought I, are we really going to start? However, in half an hour, she lifted anchor, and at last, after a whole month's dallying, the *Miowera* was off to Vancouver. We are now at the end of the first day. It has been very pleasant, except for the somewhat heavy

roll on the water. I have divided my time somewhat equally between writing, walking and reading (Bible and *Daily News*). I have had two pleasant general conversations with the doctor, a Canadian, who, I find, is of Scotch parentage, and had a Presbyterian bringing up. I have not broached the truth yet, but I have laid down lines of approach. Have slipped a copy of *Gathering Storm* into his cabin *(Hallo, the engines are stopped: What can the matter be?)* After rolling awhile like a dead log in the water, ship is off again. In half-an-hour, she stops again, and in half-an-hour goes on again. There is hammering away down in the engine abyss. A third time, she stops again, then finally goes on again. Engines evidently cranky. I heard a lady afterwards remark that the stoppages nearly frightened her out of her life. Dinner at 6.30: afterwards writing: afterwards an hour's walk on deck in the dark: on the hurricane deck all to myself, away from everybody's sight and hearing: hymns and anthems. Then bed.

Friday, June 12th.—The sea heavier, and the water coming on board and rushing out again in many noisy cascades. Day bright and not much wind, but sea heavy, and motion of vessel too violent for pleasant writing. They call this the Pacific Ocean, and I suppose taking it in its entire breadth it justifies its name, but just off the Australian coast, where we are, it is unpacific enough. However, with a stout well-appointed ship, it does not matter much, especially *(here goes another great wave rushing aboard)*, especially, "as I was a saying," when every turn of the screw is sending her "home, sweet home." I have exceedingly enjoyed my reading this morning, especially Isaiah. It is ravishing to hear our own God speak such loving things to Israel, though mixed with reproof. Though we are not Israel after the flesh, yet having been adopted through Christ, we are as much Israel as Moses or Joseph, or any other of the obedient sons *(here plunges in another great wave, flooding the deck and rushing out at the scuppers)*, sons of Jacob. Therefore all these glorious messages are to us. What a treat it would be to read them with friends of God on board, notwithstanding the rush of many waters. The day is coming when, without weakness, weariness, obstruction, or fear, we shall feast on boundless love, for God is love. No talk with anybody on board yet, except the doctor. In fact, there scarcely is anybody. The company is small, and most of them are victims of Neptune, so that I have the ship nearly all to myself, which is very nice. (You selfish man! No. It is because of what people usually are. I would enjoy godly company: but here are the children of the devil. I heard one salute another this morning. It was like the clack of a crocodile's jaws—no music, no soul, no grace, no kindness. What an impovershing service is the service of the devil). The only other person than the doctor with whom I have exchanged words is the sailor in charge of the quarter-deck. He saw paint on my coat—patches of white paint—the hull of the vessel is painted white: I got it I expect while leaning over the rail, waving farewells. The said sailor volunteered to rub it off, also from vest, with kerosene: but in some explicable way, it has come on again. As some of the sisters said, I want sister Roberts to look after me. True: in due time I shall have that privilege again, if the Lord will; am rather helpless in some matters by myself.

Saturday, Jnne 13th.—The sea was uncomfortably rough yesterday, the boat pitching too violently to make walking a pleasure. There was very little wind, which made it seem strange there should be so much commotion in the water. To-day it is not much better, rather worse if anything. The sky is angry-looking: inky-black, between lightish clouds, with pale-greenish blue streaks here and there. This aspect of the sky is principally behind us. Ahead, also, it is troubled-looking, but not so much so. During the night, a great sea came tumbling aboard with a noise of thunder, and swilled into my cabin, soaking many of my things. I wondered how the water managed to get in, and found it came through an open ventilator at the top of the wall. My cabin is at the forward end, looking upon the main deck, not far away from the bow, so that it is liable to get the benefit of every sea that is properly shipped. It was just midnight, and I had begun to dose off. The rush of the imprisoned waters, backwards and forwards, as the vessel heaved up and down, was not quite delicious. It was what

we have come to understand as "a state of things." After a while, the water got away through the scupper-holes, and there was no serious renewal. One never knows at the moment how serious matters may become, so that it is more gruesome than it looks after you have got through it. I think we must have gone through a storm during the night, from the look of those clouds behind us. Things are a little bit quieter now, but my cabin is uncomfortably wet, with soaked articles hanging about. Several articles of needful attire are *hors de combat*—among others a tie that had the recommendation of being easily put on, but had the drawback of making me look clerical, covering all my shirt breast. To be mistaken for a clergyman was not at all agreeable. There is a return of white breasts and pin-sticking affliction. Well, we cannot escape tribulation while the present state lasts. It only changes shape.

I have just been having my reading on deck, and having enjoyed it so very very much—I cannot say which part the most. Peter is most comforting as to the afflictions we are called on to endure. There is a difference between us and the persons to whom he wrote. They had to do with open persecutors, who "blasphemed that worthy name by which we are called." We have to do with the scowls and avoidances of men who acknowledge Christ according to their light. In some respects this makes it worse to bear. We have the misfortune or happiness (according as we reckon it) to live in an age of corrupt Christianity, when there is neither the bracing vigour that comes with open persecution, nor the helping comfort that ought to come with a universal profession of the name of Christ. The whole community, while while professing to be Christian, are away from God's own book, which they either do not heed at all, or make void by the commandments and traditions of men. We are helpless in the matter. We could accept reprobation if it would bring the world to God. It is not we who have appointed the gospel of the Kingdom as the power of God unto salvation, or who have denounced a curse on those preaching any other. It is not our invention at all. We simply believe and submit, and sorrowfully recognise the position of Christendom. But we may be of good cheer. We are on God's side, and His words to us by our reading to-day are, "Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that *when his glory shall be revealed*, ye may be GLAD ALSO WITH EXCEEDING JOY."—I have got a step further with the ship's doctor. Last night, we got distinctly into the stream of Scriptural things. I told him much. He wants to read *Christendom Astray*, which I have handed him.

Sunday, June 14th.—A little like yesterday: dull, foggy, with occasional rain, but the sea is smoother, and the forward horizon brighter, as if we were sailing to sunny lands: the state of the case spiritually also. After breakfast, I went on the hurricane deck (all to myself), and had my reading, and such a free and pleasant exercise in singing and prayer. I observed several glistening pearls in the reading. 1. "I have *chosen* thee in *the furnace of affliction*." How helpful in our deepest miseries to think that God is not angry with us, or forsaking us, but only putting us through exercises necessary to make us more pleasing to Himself. 2. "Be clothed with humility." How beautiful and healing for others is the modest deportment of a son or daughter of God: how ugly, distressful, and blighting is the pride of the merely natural man. The world is full of it. But the world will shortly be destroyed, while he that doeth the will of God shall endure for ever. 3. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He

careth for you." If we could remember this at all times, we should never be distressed. "Underneath (out of sight, but *there*), are the everlasting arms." Yet it is needful that we be distressed sometimes that He may work in us His work of enlightenment and humiliation. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." He lifts the cloud sometimes even now, and we see His smiling face. 4. "The God of all grace hath *called* you to HIS ETERNAL GLORY, by Christ Jesus." Oh, if we could have our minds always open to this brightness through all darknesses beyond. It is there, though concealed often from our vision by the fogs and clouds of human weakness. It will yet burst, like the long-concealed sun through the clouds, and fill the rejoicing earth as the waters cover the sea. This is God's own voice. His children hear and are glad. But they have to "suffer awhile," to which they are resigned in hope.

Monday, June 15th.—To-day is brighter. Though there are clouds in the sky, the sun is out which makes it cheery. It is a pleasant change from the fog and the rain of the last few days. Nevertheless, there is a high wind and the water is rough, but I think not so rough as it was. The sea is not coming on board. Last night, at dinner, I had another long talk with the doctor, who, I think, is beginning to be impressed. We became so absorbed, that "I forgot to eat my bread," to the doctor's amusement and of waiters and fellow-passengers (the few within hearing reach) the same. I know not if it will come to anything, but I do my duty. There was no "service" during yesterday. I suppose it was considered the company was too small. There is a cleric on board to whom I was introduced by Count de Rossi before we commenced the voyage, but I have not sought or accepted his company. What is there in common between a priest of Baal and an obedient believer of Moses and the prophets?

I begin to experience a little of the limpness that comes with unaccustomed meals and ways on board ship: but this wears off when I get ashore, and brings a certain reaction of health. I am not so bad as usual, and will no doubt be all right when I return to England. I have just had my reading on deck. How delightful! Here are a few gems: 1. "They shall not be ashamed that *wait for me.*" Why? "Kings shall bow down to Thee with their faces towards the earth, and shall lick the dust of Thy feet. . . . *All flesh* shall KNOW that I am thy Saviour." Though this is spoken of national Israel, it applies in its first force to those who are the kernel of that national Israel—viz., the King of Israel and His brethren and sisters, and, therefore to us, if the Lord be pleased to accept of us. Unspeakable exaltation awaits if we patiently continue to suffer with him, "humbling ourselves under the mighty hand of God that He may exalt us in due time." 2. "That ye may be able after my decease to have these things *always in remembrance.*" In this we differ from the so-called Christian people around us, who not only do not have these things always in remembrance, but do not have them in their knowledge. It may be a denial sometimes to live always on manna, but it is only while we are in the wilderness, and it has a purpose (Deut. viii. 3). When we reach the land of promise, God will bestow every good thing. 3. "Sure word of prophecy whereunto *ye do well* that ye take heed." How foolish the clergy would appear if Peter were to re-appear and utter this sentiment. His absence makes no difference. The wise have become fools, and the children are not to be deceived by them. 4. "Add . . . virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly-kindness, love." What a string of pearls! How lovely would all brethren and sisters be if all came up to the standard of the calling to which they are called. Yet it is written: "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

Tuesday, June 16th.—Another bright day, but wind high and sea rough, and the salt spray dashing over the vessel. Am better to-day than yesterday. I think I am going to escape the disorder that I feared. The days are nicely divided. I have a *Daily News* in the afternoon: Gibbon before dinner. Writing forenoon and night, and walks on deck three or four times a day. Bath every morning: pleasant talks at the table, and at any time the pure privacy of my large state room, if I wish: so you see

the voyage is turning out according to anticipation, except as to the smooth seas, which, as yet, are a matter of hope. To-morrow we are due at the Fiji Islands, where I am told (by brother Payne, before leaving Sydney) a coffee-planter, of the name of Swanston, is likely to come on board in search of me to be baptised. In some way, our literature has got into the island. Brother Payne had application from the island for *Christendom Astray*. Perhaps it is *Review of Reviews* advertisement. I shall ascertain if said coffee-planter turns up. I have been applied to this morning to have my name put on the programme for a concert, readings, &c., to-morrow night, but I told them I would prove a wet blanket, which they did not understand. If they press me hard, I may give them a reading from "Gathering Storm."

A gem from to-day's reading:—Samson "wist not that the Lord was departed from him," and so fell into the power of the enemy. When the Lord is with a man, he is invulnerable, except as the Lord permits for his own ends. Now in same day's reading (not perhaps strictly according to *Companion*, as having had to give mine away to one needing, I have been reading by guess) we have the Lord's invitation to those who may be walking in darkness: "Let him *trust in the name* of the Lord and *stay himself* in his God." "The Lord is with us while we are with him," shall we not "be with him." I trust fully? Yes, but this means insulation from many of the ways of man which lead far, far away from Him.

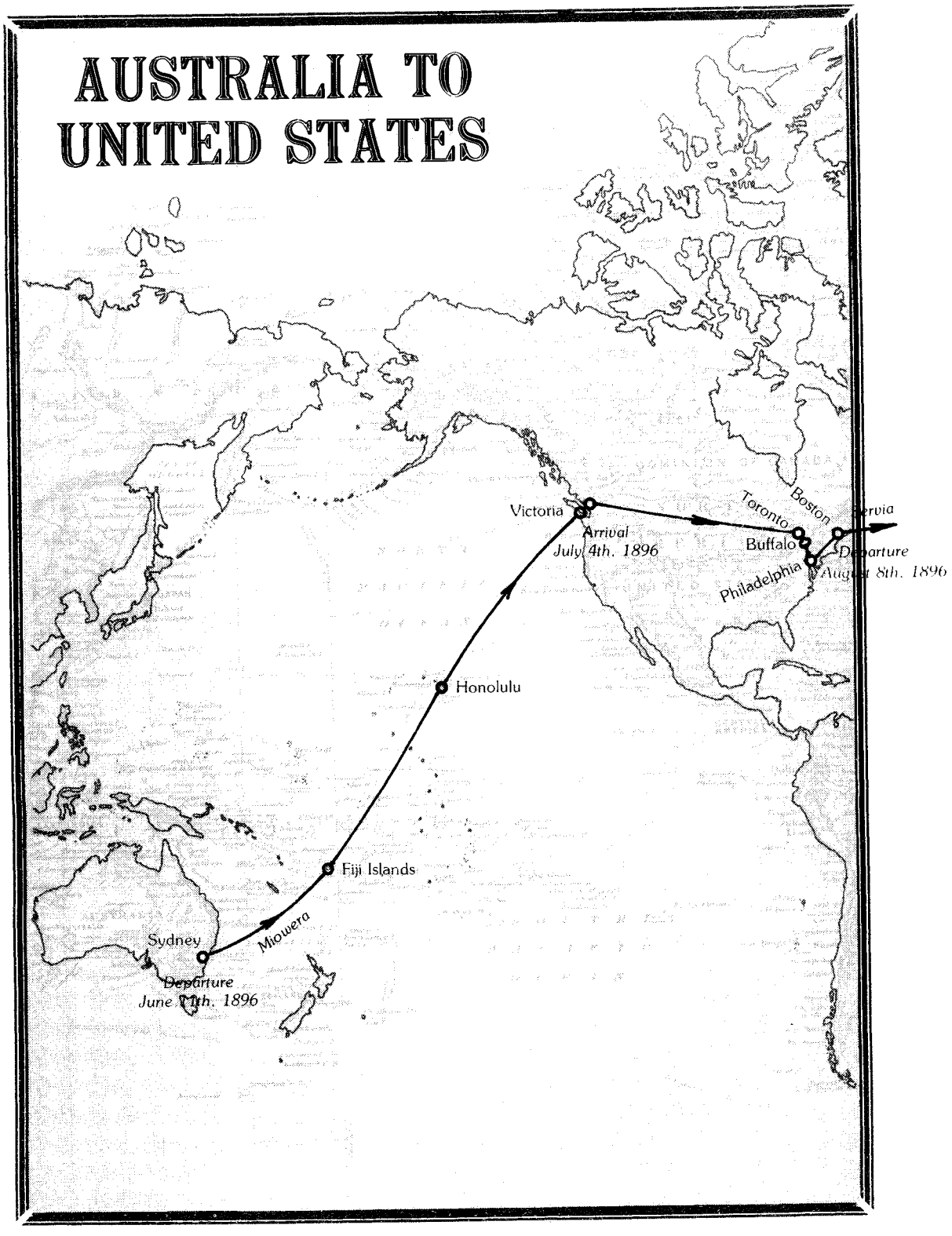
Wednesday, June 17th.—Morning bright, windy and rough. The jerky motion of the vessel is disagreeable as she tears her way through the tumultuous waters. After breakfast, I had my reading on deck. Among other gems, secured this: "Hereby we do know that we know Him if *we keep his commandments.*" This rule condemns the world and that part of the world that is called the church. "His commandments" are, "Believe the gospel; be baptised: break bread in remembrance: love one another: resist not evil: do good to them that hate you: do *all things whatsoever* I have commanded." Trying the people around us by this rule enables us to be sure they are out of the way. Does it not, on the other hand, enable us to say: "We know him?" If so it is not wrong to glory in this: God Himself has given us the warrant, "Let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me."

We are due at Fiji to-day. When I had got thus far, the engines stopped, so I thought we must be there, and folded my things and went on deck. But there was no land in sight. There was hammering in the abyssmal depths of the engine-room. So it was evidently a case of further repairs. In a few minutes, the engines started again, and on we went. I had a delightful read of some home letters. One of Eusebia's made me laugh out right. Till lunch I read Gibbon on deck, after that rested, during which the steamer whistled, from which I knew we must be drawing near Fiji. I went on deck with brother Walker's binos, and so it was. But it was different from expectation. When we talk of the Fiji Islands, we think of little clumps of palm-covered land in the glassy ocean and clear sky of the tropics. Instead of this, the sea was rough, the wind high, the sky d ull, the land nearly concealed in fog, and instead of manifest islands, a long mountainous coast like any continent, stretching right and left as far as the eye could see. No wonder. The island-in-chief which we were now approaching is 90 miles long, and 50 miles broad, with ranges of tree-covered mountains in all directions. The mountains are very high, dark, jagged, and volcanic-looking. In another half hour or so, we drew near to land. The fog dispersed as the evening advanced, and the sun shone out, and sent broad shafts of light down through dark and threatening cloud masses that rested on the mountain peaks, with a very striking effect. We sailed straight into Suva harbour—Suva being the capital of the island. The harbour is a very shallow and primitive affair. We had to go round a long sandbank to the left, and into a small estuary, apparently formed by the mouth of a river. The land was wooded to the water's edge, and the hills behind clothed with trees to their very tops. Among the trees near the shore line were straggling lines of one-storeyed houses. This was Suva, the capital. There were no wharves, to which ships could draw up but

merely a wide sheet of smooth water in which they could come to anchor, Outside in the distance, at our sky-line, we could see a long line of surf breaking against an elevated breach. In the Harbour was a British gun-boat, also a passenger steamer, decked with flags in honour of the Governor's arrival on board the *Miowera*. These ships fired salutes as we passed in, and the red-jackets on board the gun-boat presented arms. When we came to anchor, we were quickly attended by boats, which took off the Governor and other passengers amid cheers. The boats were manned by natives—fine, brawny, bronzed-coloured men, nearly naked—with bushy heads of hair brushed up into a great size, and evidently dyed. The *Miowera* was to stay eight hours, which would have given me an opportunity of going ashore, but I was blocked by expecting the coffee-planter, spoken of before. Some strangers came aboard as soon as we arrived, but no enquirer for me. Still, as the arrival of the *Miowera* would take some time to be known, I could not be sure that he would not come at any moment during our stay: so I decided to stay on board. (The planter did not come.) The captain and most of the people were ashore, and the rest of us were left with stewards, sailors, and natives, jabbering and shouting, and making noises as they unladed cargo. We expect to sail during the night: so I will go to bed in port, and awake out at sea.

Chapter XXVIII.—FROM THE FIJI TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND THE WEST COAST OF AMERICA.

THURSDAY, June 18th.—Not exactly "out at sea." When I get up (7.15), we are in Harbour still (Suva, Fiji Islands), but not for long. I have not completed my toilet, when I hear the screw begin to work, and peeping through a lavatory port-hole, perceive we are sailing out. By breakfast, we are quite out, and sailing along the eastern side of the greater island of Fiji. Soon the island is a misty mountain range on our left horizon, and now this has vanished and we are once again out on the wide ocean, with nothing but sea and sky everywhere. The day is fine and the sea comparatively smooth. I think with pleasure that every turn of the screw is lessening the distance between me and home. We are only 20 degrees from the equator, so we shall be having it hot by-and-bye, but not so hot as in the Red Sea, because of a wide sea and tempering breezes. Still, it is warmer already, and I have had to take to a lighter coat—not lighter in colour. The other people are in white and pumps—pretty, but I am not provided, and on the whole would not be at my ease if habited like them. I would seem to proclaim that I belonged to them—which I don't. They talk heady, and slangey, and foolishly. I cannot talk in that way. I can talk sincerely and rationally. The other people fall silent when that is the style. They are at home in chaffing each other. "Chaff" is falsehood if you think: people say what they don't mean for the purpose of stinging or raising a laugh. We cannot imagine Christ chaffing anybody. We are his lovers and disciples. We grow like those we love. The very idea of love in this line is scoffed at by those children of pride, and as for "sin," "fools make a mock at sin." Yet sin is the great dividing line between those whom God esteems and those whom He despises. "Whosever abideth in Him sinneth not: Whosoever sinneth hath not seen Him or known Him. . . In this the children of God are manifest and the children of the devil." Love and sin are tender points with the true children of God. What joy when a multitude so characterised are introduced to each other—as they will


AUSTRALIA TO
UNITED STATES
Victoria
Arrival
July 4th. 1896
Toronto
Boston
Buffalo
Philadelphia
Honolulu
Fiji Islands
Sydney
Departure
June 11th. 1896
Miowera

be at the resurrection: every one a lover, every one fearing to transgress: every one in the fulness of strength and beauty. This and nothing less — along with a multitude of other good things—waits for those who love Him.

Some of our passengers landed at Fiji, and only one or two joined us from that island. Consequently, our company is reduced, and my meal table, I regret to say, disestablished. I have now to sit at a long central table with fine ladies and gentlemen, who would prefer my empty chair. I must be thankful for the easy time I have had, and try to make the best of my embarassing table performance. We cannot have it roses all the time—not yet—the time will come. The very desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. How delightful then to find on every saloon on every sea a company of men and women who all know the Lord, speaking in cheerful gravity and sincerity, and no longer afflicting each other with the pompous inanities of this barren civilization. Human intercourse will then be a healer and a joy. At present it is a withering oven. Well, ovens are for baking bread. All right: God is using the present state of things as a preparation. We shall see the bread of life in all the earth yet: and what we shall see, we shall perceive it in large measure the outcome of these dreary ages of vanity. It is a fine ship and fine officers and fine passengers, but a wearisome emptiness in it all because of the absence of wisdom. But there is hope: so courage, my soul.

I have had my reading on deck, away in the topmost part, out of everybody's way. Shall I sample some of the good things I met with? "My word shall not return unto me void." This is usually taken to mean its enlightening effect on an audience. It has evidently a much larger meaning than this, which would, in fact, be a very poor meaning by itself—in view of experiences. Here is God's application: "It shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it: FOR ye *shall go out with joy and be led forth in peace*: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands" (Is. iv. 12-13). In reality, it means this, that God's promise of salvation for His people *will not—can not* fail: that his word will *accomplish* its intend purport, so that it may be said concerning the heirs of salvation, as concerning Israel as a nation: "Like as I have brought all this great evil upon this people, so will I bring upon them all the good that I have promised them." What cause of true joy is here! Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous! It is a very different thing that is meant from the application we hear it receive in mechanical prayers. Not the possible stirring of a dry bone in a lifeless audience listening perfunctorily to a believer reasoning out of the Scriptures: but a whole out-bursting harvest of paradisaic fruitfulness and joy in the presence of the Lord when he cometh. This is the great and precious promise contained in the hackneyed, but in themselves unsullied, because unsulliafle words, "My word shall not return unto me void"—A thought has occurred to me this voyage of writing a series of articles, *Great and Precious Promises*, The idea of that Scripture phrase is lost in mountains of chaff.

I found it a pleasant exercise, this morning, to make responses to God our invitations, in the style exampled by David, where he says, "When thou saidst I, seek ye my face, my heart said, Thy face, O Lord, will I seek." When I read this morning, "Oh, every one that thirsteth," I said, "*Lord, I thirst.*" When I read, "Come ye to the waters," I said, "O Lord, I come." When the word said, "Hearken diligently unto me," I rejoined, "*O Lord, with all my heart I hearken*"—and so to the end of the chapter I thought it would be profitable to carry out this system in many other private readings, and if we could have an unmixed and sincere company to whom these things were realities, and not hypocritical clap-trap, a multitude would not be too great to join with edification in such a true communion with the word. *That* we cannot have yet. But in the desert, and in the corners, and amongst kindred souls when we may, it would be a delightful exercitation—a sort of refreshing splash in the water of life for dreary thirsting pilgrims.

In John, I pondered this: "Whosoever abideth in Him, sinneth not: whosoever sinneth, have not seen Him, or known Him.

. . . In this, the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil." How much more serious and holy is the high calling than religious people in general have any idea of? The study of the Mosaic tabernacle and the law might show them this. (By the way, some are shouting, "Why are you giving us the Diary instead of the articles on the law?") They imagine the Diary pushes out the Law by occupying space. This is not so. It is easy to produce the Diary. It is not possible—or scarcely so—to write the articles on the law while I am on the wing. It requires something of a "continuing city" for the production of these—and of this, for a year, I have had none. As soon as I can, I will get back to these, and a few other things I have been thinking of. If I could only have a few short-hand secretaries—but what is the use? God lets out the rope the length he wants. I must make the best of what I have—in true gratitude—which I daily seek to do.

Friday, June 19th.—350 miles nearer the equator than when I last wrote, but no glassy seas yet. The temperature is higher—the sun hotter; but the wind is strong. The water as rough as at any time since we started. It is difficult to walk or stand, and difficult to write, but not difficult to think. The mind's incessant action cannot be quenched by the blustering wind, the rushing seas, or the throbbing, creaking labour of the vessel in the chopping sea. There are many streaks and hues in the mental prism as it turns and twists. I am reminded of David's words: "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul." Though it is written, "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," it is also written in one of those apparent contradictions that stumble the scorner and charm the wise, "That the soul be without knowledge is not good," and the ways of understanding are "ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace." The truth of these sayings, as experienced in the multitude of thoughts that chase each other in the Bible-supplied phantasmagoria of the mind, mixed with the pleasant images of distant precious friends, who are part of His mercies, I am hastening to them at the rate of 17 miles an hour.

Yesterday we passed two islands—one on each side of the vessel, but not exactly opposite. There are many of these in our present course as you will see by looking at the map of Australasia, and imagine a straight line from Sydney to Fiji, and a straight line fromFiji to Sandwich Islands. I am surprised the steamboat manages so well to miss them in the dark. They are too small many of them to be visible on the map—mere dots—the sort of thing we imagine when we talk of islands, yet of considerable size—one, two, three or four miles long, say. Many of them are inhabited by coloured men, whose ancestors probably came in canoes from the Asiatic continent, but these are dying out wherever the white man appears. The white man takes possession, and the coloured man, deprived of his usual modes of life—hunting and fishing and warring at large—cannot adapt himself to the new ways, and so ceases. Few of these islands are large enough to be visited by the steamboat. They look very lonely and desolate as we pass. How different it would be if they were inhabited by immortal sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. How pleasant then to go round visiting them in a yacht, say—not as I am—a moping solitary stranger in the midst of the oppressive children of pride—but in joyous groups of light and love. This is one of the many delights in store in the happy ages beyond, when Christ is head over all.

Saturday, June 20th.—Weather as rough as ever—rougher, I think. The wind is higher, and the sea more agitated, causing the vessel to lurch and labour, and roll heavily. The sky is blue and nearly cloudless, and the sun shines brightly, but the ocean has a broken, angry look. The temperature is higher; a single sheet is now enough for bed-clothing at night, and even that seems too much. It would be nice enough if it were not for the fatigue caused by the sharp lurching of the vessel. But if there were not so much wind, it would likely be too hot to be comfortable, so, "there you are."

The reading this morning has been delicious: when is it not so? When we are weak. Then may we say with David: "This is mine infirmity." Or when we are

low from mental depression, and then we say: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Still trust in God, for thou shalt yet praise him who is the health of my countenance." If we are distressed at our incompetences in those spiritual dirctions to which we aspire, we may say with Paul: "No more I, but sin that dwelleth in me": and with David: "He knoweth our frame: He remembereth that we are dust. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

But the readings? Well, Ruth. What a delightful peep at the right way of life prescribed by God's beautiful law (Deut. xxiv. 19-21). Here are no "thrifty" scrapings to the last straw, but an open-handed liberality that leaves handfuls for the poor. No one could starve under such a system: no one sink to the despairing depths we see yawning around us in modern times. Of course, it cannot be—now. But it ought to be, and it will be, when we have God's Kingdom back among us, to "judge for the poor and the needy, and break in pieces the oppressors." We wait God's hand in the matter: and He says: "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me."—ISAIAH: nothing less than overpowering in its magnificence. Look at the graphic description of the present evil, which, though primarily applicable to Israel, is a true picture of those who consider themselves "now the people of God." "Your lips have spoken lies: your tongues have muttered perverseness. None calleth for justice, nor any pleadeth for truth . . . judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street and equity cannot enter. Yea, truth faileth, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey. . . We wait for light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness."

But now, the other side: "The Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising . . . The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people shall be all righteous . . . I, the Lord, will *hasten it in His time.*" Men love darkness rather than light. These great and precious promises fall dead upon unbelieving ears. "O Lord, awake to the judgment that thou hast commanded. Put the nations in fear, that they may know themselves to be put men."

And what about John?—Well, the glory, power, and beauty of the truth as a present thing—shining with light, glowing with love in righteousness: "Whom I love in the truth, and not I only but also they that have known the truth, for the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be in us for ever." "Now I beseech thee, lady, let us love one another. And this is love, that we walk after His commandments." How pleasant it is to obey the commandments of those we love. The love of Christ is at the root of victory, and this love is founded on faith, and faith is founded on evidence. How could we love where we doubted? and how could we doubt in the presence of truth? and how can we be in the presence of truth if we stand apart from it as the multitude do who neglect the Bible and the facts connected with it. "This is (truly) the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." But, then, "faith cometh by hearing," and they do not hear, who "turn away their ear from hearing the law," or (which is the same thing) allow other sounds and voices to come between.

It is getting too hot now to write without brow-drips rolling occasionally on the paper. I must away on deck to my walk (very difficult in this "reeling to and fro like a drunken man"): and to the wind, which, while it cools, ruffles the feathers, and makes a harmless man look like a bandit: and to Gibbon, who has his turn.

A fellow-passenger came to me from a group of gentlemen, who had been consulting in a corner of the saloon for some time, to ask if I knew what was the name of the new "order" just constituted by Her Majesty in London? He enqnired of me in a manner that seemed to say, "You ought to know." I had to confess my ignorance. He said it had appeared in the papers. I said I did not keep the track of such things. I wish these people would ask me about something important. Oreb and Zeeb had their court etiquettes and ordinances, no doubt, but what did they matter, when "The

sword of the Lord and of Gideon" took the wind out of their foolish pomposities in "the day of Midian"? It is written that "the Lord of Hosts hath purposed to stain the pride of all the glory" of the heathen, "as in the day of Midian;" a believer in this word cannot be deeply interested enough in the devices of their pride to follow their kaleidoscopic developments in the courtly gazettes and gossipy papers. Christ is all and eclipses all. This will not seem an extreme application of the fact when he is here.

Sunday, June 21st.—The sea quieter this morning, and the wind not so strong. Sky cloudless; sun shining brightly; sea glancing like oil, yet with a troubled look; our good ship ploughing faithfully along day and night, and taking me steadily homewards—homewards. But O, I am a lonely stranger on board this ship, and have to take such deep drinks at the fountain of our God in Bible reading, singing and prayer. In this I find sublime strength and confidence. I have a talk with home friends every day, reading one or more letters, of which I have a big bundle now.

It would be unspeakably pleasant to have a breaking of bread with true disciples on this first day of the week. I am as a sparrow on the housetop—as a pelican in the wilderness. The pleasant promise with which the voyage opened has all vanished. The young doctor salutes occasionally from a distance. "Prophetic rot" has brought me —— you know. I am severely avoided; well, in eight or ten days it will all be over, and will get among new friends and new letters.—It is a wonderful institution, this system of postal communication over all the world. No matter where you are, there is a vast machinery and a vast army of servants at your disposal to convey whatever message you may have, anywhere. A thing unknown in ancient days, and days not very far ancient. A preparation doubtless for the age of happy intercourse that will come with righteousness in new heavens and new earth.

The Pacific is a solitary ocean. Although dotted all over with islands on the map, none of these are visible except at the beginning and end of our voyage. We meet no ships, see no birds, discern no living thing in the water—nothing but a vast melancholy waste of waters, and the untiring silent arch of heaven. Our ship is a little world sailing through space, and like the larger world, has little dwelling for wisdom. The oppressive struts of pride make it a wilderness. If I had only one companion, it would take off the rigours. Perhaps it is the last voyage I shall be so much alone. Other times—certainly next time—that is, after reaching home, I shall have very congenial society. Probably, always hereafter, one or other will be coming or going with me.

Then, as part of the monotony, the wind is always blowing one way, north-east for days and days. At home, this would be a biting wind, but here it is quite balmy. When we get to the other side of the equator, the wind is steadily south-east (the wind chart tells me). These are what are called the trade winds. I wonder what makes the wind blow always one way near the equator? Perhaps it is the diurnal motion of the earth. The earth is always turning towards the east, and the motion is greatest in the middle belt, and may cause this constant motion of the air from the east, the earth slipping away from under the atmosphere "as it were." At all events, something in the wise arrangement of things prevents its stagnation and causes life and joy, if man would only allow.

Monday, June 22nd.—This morning like all the rest—bright and boisterous. It is getting hotter. Presumably we are at the hottest, as we are now at the equator—half-way between the Fiji and Sandwich Islands. The thermometer stands at 85 in the shade. When I look back to the intense heat we experienced in the Red Sea, and contrast it with the comparative coolness of to-day's record, I come to the conclusion that there must have been something wrong with the thermometer reading given on that occasion. Someone suggested this shortly after the appearance of the statement. I afterwards discovered there was a defect in the action of my thermometer, through air penetrating the mercury.

I write this in the saloon. In the centre of the roof is an oval opening about 12 feet long and 6 feet broad, communicating with a music-room above. Since I commenced writing, sounds of a "service" have begun to come through, making it difficult to write.

I do not quite understand this, as yesterday was Sunday—at least according to my reckoning: surely I have not overhauled time by a day. Perhaps the steamer adds a day to make up for the daily loss of time on her eastward voyage. I have just asked a fellow-passenger, and he is in the same quandary as myself. I thought at first as there was no "service" yesterday, and the people tiring of their frivolous books, that they had arranged for a mental anodyne. But I begin to fear it is all by rote. Whether or no, the performance creates mixed feelings. The singing is very pleasing for what it suggests, and easily stirs in the mind in the present desolate circumstances: the sound of Bible sentences causes the heart to leap for joy in the midst of the absolute spiritual aridity that prevails among these assembled people when they are left to themselves: even the droning prayers with the name of Christ interjected, have a certain refreshing effect as the manifestation of a reverence that ought to be habitual and normal with every human being. But, O, listen to the sermon that is now going on. The clerical sorcerer is soaping these elegant and godless sinners down beautifully. Every good thought they have is the working of the Holy Ghost. Heaven is prepared for them all. If they go to the other place, he hints that is by accident. It is not wonderful that the people like the clerical institution. It gives them a pleasant sleeping draught that sends them off into pleasant dreams. It enables them to sin without distress, and to belong to the present world, while thinking themselves the children of God. O Lord, send out thy light and thy truth. Manifest thy judgment, that all nations may come and worship before thee.

Life on board is becoming somewhat monotonous—every one doing their part by rote, except the idle passengers who, having no God, lounge about and kill the time with frivolous books and idle talk. My daily programme prevents me feeling the time long. Here it is:—1, bath; 2, dress; 3, prayer; 4, walk on deck; 5, breakfast; 6, Bible reading on deck; 7, walk; 8, down to the saloon for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours' writing; 9, an hour on deck, divided between Gibbon and walk; 10, lunch (a disagreeable process—it would be otherwise with sensible ways and congenial company); 11, an hour on deck, with Gibbon; 12, *Daily News* in cabin (a fresh paper every day out of stock sent me from home); 13, nap; 14, walk on deck, with singing and prayer; 15 (at 6.30) dinner (a disagreeable performance: meal too elaborate—"king's dainty meats"—style too stately: people "stiff"—dear me! human beings turn refinement into an affliction: their refinement is not refined enough: seasoned too highly with devil's pride, and not enough with the sincerity of truth and the humility of good sense, and the grace of true kindness); 16, a little miscellaneous reading in cabin; 17, two hours' writing in saloon; 18, an hour on deck under the stars, garnished with meditation, singing, and prayer; 19, a few minutes' quiet think in cabin; 20, surrender to the daily taste of death.

Tit-bits from to-day's reading: 1, Hannah's answered prayer was not a spoken prayer: "She spake in her heart: only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard" (1 Sam. i. 13). This shows how easy it is for us to communicate with God. He requires no shouting or noise. At the same time, "*her lips moved.*" This shows intense mental action. A listless prayer cannot be acceptable. How should we like people to speak to us half-heartedly?—2, The accusation against Eli: "Thou honourest thy thy sons above Me." This shows that friends must never come in the way of what we owe to God. This is what Christ taught: he even went further (Luke xiv. 26-27). But then, the other side: "Them that honour me, I will honour." What an honour to be acknowledged of God in the presence of the angels (Luke xii. 8).—3. "In all their affliction, he was afflicted." If he felt it so much, why did He permit it? There is an object, "He doth not willingly afflict." It is "that we may be partakers of his holiness" (Heb. xii. 10). "Our light affliction *worketh for us* an eternal weight of glory." And then, the other side: "The angel of his presence *saved them*: in his love, and in his pity, he redeemed them." This is the merest dip.

Passed the equator to-day. I found out the explanation about the derangement of

days. It was as I suggested. As the vessel comes eastwards, she loses a bit of a day with every revolution of the earth, and these bits make 24 hours when she has sailed quite round from any given starting point. For convenience of calculation, long. 180 deg is selected as the spot where a day begins and ends. This line passes the Fiji. Islands. We were there on Thursday last. Consequently, we had to make up for all the lost bits by putting an extra day in. Thursday was repeated in the ship's log—which, of course, threw Sunday a day forward. If this was not done, a ship passing long. 180 deg. eastwards would find her reckoning a day ahead of the rest of the world. As it is, we are brought level: but it causes a curious embarrassment to a diary. Having called yesterday (Monday, June 22nd), I must call to-day

Monday (A).—A quieter day: wind and sea both down, but no sun: a cloudy sky, and occasional rain. Wind light and balmy. The Bible readings delicious, but nobody on board cares for them. The readings they like are the vacuous bubble-blowings of fellow-grinners. Even Gibbon they consider a bore. The Bible—ugh! an emetic! It is truly melancholy to hear their empty conversation — highly cultured and sweet-mannered, but *inane*—as if the object of all education were to suffocate reason in amiability, and bandage every fair face with intellectual blinders, while the ship gently glides to perdition to the sweet strains of music. The hero of the hour is the man who can let off the greatest number of foolish remarks with the greatest composure. Interject a plea for wisdom, and down go eyes, down all noses. If they say, "There is a time for everything," when is the time for the claims of common-sense, duty and God? It never comes. The state of things is what prevailed in Israel: "Every mouth speaketh folly and every heart is given to covetousness." If God said concerning Israel, "Shall not My soul be avenged on such a nation?"—does he regard with any pleasure the grave, and expensive trifling of fine ladies and gentlemen who call themselves Christians and cast the word of God behind their back? The answer will presently come in sharp thunderclaps from the over-charged clouds that hang over the world—I beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen. It would be pleasant to speak in a different strain.

Tuesday, June 23rd.—To-day bright and dry and sea a little rougher. Health better than yesterday, but company becoming more oppressive—finding each other out as it were. About two days off Sandwich Islands yet. I have a lot of Australian letters ready for posting there, and am now getting ready English and American letters for posting at Vancouver.

Have damaged a beautiful watch I got as a present before leaving England: How is that? Sat upon it. However came you to do that? Well you see, it is too hot to wear my vest. So I had to carry the watch in the pocket of an alpaca coat, which is rather deep and takes the watch deep in the tails, "as it were." Now, I forgot about my watch being there, and making an effort to sit on a deck chair, I am pitched heavily on one side with the lurching of the vessel, my coat-tails under me. Imagine the rest. I hear a slight scrunch. It does not strike me at the time what it can be, but afterwards—alas! (Bro. Edwards put it right afterwards.)

Wednesday, June 24th.—Bright, breezy and rough. Voyage becoming monotonous in this absolute solitude: for now I never exchange a word with a soul: never even see the young doctor: I am afraid he is in the monkey state. Miss Bluestocking next me at table is barren except in social small wares in which I cannot deal. We have each tried to get rid of this horrid silence—she tries her way (occasionally), I try mine (ditto): but we make no headway. I have tried her with the new expedition to Dongola, the Jewish settlements in Palestine, the position of the Bible in society, meterological phenomena at the equator. In each case, I have been stopped by a *cul de sac*, and have had to come back. She has tried me with the weather, which soon gives in: with Fijian scenery which I have not seen, and can only say "indeed!" "ah!" with missionary allusions which I can only handle very gingerly. She gets on splendidly with neighbours opposite and to her right. (I am on the left at the end). Anecdotes of pug dogs; descriptions of different fruits, vegetables, and dishes; stories of greenhorns at sea; gossip about people being and thriv-

ing at various places visited: what mishaps befell bicycle riders, &c., &c., &c. Those are rattled off with great vivacity, not a word of serious moment for any human being, all trifle, traffic, and laughing gas.

Thursday, June 25th.—A day like yesterday only not quite so rough: blue sky, white clouds, sunshine and heaving glancing waters through which our vessel ploughs her way with motion enough to distress those who are not what is called "good sailors." This is our sixteenth day out. She will bring us at last safely to land if God will. If our propeller were to break, we should be helpless, like a steam-boat which the *Miowera*, last voyage but one, found adrift rudderless on the ocean. She gave her a rope and towed her four days, and then during a rough night the rope broke, and in the morning she was nowhere to be seen. This was one of the things that delayed the sailing of the *Miowera* from Sydney. The other ship took refuge in an island, which she found in her neighbourhood when light dawned. The voyage is getting dreary for want of company. There are people enough on board, but none to whom I can speak. How many are there ashore? Some. There will be a muster of the Lord's friends at the appointed time. They are waiting in the grave to show themselves at the other end of the journey. These frivolous, elegant, haughty people around me who cast the word of God behind their backs, are only a fleeting picture. The company on board the *Minnesota* who distressed me in a similar way twenty-four years ago, when I crossed the Atlantic for the first time to bury Dr. Thomas—where are they? Gone! No power on earth could bring them together again. Where are the people that angrily shouted against Paul, "Away with such a pestilent fellow; he is not fit to live?" They could not be found with the most diligent search. Where are the railers, who, outside Lot's house, wanted to lay hands on his angelic visitors? They were ashes next day. "All flesh is grass, and the glory of man as the flower of the field." When the friends of God are grieved by the contradiction or coldness of those who understand not their righteous ways in God, let them remember that affliction cannot last longer than God requires. After that, joy and gladness among God's loving people for ever; the beautiful earth their inheritance, Divine friendship their solace, without check or hindrance, the boundless storehouse of God's unmixed goodness, the portion of their rejoicing and lovely multitudes.

Friday, June 26th.—The morning opened in cloud and dullness, but as the day wore on, the sun broke through. Before breakfast, while I was on deck, the engines stopped, and we lay like a log in the water for nearly half-an-hour — hammering in the engine room; more repairs, I suppose. We seem to be long in getting to the Sandwich Islands. This is the tenth day since we left Fiji, and the company's time table advertise the distance as doable in eight days. It is expected we shall reach the islands to-night. I have six Australian letters to post; I shall go ashore and post them myself, the purser advising me that this is the best course. I am told a steamer will call and take them next day. I have about half-a-dozen English letters to post, but these I must not post at Sandwich Islands, but take on with me to Victoria.

The temperature has begun to fall again. It is now 76; it was 87 for a day or two in the neighbourhood of the equator. I shall be able to wear my vest again "presently on."

Last night, there was a reading of essays written by passengers. I was invited to attend, and did so. There was nothing of real intelligence or worth in them—all either natural or nonsensical. The knowledge of God (and oh, His precious love) spoils for "the husks that the swine do eat." You see, God is *always*: and His love *a constant need:* His worship a constant luxury and necessity. All these quips and cranks — the peculiarities of the Fijians, the habits of people on shipboard, the ways of grumblers, the fate of hairpins in the hands of ladies—scarcely touch the surface of the mind. They provoke a languid smile like the shoot of a pale sunbeam through a wintry cloud: but leave no benefit behind. After the reading—which was perfunctorily and spiritlessly done by a tasteless bank clerk or some such dandy, under the presidency of a grey-headed flat-tongued Scotchman, of unctuous platitudes—we had to put down on paper which

we thought best and next best. A young lady took the prize, and I have no doubt was made supremely happy for the time. Take the lid off 50 years hence!

The reading this morning was full of comfort. Is it not always so? Yes, when we have power to take it in. Ah, this weakness; that is, where we come short so often. I dwelt on Samuel's words to Israel: "It hath pleased the Lord to make you His people." This is just how it is with us. Jesus said, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." This was to his disciples, but we are included if answerable to his description of those "other sheep," who should "believe on him through their word" —"every man that hath *heard* and hath *learnt* of the Father"—through the word I have spoken"—he will "in no wise cast out." *This is* our case. What if in the weakness of poor nature, we fail oftentimes in that "much fruit" which he would have us "go and bring forth?"—the constant worship of God—the constant benefitting and pleasing of men in the right sense? We are not the first in whom these deficiencies have caused groans (Rom. vii. 21-24): and who have needed the comfort of 1 Jno. i. 9.

Saturday, June 27th.—At last, the Sandwich Islands! We really reached them last night. At about 7.30 (just after dinner; darkness having settled down) the engines stopped, and the steamer blew her whistle, so I knew it must be arrival. I went upstairs and found it was even so. There was a long line of lights a little way in front of us, in the dark; and on our right, a steamer at anchor, showing beautiful illuminations from within. The day had been very stormy—the stormiest of our voyage; but now we were in comparatively smooth water, and a bright moon shed a beautiful lustre over the water. I expected we would sail straight in. Instead of that, we stayed about an hour-and-a-half in the bay, waiting for the pilot, a very necessary functionary in entering a harbour like Honolulu, which is accesable only through a narrow channel in the reefs that encircle the island. After very careful handling in the dark, by the guidance of floating and shore lights, we reached our moorings at a wharf where there were other ships. We could not see much in the dark, and as there was no object in landing, seeing we could have an opportunity of going ashore in the morning, I decided to retire to my bunk. I did not sleep much for the noises, especially the thumpings of a great hammer close to my state-room (as it seemed) by a man, who seemed to be driving in thick iron bolts into plates of steel. I suppose it was engine repairs, as we had had two stoppages in mid-ocean for this purpose during the day. However, the morning came at last. I was roused at six for bath, as breakfast was to be at seven, to give the passengers an opportunity of going ashore. At 6.30 I went on deck, with brother Walker's binos. The scene, in the calm bright sunshine of early morn, was beautiful. Behind the town, a long range of abrupt, twisted volcanic-looking mountoins, and behind that, to the left, a higher range, in the shadowy distance. In front, gentle slopes to the sea, and the houses forming Honolulu—the principal port of call in the Sandwich group. This port is not on the principal island —Hawaii—which, I expect, we shall see in the distance, on the right. (No: it was too far off to be visible.) It is on an island called Oaho—"O-ho," as it were. Though small by comparison with Hawaii, you would not know it was an island by merely looking at it from the sea—still less when you are ashore. It looks like any large country. All around us were ships like a busy harbour. Honolulu is a coaling place for ships trading between America, and Japan and China, as well as Canada and Australia. After breakfast I went ashore. Most of the passengers did so in groups and in carriages, but I went on foot, considering that a walk would be better than riding after so much confinement on ship-board: and as for company, there was none. It was a bright warm morning, with just enough wind to make it pleasant. I went first to the post-office to post six Australian letters. I had to buy Hawaiean stamps. They would not take English money, so I had to buy some Yankee. "Dhoallers" (I cannot spell dollars as they sound it). Having posted my letters, I set out for a stroll, having three hours at my disposal. The streets are straight and American-looking, but (except in the central streets which are like shopping-streets every-

where) with abundance of vegetation interspersed among the houses. The trees strike the visitor as peculiar—something like what we saw at Colombo, "only more so." The date palm, with high truncated, big bamboo-looking stem, is a very constant feature: also cocoanut palms and the Mimosa tree. The shrubbery in the gardens is also distinctly tropical. Observing a park, apparently, with well-kept lawns round a large building, in the centre of the town, with a soldier on guard, I asked him if I might go in. In true English he said, "Yes: I could go through the building if I liked." I asked what it was! He said it was the Queen's Palace: but since the revolution it had been turned into the Government Executive Building. I went through the grounds and came upon files of soldiers going through drill. Going out at the other side, I went forward and through suburban roads. I came back by the shop streets, and bought a trifle or two, by way of memento of Sandwich Islands. I looked at all the people with some pleasure after such a time of of heezy-hozy banishment on board. After spending three hours, I got on board the steamer again, and found her blowing her warning whistle to gather the passengers. When I got on board, one of my fellow-passengers (seems to be an elderly Russian) said he saw me ashore, and beckoned to me to join him in his carriage, but that I did not notice him. He said he envied me as I always seemed to be so happy in myself. I said it was so: and this was the secret (producing my Bible). He said he would show me an article that he thought would please me, and then bowed and retired. He had told me he had been for 25 years a martyr to neuralgia. I think that would be worse than some crosses we have to carry.

Sunday, June 28th.—We left Honolulu yesterday at one o'clock—mid-day. When we got outside, it was very rough—a high wind blowing, and the ocean flecked all over with broken waves. It was nearly a gale. It was the roughest day we have had since leaving Sydney. It continued very rough all afternoon, and got worse as darkness came on. It was very bad during the night. The motion of the ship was very violent, and to make matters worse, the engines stopped once or twice during the night, and the steam blown off with loud noise. It quieted down a little towards morning. At 7-30 I got up and had my bath—a somewhat difficult performance in the rocking of the vessel. After dressing, I had a walk on deck, then breakfast and reading. No meeting to-day for me: "service" I suppose—a dead formality by which people feel they have taken out a licence to be "miserable sinners" for another week. Oh, for the day when all shall know the Lord from the least even unto the greatest.

Monday, June 29th.—The weather much calmer and a little cooler. Sun not out, but hiding behind a mass of calm clouds: sea comparatively smooth and sailing pleasant. Feeling much better than when I got up this a.m. (7 o'clock). For some reason or other, I had a troubled night. Perhaps they put wine in the soup, or perhaps it was the reading of an article by a Jew just before going to bed, stating that the Jews had abandoned faith and prayer, and knew nothing beyond making the best of the present world—which had a depressing effect. I found a splendid remedy this morning in trying to learn by heart the song sung by Moses and the children of Israel when the Egyptians had been overthrown in the Red Sea: also listening to Christ on the Mount. I think I must write an article in answer to said Jewish lucubrations. "Dry bones" indeed, is the only fit comparison to the whole house of Israel. Where is their common sense? I suppose the answer of Moses is the only answer: "The Lord hath not given thee a heart to understand."

Tuesday, June 30th (end of the month).—Beautiful morning, the kind of weather I expected all the way through the tropics, bright without strong sunshine: warm, without being hot: no wind: smooth sea: sailing delightful, the sort of morning we associate with a holiday, suggestive of what we are waiting for—the morning without clouds—everlasting calm, strength and joy, in God's manifested presence for ever. O Lord, haste the day. God give us a place in thy house.

Last night, under the stars, I saw on the right of the vessel's course a bright beacon-light exactly of the colour of molten iron, and behind it apparently a long hilly island. Oh, yes, I thought, it was one of the many

islands of the Pacific, and that is a lighthouse to guide vessels in the dark. I got my glass to examine it more closely: I thought the shape of the light peculiar, more like a huge naphtha lamp than a lighthouse. The body of the island behind and towering above the light in a dense dark mass, I could not make out definitely. I thought the steamboat is going very close to the island: but the officers must know their duty. Shortly, the light disappeared, and the island turned out to be a black mass of cloud resting on the horizon, the rest of the heavens being quite clear. The beacon-light was a portion of a red moon (I think I never saw it so red before), just emerging on the horizon and peeping between the cloud mass and the sky line. Afterwards, the moon came straight up behind all. It was a most peculiar, beautiful atmospheric effect. My senses were entirely deceived for about five minutes.

The weather being fine, the passengers are getting "peart," and there is a depressing clatter of haughty nonsense "on the right hand and on the left"—"thought, word and deed"—which reminds me that sometimes when we get the other sort, it is too "steef."

Wednesday, July 1st.—A day like yesterday. The Pacific is justifying its name. I have had such deep divings into the Scriptures during the past twenty-four hours—extra to the readings you know, and have been able to feel so strong in God. All our clouds and failings are nothing but the mists of human weakness. Lord, forgive. The glorious sun will break at last. It will not be always talk. I have eased my mind by writing the said article on the Jewish cry, "Our hope is lost." It will come in, I dare say, for the October number.—In four more days, I suppose, I will land and encounter the pile of waiting letters and papers at Victoria. What shall I find? It takes away my breath a little.—During the night the engines stopped, and the steam-boat made such an alarming noise in the dark, blowing off her steam. In a short time, after some hammering, she went on again. I never knew a steam-boat stop so many times in mid-ocean. It seems as if this boat were most unwilling to expedite my return, dallying a month before starting, and then loitering like this on the way.

Thursday, July 2nd.—We are now twenty-one days out from Sydney, and nearing Vancouver, but we call at Victoria, six hours sail from Vancouver, and I get off there. The boat is expected to arrive at Victoria at one o'clock in the morning—unearthly hour. I will have to drive to some hotel, as there will be no one to meet me, because the brethren have no means of knowing when to expect me; first, because the *Miowera* is so far past her time, and secondly, because there is no telegraphic communication with the Sandwich or the Fiji Islands.

Friday, July 3rd.—Passed through a shoal of whales. Their water spouts were visible at various points, but only one or two came near enough to show their impressive persons. Everybody getting alert in prospect of landing.

Chapter XXIX.—VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, AND ACROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

Saturday, July 4th.—Sighted the American continent to-night, viz.: at the south end of the island of Vancouver, which we approached, in the darkness, in an oblique line from the south-west. The headland lights were visible on Cape Flattery (the U.S. mainland) and Carmanah Point (British Columbia), and in a couple of hours, we were steaming along the comparatively quiet waters of the strait separating the dominion of the Stars and Stripes from the territory

owning allegiance to Queen Victoria. Before entering the strait, we passed through a shoal of whales—perbaps 20 in sight at various points, blowing the water into the air, but only two or three coming near enough to give us a view of the upper part of their portly persons. This strait is about 40 miles broad, and is named the Strait of San Juan de Fuca. Forty miles, which seems a great distance ashore, does not seem much at sea. The opposite shores are not only within sight, but seem near, after being so long out on the boundless ocean. Both shores are hilly, especially that on the south, which towers to a great height in the magnificent range of the snow-capped Olympian mountains—over 12,000 feet high. Victoria is on the northern side of the strait, on the south of the island of Vancouver. It was at Victorta that I was to land. I did not know that the *Miowera* would stop at Victoria, until I got aboard. I supposed, because I had been informed that she went straight to Vancouver, and that I would have to take a coasting steamer there for Victoria. The information would no doubt be correct at one time, but in these days of progress, things soon change, and no information is long "up-to-date." Vancouver is one place, and the island of Vancouver is another. Vancouver is the name of the city on the Canadian mainland, which forms the terminus of the line of railway running right across the immense Canadian continent to Montreal. The island of Vancouver lies in front of the town of Vancouver at a distance of about 70 miles—that is, if it is proper to talk of an island nearly the size of Great Britain being in front of any city whatever. I was informed that the *Miowera* would arrive at Victoria early next morning (Sunday morning) and that she would only stay about a couple of hours. "Early" meant four o'clock, and the shortness of the call involved the risk of being carried on to Vancouver unless I was ready to land by four a.m. Retired to rest, determined to be ready. This meant poor sleep, so slight as to amount to none in the real sense. At four o'clock the engines stopped, and I got up. My bed-steward, who had been very attentive in insignificant things, and who said he would be on hand to see me ashore in the morning, was now invisible when his services would really have been of some value. How was this? Well, to save time at the last moment, I had during the previous day, settled up with everybody as regards those gratuities to which stewards on a long voyage consider themselves by custom entitled. In this I made a mistake, according to common advice. "If you want your man," say they, "to be civil and alert to the last moment, put off the fees till then." The poor motive that keeps these creatures at work being gone, the man was gone too, and I pressed the button of the electric bell in vain to cause a re-appearance. Isn't it wretched this absence of all true neighbourliness—this universal inspiration of the mercenary? It is part, and a heavy part, of the evil of "the present evil world." It is needless to look for anything else or to be in the least out of temper with it. Recognise your surroundings and act accordingly. I had to help myself in getting my things on deck, one by one. I would not have minded if I could then have gone ashore, but there was a box in the hold which I could not go ashore without. The hands were busy getting out cargo at the fore hatchway, and I was told they would start getting out the heavy luggage from the after-hold in about ten minutes. The ten minutes were prolonged to two hours-and-a-half. There was nothing for it but to wait as patiently as possible. It gave me an opportunity of looking round a little. It was a bright summer morning: for though it was winter (in Australia) at the beginning of the voyage, it was summer now. The clear morning air was healing. The steamer was drawn up and moored at a wooden wharf in Victoria harbour, in front of an immense shed, into which the hands were conveying bundles and packages of merchandise taken out of the *Miowera*, with much noise of donkey-engine and shouting porters. The picture of tranquil land and water all round was beautiful. Across the water at a great distance, rose the Olympian mountains before spoken of. The snow-mantled summits might have been clouds, only that the shadows had a depth and a sharpness of outline and a massive fixity of aspect that told their true character. I was not in the best condition to enjoy the scene, after such a night: still, the effect was pleasing,

and the prospect of *terra firma* delightful. —In due time, my trunk was heaved from the depths, and swung ashore: and the Customs House official having barbarously looked through my things to see that there was no pig-iron or contraband, I was free. I gave myself up to a clamorous vehicle hirer, who had kept his eye pertinaceously on me for nearly three hours. He wanted to drive me to a hotel. I said, "No: I have a friend in the town: drive me to his house (giving him the address): and when you get there, don't ring the bell or rap or make any noise. Just lay my things on the footpath in front of his door, and I will do the rest"—all which instructions he duly executed. It was seven o'clock in the morning when I was let down in front of 45, Hayward Avenue, on the outskirts of Victoria, close to Beaconhill Park (I think that was the name), by the sea. There was a little garden enclosure in front of the house. I laid my things partly inside this enclosure, and partly on the wooden footway (American style), and went for a walk. I could not think of rousing the inmates at an unusual hour; and a walk in the sweet morning air, after being so long cooped up in a steam-boat, would be a treat. And so it was. Vegetation was everywhere luxuriant and green as at home, and there was an odour of flowers in the air—the scent of roses, honeysuckle, woodbriar. Nobody was astir: everything was quiet and delicious. I afterwards ascertained that the island of Vancouver, owing to its position, has a remarkably temperate climate—free from extremes of heat and cold—allowing the same bed-clothes all the year, and fostering every variety of field and garden produce. Victoria itself is a place containing 20,000 inhabitants. It was the first town to be established after the British occupation, when there was no railway across the country. Since the opening of the Canadian-Pacific line from the east for a distance of 3,000 or 4,000 miles, Victoria has had an important rival in Vancouver, 80 miles distant. Victoria, however, is likely to retain the start it has obtained. The coast scenery in all directions is grand. In my delicious walk among the meadows, in the quiet and sweet morning air, I kept well in sight of 45, Hayward Avenue—in case of prowlers or friends. In due course, there were signs of people waking up. By-and-bye, a figure came out of 45. After a little delay and uncertainty of movement, it came down the avenue towards where I was sitting on the wooden footway, with legs dangling into a hollow place. It was brother Edwards. I had never seen him before. He asked, and yet didn't ask, but assumed that I was brother Roberts. He ejaculated in tones of distress, "Oh, brother Roberts, what a reception!" repeating the remark several times. I told him it was beautiful: it was entirely to my mind: he could not have contrived it better if he had invented it. He could not see that at all. I told him it would have been a distress to me to see anybody down at the steamer at the unreasonable hour at which she had arrived; and that nothing could have been more acceptable than to be allowed to have a quiet morning walk all by myself in the scented morning air. Brother Edwards said the steam-boat was so much behind her time and they were so cut off from intelligence of her movements across a sea where no telegraphic cable had yet been laid, that they were all out of their calculations. They had been on the *qui vive* for several days, and had concluded from the absence of signal at Carmanah Point on Saturday that the vessel could not possibly arrive till Monday. When they found on getting up that my things were piled up in front of their house, they concluded that I had sent them up as an intimation of arrival, and was waiting on board the steamer; and he was just on the point of mounting his bicycle to go down to her when he spied a loiterer. He conducted me to his house, where sister Edwards most cordially received me. I was soon amid the delights of home life on *terra firma*, which are very delicious after tossing on the deep for over three weeks. The zest was greatly increased by the pile of happy letters waiting me from home and elsewhere. I had a deep plunge in the letters while sister Edwards was getting breakfast ready. Then breakfast, mingled with lamentations from my hosts about my "reception," which I tried hard to convince them were misplaced altogether. The reception could not have been better. How much better to drift quietly and unceremoniously to a friendly door of

true welcome than to have the full ceremony of a wintry courtesy. I think they were convinced at last. At 11 o'clock, I accompanied them to the breaking of bread at brother Drysdale's, where several brethren and friends were assembled. One sister (McCarter) had been there for three or four weeks, waiting me from Moose Jaw, a thousand miles away, with her husband ; not yet in the faith, but veering that way. They had gone by the time first appearing in the *Christadelphian*, which would have been all right but for the delays of the *Miowera*. None of them were now expecting me, as they had persuaded themselves it was impossible I could arrive before Monday on account of the absence of signal at a remote point of the coast, where the steam-boat is usually seen and announced. The fact was, in this case, that the steam-boat had passed immediately after dark, and therefore unobserved and unannounced. (As it is said, "all signs fail," mortals never can be sure). When I arrived with brother and sister Edwards, they though I must be a certain interested stranger, whom they had heard he was in tow with. My introduction, therefore, took them somewhat aback. They could not believe their eyes for a moment. It was one of those special sensations that come only now and then. (I am afraid this will seem awfully egotistical to some of my wintry friends. Let it pass). We had a pleasant breaking of bread together. Sister McCarter had become an invalid since her arrival in Victoria, much to her disappointment. She had to take the meeting lying on the sofa, and was unable to attend the lectures afterwards arranged for, except the last. Not knowing when I would land, no final arrangements had been made for lectures. But now, arrangements were hurried up for four lectures during the ensuing week, with at least a day's interval between each lecture. There was no meeting for this Sunday evening, for which I was thankful, for after a sleepless night and a long early wait for cargo discharge, I was in a state of fatigue which welcomed a quiet evening and an early bedding, with a late waking next morning. There were many letters to write. Quite a number of invitations to visit various parts of Canada and the States were waiting me. These I had to decline at this time on account of the time lost by the delays of the *Miowera*, promising to accept on the next occasion of my passing through America from Australia for home. I had also (by permission) to drop several appointments actually made so that I might reach Birmingham by the middle of August—confining myself to those places that were on the line of route to Boston and that had spoken earliest for my services. To all these I had to write. I had also to write home and various friendly letters to Australia. It was several days before I accomplished all this work.

The Victoria ecclesia is a sort of connecting link between the eastern and western worlds, so for as the system of the truth is developed in modern times. It numbers something over 20, with prospects of increase. It was at one time as high as 50, but was rent asunder by the importation from Scotland of the leaven of partial-inspirationism. From this disaster, it has now recovered. The section that stood for partial-inspiration has dwindled away to nothing—having now no meeting and only one representative in Victoria. Those who were faithful to the Scriptures in association with brother Edwards are a well-knit body with increased spiritual vigour and prospects of numerical increase. This is pretty much the history of that mischief thoughout the world.

Wednesday, July 8th, to Tuesday, July 14th.—Lecture to-night in the A.O.U. Hall, the largest in Victoria. Subject, "Is Man Immortal?"; fair audience. THURSDAY: Quiet tea-meeting at brother Drysdale's, for sister McCarter's sake, who was unable to attend the public meetings. FRIDAY: Lecture, "The Kingdom of God: what, where, and how?" better audience. SATURDAY: Boating pic-nic up the river; brother and sister Cook present from Ladner's, some sixty miles distant; they had asked me to come there, but time would not allow. SUNDAY: Pleasant breaking of bread; in the evening, lecture on "The Gathering Storm in Europe"; still larger audience, and much interest. MONDAY: Lecture, "Signs of the Nearness of Christ"; again a large audience. TUESDAY: Social gathering at brother Edwards, preparatory to departure in the s.s.

Charmer for Vancouver. The steam-boat was to start at two a.m., but passengers were allowed on board the night before. I was accompanied to the vessel by several of the brethren, and with some sorrow bade them adieu at 11 p.m.—retiring at once to rest. (I have a pleasant memory of my stay with brother and sister Edwards, who are of the sterling spiritual type that Paul gave thanks for in his day, and that have been a refreshment, courage, and mainstay to believers in these thirsty times ever since. God increase their numbers. They will at last fill the earth). I had some pleasant walks by the picturesque sea-shore, looking across the wide strait to the Olympian snow-capped mountains. There are not many passing ships in these quiet seas. A sunk steam-boat lying outside gives a touch of melancholy to the solitary waters.

Wednesday, July 15th.—The *Charmer* arrived a Vancouver (a voyage of 70 miles) at 8 p.m. The passengers were landed close to the terminal railway station of the Canadian-Pacific line; but the train was not due to start till two o'clock (for a long run of six days and six nights to Montreal, on the River St. Lawrence.) Consequently there was opportunity to visit the city, most picturesquely situate on rising ground, over-looking extensive waters enclosed by high hills on all sides, except on the sea-ward side. It is a city of very recent growth, and owes its existence to the construction of the Canadian-Pacific Line. Prior to that event, it was silent bush. Now, it is a busy, active, extensive place, with solid streets, large public buildings, electric trams, and electric lighting. It flourished with great rapidity for some years: but like most other places, it has had a set-back for some years, owing to the collapse of inflated values, which has depressed business of all kinds. That it will recover before the coming of the Lord, we do not know. With that event, it will doubtless be involved with the whole world in the terrible upheavals that will mark the prolonged transition from the present miserable dispensation to the glorious one beyond—"a time of trouble such as never was." From that time of trouble, it will emerge, after years of humiliation, into the calm sunshine of the Lord, when men will no longer have the management of their own affairs: which they are not fit to manage, for even when prosperity comes, they run it to death, and kick each other into the ditch.

Knowing that brother Sulley had a brother here in a prominent position, I called at his magnificent business-place, for brother Sulley's sake, but found he was absent in Europe. I afterwards went into an hotel, and obtained permission to write a few letters during the remaining interval to the starting of the train. I had also to call on the Canadian-Pacific Co. to arrange for my journey. The ticket on which I was travelling was a through ticket, from Vancouver to Liverpool: but required to be renewed at various points. Vancouver was one of those points where I had to decide which day and by which steamer I would cross the Atlantic, and whether I would travel on the railway in a sleeping-car or ordinary carriage, and whether I would pay for meals in a lump or pay for them as I had them. These points being arranged in harmony, with the necessities of a comparative invalid, I got "a-board" the train, which started punctually at two o'clock.

The construction of the Canadian-Pacific railway some ten years ago was a stupendous feat, whether we consider its length (close on 3,000 miles): its difficulty (traversing the most extensive mountainous district in the world, amid glaciers, deep gorges, and raging mountain torrents): and its great cost or its incalculable value to England, commercially and strategically. There is a secret political history in it that was unknown to the public of the time. It never would have been constructed as a merely commercial enterprise. It is partly the offspring of political rivalry and partly an accommodation to the necessities of British imperialism in the world. The United States had spanned the American continent with a railway connecting New York on the Atlantic on the east coast with San Francisco on the Pacific on the west, and had established a line of steamers running from San Francisco to Australia, China, and Japan. This threatened to give the United States a monopoly of the growing trade between the two hemispheres. It was not long before the necessity was perceived of protecting British interests by making a corresponding line through Canada. Such an enterprise required imperial funds.

Canada could never have found the money. Rich old mother Britannia found it, and the work was done. England's position has been greatly strengthened in a military and strategic sense by the construction of the railway. She can now forward troops to any point of her vast dominions at a few days' notice—that is, at the motion of an electric button in England, the nearest military force can be brought to bear in a few days on any point by a series of substitutional garrison movements. A force at Vancouver (where there is a naval and military depot at Eskimalt, the extreme west, three miles to the west of Victoria) can be ordered by a flash of the wire to embark for China, Japan, or Australia, while the Halifax (N.S.) garrison can be ordered forward at the same moment to take the place of the vacated military force at Eskimalt, and the Jamaica garrison ordered to take the place of the vacated garrison at Halifax, and troops sent from Portsmouth to take the place of the vacated Jamaica force. The experiment has been tried. It will thus be seen that Britain's striking force has been greatly increased throughout the world by the construction of the Canadian-Pacific railway.

Thursday, July 16th, to Monday, July 20th.—The scenery on the railway route, during the first thousand miles eastward from Vancouver, is the grandest in the world, with the exception, perhaps, of the corresponding railway in the United States. The train has no sooner cleared Vancouver than the splendid scenery begins. On the left is a wide estuary, with high hills in the back-ground; and on the right, woods aud hills. This quiet type of beauty continues during the first day. Next day, the traveller finds the country much wilder and more picturesque. The train is always within sight of a wide, rapid river; and now there are rugged hills in all directions. As the day advances, the river grows to a rushing rapid of stern aspect. The hills grow to mountains, rearing snow-capped heads in all directions; and the railway track runs tortuously through narrow valleys, and along steep mountain sides, and by brawling waters. On the third day, we are in the apparently inextricable labyrinth of the Rocky Mountains. The great mountains reach upwards to a height that we cannot follow with the eye from the carriage-seat, unless we happen to be in the "observation-car"—a roofless carriage, with seats expressly constructed to allow the passengers to see the magnificent scenery. The river is now a dashing, roaring cataract, of great breadth and violence. This is perhaps the grandest feature of the scenery. For some hundreds of miles, there is a constant Niagara outside the carriage windows, forced into all kinds of abrupt turns and twists as the enraged waters force their way down the ravines and gorges on their way to the sea. Sometimes the railway runs along a dizzy mountain-side, with the waters foaming far below. At one point, towards the centre of the mountain range, the railway gradually rises by steep gradients, to avoid the enormous tunnelling that would otherwise have been necessary. In doing this, it winds round the mountains for several miles, almost in the form of a figure 8; so that the passenger at the upper part of the ascent look down upon the part of the line that he has travelled, in the opposite direction, far below.

Not far from this, viz., at Banff Springs, where we stopped for lunch, the scene was one of great beauty. The railway line was at a great altitude above the valley. The hotel stood a little above the line, and in front yawned a wide depression in the hills, backed and surrounded on all sides by towering masses of mountains, scarred and frowning. The hotel and its well-kept lawns and fountains looked like a bit of paradise in the midst of Nature's grandest desolation. At one spot, at a great height, the train stops and lets the passengers out on to a platform, from which they look down into an abyss of foaming water. "Very grand," I afterwards observed to a fellow-traveller of of the high and mighty order, who deprave their senses with narcotics and stimulants, and sear their consciences by the habitual outrage of the noblest susceptibilities of man, and wither up their moral and intellectual faculties by the feverish and engrossing chase of business and "pleasure," and the cultivation of a chronic attitude of scoff and scorn. "Ya—es," he drawled in a hesitating and scornful manner: "ve-ry gr-and"—in a tone that seemed to say, "There is nothing grand but a glass of

grog: only women and fools think mountains grand." That was my first and last communication with him. He was evidently a fast "commercial." I could not help thinking what an abortion human nature becomes under the action of habits, occupations, styles, and readings, in which some blind respectable people see "no harm."

At one place, the railway crossed a wide river on a bridge, which for a long way on either side was a solid bank. Looking over the side of the bridge, I saw a strange commotion in the water, which on closer inspection I found to be due to thousands upon thousands of large fish, which had apparently come down the wide river, and were obstructed by the railway bank. Towards the middle, they were escaping by the central trestle work. Salmon abound in these parts, to an extraordinary extent. There are large works in the neighbourhood of Vancouver, devoted exclusively to the canning and export of them.

A grand feature at night was noticeable at various points—the conflagration of the woods on the mountain sides. In the dry summer season, the woods get as combustible as tinder wood under the hot sun, and a spark from the engine or other accidental cause is sufficient to set them off. The fires where they occur are, of course, visible during the day, but then mostly as masses of smoke. At night, there is the glare of masses of burning forest, high upon the mountain side, the effect of which at night is very grand.

At various points on the journey, the native Red Indians were visible, either at the stations offering buffalo horns for sale or at fishing places on the river. They were once the sole occupants of these magnificent regions, and indeed of the whole American continent. Now, they are a dwindling race, driven into corners, and likely soon to become extinct. They are a little like the Maories of New Zealand, only of a warmer bronze in colour.

The only drawback in the long ride was the mosquitos at a certain point. We seemed to pass through a mosquito belt about a day from Vancouver. The creatures infested the train for a good many hours. Slender and gauzy, they do not seem as if they could be able to do any mischief. But they soon show you what they can do. They carry an invisible case of surgical instruments and a poison injector which they use with aggravating effect. They light on any exposed part of the skin, and quickly get the apparatus to work, especially if it is a British skin. You feel the gentlest pin-prick: you look and find the flimsy long-legged speck in position. You squelch it with lightning speed: you are too late, the deed is done when you feel the prick, though you may not think so for a few hours. You will discover the fact next day, in the hard, white, itchy swelling, that you feel you could almost tear out of your flesh. In three days the effect is exhausted, but for the time being it is irritating, especially if there are a number of bites, which is highly probable. I put on gloves, and covered my neck with a scarf, and thought I had escaped, but inflamed swellings next day, on the tips of my ears and at the openings of the gloves on the wrists and on my face told me my success was by no means complete.

On the fourth day, we were in the prairies—wide sweeps of level grass country, where no mountains were visible. This lasted for hundreds of miles. On the fifth day the land grew undulating again, and we passed through picturesque woods and lakes. The "lake of the wood" was particularly beautiful—an extensive lake broken up into wood-clad islands. "Extensive" in America has a larger meaning than in England. The scenery I am speaking of lasted for two or three hundred miles.

Wasn't it very fatiguing riding in the train day after day for so long a time? It was. The principal drawback is the lack of opportunity for exercise. This could be supplied on a railway conducted on ideal principles, as will be the case in the age to come. But it is considered unnecessary to provide for it in an age when it is thought sufficient to get a thing done in the cheapest way, at no matter how much cost in human comfort and well-being. The only thing to be done in the way of exercise I did: I got off the train when it stopped and walked up and down outside: on the platform if there was one, and on the railway-track if there was not. It was a little dangerous, as no one gives a starting signal, and you are

expected very much to look after yourself. A bell on the engine rings, but when it begins to ring, the train begins to move : slowly, to be sure, and you have to scramble in by the steps at the end of each car. There is a hand-rail to enable you to do so, and you get accustomed to it at last.

Night time is the least fatiguing part of the day (but how can ***night*** be part of ***day*** *?*) Though the first night is rather wakeful with the noise and jolts of the train, you get accustomed to it, and sleep fairly well. You miss the morning bath. You cannot even substitute a rub-down in a toilet chamber at the end of the car open to all the wakening occupants of the car, unless you make bold to do as I did, regardless of the surprised glances of the slaves to conventionality. Dip your towel bodily into the water, retire into another place, disrobe, and do the rest. Oh, shocking! Truly so, but it secured a very necessary luxury. You have to look at tangible results sometimes, rather than appearances. It is agony to force yourself at the moment, but you are the gainer in the long run. This is how it is in the general battle of life. If you govern yourself by the opinion of the common run, you will do and say the things that are foolish and rarely—perhaps never —do the thing that is wise.

Meals were a fairly-managed item. You either got them in a dining car, forming part of the train, or you got off at a half-hour stoppage, and were provided at a way-side hotel, furnished by the company. You had to pay, of course; either in cash or coupons, bought at the commencement of the journey. If man or woman were unable to pay, they could get nothing but the dry provision of bread and cheese, or what not, that they might have in their basket or bundle. This is a barbarity that will be abolished when the railways, with everything else, change hands in the Kingdom of God. The widows and the poor ought to be specially looked after, instead of being neglected because they are poor. The lordly, haughty, arrogant bulls of Bashan, that push with their horns, have the fat of the earth, and the first of everybody's mercenary obsequious attentions just now. Oh, miserable kingdom of the devil, your days are numbered, and will not last much longer under this glorious sun.

Towards the end of the journey, I got into communication with an educated young Englishman, who had been travelling in China and Japan. He was troubled at the state of international politics. I soon got the truth under his attention, and he became greatly interested. We exchanged addresses before parting, with a view to future correspondence. I gave him a copy of the *Declaration* and the *Gathering Storm in Europe.*

When we got to North Bay (an inlet of Lake Huron) we had to change for Toronto. This was on the morning of the last day. In nine more hours, as we were approaching Toronto, on Lake Ontario, having stopped at the last station before reaching that city, brother Edwin Hill, of Toronto, originally of Birmingham, came aboard the train, and soon found me out. He had been on the outlook for some days, but received a telegram at last informing him of the day of arrival. Arrived at Toronto Station (revolutionised since my last visit) we found brother Smallwood—become a husband and a father since I last saw him and brother McNeillie's daughter. After gettting possession of the baggage (on which I was not charged "excess," as I was afterwards in the States), brother Hill drove me to his secluded house in Deer Park, where I had a warm welcome from sister Hill (also originally of Birmingham), and her interesting family of five sons and daughters. There was a host of letters and papers awaiting me, which it was a pleasure to go through after a season of complete of insulation.

CHAPTER XXX.—TORONTO, BUFFALO, PHILADELPHIA BOSTON, AND HOME ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

TORONTO is a large city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants (mostly Scotch and English), situate on Lake Ontario, not far from Niagara Falls, as American distances go; and in sea communication with all the world, by the noble river St. Lawrence, which passes Montreal and Quebec, some hundreds of miles lower down. It is a manufacturing centre in almost every line of industry for Central Canada.

Tuesday, July 21st, to Thursday, July 23rd.—Toronto was one the places I nearly left out, along with others, from the cause before mentioned. But instead of leaving it out altogether, as it was on the line of route to the Atlantic, I merely reduced the time. I had originally purposed spending a week and lecturing, but had cut down my appointment to two days, which, however, from my railway trip taking less time than I had allowed for, were pleasantly increased to four days. The brethren not knowing when the two days would fall had not been able to arrange for lectures, so the time was spent in fraternal intercourse. On the next day, after my arrival, a considerable company of brethren and sisters came together at tea-time in brother Hill's house. The day was fine, and the company mustered on the lawn both before and after tea, engaging in conversation and singing hymns by moonlight. A very agreeable and profitable evening was spent—the only drawback being the prominence of questions of difference with some in America, alleged to hold the truth as a matter of theory merely. I pointed out that the employment of the term "theory" as a description of the truth would not be sufficient to warrant separation from any one if it was used in what might be called the scientific sense, without suggesting uncertainty. The system or scheme of the truth might be called its theory without meaning that it was doubtful. It was not a happy term to employ certainly, in this age of unbelief as a description of a system of faith which was founded on undubitable facts. Still, we must not "make a man an offender for a word." We must be quite sure that a brother meant the truth was an uncertain thing by calling it a theory before making his use of that term a matter of offence. So also, there were advanced phases of the truth which, though constituent elements of the truth, might not be apprehended by those who had just learned, "which be the first principles of the oracles of God." There was such a thing as "adding to faith, knowledge," and "growing in the knowledge of God," and attaining to manhood in Christ as contrasted with those who were "babes in Christ," "in need of milk." On Wednesday, at tea with brother Smallwood and brother McNeillie, I was asked officially whether I endorsed the circulation of a resolution which had been sent out inviting withdrawal on the grounds of uncertainty just referred to. Being somewhat in ignorance of the circumstances leading to the issue of such a resolution, I was not favourably placed for giving an answer, but I had to say that as far as the facts were before me in the conversation that had taken place, it did not appear to me a wise or necessary measure. It was too nebulous in substance: it did not address itself to a palpable issue: it was founded on phrases on which two meanings might easily be put. I sympathised with the desire of every true friend of the truth to keep the truth pure in fellowship, but we must not act on rumour or phrase unless we could be sure that phrases represented actual errors entertained, of which there must be proof, not surmise. We had divisions enough that were unavoidable: it would be a pity to cause a division on an issue that could not be defended. —On Thursday, I met the brethren in association with brother Hardy, from whom there had been separation for some

time, because of alleged sympathy to partial-inspiration. These brethren were desirous of re-union, and asked me to meet them. I did so, in company with brother Hill, by consent, who was privy to all the facts. A conversation of two hours ensued (in brother Hardy's house), from which it certainly appeared there was no just cause for the continuance of the division—though doubtful incidents rendered it inevitable at the the time. A written request for a meeting to bring about re-union was agreet to, addressed, through brother Hill, to the brethren in association with him. It is to be hoped it will be consummated, for union, and not division, is certainly the Lord's will concerning all who are prepared to avow the truth concerning Him and His affairs, without nullifying reservations.

In Toronto, I met sister Bowes, an interesting and brave woman, who managed, in some single-handed way, not quite intelligible to me, to bring her three boys from ruin in Adelaide, Australia, and across the Pacific Ocean to Toronto, into the neighbourhood of relations willing to assist her in the work of educating them. She is married, and her husband lives. There is a likelihood of their settling together in Victoria (B.C), which will be a victorious consummation to a troubled episode, in which she has borne a noble part—with the assistance of brother and sister Ellis, of Adelaide. God bless and prosper. She gave me a photograph of her boys, for sister Roberts.

Friday, July 24th, to Saturday, August 1st.—Left Toronto by the nine o'clock train for Buffalo (N.Y.), *via* Niagara Falls, which the train crosses on a suspension bridge. This marvel of nature has now become common with acquaintance, as all great things do, however great, *e.g.*, the stupendous glowing sun in the heavens. Christ would have been common if he had remained on earth. His removal, and his seclusion in glory, makes him a thrilling object of faith during the time of preparation for his manifestation to his people. At 12.30, arrived at Buffalo (an immense American city, on Lake Erie, above Niagara Falls). The railway station—a gigantic structure, of great width — is peculiar in not having a platform. The trains come to a stand and let the passengers clamber down on to the rails, and get away as best they can. There are four or more lines of rails with a timber levelling between. For those who are acquainted with the methods of dispersal, it is all right, but for a stranger, it is a little bewildering. I did not exactly know how to proceed. Dragging my things, I followed the crowd, or rather such portion of the crowd as seemed to take one way: for it seemed to break up and go in various directions. Outside it was wet, and there was a crowd of vehicles. I expected brother A. D. Strickler to meet me, and did not see any chance of meeting him in the disorder outside, and therefore concluded to stay inside till he should come. I stayed in vain. I shortly found myself all alone in a wilderness of a station, and all the hubbub subsided. After a while, I considered what I must do, because I was a stranger in a strange city, and knew nowhere. I went out and spied Gillespie's European hotel, Seneca Street, and engaged a room there. I then came back for my things and telegraphed my whereabouts to brother Strickler's address, four miles away, and returned to the hotel to wait developments. In about an hour, I heard a loud voice, enquiring if "Robert Roberts" was there. It was brother Strickler who had his conveyance at the door to fetch me away. It seems he had been at the station at the arrival of the train, waiting with his conveyance outside, but not seeing me come out with the stream, concluded I must have come by another route to the Toronto station, to which he proceeded, without success. All is well that ends well. I now got "aboard" his buggy—if that is the name, and in an hours time had a cordial reception from sister Strickler and her daughters in Buffum Street. In the evening, there was a muster of the brethren and sisters living in the neighbourhood. There is quite a number in the same street, spoken of as "The Buffum Street Christadelphian Colony." Most of them are from Mahanoy, Pa., where I had seen some of them eight or ten years ago. We had a season of very pleasant intercourse under brother Strtckler's most hospitable roof, where also I met brother Hudson, of Plymouth, Mich., and also brother Irwin, of Detroit, at one time of Middlesborough, England, of pleasant memory to all who

knew him.—On Sunday there were two public lectures in the centrally-situated meeting-room of the brethren, just off Main Street, in the heart of Buffalo. There were good audiences both times. Between the lectures, there was a meeting for the breaking of bread, and a good long interval after that profitable exercise, allowing of a return home before the evening lecture at eight. There were again lectures and good audiences on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Some brethren were present at these meetings from Niagara Falls and Hamilton, including brother Habgood, formerly of Birmingham, and now cultivating land near the roaring cataract. It was a time of pleasant re-union and love-messages, some of which I am afraid I will forget. Anyone entitled to a spray, take it herewith, and I will be absolved. I am obliged to accept all these commissions with the apparently cold reservation, "if I can remember" The Lord alone is equal to the detailed applications of the many loves growing out of his. The day of efficiency, in this respect, will come to his friends also in due time.

On one of the days of my stay at Buffalo, brother and sister Strickler drove me through the city to see the great beauty on the western side. During our passage through the city, we stopped in the main street to pay a visit to Edison's "Vitascope," which was on exhibition. This is an apparatus for throwing photographs on a screen, with the effect of showing the persons and things in actual motion. The result is a living-picture : or, at least, a moving-picture. The flags, for example, wave in the wind : the trains move : dancers dance, &c. It is done by taking several hundred photographs in rapid succession, catching the posture at the various stages of action, and then passing them through the lantern at the same rate. It was very interesting in a scientific sense, but the subjects were disgustingly lewd. I could not stand it beyond a certain point. We all felt ashamed and came out, feeling we had been caught in a devil's trap.

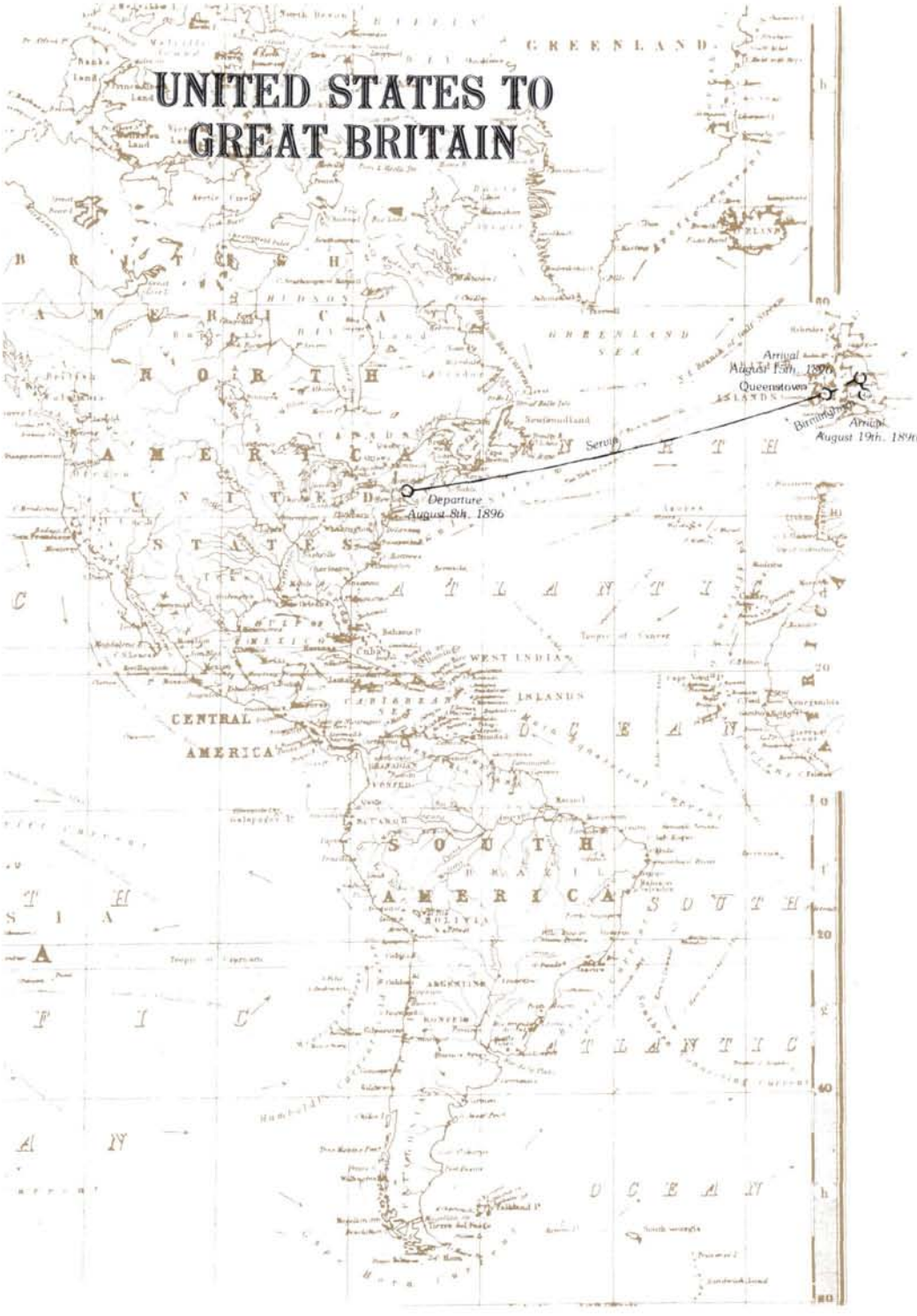
On Wednesday evening, there was a parting muster of brethren at brother Strickler's and much pleasant talk. I had, of course, to answer questions touching my travels among the brethren in divers parts. I took leave of all with unfeigned regret, intending to resume my journey next morning : which I did, for Philadelphia, 500 miles to the south-east. This, as a mere luxury, I had resolved, for want of time, to leave out, along with my intended visit to Dr. Welch, of Shire Oaks, in the same state, 400 miles further west. But, at the last moment, receiving earnest entreaty from brother Robertson to come, if but for one day only, I arranged to get Philadelphia in by getting one day off my Buffalo appointment and taking one rest day from Boston. I also dropped a note to brother Welch, expressing the hope that it would be possible for him to be in Philadelphia at the same time : a hope that was not realised. It took 12 hours' very fast travelling, through beautiful scenery of lake and mountain, to get from Buffalo to Philadelphia. Brother Robertson was waiting me at the station, and conveyed me by electric street-car through the beautiful streets of Philadelphia to his home in Walnut Street. I found him in deep affliction from the failure of many business hopes, caused by the political unsettlements of the country. My sympathy went out strongly to him and his faithful partner in life, on whom the brunt of the struggle painfully comes. Darkness surrounds them, though they "appear not unto men to fast." They are strong in the faith that the truth inspires, believing that the crushing loads of adversity are all permitted in love, that they may be "ready" for incorporation in the Bride in the supreme hour of her collective development so evidently near at hand. They have a large family of growing intelligent lads, who are an axiety, though in due time they will be a help. When I first knew them, about 20 years ago, they were in the hey-day of prosperity. When I saw them in their joy, and youth, and beauty, and education, and their love for Christ, they were as a vision of light on the hum-drum path of probation. I then "said in mine heart," and in brother Robertson's ear also, as he remembers, "Unless there is some severe experience for the spiritual polishing of such gems, they will be an exception to the rule of development common to the house of God." Many, heavy, and crushing have the polishing blows of adversity been since that

time. The words now have their appreciated meaning : " Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." The spirit is liable to break under such a rough process : but the Lord interposes before destruction comes. It is not destruction that he aims at, but humiliation and purification, that we may be fit for his use. Not otherwise would he bring tribulation upon those who know, and love, and rejoice in him. There is usually " a way of escape," except when a prpphet is " sawn asunder," or an Apostle beheaded, as the work of God sometimes requires, and its future form will justify. The sons of God are one and all prepared to take Job's position, " Though He slay me, I will trust in Him." Prepared thus for the worst, they sometimes experience a staying of the hand on the day of the rough wind. I fervently pray this may be brother and sister Robertson's experience.—On Friday evening, the brethren and sisters, to the number of about 30, came together in the house of brother Robertson. Here I had the pleasure of meeting, for the first time, sister M. Louden, for many years reputably known; also sister Gascoyne, Baltimore ; also, to my surprise, I found brother and sister Herbert Fidler (late of Nottingham, England), who send their love to friends at home. We spent a very agreeable evening together ; and next morning, I started for Boston. I was sorry to pass through New York without seeing any of the brethren and sisters in Jersey City and Brooklyn. I had no idea I would be passing through until the arrangement for Philadelphia referred to a little way back was made, and then there was not a moment I could squeeze for a stay, for I was due by public announcement at Boston for Saturday night at the latest. I arrived at Boston at 8-30, and was met by brother Mitchell (formerly of Halifax, U.S.) and brother Thompson, and another brother from Maine, whose name I forget. Brother Mitchell drove me to his house in South Boston (116 " M " Street), just opposite the store in which, conjointly with brother McKellar, jun., he is endeavouring with much stress of honest labour to provide the things that are needful for this evil state. I was cordially received by sister Mitchell, who was formerly known as sister Jardine, of St. John, N.B.

Sunday, August 2nd to Friday, August 7th.—A happy meeting of the brethren and sisters in Putnam Hall. About 150 would be present, including some from Worcester, Lowell, and other adjacent parts ; also brother Dowling, from St. John, N.B., over 400 miles off. The whole morning was devoted to exercises connected with the breaking of bread. There were four addresses, in addition to remarks by the presiding brother (brother McKellar). The occasion was thoroughly enjoyable. The meeting lasted about three hours, after which I shook hands with, I should think every member of the assembly, but without the formality of Sydney. They came forward to where I was sitting and introduced themselves one by one. It was a proof of the different state I was in from when I left England that I was able to stand it, after an hour's address, without much fatigue. After the meeting the brethren lunched together in an adjacent banqueting room, and spent the afternoon together. I went home to rest for the evening effort. There was a large attendance. Subject : " Preparing for Armageddon." The meeting was noticed in the papers next day. The notice was more accurate than usual, but still it did not lack the feature that makes you feel as if the truth were a mere show for the public, and " the public " the great God, and the reporters the priests of his jocose and silly Majesty. We have to bear it till the time comes (as it certainly will), when this monstrous idolatry of ignorance and folly will be abolished in righteous indignation, and the enlightened worship of God established in all the earth. On Monday, there was what was called a " social meeting." Usually, this involves the idea of eating and drinking in some form, however slight, with free conversational intercourse. In this sense, the meeting was not a social one. It seemed more an exhortation meeting than anything else, held, too, under circumstances, of unusual difficulty. It was held in a long, low-roofed apartment, liable to be suffocating with the windows closed, and to be deafening with the windows open, for it was over a street where street-cars, coming in from different directions, passed with great noise once every minute and

sometimes oftener. It really seemed for a time as if it would not be possible for any one to be heard except at a stentorian shout, and perhaps not then. Closed windows were tried to some extent, with the result that an ante-room was in requisition, with six fainting sisters and six attendants. It was a trying experience, but we struggled through. Brother Mitchell occupied the chair, in response to whom, I spoke for three-quarters of an hour on the chapter read (one of the day's reading—Rom. xii.) "Present *your bodies* a living sacrifice *holy* and acceptable to the Lord," seemed to challenge the universal bodily defilement of narcotism (tobacco chewing, smoking, &c.). I gave in to this line of thought, without premeditation, making out, I think, a strong case for cleanliness and purity "in all manner of conversation," in those who offer themselves for Divine acceptance now, and Divine use in the age of holiness to come. —A brother rose and excited much sympathy by saying he had been a user of tobacco all his life, and had made painful efforts to give it up, without success: but henceforth, he should never smoke again whatever the consequences might be. Other brethren made remarks, and the meeting came to an end, with the singing of a hymn and prayer. Tuesday was an "off-day," which I gave to writing. On Wednesday, there was a lecture in "The People's Temple," an immense quasi-ecclesiastical structure devoted to popular preaching on Sundays in an anti-Papal direction. It is capable of holding 3,000 people. The place would be about half full on this occasion. I lectured on "Four Signs that Christ is Near"—with what effect—who can tell? On Thursday there was to have been another "social meeting" in a better place (Putnam Hall): but it was turned into a conference with a separated section of brethren with a view to reunion. They would be about 15 in number. The cause of separation lay in extreme views of "wilful sin." The separated brethren, while rightly holding that presumptuous sin would not be pardoned, as Jesus declared (Mark iii. 28-29) and Paul also (Heb. x. 26), seemed inclined to include all sin in this category, with the effect of shutting the door of hope and rendering the priesthood of Christ a superfluity. We talked the matter over for an hour or so, without apparently making any progress, but next day an intimation was sent that the separated brethren desired to return, and asking a meeting with that view. What the result was, I have not yet heard.—On Friday, there was a meeting of the official brethren in brother Mitchell's house, to talk over various matters affecting the welfare of the truth. The question of "marriage with the alien" was one on which some seemed inclined to go to extremes. I said the qustion had been chronic for 40 years to my knowledge, and I did not think they could improve upon the way of dealing with it which was in vogue among themselves, requiring offenders to admit the wrong and leaving them to God. The idea of requiring them to separate and declaring their children illegitimate was monstrous. I pointed out why.

Saturday, August 8th, to Saturday, August 15th.—Got up early this morning to sail in the *Servia* for Liverpool. Brother and sister Mitchell and one or two others accompanied me to the vessel, which was to start at eight o'clock. There was a crowd of friends to see passengers off. The vessel slipped her hawser at 8.30, and slowly slipped out of dock amid the waving of handkerchiefs and other tokens of farewell. We were soon speeding out to sea, which we found enveloped in fog. This fog prevailed more or less all the way across the Atlantic, compelling the vessel to blow her fog-horn every three minutes, to warn other vessels off our course. There is very little danger—though of course a little—of collision in mid-ocean—the sea is so wide, and other ships so far and few between. It is when we approach land that the danger of fog is great. I read in the *Daily News* of the foundering of the *Drummond Castle* through running on the rocks off Cape Ushant during a fog, with the loss of every soul on board except three. This made the constant blowing of the fog-horn for six days rather a dismal sound. The sea was fortunately smooth during our whole passage, and the voyage was otherwise an agreeable one. The company of passengers was small on account of few people going from America to England after July. The stream is mostly the other way. Then such company as we had was mostly


UNITED STATES TO
GREAT BRITAIN
GREENLAND
NORTH
AMERICA
UNITED
STATES
CENTRAL
AMERICA
WEST INDIAN
ISLANDS
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
SOUTH
AMERICA
Departure
August 8th. 1896
Arrival
August 19th. 1896
Queenstown
Arrival
August 19th. 1896

Robert Roberts

American, who are easier to get on with than English strangers as a rule. They are more friendly and sensible than the English. The English, of the upper class, are crusted over with a frost of pride and hauteur which embarasses personal intercourse unless you can strut in the same peacock-fashion and emit the same scornful inanities. In some respects, the Americans are the English improved. A gentleman in the company asked what could be the explanation of this, seeing they were of the same stock? I thought it was due to three things. 1. The Americans in the first generation were the English thrown into a primitive country and compelled to become self-helpers in a sensible way, which developed a certain simplicity of character not so easy in the artificial conditions which in the English fostered pride. 2. The Americans had the English to look at from a distance, as a kind of mountain of antiquity and superiority which drew forth a certain kind of reverence and tended to soften character. The Americans felt they were second, through bragging they could "lick creation." The very intensity and restlessness of their brag was proof of this consciousness. The Englishman, on the other hand, looked round and saw no one above himself, and became disagreeably lordly in his way. 3. There was such perfect liberty among the Americans that they developed a better manhood on the average than was possible where caste and rank prevailed to such an extent as among the English. For all that, the Americans were very proud, and would have to come in for a good share of the terrible whipping the world was about to receive by way of preparation for the Kingdom of God.

On Sunday I was writing in the saloon, when everybody come trooping in for "service," including all the stewards and stewardesses, neatly and tidily dressed. The ship-doctor read the service and gave out the hymns. There would not be far short of a hu..dred present. The doctor did as well as any clergyman, and the assembly entered heartily into the exercises. One lady near me took part with an evident abandon of devotion, throwing herself on her knees at the right moment, and uttering the responses with great fervour. It was a beautiful and touching sight. If I could have believed it were as real as it seemed, and as enlightened as it ought to be, it would have been a pure joy of heart to take part. But it was mostly hollow: like Israel's service, of whom God complained by Isaiah, "This people draweth near me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." The lady was an exception. The slangy and unprincipled "commercials" were there, standing up and sin ing the hymns and uttering the responses as if they feared God and regarded man: whereas, they were like a certain medical man that I once knew who enjoyed ecclesiastical exercises from an æsthetic point of view, though regarding them as the offspring of superstition. The whole assembly, when taken in detail, was devoid of any sincere relish for Divine things or solid knowledge of any kind. As with Israel: "Every mouth speaketh folly, and every heart is given to covetousness." The knowledge of this took away the beauty of the proceedings, Still, it could not shut the eyes to what may be called their potential beauty. What it might have been—what it might be—what it will be, when the whole earth, sobered by judgment, will recognise God in sincerity and truth, and take pleasure in His worship, under true, wise, good, and immortal leaders. The happy day will soon come. Meantime, we have to wait for it in a day of parching draught.

There was one very pleasant American gentleman on board—Stewart, by name—the son of a deceased American sister, but not himself, as yet, a lover of Israel's God, and the God of his mother. I was told of him before I started, and had hopes that I might be instrumental in drawing him to the knowledge of God. Fortunately, I was placed opposite him at table, and had a good deal of intercourse with him—with what final effect, if any, I cannot tell. I felt called upon, according to opportunity, to confess Christ before them all, for his sake. He "guessed" the Bible was right, but referred to a lawyer at the table, of the name of Mr. Priest, who would be rather hard to bowl out on that question. I had an opportunity afterwards of letting Mr. Stewart know that the said lawyer was

not the formidable antagonist he seemed to imagine.

On the fifth day, a lady came to me, as I was sitting at the saloon table writing, and asked me if I might give her a little time in conversation, as she had heard scraps of my conversation at table, and felt a great desire to know what my ideas in general were. We made an appointment for two o'clock on deck. Then we had a long talk. I found her a highly-intelligent lady, from Colorado, of the name of Mrs. Scott-Saxon: deeply interested in religious questions, but inclined to Theosophic theories of evolution. In answer to her many questions, I tried to manifest to her the foundationless character of all merely human thoughts on the subject of God and human destiny; and the genuine character of the Bible as the record of the only truly Divine work upon earth. I sketched the plan revealed therein. She admired it greatly, but lamented it was so narrow in being limited to a selected class. I replied that created intelligence could but bow in the presence of the Creator's undoubted prerogative. When His work was finished, there would be no room for criticism or dissatisfaction. What could we have better than an earth filled with a population of perfected and immortal men and women, in full, modest, grateful, and joyful communion with the Eternal? Should we wish the abortive forms of human nature that had then passed away to be restored? Would it be possible for us to wish those to be brought upon the scene again who, in the Creator's estimation, were "not fit for" immortalization? She expressed great satisfaction at the conversation which I cut short before it became wearisome to her. In the evening, I was requested to lecture, which I did for over an hour, on the state of European affairs as indicative of the coming of Christ and the near ending of the present dispensation. At the close, I allowed myself to be questioned, which brought the said lawyer into the field, for the exhibition of the prowess that had impressed Mr. Stewart in certain smoke-room encounters that had taken place. His object was to discredit the things I had spoken. It was not difficult for me to turn the tables upon him altogether. Mrs. Scott-Saxon who sat near me was greatly delighted. My legal interrogator was an astute man, evidently accustomed to cross-examination. He felt the force of my rejoinders, but did not show it at once. He showed a stout front for perhaps half-an-hour, but at last began to show symptoms of the stress which was upon him from the very first question. Not one of his shots even dinted my armour, whereas my shells went through his deck, and threatened to be as ruinous as the Japanese treatment of the Chinese iron-clads, for I questioned him in return. The company were gleeful at the pricking of the distended wind-bags, on which he had been accustomed to float in all ordinary encounters. He was visibly taken down at last, and came and said he had never met a man that knew the Bible so thoroughly, and that he must sit at the feet of Gamaliel—probably in sarcasm. The ship-doctor then put some questions, but with timidity. Then a cordial vote of thanks was awarded me, and the hope expressed they would have more of it. Then some came privately to me with questions for information. On Wednesday, a disagreeable incident occurred. Requiring to get into a certain locked valise of which the key was in my purse, I discovered to my horror that the purse was gone, containing a considerable sum of money. I could not for a moment imagine how it could have disappeared. The purse had been in the pocket of my trousers, and each night I had folded that article of attire under my pillow as a necessary precaution in a world of sinners by sea and land—to whom we are perhaps more exposed afloat than in our houses at home. I remembered, however, that that morning, a spectacle-case, which had lain in the same pocket with the purse, was found loose in my state-room by the bed-steward, and restored. It had evidently been shaken out in the act of lifting said trousers from their hiding place under my pillow. I concluded that the purse must have fallen out at the same time, and been picked up by some one entering the room in my absence at breakfast. I called the bed-steward: he could give me no account: he saw the spectacle-case, but not the purse. I then informed the purser, who informed the captain, with both of whom I had an interview by their request. They

put up a notice on the cabin stairs, and had the bed-steward searched and his belongings —without result. The bulk of the money was in drafts in London. The only thing I could do was to telegraph to have the payment of the drafts stopped, which was done from Queenstown. The rest, about £30 in gold, I had to accept as lost. I had many expressions of sympathy from the passengers. "Why," said the American lady beforementioned, "I cannot understand, Mr. Roberts, how such a thing has been allowed to happen to you. It seems to me strange." I replied that I had a point of view which enabled me to think it not strange. "What is that?" she said. "The point of view supplied in the apostolic writings," I answered: "they tell us to think it not strange" when affliction comes, and not to *weary* of Divine correction, implying that it might be prolonged to the wearying point. The present life was a life of preparation for the other life that Christ would establish on the earth at his coming. Part of that preparation consisted of the experience of the evil: and God knew how much to permit." She said that was all very well for those who had a future, but what about those that suffered evil and then passed away? I replied that there was no hardship in non-existence, and no injustice to those who lacked a title to live at all, which was the position of all unjustified sinners. She thought it a hard doctrine. I replied it only seemed so by leaving God's rights out of account.—But I felt the loss very keenly all the same.

In some parting conversation with Mr. Stewart, I found to my regret he was an unbeliever. He said he had been on the fence a good while, and he was afraid he had got down on the devil's side of the fence. It is astonishing how easily most men make this decision. It does not appear too much to me to say that it is a logically impossible feat for a man who has the whole facts before him, as they are only to be known with a complete and constant acquaintance with the Bible. I have been grappling with the problem all my life, and therefore, speak not without some warrant. I can understand the wrong decision in a man pre-occupied with other things, especially with a fair degree of worldly success. The true facts in such a case are liable to be dim, distant and intangible. But given a full acquaintance with the facts, a fair degree of penetration, a true hunger for truth, and a moderate taste of the present evil state in the bitterness of failure, disappointment and a pinch of poverty, there can be but a strong and enthusiastic verdict in favour of the Bible as a Divine book, and the only Divine book under the sun. But to all men this discernment is not given. So we pass on.

Arrived at Queenstown on Saturday, August 15th, 4 p.m., finding letters and papers waiting from home. The steamboat stayed only twenty minutes. In fifteen more hours, that is on Sunday morning early, August 16th, we entered the Mersey, and were soon moored at Princes Landing Stage, where all the passengers landed. I drove straight to Lawrence's Temperance Hotel (by arrangement), and rejoined my wife after a twelve months' separation. How pleasant our meeting was, I will not attempt to describe. There were other friends in Liverpool, but it was not their turn. For everything and everyone there is a time. We were seen by one on the street, and accosted by another. But our privacy was mercifully respected, We arrived in Birmingham, Wednesday, August 19th, and on the next day, I presented myself at the first of a series of large meetings, held within the ensuing month. Friends were pleased with everything except the possibility of my going back to Australia another day. But the importance and interest of everything was much toned down in the presence of the manifest tokens everywhere of the nearness of Christ's re-appearance.

RETURN AND SPECIAL COURSE OF LECTURES.

It was deemed the best mode of re-union, after a twelve months' absence, that there should be a special course of lectures in Birmingham. I had suggested this in a letter written on board the *Miowera*, while crossing the Pacific, and the idea was heartily taken up by the brethren. The lectures were six in number, spread over two weeks (Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday in each week, commencing Sunday, August 23rd. They were given in the Temperance Hall, which was filled from first to last, and especially crowded on the Sundays and one or two of the other evenings. The first night, all were not able to obtain admittance that came, for want of room. The subjects were those treated of in the pamphlet, *The Gathering Storm in Europe*, published in Sydney before the Editor's departure from Australia, and republished in England, under the title of *A Look Round the Troubled World*: but they were not dealt with in precisely the same way. The new title was adopted to admit of a local colouring on the occasion of return.

FIRST LECTURE.—("*Britain's Wonderful Colonial Empire, and Thoughts Suggested by a Recent Trip.*") It was not ecessary to go round the world to know that it was troubled. Men discovered that without going from home. But there were advantages in travelling. The wealthy classes recognised this, and acted accordingly. The other classes recognised it, too, but were unable to get away from daily toil, or to provide the cost of travel even if they could. It would not be always so. The Bible revealed that the day was coming when travel would be the privilege and duty of the population in general, with aims and management that would not only secure change, relaxation, and health, but would lead the public mind on to high and ennobling exercises through the service of God in His city and temple. This was not associated with travel at present. Britain's greatness was the principal thing apparent in a trip round the world, under present circumstances. The traveller never got away from Britain's flag, except for a moment at Naples and Honolulus-At Gibraltar, at Port Said, at Colombo (Ceylon), in. Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, the Fiji Islands, Victoria, and Vancouver, B.C., and all through Canada, he was not only under the Union Jack while he paced the deck of the noble steamboat that safely and comfortably conveyed him across the ocean, but he was practically on British territory when he landed and took a ticket for a railway journey. The extent of this dominion baffled the imagination, especially when the eye took in other the line of travel—such as the vast territories in the African interior and at the Cape, and the islands and countries in South America. Such a world-wide dominion by such an insignificant country as the British Islands was a modern phenomenon with regions subject to the British sway to the south of a meaning, as their lecture would show. The troubled feature struck the thinker. People thought when they got away from England, and into new lands for new experiments in government after centuries of English experience, they would avoid the mistakes and escape the adversities of the old country. But 50 years had dispelled this dream. All the troubles that oppressed British life in the United Kingdom had shown themselves in the British Colonies everywhere. There was the same feud between masters and men: the same cut-throat competition between rival tradesmen: the same difficulty in making agriculture remunerative: the same evils of over-trading, booming up to a burst: and the same impossibility of so equalising the results of labour so as to make all well off, and none exposed to the demoralizing and destructive fluctuations of business. What was wanted was what man could not provide for himself: the management of One Master hand, wise, good, irresistible, and immortal. What man could not provide, God had provided, and would bring to bear at the right moment—of which we had many guarantees. Here were suggested the various historic realities of the work of God as recalled to mind by peeps at Pompei, Jerusalem, Egypt, the Red Sea, Sinai, in the route round the world.

SECOND LECTURE.—("*Britain's Friendship for the Bible a good and reasonable thing, but not consistently acted out by the British populations.*")—Britain stood prominent among the nations as the friend of the Bible. She was the first to give the Bible to the people in their mother tongue. The names of Wickliffe, John Knox, Coverdale, and others were associated with this fact. She had distinguished herself as the translator and distributor of the Bible in all the known languages of the nations. Her whole attitude was beautifully expressed in the act of Queen Victoria presenting a Bible to some African chiefs who visited England some years ago. England had acted this part in the belief that the Bible was a true book, and, therefore, the word of God. Was this belief a reasonable—a defensible one? There could be no question as to the answer. When the truth of the Bible was con-

ceded in the simple historic sense in which many other books were true, its divinity followed from the nature of the things recorded: for the Bible was not a treatise, or an exhortation, or an argument, but a history, from beginning to end. If the history was true, all was Divine, for it was the history of a Divine work, *e.g.*, the miraculous deliverance of srael from Egypt, the activity of prophecy in all heir generations, the appearance, life, and work of Christ: his death and resurrection, and the attested apostolic testimony to these events. The narrative was not in the nature of legend, but the testimony of eye-witnesses, and the trustworthiness of the testimony was proved by the character of the witnesses and the penalties which their testimony brought upon them. Finally, the nature of their writings—both as its man-depreciating and God-exalting tone, and the prevalence of the prophetic feature throughout—was absolute evidence of the inspired character claimed for it. This being unquestionable, how inconsistent was the tendency and practice of the British populations everywhere to cast the Bible out of their educational institutions, and to neglect its private study, and to exalt the authority of tradition over its voice.

THIRD LECTURE.—(*"Britain's interests and Britain's prospects as affected by the gathering storm in Europe."*)—Having described Britain's extended empire, loosely hung all over the world, and founded wholly on her command of the sea, the lecturer commented on the storm visibly gathering in Europe, and pointed out how vitally the outbreak of that storm would affect the very question of her existence should her power on the sea be overthrown. The light of prophecy showed there was no occasion to apprehend calamity in this direction. Though Britain's maritime strength would be broken before the setting-up of the Kingdom of God, it would not be broken by man, but by God, whose "day" would be "upon all the ships of Tarshish," in that process of bringing down the lofty looks of man which was the indispensable prelude to the establishing of the Divine government.—It was the revealed purpose of God to use England and English ships in the work of re-building the fallen tabernacle of David, when all the governments of Europe were overthrown. The lecturer gave proof of this, and then remarking that the prospect of such Divine favour was naturally pleasing to them all as members of the British community, and in harmony with Britain's friendly attitude towards the Jews and the Bible, a higher distinction was open to them all in the invitation to become fellow-occupants of David's throne with the Lord Jesus, who had plainly said, "To him that overcometh will I grant that he sit with me on my throne."

FOURTH LECTURE.—(*"The World preparing for Armageddon."*)—The world was armed as it had never been in any period of the world's history. The entire adult population of Europe was enrolled for military service. There was no satisfactory explanation of this extraordinary fact, apart from what was revealed on the subject of Armageddon. This subject entered into and formed part of the last message from Christ to his friends, and, therefore, could not be set aside by those who believed in him (and to deny him was logical abberation or blank ignorance). The term meant *heaps of slain*: and what was taught concerning it was that, in the transition from the kingdom of men to the Kingdom of God at the coming of Christ, there would be a collision between God and men, in which a widely-extended destruction of the human species would take place. It was necessary that mankind should be got into an armed posture before this collision could take place in "the war of the great day of God Almighty." To bring this about had been the work of the last 30 or 40 years: and it had been brought about by the very agency to which the prophecy assigned the work—the French people, represented by the frogs, their ancient heraldic symbol; and by this agency operating at the very European centres and in the very order symbolised by the mouth of the dragon (Constantinople): the mouth of the beast (Vienna): and the mouth of the false prophet (Rome). The impending war would be a terrible one, and the result a complete revolution, in which human power in every shape and form would be overthrown, and the earth subjected to a single Omnipotent Divine government, in the hands of Jesus and his immortalised brethren.

FIFTH LECTURE—(*"Turkish Exhaustion and Russian Ascendancy: Signs that the Crisis is near"*)—These were both notorious current facts of the hour. To see them in the boldness of character that attached to them, it was necessary to go back a little in the history of the world, and realise how different was the state of things 300 years ago. If it were represented on the map, Turkey would then be seen as a great overspreading flood threatening to engulf the whole of Europe, and Russia as a small barbaric principality on the north-west. The positions were now reversed: Turkey had shrunk to a reduced and still-shrinking empire, on the point of vanishing away, while Russia had attained to a giant position in which she exercised a virtual dictatorship in Europe, covering the whole north in Europe and Asia with her vast dominions, and having at her command the mightiest army on the face of the earth. Prophecy required that this should be the state of things at this "time of the end." "Revelation" had foreshown the advent of the Mahometan Power

as the scourge of God upon Europe first, under the Saracens (with their 150 years of waxing, and their 150 years of waning power—see fifth trumpet, chap. ix.)—then under the Turks, their allies and successors, from beyond the Euphrates, in four great waves of subjugating invasion, lasting 391 years from the official fusion of the one with the other at the marriage of Togrul Beg to the fall of the Eastern Empire and the capture of Constantinople; and again 391 years from that climax of their mission (sixth trumpet, same chapter). History had fully verified these forecasts. And now the sixth vial required that the political Euphrates should be "dried up" for the preparation of a new power—the power of the future—the kings of the east, of Yahweh's Kings from the rising of the sun. Its dried up state was manifest to all, and the preparation for Israel's re-nationalisation was beginning to be visible in the midst of the dried Turkish waters. But other prophecy (Ezek. xxxviii. and Dan. xl. 40-45) required the existence of a northern power strong enough to throw a protecting wing over the European nations, in the leadership of them, and to overflow the territories of the dried-up Mahometan power—there in the Holy Land section of them to receive a mighty overthrow that would be visible to all the world, and lead to that discernment and submission to God, which was the indispensable basis of the reign of Christ to follow.—Both these political developments were the most conspicuous feature of the present situation of affairs among the nations: and they portended the nearness of the terrific cataclysm in which the power of man would perish in blood, and a new power—(the power of God in Christ returned)—emerge for the union of all mankind in one political family, for the glory of God and the well-being of man.

SIXTH LECTURE.—("*England's activity in Egypt and Jewish activity in the Holy Land.*")—The signs of the times would be fatally defective if there were no signs of an English occupation of Egypt, and a Jewish occupation of the Holy Land. In the absence of these—notwithstanding the completeness of all the other signs—we should have to give in to the feeling that the coming of Christ associated by Christ with the events of the sixth vial—(Rev. xvi. 15)—the one event that imparts to all the others their interest and importance, must still be far away.—But they were not absent: England was in Egypt, and had gone in there after many years of expectation on the part of believers in the prophetic word.—(The lecturer entered upon the particulars of her occupation, and indicated the ground upon which the occupation had been expected).—And now, the Jews were before public attention in connection with widespread ideas and projects for their settlement in Palestine—a settlement which had already begun in an agricultural form, and had been in progress for 20 years, but which it was now proposed to put upon a political and extended basis by the formation of a Jewish Republic in the Holy Land, under English protection. He quoted from Herzl's scheme, and Holman Hunt's plea in favour of it. Everything betokened the nearness of Christ: how near no man could say, but so possibly near as to make it a practical calculation with his lovers and friends, and so obviously near in the epochal sense as to make them ready to make them wait without wearying, whatever further developments might be in store. The watchword appropriate to such a time were supplied in the apostolic word: "Blessed is he that watcheth": "Be ready to open to him immediately."