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THE
CHURCHMAN

FEBRUARY, 1889.

ART. I.—REMINISCENCES OF PROFESSOR SEDGWICK.

A MEMOIR of the life and work of the late eminent Christian Philosopher and Professor of Geology, Adam Sedgwick, has long been expected and desired. After many unavoidable delays the work is happily now in progress, and before long will be ready for publication. It was commenced by Professor Hughes; but, owing to his many duties, the work proceeded too slowly. He has therefore resigned the completion of it to J. W. Clark, Esq., who has kindly undertaken this good service. The scientific and public part of Professor Sedgwick's life will be fully described in the forthcoming memoir, which will exhibit (to use the words of the late Master of Trinity, Dr. Thompson) "the robustness of his masculine intellect, his fervid eloquence, his racy wit and humour, and his unrivalled powers of narrative."

In the meantime, a few reminiscences of his remarks on subjects which he felt to be of special importance, with some extracts from his writings, will be valuable, as illustrating the religious side of his eminently Christian character, and show how truly a lively, steadfast, and simple Christian faith was combined with intellectual gifts of the highest order. To exhibit this is the object of the present brief article.

I had the privilege of enjoying the friendship of Professor Sedgwick (our families having been long known to each other) from the commencement of my residence in Trinity in 1823. It was a memorable period in the history of our College. They were the days of Whewell and Hare and Thirlwall, of Peacock and Airy; and Sedgwick was then giving that brilliant series of remarkable lectures on geology which excited such deep interest in the University, both from the eloquence of the lectures and the novelty and importance of his subject. Some alarm was not unnaturally caused by the lectures lest the

authority of Scripture should be imperilled by the startling theories of some of the geologists. Sedgwick took special pains to allay these alarms, assuring his hearers that they had no reason to be afraid that the discoveries of geology, "which was a science yet in its infancy," would not be reconciled with the statements of Scripture; that, in truth, there could be no real contradiction between the work of God and the Word of God when they are rightly interpreted. What appears to be contradictory, he said, arises from our defective and probably erroneous interpretation of both. Upon this point he ever spoke with great fervour and emphasis. A remarkable instance of this occurred at Norwich at a great meeting, when Bishop Stanley presided. It has been kindly communicated to me by a valued friend, who speaks of it as "an incident very strikingly illustrative of my dear old friend Sedgwick."

A great stir was being made about elementary education. Not a few were rather alarmed at the movement, and though they joined in it, they did so because they deemed it inevitable, and, as it must be, it would be well for the Church to direct and control it.

A meeting to promote national education was held in Norwich, Bishop Stanley in the chair. A clergyman spoke at some length, warning us of the evils he feared from the movement, and spoke of the influence which he believed that the study of science was exercising in many minds to the weakening of their belief in Revelation. I saw that these remarks were stirring the feelings of the Professor, and when the speaker sat down up he rose, and taking off the table a small Bible, he held it up on high, and exclaimed in his own energetic manner: "Who is the greatest unbeliever? Is it not the man who, holding this blessed book, and professing to believe it to be the Word of God, is afraid to look into the *other* volume lest it should *contradict* it?"

In November, 1832, Professor Sedgwick delivered his memorable "Discourse on the Studies of the University" at the annual Commemoration of Benefactors in the College Chapel. How well do I recollect his voice and original manner in delivering it, as his eagle eye often glanced around upon us! Placing his watch on the ledge before him, as if about to give a lecture to his class in the schools, he began to read his discourse, which was written on loose sheets of paper. But after he had proceeded some way he looked at his watch, and finding it impossible to read the whole, he folded up the remainder of his papers and cast them down on the bench behind him, and then wound up with a stirring extempore conclusion.

The discourse, founded upon Ps. cxvi. 17, 18, 19, I need scarcely say, was heard with intense interest; and at the request of "the junior members of our society, to whom the discourse (as Sedgwick said) was more immediately addressed," the substance of it, with some additions, was immediately published. In the fifth edition, in 1850, it extended to 94

pages, preceded by a remarkable preface of 442 pages, full of various important topics, and followed by an appendix, and supplement also, of 228 more pages. A truly bulky volume, which Sedgwick humorously described as "swelled out of all common measure; and the discourse, though none of the smallest, is so crushed between a monstrous preface and a ponderous, double-headed appendix, that it begins to look like a grain of wheat between two millstones." The range of subjects discussed was very wide, embracing remarks on the results of geology, and on our classical studies, with a review of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and a long exposure of the unsoundness of Paley's *Moral Philosophy*. A few passages may be quoted, because referred to by Sedgwick himself as important:

By the discoveries of a new science (the very name of which has been but a few years engrafted on our language) we learn that the manifestations of God's power on the earth have not been limited to the few thousand years of man's existence. The geologist tells us, by the clearest interpretation of the phenomena which his labours have brought to light, that our globe has been subject to vast physical revolutions. He counts his time, not by celestial cycles, but by an index he has found in the solid framework of the globe itself. He sees a long succession of monuments, some of which may have required a thousand ages for their elaboration; he arranges them in chronological order, observes on them marks of skill and wisdom, and finds within them the tombs of the ancient inhabitants of the earth. He finds strange and unlooked-for changes in the forms and fashions of organic life during each of those periods he thus contemplates. . . . During the evolution of succeeding ages mechanical and chemical laws seem to have undergone no change, but tribes of sentient beings were created and lived their time upon the earth. At succeeding epochs new tribes of beings were called into existence, not merely as the progeny of those that had appeared before them, but as new and living proofs of creative interference. . . . At length, within a few thousand years of the days in which we live, man and his fellow-beings were placed upon the earth.

Geology proves that a pervading intelligent principle has manifested its power during times anterior to the records of our existence. It adds to the great cumulative argument derived from the forms of animated nature by showing us new and unlooked-for instances of organic structures adjusted to an end, and that end accomplished. It tells us that God has not created the world and left it to itself, remaining ever after a quiescent spectator of His own work, for it puts before our eyes the certain proofs that during successive periods there have been, not only great changes in the external conditions of the earth, but corresponding changes in organic life, and that in every such instance of change the new organs, so far as we can comprehend their use, were exactly suited to the functions of the beings they were given to. It shows intelligent power, not only contriving means adapted to an end, but at many successive times contriving a change of mechanism adapted to a change of external conditions, and thus affords a proof, peculiarly its own, that the great First Cause continues a provident and active intelligence.

Sedgwick's opinions, as the result of his wide geological observations, were very decided, and remained unchanged to

the last. Not long before his death I was conversing with him on the subject of miracles, and speaking of Lord Brougham's remarkable address to the University of Edinburgh, in which he exposed the fallacy of Hume's argument against the credibility of any test for the reality of a miracle. Lord Brougham brought forward the testimony afforded us from the discoveries of the geologist. He spoke of Hume's shallow knowledge of natural history, and contended that the very earth itself bore witness by indisputable facts to the miraculous action of the great Creator. I then asked Sedgwick whether he could assure me still that there were proofs that certain great catastrophes or revolutions had occurred in the condition of the earth which issued in the destruction of old forms of organic life, and also in the introduction of new forms which had no predecessors. Sedgwick grew very decided, in his remarks about this, and said with strong emphasis, raising his hand with his voice, "There can be no possible doubt about this now," adding, "No one who has any pretension to be a geologist can deny it." Then I said, "These were clearly acts of supernatural power and interruptions of the natural order of things—proofs of Divine interposition and acts of a great Creator; in other words, *miraculous* acts." Sedgwick immediately rejoined, "Unquestionably they were, and the very bones of the earth on which we tread tell us this, and give us visible and unmistakable proofs of these miraculous acts of Divine power." Miracles, then, are not only possible and credible, but we have the very proofs still before us that they have been wrought, and remain as monuments of Divine creation. Thanks for this to geology.

On the value of classical knowledge, he says, "Our classical studies help us to interpret the oracles of God, and enable us to read the book wherein man's moral destinies are written, and the means of eternal life are placed before him." And then, speaking of the spirit which ought to guide us in our classical studies, he says :

We must look also to their lessons of practical wisdom. History is our knowledge of man in his social capacity, what physical experiments are to our knowledge of the laws of nature; and well it is for that country which learns wisdom by the experiments of other nations.

We find that in all ages virtue and wisdom have been the only firm supports of national strength; and that as in individual men, where sin rules in the bodily members, there is a degrading moral servitude, and a loss of capacity for high thought and action—so also that among States and Empires depravity of manners has ever been followed by a loss of glory and a loss of freedom. Another conclusion may also be drawn from the universal experience of past history—that under no form of government is man to be maintained in a condition of personal happiness and social dignity without the sanction of religion.

On this passage, Sedgwick writes in a note :

I may allude to a conversation I once had with the illustrious philosopher, La Place. It was in his sick-chamber, which, I believe, he never left ; and not many days before his death. Amongst other subjects he dwelt earnestly on the religious character of our endowments, and added (as nearly as I can translate his words), "I think this is right ; and on this point I should deprecate any great organic changes in your system, for I have lived long enough to know—what I did not at one time believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honour without the sentiments of religion." These words record a great practical truth, and having fallen so impressively from his lips, are surely worth recording.

Concluding his discourse with reference to the service of the day, he says :

Taking this home to ourselves, we are no true children of our Lord and Master—we are no part of His flock—if we honour Him not by the outward forms of allegiance He has Himself enjoined ; if we seek Him not by the way He has Himself appointed—by acts of public devotion, by the earnest petitions of private prayer lifted up to Him, not only as the Giver of all good, but as the Giver of that power by which alone we can cast out our corrupt affections, and bring into full life the better principles of our nature. Let, then, prayer be the beginning and the end of our studies ; and so they will be consecrated to God. In this way, by His blessing, may we persevere unto the end, treading in the steps before trodden by the great and good men whose names are the precious inheritance of this house. Feelings of Christian devotion, unlike ordinary movements of the soul, lose not their strength by repetition ; and habits of devotion, like all other habits, gain strength by frequent exercise. But if the habit of secret prayer be suspended, though but for a short time, I ask your conscience whether during that interval your moral fences have not been broken down ; and whether the spoiler hath not entered in and committed havoc among some of the best faculties of your inner nature ?

Let, then, this ceremonial at which we meet be an occasion of communion with the living God—let us pray for His protection over ourselves and our household, so that we may all be enabled to walk in the light of truth, and in imitation of the great patterns of Christian life He has vouchsafed to give us. So shall we do our duty to God and man—so shall we be bound together by holy bonds no worldly power can break asunder—and so may we hope that God, as He has abundantly done in times past, will continue in times to come to vouchsafe to this Christian family the proofs of His protecting love. *Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it : except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.*

How truly did he exhibit in his own religious life an example of this habit of prayer, which he thus earnestly exhorted his hearers to maintain. When calling upon his excellent brother at the old Vicarage in Dent—where it was always a special enjoyment to me to call—on one occasion, when inquiring after the Professor's delicate health, he gave me a touching account of his prayerful habits. "My brother," he said, "you all know and honour for his great talents and wide reputation, but few know what I do of his simplicity and humility, and fervent acts of devotion. When spending some days with me,

as usual, in this old home, he was far from well, and retired early to rest. When passing his bedroom door I heard a sound, apparently of pain; but oh! it was not of pain, but of most humble, fervent, believing prayer; oh! how it did his brother's heart good to hear it!"

During the summer of 1833 the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was held in Cambridge. Professor Sedgwick was its President, and right well by his eloquence and readiness did he discharge the delicate duties of his high office. Dr. Chalmers was present in the midst of that distinguished assembly, and being requested to say a few words on the great subjects before them, he kindly came forward and charmed the whole company by his own eloquent and vigorous language. Sedgwick gratefully records this in a note (pp. 114-15) to his discourse of the preceding year. "A man," he writes, "of deep and great practical wisdom—one whose piety and benevolence have for many years been shining before the world, and of whose sincerity no scoffer (of whatever school) will dare to start a doubt—recorded his opinion in the assembly of men of science, who during the past year were gathered from every corner of the Empire within the walls of the University, that 'Christianity had everything to hope, and nothing to fear, from the advancement of philosophy.' These are golden words, and full of meaning to those who have wisdom to understand them."

A few days after that meeting I was travelling with Dr. Chalmers in Kent, visiting Canterbury and attending Divine Service at the Cathedral (Dr. Chalmers took the deepest interest in our Cathedrals, and enjoyed their services), when proceeding afterwards to Bishopsbourne to see Hooker's Church, he spoke of his great admiration of Sedgwick: "Your Sedgwick," he said, "is a man of the most ready eloquence that I have ever listened to."

In noticing some objections against his argument about natural religion, Sedgwick writes: "I again affirm that I have not in thought or word set up natural in place of revealed religion. . . . Let me endeavour, so far as I am able within the narrow limits of this note, to explain my words, which have been misunderstood and strangely tortured from their meaning. The following are among the great fundamental doctrines of our religion :

That "man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil." That our Maker is pure and holy, and requires from us nothing less than perfect obedience, perfect both in will and deed. That every son of man is, therefore, guilty before God, and under sentence of condemnation. That a remedy has been provided for us in the person of Jesus Christ, who not only showed in Himself an example of perfect purity and holiness, but opened for us a way to

future happiness, by the voluntary sacrifice of Himself ; thereby satisfying the severe attribute of God's justice, and blotting out the written sentence of our condemnation. That a faithful acceptance of this doctrine is the principle and foundation of our forgiveness, and by inherent moral necessity fills the heart with thankfulness and love. That a full perception of these doctrines is not enough. That after we are forgiven and restored to our Maker's favour, infirmity and corruption still cling to us. That we require, after admission to the covenant of mercy, through our whole lives continual support and reovation ; to be maintained only by communion with God, and the sustaining grace of His Holy Spirit. That in this way God may dwell in our hearts as our Maker, our Redeemer, and our Sanctifier. That from first to last this scheme of salvation is the free gift of God ; not purchased by our own works, or claimed by us on any score of self-sustained inherent personal merit of our own. The proper effects of these great doctrines, when faithfully received in the heart, are an enlarged charity, a purity of life, grounded on the highest sanctions, and a ready acknowledgment of the goodness and providence of God in all His dealings with us.

Before Professor Sedgwick printed this passage he wrote to me on the subject, on my sending him a copy of Simeon's "Memoirs," just then published :

Thank you for the pleasure and profit its perusal has given me. I have read every line of it, and some passages twice over. . . . In reading your book I have constantly been struck with Simeon's good sense ; and there is hardly a sentence on some doubtful questions of Christian counsel in the numerous extracts in the latter part of the volume, to which I do not give the assent of my heart. Some remarks on human corruption seem to me very true and good. I was blamed by some religious persons for one or two sentences in my sermon—(a new edition is in the press, and when it is out I will endeavour to send you a copy of it. Alas ! iron in exchange for gold, as we read in the old blind poet)—and I hope to consult you about an explanatory note (E) I have lately added. It seems to me that my statement, though it may be in less guarded language, is in spirit exactly what Simeon states in one of his letters (p. 791). I once heard a sentiment of Robert Hall's quoted in conversation—I think it was at the rooms of my friend Musgrave (now Bishop of Hereford).¹ Someone was using very strong expressions respecting the corruption of human nature. "True," said Hall ; "take care you go not beyond Scripture language and Scripture meaning. *Totality admits not of degrees,* and surely among men in a state of nature one may be worse than another." Our faculties of mind and body are in themselves good, for they are God's work. What we want is a new governing principle to guide them. If left to themselves they are implements of mischief ; like an explosive engine without a safety-valve, and without a hand to guide its movements. And how do we gain our governing principle ? From God Himself, not from ourselves. If we have faith we shall have sanctification, and holy purposes and powers. If we have them not, our faith is hollow—a babbling and a mockery of our Father. If we take a view in antagonism to what I have just stated, we are sure, if we be sincere men, to end in asceticism, or some form of monastic superstition. . . . This was the great folly of the early centuries after Christ. The good old man, whose life is written in your book, said no such thing. He told us—(I cannot turn to the passage)—not to desert our post in the world but

¹ Afterwards Archbishop of York.

so to conduct ourselves in the world as shining lights ; as men who, helped by God's Spirit, can turn their faculties to their Maker's glory.

The following is the passage in Simeon's "Memoirs" to which Professor Sedgwick refers :

The departure of the soul from God is not so entire but that there remain in many persons towards *man* some good dispositions. Towards *God*, I grant, our fallen nature retains not even the smallest measure of that love which at our first creation filled our souls. In this respect our statements cannot be too strong. St. Paul says that "the carnal mind is enmity against God," and neither does, nor can, yield subjection to His holy law. But *all* good is not so obliterated but there may be found in many unconverted men as fixed a principle of truth and benevolence, and honour and integrity, as in the generality of true Christians ; and if we so state our views of the fall as to rob the whole mass of mankind of this honour, we cast a stumbling-block in their way, and excite a very bitter prejudice against the Gospel. On the other hand, if we represent a work of grace as so entire that there remains no corruption in the persons who experience it, we reduce even the most eminent Christians to despair. There is yet in the best of men a remnant of the flesh lusting against the spirit, and incapacitating him from serving God so entirely and so perfectly as he would. St. Paul himself complained of a "law in his members warring against the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity to the law of sin which was in his members."

Sedgwick was a truly loyal member of the Church of England. He dearly loved her services, thoroughly believed her doctrines, and rejoiced in her decided protest against the errors of the Church of Rome. Reviewing (Preface, ccclxx.) some of the chief Articles of the Church of Rome, which were formally repudiated by the Church of England as "fond things repugnant to the Word of God," he writes : "This was at once the cause and the justification of our separation from her. . . . By this formal act of denial we became also a Protestant Church—a name well understood, and which takes not from our primitive catholicity ; a name, moreover, of which Laud was not ashamed, and that is used by our Church as her true designation in one of her most august solemnities. Two great principles were virtually accepted by the Reformers of our Church. First, the supreme authority of Scripture in deciding upon questions of religious faith and controversy ; secondly, the rights of conscience and of private judgment in matters of religious faith. He was a lover and follower of those strong men who effected and consolidated the great work of the Reformation in England. "How often," says Canon Heaviside, "have I heard him deplore the great divergence from those principles, that he apprehended with dismay, as becoming too visible amongst us ! On the one side, an approach to those errors on account of which our Church had separated herself from Rome ; and on the other, the modes of thought expressed in extreme Rationalistic criticism, with which he had no sympathy, and which he feared was tending

to undermine the sacred foundations of Christianity itself. All this he has written, protesting against a backsliding into superstition; and with the same pen against the fatal delusions of Materialism, that would rob God of His omnipotence and deny the Gospel of Christ."

His ardent pursuit of geology and contemplation of its discoveries never impaired his belief in the statements and authority of Scripture, nor did the terrible aspect of the sin and misery of the world ever cast a doubt upon his firm and full assurance of the righteousness and wisdom and love of its great and holy Creator. Not long before his death, when corresponding with a friend at Florence on the trial of our faith from the view of the evil in the world, Sedgwick wrote the following valuable words, a copy of which was kindly given to me there to use as I thought fit:

Are there no difficulties—physical difficulties, I mean—in God's Word? Yes; there are many. There are like difficulties in the natural world: there are many things that astonish us, and that make our souls sink within us. The origin of evil no man can fathom. The misery of the world is most appalling; but what good man dare accuse God? The voice of Reason and the plain language of Nature tell us the same truth which is told us in the Word of God, "Woe to the man that striveth with his Maker!"

The difficulties of the natural world call forth the highest faculties of the understanding, and ought to teach humility. The difficulties of revealed religion are a part of our moral probation.

The word "*faith*" would have no meaning in a religious sense were the truths of revelation like the truths of arithmetic. There could be neither doubt nor difference of opinion. For a good man there is light enough to lead him homewards; and if he turn his face that way he will have more light, not perhaps to clear up every difficulty, but enough for his guidance in the right way—for his hope and for his comfort.

Reviewing his own work as a geologist, he says:

My labour was its own reward. It gave me health and led me into scenes of grandeur, which taught me to feel in my heart that I was among the works of the great Creator, the Father of all worlds, material or moral, and the ordainer of those laws out of which spring all phenomena within the ken of our senses or the apprehension of our minds. I know there are men who deny the sound teaching of this lesson, but I thank God that I had been taught to accept these lessons as a part of God's truth, and it was my delightful task to point out year by year to my geological class the wonderful manner in which the materials of the universe were knit together by laws which proved to the understanding and heart of man that a great living, intellectual and active power must be the creative head of the sublime and beautiful adjustments and harmonies of the universe.

One word more must be quoted, that tells with touching beauty of his best hopes and the love he bore to the home of his childhood: "If a long life has been given me, am I to murmur because the infirmities of old age are beginning to press hard upon me? God forbid that such should be my

bearing while under my Maker's hand! Nay, rather let me laud His holy name for the countless and ill-deserved blessings He has showered upon me, and humbly ask Him, for Jesus' sake, His anointed Son, to pour into my heart the grace of thankfulness, and to cheer the remnant of my fast-waning life with hopes becoming my gray hairs and my Christian profession. While asking my God and Saviour to help me in calling up such thoughts as these, I wish also to impress them upon my dear old friends in Dent and in the neighbouring dales (and not upon the aged only, but upon all my brother dalesmen of whatever age), especially now I am winding up my final conclusion, pronouncing my farewell, and asking God to bless my dear birth-dale and those who dwell within it."

A beautiful feature in Sedgwick's character, and one particularly to be noticed, was his fondness for children. How did he delight to amuse them with his wonderful stories, as they stood around him, gazing up into those kindly eyes, which showed how truly he entered into all their joy. Very pleasant are the memories of those happy meetings which I had with him and our dear young friends at Babraham, when Sedgwick would ride over from Cambridge to gladden his own heart by their bright faces, as he charmed them by his strange and witty speeches.

Such was Adam Sedgwick; and when hearing of the death of his very dear and honoured friend, the Bishop of Norwich immediately wrote to Canon Heaviside: "His gifted intellect and strong common-sense, childlike simplicity of faith and loving warmth of heart, made him, to all homes and to all hearts where he was known, to be much beloved." And whilst he moved amongst us in all his simple life, valued and beloved, full of charity to the poorest, and of kindness to all, his great merits were recognised by the highest quarter in the land. Her Majesty our Queen, on his decease being communicated to her, after expressing her deep grief for his loss as a private friend, added in a telegram this most just estimate of what he was: "I deplore the loss the country has sustained in the death of this fine, noble, and most truly amiable old man, so full of knowledge and originality, whose affection for the late Prince Consort her Majesty so highly appreciated."

Thus was his long and noble life closed with rare tokens of esteem and honour. And when borne to his resting-place in the ante-chapel of the great College he so dearly loved, he was followed by a very remarkable gathering of his numerous and distinguished friends—men of highest eminence in their various positions and departments, who came from every quarter to testify their deep affection for him and their admiration of his noble character and work.

Touching details of his last days and of his blessed end of perfect peace are tenderly recorded in the following beautiful letter of his beloved niece, Miss Sedgwick, to Mrs. Vaughan, which I am kindly permitted to publish :

Do you remember almost our last conversation before we parted in the early spring of this year? We had been talking of the last few months of my dear uncle's life, and you asked me to tell you something of those days when his life was drawing to a close—days which, when I look back, seem so full of peace, and so bright with the golden rays of life's sunset.

My uncle began his last residence as Canon of Norwich on the 1st of August, 1872, and I joined him at his house in the Close the same day. He was very cheerful and seemed well; but I remember when we arrived he did not come to the door to meet his young great-nieces and myself with his usual loving words of greeting; he waited for us in the drawing-room, saying, with a smile as we entered, "the going up and down stairs was harder work to him now than it had been eighty years before." He was not strong enough to go to the morning service in the Cathedral during the two months of his residence at Norwich; his kind friend and brother Canon, Mr. Heaviside, took his place; but he was able usually to attend the afternoon service. And he drove out almost daily, and went to see most of his old friends. His love and thought for every one about him were greater than they had ever been, and he was especially anxious for the happiness and pleasure of the young people. But he frequently said to me that he felt the close of his life was approaching, and he knew he should never come to Norwich again. One thing especially struck me. How constantly his thoughts seemed to be dwelling upon the life beyond the grave! *There was the real life to him.* Though he took a lively interest in the questions of the day, generally asking to have the *Times* read to him, or sometimes the *Quarterly* or *Edinburgh Reviews*, yet whenever he was alone earthly things seemed to lose their interest, and his first words when we again joined him were of some passage in the Bible which was difficult to interpret, or some incident in the life of our Lord or His Apostles which he had been reading or thinking of. St. Paul's life and teaching were very real to him. He would speak of the Apostle almost as if he had personally known him, and he described his journeys, and especially the shipwreck of the "Ship of Alexandria" off the island of Melita, as graphically as if he had been there himself.

Frequently at night, when passing the door of his room, I have heard him praying aloud in the most earnest words for all near and dear to him, and at other times for himself, in tones of the deepest humility; and after he had gone to bed he generally repeated aloud Bishop Ken's evening hymn, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night." A great part of the preface to the "Catalogue to the Cambrian and Silurian Fossils in the Woodwardian Museum at Cambridge" was written from his dictation by his servant, John Sheldrick, during these two months of his residence at Norwich. I often asked him if I could not write for him, but he declined, saying, "John is more accustomed to the work of writing from my dictation than you are." But one morning in September, when he was particularly cheerful and well, he asked me after breakfast to come with him to the room where he generally wrote, saying he had now come to his last day's work, and as he had some grave and solemn words to say—words which he felt to be the last he should ever address to the public—he wished me to write them down for him. The part I refer to is the "conclusion" of the preface. I wrote as rapidly as I could, but it was very difficult to keep up with the rapid flow of words. Sentence after sentence was spoken by him with scarcely a pause for thought. When

the concluding paragraph was written he said, "There, Isabella, that is the last sentence I shall ever write for the public; now read it over to me, in case I wish to make any correction." But none was needed; and beyond one or two verbal alterations where I had not clearly understood him, no change had to be made in those eloquent words.

His Norwich residence ended with the last days of September, and he was anxious to return to Cambridge and his beloved college. We parted with sorrowful hearts. The night before I returned to my Yorkshire home he said that we should never be at Norwich together again, but that if God spared him he hoped I should come to see him early in the coming year at Cambridge (according to my usual custom for two or three years), as he felt almost certain he should be gone before the spring. These were sorrowful words to me, but they were spoken almost joyfully by him.

During the next three months I heard from him two or three times a week. Sometimes the letters were written by himself, but usually he dictated them from his easy-chair. Generally they were written cheerfully, though sometimes he spoke of increasing weakness, and said even the short walk to his museum tired him. When Christmas came he did not forget any of his accustomed charities, but sent a larger sum than usual to distribute amongst the poor and sick of his native valley of Dent. Soon after the beginning of the year 1873 I asked him if he would like me to come and see him at Cambridge. He knew I was very anxious about the dangerous, and what proved to be the mortal, illness of an old servant. He replied, "No; I had rather you came a little later," at the same time mentioning that he had just been to the Woodwardian Museum. I believe that was the last time he was out of his rooms.

At last one morning—Wednesday, the 22nd of January—two very sorrowful letters came to me, one directed by my dear uncle, with a postscript, added by his servant, saying he thought him more feeble, another from Canon Heaviside, who had come from Norwich to see him, and thought his strength was going. These letters were followed in a few hours by a telegram from his physician, Dr. Paget, saying my uncle had fainted when getting up, and he thought I had better come at once to Cambridge to see him. I left by the next train, travelled all night, and arrived next morning at his rooms in Trinity College. He welcomed me with his usual bright smile and loving words, told me something of his increasing weakness, and then said, "I shall not be long here now; you must stay and be with me to the last." He remained in bed all that day; he had no pain, he said; only felt weak. He spoke of old times, of his father and mother, brothers and sisters, who had, he said, gone home before him. Then he spoke of the younger generation of his own family and of other friends whom he hoped soon to meet again, and of his Cambridge life and work, and the deep affection which he had always felt for his College and University, and he asked me to read to him some passages from the Psalms, and the lessons for the day, according to his usual custom. When night came I told him Mrs. Thompson had asked me to go to the lodge, and had given me the key of the door opening on the turret staircase, so that I could come to him any moment he wanted me. He replied, "I hope you will have a good sleep. John will look after me." The next day, Friday, although he had not slept much, yet he seemed stronger, and was up and dressed. He dictated one or two short letters, and was especially anxious to send warm words of sympathy to a friend whose wife had just died. This letter was the last he dictated. Again he had a quiet night and continued free from pain, though in the morning Dr. Paget thought him weaker. He slept a good deal, but towards evening roused up, asked me if I had heard from his nephews and nieces at Norwich, and sent messages of love to them. He

then asked me to read the 130th and the 51st Psalms, saying the 130th was the last earthly sound that fell upon the ears of his dear friend Dr. Ainger, of St. Bees College, to whom he read it when dying, and the 51st was the favourite psalm of his father in his extreme old age. A little time after he said, "Read to me the chapter that you read to Margaret (his eldest sister) the evening before her death"—St. John xvii.—and when I had finished, after a little pause, he went on to speak of his own hopes of salvation, alluding to himself in words of deepest humility, saying that his whole trust was in the atonement which his Saviour had made for him, and in the mercy and love of his Father in heaven.

Sunday was the last day of his earthly life—a day of deep sorrow, but yet of great peace. He had again a good night, and slept quietly most of the morning. In the afternoon I heard him praying earnestly, not, I think, knowing that anyone was in the room. I knew he had a dislike to being watched, and therefore sat partly behind the curtain at the foot of his bed, and I was too far off to hear at first more than broken sentences, mingled sometimes with the names of those he loved; but as he prayed more and more earnestly his voice grew stronger, and the following sentences I clearly heard, not spoken together, but with a pause between, "Washed clean in the Blood of the Lamb;" "Enable me to submit to Thy holy will;" "Sanctify me with Thy Holy Spirit." These were the last words he spoke. For a little time his breathing was hurried, but as the winter Sunday advanced it became more gentle, and he fell asleep. And so the afternoon passed away, and the evening closed in, and the stars came out and shone brightly into the darkened quiet room, where I sat near the window in the deep stillness listening to his soft breathing. Then the evening service began in the chapel, and the rich tones of the organ and the chanting of the choir, now swelling and then dying away, could be distinctly heard; and so unearthly in its beauty was the melody that it almost seemed as if the golden gates of heaven were opening, and music, not of this world, was floating down to that quiet room. In a little time the stillness was broken by the evening chimes of St. Mary's, and again deep silence fell upon the room. It was quite impossible in that deep stillness and quiet to realize that a soul was passing away to God. There was no change until about midnight, and then we saw the shadow of death come softly over his face, and we knew that he had passed into the dark valley and the end was near; but there was no pain, only quiet sleep. His breathing grew more soft; and as the clock in the great court of Trinity chimed a quarter past one, without a sigh his spirit returned to God. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

WILLIAM CARUS.



ART. II.—CHURCH WORK IN NORTH QUEENSLAND.

FOR the sake of gaining a comprehensive picture of Australian life it is unfortunate that such popular writers as the author of "Oceana" and others who have visited Australia have usually limited their travels to the Southern Colonies. A short stay in Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney, with a run to Ballarat and the Blue Mountains in a state railway carriage, give only a partial picture in one corner of the great continent. The coast continues for two thousand miles northward beyond Sydney Heads. Ten days must be spent