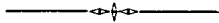


We owe their existence, and the emotions they excite, entirely to their conformity with dogmatic architectural law."

Well, religion is a solid thing, meant to regulate and govern us. We are God's building. Can you seriously expect permanent results by merely exciting the feelings, as a sighing wind does, or the sound of distant music? Can you not see that if God condescends to explain anything of His relations to the soul, any of the reasons why the Saviour died, anything of our standing by nature or in grace, it must be that He expects thus to quicken our penitence and faith, our loyalty and love, to give us peace and joy in believing, to make those very feelings which are foolishly opposed to knowledge blossom like the rose, nourished with sap and substance through a solid stem, the roots of which are wrapped around the Rock of Ages.

G. A. DERRY AND RAPHOE.



#### CHURCH WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I SHALL only try in this paper to set down a few impressions of South Africa as a mission-field gathered from a short experience in the colony last summer as a member of the Mission of Help. I shall therefore leave out all reference to the history of the South African Church, with perhaps one brief exception, and limit myself entirely to things as they are.

The long railway journey from Cape Town to Pretoria, a distance of some thousand miles travelled at the dignified pace of twenty miles an hour, gives one time to take in something of the immensity of the country, and to gauge the hugeness of the task that lies before us in the making of South Africa. An occasional commercial traveller will drop into your carriage at some wayside station and give you *his* ideas. "The Jews are the only people who get on here," he will tell you, and point you to iron-roofed stores run by Hebrews close by the line here and there as we pass along. "The Jews and the Germans," he will add presently. "And what about the natives?" we ask, thinking sympathetically, perhaps, of those to whom the land seems rightly to belong. "Oh, the native! he's too lazy—too lazy even to pluck his own fruit. He likes to rest under his vine and wait till the grapes ripen and fall into his mouth!" And so we live and learn as we go along.

After fifty and a half hours of travel we reach Pretoria feeling at once the stir of those sad warring days in which

the town played so large a part. Hailing a carriage, we bid the Kaffir "boy" to take us to the English cathedral. But, alas! of the English cathedral he has not heard, and so, in true English fashion, we "ask a policeman," but only to be disappointed once more, and in despair we turn to the Government Offices in the great Market Square to gain at length the desired information, and in two or three minutes have reached our goal. But, surely, anything more unlike a cathedral it were impossible to conceive! A long narrow building, with a low roof, lying back off the road behind a line of trees, nothing would be easier than to pass it by and not so much as notice it. That was the first impression of our church buildings, an impression only to become an experience as we found in place after place churches altogether unworthy of England's historic Church, and, what is far worse, utterly insufficient for the needs that have to be met, and starving, by their want of accommodation, the spiritual life of the people. But if the buildings are poor, after all, the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and the congregation that worships there was a magnificent inspiration. Seating some 700 people, the church was well filled both morning and evening, and one was struck at once by what became afterwards a thankful commonplace in all the churches that I visited, viz., the immense proportion of men in the congregation, half or even more of those present being of the sex that is supposed not to "go to church."

Pretoria Cathedral is the centre of a huge district—it seems ridiculous to call it a parish—stretching one hundred miles north, twenty miles south, and about sixty miles east and west; and for this immense area, with all the difficulties of travel added, the Rector, with some five other clergy, is responsible. "Send me six men at once," was his last word to me as we parted.

The Diocese of Pretoria is as large as France and Germany put together.

After a flying visit to busy, dusty, money-making "Joburg," including a descent into a gold-mine, and a day or two at historic Ladysmith, I came to Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, the seat of the Government and residence of the Bishop. About "P.M.Burg," however, later. I was to spend the Sunday at Durban with the Rev. G. E. Weeks, Vicar of St. Paul's. His church, like several others that I visited, is one of the "Colenso churches" which has in recent years come into line with the Church of the Province. In fact, so far as I could ascertain, there is only one of these that still remains independent, and that, surely, to its own weakness. The work at St. Paul's is of a vigorous type, carried on on what we

might describe as modern Evangelical lines, with a surpliced choir, the women as well as the men being robed. The service is fully congregational, and heartily entered into by the large congregations that gather there Sunday by Sunday. The northward position is taken at the Holy Communion, which is celebrated once a month in the evening in addition to the weekly celebration at earlier hours. For the last six years Mr. Weeks has been a tower of strength to the Church in Durban, and all classes of the community, Churchmen and Dissenters alike, were loud in his praise. Prior to his going, the congregation had dwindled to nearly a cipher. "You could count them on your fingers," was the way in which it was described to me more than once, and now Sunday by Sunday the church is crowded to the doors, and more often than not numbers are turned away for want of accommodation. It was good again to mark the numbers of young men in the church, and to hear from many of them what a friend and leader Mr. Weeks had been to them. It is quite impossible to estimate the power a man of the right sort may exercise in positions like this in the colony. Since my visit Mr. Weeks has left the parish in order to become the Headmaster of the Hilton Road College, a large colonial public school where the making of many of the public men of the future will be in his hands. His successor is already on his way, and will enter upon a magnificent opportunity.

Leaving Durban, I made tracks for a parish in the heart of the country where I was to conduct a few days' consecutive services, and to be brought into contact with some of the problems and opportunities of the country as distinguished from the town parish. Mid-Illovo lies in South-east Natal, the church and vicarage being some twenty-five miles distant from the nearest railway-station, a journey which had to be accomplished by driving. The road was rough and uneven, and the dust, which lay thick upon the surface, enveloped us in blinding clouds from time to time as we went along. The country around us—we were in "the Garden Colony," with the brightest blue sky and brilliant sun—lay beautiful in its hills and valleys, though brown and barren with the long drought. A Zulu boy who could speak no English, and a cart without springs, made the long drive a bit monotonous and tiring, and yet it was kept fresh with the thought of those who, from scattered farms upon the hillsides, were to gather in the little church and hear the message of that one God of all the families of the earth, and to know by the presence of her appointed missionary that the old Home Church had not forgotten these her far-off sons and daughters, but loved them still and desired to do them good.

The little church, with the vicarage adjoining, stands in a delightful situation on the summit of a hill facing a grand panorama of mountain and valley; but the signs of human habitation are few and far between, and as I looked out from the gate in the morning I said to the Vicar: "I see your parish, but where are your people?" Presently a cloud of dust on the road in the far distance, and then the appearance of a vehicle, gave answer to my question, and in a little while from all quarters people were arriving, some on horseback, some driving, and some, indeed, on foot, for cattle disease was rife, and not everyone had a horse; and *there* were his people, and *there* was my congregation! At his request I took the whole service myself—it was such a novelty to them to hear a new voice—and assuredly the solemn stillness of that Sunday morning, and the breathless quiet as the people listened to the "old, old story," will remain in heart and memory for length of days.

Service over, I came out into the open and shook hands with them all. To some of them I had brought messages from friends at home, and many a "Thank you" and "God bless you," and many an eager inquiry about those far away, closed our happy gathering. "We had 90 per cent. of our people here this morning," was the Vicar's remark as we went back to the house. After lunch some eight of us mounted our horses to ride eight or nine miles across country for the afternoon service. We were to meet this time in a private house, and as we drew near I noticed the congregation coming up from all quarters as in the morning. The room was soon filled, and we joined in our common worship and rejoiced in the presence of Him who is always with His people, and yet most of all when they gather in His Name. The night was spent with friends close by, who gave us the warm spontaneous welcome one met with everywhere, and in the morning we returned on horseback to St. Margaret's, where the Mission continued till the Wednesday. As the last service ended, the Vicar remarked: "We had 100 per cent. of our people here to-day." It was more than a reward for having come these thousands of miles to receive the welcome of the parishioners of Mid-Illovo. In a district such as this, which is only typical of many more, the clergyman's life is mostly spent in the saddle. His people live in remote and lonely farmhouses separated by long distances from his own house and from one another, and a single visit will often take him a whole day, and will necessitate his spending the night at the farm. The next morning he will ride on to another, and so on from farm to farm, making his way home again by the end of the week.

But it was not only our own people who welcomed us. We

got into touch from time to time with the Dutch, and a brief record of my stay at Greytown may be enough to show how the Mission helped to bind severed peoples together once again, and that in a place where racial feeling had run high. The novelty of a service "for men only" attracted several of the Dutch to church on my first Sunday in this delightful little town, sixty miles north-east of Pietermaritzburg. They were eager and attentive listeners giving earnest heed to the things that were spoken. "Thank you for your message," said one of them to me after the service was over; "it has touched my heart." That night they were present again in larger numbers, the married men bringing their wives with them. I spoke on the claims of Christ upon the individual soul, and said that the object of our Mission was to bring each one into personal touch with God through Jesus Christ—that I had come, not to preach the Church or denominations, but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. It seemed to strike them as strange that such a message should be preached by an Anglican clergyman, and from that day onwards we had them with us at every service, and day by day I was able to speak with one or more of them personally. The outward and visible signs of the union thus brought about were seen in several ways. The Agricultural Society in the town had for some years past been left to our own people, but this year the Dutchmen came in and threw themselves heartily into it, planning with their British neighbours for the success of next year's show, and the comment that was passed in the town upon this unwonted spectacle was: "The Church has done it." On the Saturday night before the closing services of the Mission the men of the town gathered, at my invitation, for a conference in the Masonic Hall. I spoke on some practical questions of Christian living, and then asked those present to take up my points and see if there were not some of them they might seek to put into practice as the result of the Mission. A Dutchman, well known in the town, rose first, and in broken English spoke of what the Mission had meant to him. "It has done us good to hear the message, and now we mean to carry it out." He was followed by another who spoke in a similar strain, and in all some ten or twelve took part in the debate, the Magistrate, a Wesleyan, whose strong and practical sympathy was with us all through, finally moving this resolution, which was carried unanimously, all standing, as though to make their vow in the presence of God: "In remembrance of the Mission of 1905 we will seek by God's help to live more consistently with our Christian profession." There were some seventy present in all, representing every class of the community—Churchmen, Wesleyans, Dutch—and

all these agreed as one man to live their public life as consistent followers of Jesus Christ. "It was a new thing in Greytown," said the devoted Vicar to me next morning in thankful recognition of God's hand in what had happened.

I have not tried to describe Greytown generally; suffice it to say that it is a small Dutch town numbering some 1,000 in population. The parish church is the centre of work for a large district stretching for twenty or thirty miles in every direction. Two of the out-stations came within the possibilities of the Mission, and I was able to spend a day or two in holding services at them, meeting everywhere with the same warmth and cordiality as one was now in the way of expecting. But here, as elsewhere, it is the same cry for men. In a recent letter the Vicar says: "I am writing to the Bishop this mail to tell him that he must encourage good 'Evangelicals' to come. The census returns show us to be more than twice as strong as we realized ourselves to be, and I feel quite sure that it means many people are going to Dissenting chapels who would come to quieter services from us. I am sure of it, and there is plenty of room in the larger towns."

Of the truth of his last words I had ample proof in my next Mission, which was at St. Peter's, Pietermaritzburg. This is the old Colenso cathedral, now a church of the Province, and doing an aggressive work in the town and two or three country districts under the Rev. B. Chastel de Boiville and an earnest band of lay workers. The church stands on a splendid site in the heart of the city, but is a poor meagre building sadly needing to be pulled down and replaced by one more worthy and more commodious. At present the accommodation is too small by half for the congregation, so that for the Mission a tent seating 850 people was erected in the large church grounds. This was commented upon adversely at first by a few of our critics as wholly unnecessary: "You may want it on Sundays, but the church (seating 280) will be large enough on weekdays." Remarks such as this reminded us that we were coming now into a city where material interests were strong, and religious instincts in the minds of many only secondary. "P.M. Burg is too busy for a Mission," said another; and yet a third: "The Mission is an impertinence."

That this did not represent the general feeling was soon evident. An impressive and crowded service of reception was held at St. Saviour's Cathedral, where the Dean welcomed the Natal Missioners with "an old man's blessing," and the Bishop gave us an inspiring message. Indeed, the Bishop's enthusiasm and constant encouragement from the first day to the last was a continual help and stimulus to us all. None can estimate how much the work owed to his wise and spiritual oversight.

There were four Missions to be preached in the city simultaneously, the Bishop of Burnley being the Missioner at St. Saviour's Cathedral, Mr. Hart at St. Luke's, Mr. Watson at St. George's, and myself at St. Peter's. It would, perhaps, be tedious to describe the work in detail, following as it did so largely the lines of an ordinary parochial Mission at home, and it will do if I sum up its story in a few sentences. Two things stand out prominently in my recollection. (1) The response of the men—"the glorious response of the men of Natal," in the words of the Bishop of Burnley (now Bishop of Southwell) at our closing united meeting in the Town Hall. The arrangements for the men's services had been left in the hands of a committee of laymen, who with the genius of faith arranged that two services should be held every day "for men only" at St. Peter's, one to be addressed by the Bishop, and the other by myself, while the railway-men and others were provided for at their own works.

Day by day the church saw increasing numbers of men coming to the short services, which lasted exactly twenty-five minutes each, until on the Friday morning, when they closed, there must have been between 400 and 500 men present. And this in a city which was "too busy" for a Mission, and on a week-day to boot! God indeed did for us more than we asked or thought.

But the pathos of it lay in what followed. "Can we not have a regular mid-day service once a week when the Mission is over?" was the inquiry put to us. But, alas! the answer could only be "No," for the few clergy in the town have their hands overfull already, and more is a physical impossibility. It was the same cry once again: "Send us men."

(2) The other feature of the work was the ready way in which men and women came to ask for spiritual help and counsel. Several hours were set apart each day for this, and many a soul found liberty and joy in the simple unfolding of God's message of forgiveness and strength. More must not be said, for these things are sacred, but the simple and fervid "Thank you" that came spontaneously from hundreds of lips made our hearts leap for joy at the privilege of being allowed to minister to them, while at the same time they were filled with a sense of sadness at the thought of how impossible it was for the one clergyman in the parish to do more than touch the very fringe of his great opportunity. It was just the same thing over again, "Where are the men?"

I have purposely omitted any reference to the work among the natives, which did not, of course, lie within our scope; but the largeness of their numbers, their accessibility, and the very little that is being done for their evangelization, constitute

a loud call to the Church. On this, however, I must not enter now. It only occurs to me that many whose health does not allow them to work in the usual fields might find in the salubrious climate of Natal the very opening that they desire. At any rate, here is a great missionary field asking for labourers.

Summing up, I want to say that not only is this the day of opportunity in South Africa, but that it is time that we Evangelicals woke up about it. It will be a fatal and foolish—ay, an unworthy—policy if we allow soreness for the past to make us indifferent to the needs of the present. The past history of the South African Church may be in some instances sad reading for Evangelicals, but it is surely beyond pardon for us to live on our grievances. Let it be granted that we have been badly treated, ignored, discouraged—all that may or may not be true enough—but the plain fact before us now is that the door is wide open. “It is untrue to say,” I heard the Bishop of Natal remark the other day, “that men of one school will be more welcome than those of another.” The Bishops are asking us to go; the clergy have shown how ready they are to welcome us; the people are waiting to receive us with open arms. What shall our answer be?

1. Shall we reply as some have done: “Oh, the Church of South Africa is a sacerdotal and one-sided Church, and we prefer to leave her alone.” If the description were a wholly accurate one, it would seem rather to be an argument for *not* leaving her alone; and if it be allowed in any degree to be a true one, then the responsibility of letting it remain so will be our own, and there will be no one to blame but ourselves.

2. Or shall we say: “The Church is autocratic, and there are no safeguards. The Third Proviso puts the decisions of Synod beyond appeal.”

To this we reply that in the large lay element on the Synods there is a far more effectual safeguard than any that we have at home, and, moreover, that in matters relating to faith or doctrine there is an appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury’s tribunal. There can be no question that the surest way of keeping out ritualistic innovations is to strengthen the Evangelical element in all the Synods, by increasing the number of congregations that send representatives to the Diocesan Synods, and through them to the Provincial Synod. In the latter the laity can claim to vote by orders, and as the order of the laity vote first, it is in their power to reject any proposed measure even before the clergy have the chance of voting upon it.

3. Perhaps some will say “the Colenso party,” or, as they prefer to be called, “the Church of England party,” in Natal deserves our warmest sympathy, and to throw our energies



into the Church of the Province is like deserting those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and who have naturally looked to us as sympathizers with them in their struggles. To have read their story and not to feel one's heart go out to them is impossible. But as practical men we have to ask, Is there no way by which they may now gain substantially all that they have been fighting for without sacrificing their principles? And I have no hesitation in my reply. Under "2" I have briefly indicated an answer to their main position. Let me add further—

(a) The failure of their recent appeals, first to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then to the King, have made it quite clear that no steps will be taken in the direction of consecrating them a separate Bishop. That matter is now closed. That is to say, their continued existence is only a question of time.

(b) Their numbers are few, only one congregation remaining, so far as I am able to ascertain. There are, of course, scattered members of the party in different parts of South Africa.

(c) The present state of things only keeps up the spirit of controversy and ill-will, not to mention the practical hindrances it puts in the way of advance; and seeing that all that they aim at can be more effectively secured by joining themselves to the Church of the Province, their continued protest loses its meaning, while it still goes on working all manner of harm.

(d) It would seem, therefore, that the true policy would be, for the sake of Christ and His work, to abandon an impossible position; to seek, after His example, to forgive the wrongs of the past; and to work in unity and peace with those from whom they are now separated, and so most truly to set forward the promotion of those interests that lie deepest in their hearts.

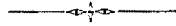
(e) The Church of the Province might, I think, in case of such union come to some arrangement with regard to the patronage of certain churches.

4. What I have said so far will show how mistaken is the policy of sending out independent clergymen to minister to particular congregations. This, besides keeping alive the spirit of separation, can only serve to weaken the cause it wishes to serve, for its immediate effect must be to split the Evangelicals into two, some joining with them, while others remain in the Church of the Province. Our friends who are pursuing this line of action are surely only helping to weaken, instead of strengthen, the object they have at heart.

5. Looking at the whole question, and remembering that

the Church in South Africa cannot yet rear her own ministry, but must look to the Home Church for some years yet to supply her with clergy, there can surely be but one thing to do. It is a God-given opportunity that lies before us. Let us arise and seize it, and in the Name of the Lord take our place alongside of our brethren who are rearing a noble Temple in which the glory of God shall dwell, and whose light shall guide many a wanderer to the true home of his heart.

H. L. C. DE CANDOLE.



## THE WORLD INTO WHICH CHRISTIANITY CAME.

### II.

IN my previous article I considered the first two books into which Professor Dill's volume is divided. We now pass to the third. And if the first book may be said to have dealt chiefly with the private life of the period, and the second mainly with its public and social life, in the third our author may be regarded as placing before us a great number of *ideas*, and as explaining to us the methods by which those who held them were seeking to propagate them. Here again we have a division into three chapters, and these are entitled respectively, "The Philosophic Director," "The Philosophic Missionary," and "The Philosophic Theologian."

As the student of religion will find that the second book is more interesting than the first, so, I believe he will find that this third book is more interesting than the second; and as in the last chapter of that book he will have seen many analogies between the customs of the *collegia* and Christian rites and usages, so in this book he will find still more striking similarities between the *methods* employed to teach heathen philosophy and to propagate "the word of life." In merely speculative philosophy—that is, in philosophy as an attempt to explain the universe—the Roman seems at no time to have had much interest. In the period of which we are speaking the study of philosophy was "the study of moral problems with a definite practical aim"; and the "value of an idea" consisted not so much in what it explained as in what *effect* it had, or might have, upon life and conduct. Stoicism and Cynicism, translated into a Latin atmosphere, become "modes of life"; they were almost altogether "kinds" of conduct. And conduct implies discipline, and discipline is suggested by rule, by order, by a conception of society which at least savours of a military organization. And to what may