


# THE CEYLON FRIEND.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

 R. DORAN, in his *Memories of Great Towns*, relates, concerning a defunct Station-master at Reading, that whenever he heard, as he sat in his room, the noise of something wrong outside, he always quietly remarked: "There's a disturbance on the platform; what *can* have put out the clergyman to-day?" We have learned, in Ceylon, to think and speak in much the same way about our highest Ecclesiastic. If anyone were to take up a newly received local newspaper, and make a remark about more heart-burnings and unpleasantnesses, more bitterness and evil-speaking, more useless strife excited, and more people set about the ears, the response, from those addressed, would very naturally and almost surely be: "Indeed! what is the Bishop doing now?" This is a severe thing to say of one who claims to be the chief Minister of the Gospel of peace and goodwill, but it is a very mild statement of an undeniable fact. *The Church Missionary Gleaner*, for October, denominates the results which have been produced amongst the Evangelical Churches, since the advent of his Lordship, as *the Reign of Terror* and adds: "Such a title only can rightly describe the state of things which was inaugurated by the action of the Bishop of Colombo three years ago."

We deem the title so apposite and unexaggerated that we have no hesitation in adopting it. The *Gleaner* proceeds to give a very timely resumé of the Bishop's action, but the story is one with which our readers are already so sadly familiar, that we need not here repeat it. An impartial writer,

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in the local *Times*, (which newspaper seems forced at last to abandon its support of the Bishop,) says: "No person (be he an admirer or not of the Missionaries,) can accuse the Bishop of not being ready to drop upon them on every conceivable occasion, but let the susceptibilities of people be offended by extravagant eccentricities (affected or otherwise) of his own cassocked "priests," and what is the reply?" It is invariably, "I can't interfere."

"The question, so far as the Church Mission in Ceylon is concerned, is, assuredly:—"To be or not to be;" and notwithstanding the eminently useful and successful labours of that Society, extending over the past sixty years, no one can doubt that, if the Bishop has his own way, the question will be answered in the negative. We are glad to learn that the Church Mission Committee has determined to bring matters to a final issue, and has placed all the papers connected with the long continued persecution (for we cannot otherwise characterise Dr. Coplestone's conduct,) in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The time has come also, it seems to us, for an appeal and protest to the Colonial Secretary, and the House of Commons, on the part of the community generally, against one who, though a public servant, paid from the public revenue, is stubbornly bent upon disturbing the public peace.

We have before mentioned the Bishop's refusal to license three accredited Missionaries of the Church Mission Society, for no other reason than that they conscientiously declined to take the Lord's Supper, under circumstances which were acknowledged to involve a tacit admission of its sacrificial significance. One of the three, the Rev. W. P. Schaffter, after obeying, for nine months, what he believed to be the Bishop's wrongful injunction not to preach the Gospel, once more made a most earnest and pathetic appeal to his Lordship to be allowed to resume the Ministry, to which he had been called of God. Mr. Schaffter is described as "the bearer of a license from the Archbishop of Canterbury, extending to the end of 1880;—a Missionary of twenty-seven years service in

Madras, and a man esteemed and beloved wherever he is known." He was resident at Badulla, where the visits of English Ministers, other than those of the Church Mission, have been very rare, though there are many English-speaking people in the neighbourhood, anxious to attend Divine services. These had frequently and earnestly requested Mr. Schaffter to lead them in Christian worship. The Church at Badulla was built and paid for largely by Nonconformists, and there was a distinct understanding, at its erection, that it should be used by all denominations, though, somehow or other, the Episcopalians have assumed the exclusive possession of it. However the trustees, both of whom are Anglican Churchmen, joined in asking the Bishop to permit Mr. Schaffter to use the building, and, on this permission being curtly and coldly refused, Mr. Schaffter stipulated that no gathering in the church should be interfered with, though he felt justified in conducting a service, which was much appreciated, in an unlicensed room.

It would be difficult to show that the Bishop had any more authority to forbid such an act, than he had to refuse to let Mr. Schaffter exercise his devotions in his family, or even in private; and, if the perplexed Missionary did anything contrary to the laws of the Church of England, his fault is shared by many of the best and noblest dignitaries of that church, who take part in, and heartily approve of, school lectures and cottage prayer-meetings. Of course Mr. Schaffter is reminded that he is bound by his ordination oath to obey his ordinary; and OBEY is pointed in large capitals, by those whose representatives in England are so notorious for the lack of that grace, when the authorities are not of their own mind;—let the recent deliverance of the Bishop of Manchester, among others, bear witness. But, surely, obedience has its province and its limits. We must "obey those that have the rule over us," but if they tell us to commit either Ministerial, or moral, or physical suicide, we may righteously decline. When the Bishop commands without or against the law, he goes beyond his strength; and we are only bound to respect the powers

that be, so long as they *be* powers. This Bishop Coplestone evidently feels, and, therefore, to give colour to his pretensions, he falls back upon some musty canons of the Anglican Church; but, in so doing, we submit, he not only shows the pitiable weakness of his case, but daringly insults the intelligence and common-sense of those whom he addresses.

That churchman must be ignorant indeed who does not know how obsolete and useless many of the canons now are; and how foolish and impossible it would be to enforce their varying and even contradictory directions in their entirety. For instance, as is pointed out in an able and incisive article, in the *Ceylon Observer*, if the Bishop quotes canon 71, headed: "Ministers not to preach or administer the communion in private houses," he ought consistently to observe canon 74, in which it is enjoined that: "No ecclesiastical person shall wear any coif or wrought night-cap, but only a plain night-cap of black silk, satin, or velvet." We wonder whether his young lordship sleeps in the latter adornment; if so, charity might, perhaps, suggest, as an explanation of his strange doings, that, by virtue of the law of association, Dr. Coplestone, has dreamt so often of the mediæval ages, that he has actually come to fancy that he really lives amidst their dark surroundings.

Be this as it may, the Bishop fulminated his anathemas, and virtually excommunicated the worthy missionary, saying "he followeth not with us;" nay more he, further, publicly threatened to ban also any who should, in future, dare to listen to the Gospel from Mr. Schaffter's lips. We quote from the communication of one who was present at the Badulla church, when what follows occurred:

"After prayers were read, the Bishop stepped forward, standing opposite the communion table and gave forth his deliverance. He began it, "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen;" and then said that he had looked forward with much pleasure to a meeting with the Badulla congregation who were always well reported of, but, he grieved to say now, that they had fallen from their high estate into great *sin*. That he would speak to them in love and urge

them to return. He would deal with them plainly and faithfully. He quoted largely from the articles and canons of the church. He told the congregation that they had sinned—greatly sinned—in attending the services of “this person,”—meaning Mr. Schaffter. That he had no license to preach; the room in which this service was held was not licensed—and the services were highly irregular. He would not say anything about “this person” but he was concerned about the souls of the congregation. The Bishop laid claim to be called of God, and added that he had the *power to bind and loose*. He was willing to overlook the present lapse, but, if they repeated it, he would plainly tell them, that the sacraments of baptism and the communion, and the burial of the dead would be refused: he would virtually ex-communicate them. They would have to go elsewhere. “Choose your side.” After which he prayed from a portion of the commination service, and dismissed the congregation with the blessing.”

And yet we *do* live in the *enlightened* nineteenth century!

It is unnecessary for us to refer at length to the affairs at Kurnegala, where the same tactics, as those above related, are being practised. The Archdeacon was sent on September 28th, to induct the Rev. A. Dias, a Sinhalese Minister, to the “cure of souls” in that District, in which the Church Missionary Society has about thirty congregations, under the supervision of the Rev. J. Ireland Jones, sometime “Bishop’s Commissary,” who has himself laboured at Kurnegala for many years.

The Church Missionaries are asked to stand quietly aside, whilst their converts, recently snatched from heathenism, are re-indoctrinated into a new order of priest-craft, and whilst the Bishop “boasts in another man’s line of things made ready to his hands;” but they are solaced by being addressed as “*dear brethren*.” Douglas Jerrold mentions an Indian leaf, one side of which is said to act as a blister, and the other side serves as a salve. Of this character Bishop Coplestone would fain have us believe his pastorals to be; but, unfortunately, their blistering quality is strong, whilst their healing power is but feeble. His lordship invariably follows up his arrogant assumptions of almost divine authority by so-called compromises and reconciliations, though he never really makes the retractations, for which he often gets the credit. Thus when he found that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the

adherents of the Church of England resented his haughty tyranny at Badulla, he deemed it politic to send a letter to "the faithful laity" of that town, in which he spoke of "the pain it gave him to address, in the language of reproach, those to whom he was in all respects inferior, except in office." Immediately, a simple admirer writes of this epistle as being "conceived in a fine spirit of Christian love," and the like. And yet the Bishop, though his words are "smoother than butter," has not even hinted at any change concerning the "war" that "was in his heart!"

"He has," he goes on to say, "no right to ask any pledge of the righteous, from whom, if he has made them sad, he needs forgiveness." Oh no! "All that he is bound to do is to see and to require that those who presented themselves at the Lord's table are honestly resolved to lead a new life, and couple repentance with purpose of amendment in the future;" all of which amounts to this,—that we are *just where we were*, and that the Bishop means still to refuse, to the utmost extent of his influence, all Christian privileges, in life and in death, to any who do not repent and amend them of that one awful sin, which he had denounced,—the daring to listen to the Gospel, from "that person,"—Mr. Schaffter.

How can anybody be deceived by language which would be scorned as the meanest cant, the most contemptible "soft-soap," if used by a Methodist preacher, or Church Missionary? Such deception must be wilful; and, as the rough Cornish proverb has it: "He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock."

The rock a-head Bishop Coplestone has himself clearly indicated, and, though we may laugh at the terrors which excommunication involves *at present*, we shall find that those terrors are not light if we go on yielding, little by little, to the Bishop and his "priestly" friends the power to which they aspire. Let us not suffer ourselves to be drifted heedlessly upon that rock, nor foolishly shut our eyes to a danger, which is far from imaginary. Macaulay's illustration of the in-coming tide occurs to us. He who takes a casual glance at the waves might actually say that the tide was receding; he who gazes a moment longer might think there was simply a ceaseless ebb and flow; but he who continues to look, when others have departed, sees that the waters are steadily advancing. So it is with the pretensions of Bishop Coplestone. Let us be warned in time.



# PERRAN COOMBE.


A TALE OF THE METHODISTS OF CORNWALL.

BY

A CORNISH LADY.

## CHAP. XV. CHRISTMAS-WEEK.

(Continued from page 213.)

 E L E N listened intently, but heard nothing more, perhaps because of the renewed howling of the wind, but in a few minutes she saw two muffled figures steal out apparently from the opposite unoccupied wing of the house, and, hastening up the garden slope, join the waiting figure beneath the trees.

“I will see what this means,” she thought in excitement. “I am sure one was Pen, though I do not know the other, and I may be able to save him from something dreadful, if I can only get out in time to follow them.”

Not a thought of fear for herself crossed her mind in resolving to solve the mystery. She was in too sound health to be troubled with nervous fears and fancies; her whole thought was that Pen was running into danger, and she might follow, and save him.

Wrapping her shawl closely over her head, and taking a pair of thick boots in her hand, in a moment she was swiftly and silently stealing through the passages leading to the old, disused part of the house. She felt sure that the two figures had issued from the house at that point, and to find the doors there unlocked was her only chance of getting out quickly and quietly enough: the other doors with their modern fastenings would take too long, even if she could hope to avoid rousing the dogs.

Ah, yes! the first door of the old wing, at the end of a long, narrow passage stood ajar, though it had been locked and the key lost, nearly as long as she could remember.

Through room after room, in the darkness, she hurried on, sometimes stumbling over unknown obstacles, but remembering too well many childish games of hide and seek through the old rooms to mistake the position of the doors, every one of which stood open save the last, which, perhaps, had been shut by the wind after the two had passed out. To open it cost her a minute or two of great exertion, and to put on her boots took another minute, so she was not surprised, on getting at last into the garden, to find that the figures she had seen, had all disappeared.

Had they come out that way? Yes, for on stooping down, their tracks were to be seen in the wind-tossed snow; the steps of two persons, leading straight to the wood.

As quickly as possible, but keeping in the shade of the shrubs, for fear of detection, she followed the tracks. Under the trees it was too dark to trace them, but they had led her into the path to the cliffs.

She ran confidently enough, therefore, along the pathway, straining her eyes and ears for sight or sound of those she followed, but heard nothing and saw nothing of them until she reached the gate which opened upon the moor. Then, with a suddenness which made her heart leap and throb fast, she saw them, the three, standing out clear against the sky, on the moor, in consultation it seemed; she was too far off to hear, and dared not move from the shelter of the wood until they should go on.

Presently they had apparently decided on their movements, and, turning, bore on as steadily as the wind would let them, straight for the cliff-top. More than ever convinced that her brother was one of the three, Helen left the wood, and followed them as closely as she dared, stooping low, so as to be less conspicuous, should they turn, but neither of them so much as glanced her way until the cliff-edge was reached. Happily



for her concealment, the furze grew in high, thick clumps here, as farther back on the moors, and crouching behind one of the dense, snowladen bushes, she watched and listened for what should come next.

The first sound she heard nearly startled her into a scream, which would at once have betrayed her. It was her father's voice.

"It's all nonsense," he exclaimed. "Why should you be afraid of that canting Methodist? They've no revivals on now, have they?"

"Well, Squire, I would'nt like young Trevellyan to come 'cross our path to-night. I hope he won't be fool enough for that. But he do come wanderin about these 'ere cliffs as if he was lookin' out for somethin'; and at out o' the way times too. We'd best be careful, that's all."

"Serenading, likely enough," said Pen's voice. "He'd hardly go in for anything so irreligious as a banjo though. They say he's just as much a ranter as his father now."

"What on earth do you mean by serenading?" said the Squire. "But we can't stay here any longer. It will be time for the signal in a few minutes, and if that young jackanapes comes in the way we must push him out, that's all. It's a good thing for us that the coastguardsmen have got converted. You're sure they are having that tea-fight at Trevellyan's, Jerry?"

"Oh there's no fear 'bout that, Squire. Lizabeth Ann Teague was down to my house dressin up Waif for it afore ten o' clock this morning. Dinner an tea, both, 'twas."

"More fool, Trevellyan," sneered the Squire. "I'd twist their necks first. There goes the light! Come along. I'll go first."

"Squire," remonstrated Jerry, "Now do ee be advised. You know you'm top-heavy, and no harm neither, but tesn't zackly the thing for goin down there, and in this wind too."

"Stuff," said the Squire, "I could find my way down drunk, or blindfold. Clear out of the way."

“ Well, if so be as you will, Squire, you will ; an you must take the risk. Good luck to ee.”

What risk ? Where was her father going ?

Scarcely breathing, Helen strained her eyes wide, and yet could hardly believe their witness. Her father was slowly disappearing from view, down the jagged, inaccessible cliff-face !

She knew the place so well ; every tumbled crag and stone was so familiar that, had it been possible for human being to scale them, she thought she would have known it, yet, with a fearful fascination, which clenched her teeth and hands, and strung every nerve, tense and rigid as iron, she saw her father descend to what seemed certain death. Presently the wind brought up a faint shout, and Jerry and Pen, who had eagerly bent over the cliff-edge watching his descent, laughed, as if they had been relieved of a dread, and then rapidly disappeared, one after the other, down the same mysterious way.

Until they were lost to view the frozen terror, which had laid hold of Helen on seeing her father's descent, held her motionless ; but it suddenly gave way as she found herself alone again, and with a shrill, wild cry, she sprang to the spot where they had stood, and flinging herself on the ground, she clutched at a clump of dried sea-pink, and looked down the awful way she had seen them go. Was it true that she had seen them ? Was it not all a terrible dream ?

The great, sharp-edged masses of rock pointed grimly upward and outward in every direction, a petrified chaos, with no visible foothold anywhere, from the top where she lay, to as far down as her eye could reach. She knew, as did Fred Trevellyan, that, half-way down the cliff-face, this confusion of crags abruptly ceased, and the rest was a smooth, perpendicular surface down to the beach.

Hark ! what was that sound from below ! Voices shouting, but with a hollow, far-off reverberation. She would not have heard it perhaps but for the inland-blowing wind, and it died off fainter as she listened.

Suddenly the thought of the Old Men, said to dwell in the caves beneath these very cliffs, flashed into her mind. Were these the sounds that others had heard and deemed supernatural? That they were anything but the voices of her father and his companions, she did not, for a moment, fancy: they must be using the old Phœnician caves for a secret purpose. And though it seemed impossible to scale the rough cliff-face, yet, if her conjecture were a true one, there might be concealed openings among the sharp crags, leading by sloping galleries to the caves beneath. So much her life in a mining district made it easy to understand, but the use they made of the caves was a harder matter to find.

Thoroughly puzzled, she lifted herself from the ground, cramped and benumbed, and turned toward home, completely baffled.

That her father was there, as well as Pen, did not make the mystery or her anxiety less; for was not Jerry Dingle, whom he had always professed to despise, there too, and on the most confidential terms.

It was, however, impossible for her to look farther into it to-night, and as swiftly as she had come, she went back through the wood, and by the old rooms to her own.

The rapid exercise had served to give her a little warmth, but she found it useless to try to sleep, and lay listening to the wind, and the wild splashes of rain that now began to beat against the windows, and hearing her father's return in every sound within the house, until the grey winter morning crept into being, and the night was gone.

Christmas-night was eventful to more than one in Perran. After leaving Helen and Forrest on the cliffs, Fred Trevellyan strode on over the moors, not heeding where he went, filled with the one bitter thought that for his love all hope was over. He could not doubt it, he said to himself, over and over to his own torment. What a fool he had been to think for a moment that she might care for him, and he laughed aloud in scorn of himself; but how sweet and bright she was! though she looked

sad to-day, he thought. or was it only surprise at his behaving in such a boorish way? Ah, well! he was nothing to her, and it did not matter. If he had stayed longer, he might have knocked that fellow over the cliff; he felt mad enough for it. Mad! yes, that was the word; it had all been madness for him, from that Sunday when he had first seen her, and had that day-dream in Farmer Chynoweth's orchard. What a delicious afternoon that was. He was going to make his fortune, and win her. he had dreamt. Ha! ha!

Oh, the misery of it! He had thought that day, too, that to be a Minister of God's Word was better than to make a fortune. Was it? Was religion itself worth anything to a man in a trouble like this? "God! God!" How far-off He was! "Oh, God, if Thou canst,—help!"

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord, pitieth them that fear Him." The words of reassuring comfort touched him with the vivid strength of audible speech, and quietness, if not full peace, entered his heart with them. Had he searched the Bible through, with his knowledge of a father's tenderness, no words could have made him so fully realise the infinite pity of God. Surely, with a love so true and strong to rest upon, his life would not be the utterly drear and desolate thing he had at first believed, in the overthrow of his hope; and it was not too late even yet, to consecrate his life to God in the Ministry of His Word. He would seriously consider that.

Christmas-Day in Capen John's house meant a gathering-time for some of his chosen friends, and for all the old and poor of Perran, who could not feast in their own homes. For those who could not walk, a well-cushioned cart went round the village, directly after morning service in the Chapel, and joyous was the laughter of the children, and cackling of the old women at its approach.

To-day, for the first time, Betsey Tippet had availed herself of it. The old woman had failed in strength from the night when she had seen the ghostly hearse upon the moors, proof

enough, she thought, that it had been a token of her end at hand, and a warning to prepare. Fred told her cheerily that it was only proof that the night-air did not agree with her, at which Betsey shook her head, and groaned dissent.

All the Teagues, (excepting Tom, who had been away from home, supposedly at the King's Arms, since yesterday,) were among the guests, and Waif, with her little heart brim-ful of delight, had come with them. In Capen John's hospitality there was nothing of that cold charity which gives a Christmas-dinner to the poor, and then stands by, watching and laughing, "to see how the creatures eat." He sat down with them, and his friends did the same. Among these were the two principal coast-guardsmen of the neighbourhood, whose station lay between Perran and St. Ruth. Well-educated men, both, and both recent converts. In Perran itself there was no coast-guard station; it was such a little quiet place that no suspicions of ill-doing there were rife in official breasts, and the one station was deemed enough to guard both the Perran and St. Ruth coast; indeed so many years had passed since any smuggling, worth speaking of, had been heard of there, that the supervision was now little but a name, and the coast-guard enjoyed themselves in Christmas-time like other people, by their own fire-sides, or where they chose, simply leaving to one man the nominal post of look-out.

Capen John's Christmas dinner was a great success; he knew the secret of gaining hearts, and unloosing tongues, but at table that day no face was so bright as little Waif's. "Bless her," said Lizbeth Ann Teague, to herself, "the cheeld do look like a angel." Fred kept his little favourite by his side during dinner, and little guessed how much the loving child-heart rejoiced in being there.

After dinner, the children were left in the front-kitchen, with abundant supplies of nuts and oranges, and the grown-up and old people enjoyed themselves in the well-warmed parlour, more than one falling asleep under the combined influences of dinner and fire.

Fred left them in this contented state, knowing he would not be missed until tea-time. When he got back, the front-kitchen was a lively scene of preparation for tea; the long table being spread by the elder children, who ran to and fro, under Capen John's laughing superintendence, with well-filled plates of yellow cake and bread and cream from dairy and back-kitchen, where Jenefer, Sarah, and Lizbeth Ann Teague were busily cutting up and supplying them.

Despite his sad heart Fred exerted himself to enter into the enjoyment, and no one, who heard his merry laugh and words, guessed how his heart ached almost beyond endurance, or that, now and then, when the fun was at its height, he could scarcely keep himself from rushing out and away, anywhere, so that he might be alone to battle with his trouble.

When at last tea was over, and, warned to haste by the change in the weather, the cart with its happy load had gone rattling off, and every guest had departed, he gave a great sigh of relief which Capen John, who had really enjoyed his Christmas-day, misinterpreted.

"Yes, my son," he said, "we may well sigh. Christmas has gone, once more. Nothing but orange-peel and empty nut-shells left, as you may say." "But," his face lighting up, "they *did* enjoy themselves. Did you look at Waif's face? That little dear may be the saving of Jerry Dingle yet, but I'm 'fraid he is a bad one to have the care of her. Did you notice how sweet she was to Betsey Tippet too?"

"Yes I saw," said Fred. "She told me that Miss Lucy Borlase said Jesus would be glad if she forgave Betsey, and was kind to her. I thought poor old Betsey looked regretful, when she looked down on Waif's head, as she helped her in to tea. How weak Betsey has got, hasn't she? What do you think of her hearse-story?"

"I think there was something in it. Not that it was a token, or any such nonsense, you know, but I believe the poor old woman did see the hearse as she said, for, between ourselves, Ben Treloar saw it the same night, as he was goin

home from afternoon core, 'bout eleven o'clock or so. 'Twas goin along the Truro road then, comin this way, but very slow, and the driver wouldn't speak when Ben holloed to en, and asked en who the hearse was for. Ben thought a good bit about it, but he thought, and I thought, 'twas no use adding to Betsey Tippet's tale, frightenin all the women and children out of their senses."

"But! Father," exclaimed Fred, utterly perplexed, "who died? Who could the hearse be for?"

"Nobody died that we heard of, and what the hearse was wanted for, we don't know, but Ben has been on the watch for it ever since, and just now, before he went, he told me I mustn't be frightened if he came back again to-night about it."

"Oh I hope he will," exclaimed Fred, greatly excited. "Old Ben is a brick, though he has not found out how that man came up the cliff."

"How you *thought* the man came up, you mean," laughed Capen John.

"Oh he came up, father. I am sure of that: but isn't that Ben's voice? Yes, here he is. Come in Ben," and Ben came in preceded by Jenefer, looking very inquisitive at his return.

"I do want to talk with Capen a bit," said Ben, cautiously, giving a wink with the eye farthest off from Jenefer, but directed toward her.

"Yes, yes Ben," said Capen John, taking the cue. "Sit down by the fire. Jenefer, you and Sarah had better go to bed. We had prayers when our friends went, you know, and you must be runned off your feet."

"I be that," replied patient Jenefer, "but I spose a good sleep will set me to rights. Sarah is gone to bed, a'ready." And Jenefer followed her at once.

"Now Ben," said Fred, when her chamber-door was safely shut; "Father has told me about the hearse. Has it come again?"

"I think so, Master Fred, I think so," said Ben. "I think I'm in a fair way of finding out some roguery to-night. Roguery that *ought* to be found out, too, if so be as you'll help me."

“ I’ll help, don’t fear,” exclaimed Fred excitedly. “ Do be quick and tell us what it is, Ben.”

“ Hold hard, my sonny, it wont all come at once. This I believe,—Tom Teague is in it,—Jerry Dingle is in it,—Bill Pencraze, Squire’s rabbiter is in it,—Master Pen is in it,—and —*Squire is in it!* Now, what do ee think of that? I’m pretty sure it’s smuggling, and I want ee both to come an see what’s to be seed.”

“ I think you’re mistaken about the smugglin, Ben,” said Capen John. “ Of course we know that a keg or two gets landed now and then, but nothing to speak of, as John Matthews, the coast-guard, was saying to me to-day. And as for Squire joining in any such mean thing, I can’t think he would. ’Tis unlawful for one thing, and he’s too proud a man to go ’long with Jerry Dingle, and Tom Teague.”

“ Well,” said Ben, “ hearken and see. You know Dicky Pencraze, the chore-boy down to the King’s Arms, and that he was converted the same night as my little Tom, bless en? Sence that, they two hev been thick as thieves, as the saying is. It do seem that Dicky hev seed how Jerry an Tom Teague hev kep their heads together, and had a lot to say to each other over their beer, whisperin, whisperin; and one day Tom give the boy a whiz in the head, for comin close, and harkenin, he said, but the boy wasn’t doin no such thing; so one night when ’twas dreadful stormy, an nobody but they two was in the tap, what did Dicky do but heed away behind the settle, an harkey sure ’nough, an he heered them tell a passel o’nonsense ’bout one thing an another, an then they began to tell that the ship would be here about Christmas, an Jerry chaffed Tom about the white stick keepin straight when *he* put en up, and Tom swore that if Jerry said much more, he’d blab the whole thing; an Jerry said if he did that there’d be Squire an the devil to pay; but Squire and master Pen both said if this load got in, they’d set Tom up in a shop as good as Mrs. Ball’s. Tom said he didn’t believe it, but ’twas no more than they ought to do. Dicky, in behind the settle, thought



this was a fine thing for Tom, but he kep close, an by'mbye they went away, and never knowed he was there. He was too feared of Jerry's evil eye to say anything for a good bit, but then he told my Tommy, an Tommy told me; not that they could understand why Tom Teague should hav the shop, but I think I do. Now, don't it look like smugglin, Capen?"

"I must say it do," admitted Capen John reluctantly. "What a pity we,"—began Fred, and stopped short. He had been going to say, "What a pity we did not know this before the coast-guardsmen left, that we might put them on the track;" but the thought of how the Squire's disgrace would come on Helen, flashed on his mind, before the words were well out, and stopped him.

Ben had no scruple of that kind. "I didn't say anything to the coast-guard, Capen," he said, "but it'll be easy enough to send word to em."

"No, no, Ben," said Capen John, "that wont do. Think of the disgrace and trouble 'twould bring on the innocent. Think of Mrs, Borlase and the young ladies, of poor Lizbeth Ann Teague, and little Waif. No; we must first try to stop this without the coast-guard. Smuggling's against the laws of the land, and 'tis mean as well as wicked, but we must see if we can't stop it without bringing em to trouble. They'll be ashamed of their lives to know that we Methodists have found them out, and it may bring them to better ways. But how did you find out that to-night's the night for it?"

"Well, the children's words let in day-light to my mind, and, thinks I, I'll keep a watch 'pon they fellows. So I hev, and I bleve that hearse that me an Betsey saw had something to do with it, else what was it goin out cliff way for? Nobody lives or dies out there. I'm sure there's something up now. Lizbeth Ann Teague do say that Tom hev been up to the King's Arms for two days, but I know better. I seed en skulkin off over the sand-burrows with Bill Pencraze yesterday, an again, by hisself, to-day, both times goin toward the old buried church, which I do mind my father saying

was the best look-out place in all the country round, in his young days, when smugglin was all the go. Jerry Dingle too asked for Waifie to sleep long wih the Teagues to-night, didn't you hear her say? What's that for, but that he wouldn't be home, and the cheeld would be by herself? 'T'es to-night, depend upon it, an if we go out over the sand-hills to the old church, we shan't be far wrong."

"What do you say, Father? Shall we go?" asked Fred, anticipating the answer by buttoning his coat to meet the raging wind, which now blew in from the sea.

"Oh yes, we'll go, by all means," returned Capen John, and after carefully banking up the fire, and closing the door softly, they set out on their wild walk toward the cliff, to reach which they must cross the sand-hills.

Wild work indeed they found it: the wind blew terrifically, bringing snow and sand whirling into their faces, making it nearly impossible to proceed, while a possible danger lay in the rabbit-holes which gaped at every step. Fortunately the moon, in the intervals of the scudding clouds, gave them light enough to see which way to go, even had it not been familiar ground to them.

Keeping up the coast, they made their way to the old church, as the small unroofed chapel, which stood above the sand, was called. It also had once been covered, but now the shifting sands had bared it again. People said it was built by St. Pirin himself, and there could be no doubt as to its great antiquity, nor were there wanting traces of elaborate ornament about the round-arched door-ways, and the altar at its eastern end. One peculiarity of the chapel was that it had no window, only one small opening in the sea-ward wall, apparently for the admission of air. The altar, which was built of granite, stood about four feet high, and was covered by one slab of the same stone, and above it in the wall, was a recess, where probably a crucifix had stood. The whole building in that lonely spot had an eerie lost look, and hardly one person was known to visit it, from year's end to year's end, yet that

Ben was right in his conjecture of this being the meeting place of the smugglers they had no doubt, when suddenly a bright light shot out from the slit in the sea-ward wall of the ruin, and was answered by another light, apparently from a small vessel outside the bay.

“Ha! ha!” said Ben, “we’re not far wrong, Capen.” “Let’s go up close, and look in; quick;” urged Fred, for whom the whole expedition bore a more intense interest than his companions knew.

“Softly then.” And softly they went, though the wind would have made their footsteps inaudible, had not the snow deadened them.

“It’s Teague, by himself!” whispered Fred, getting the first peep through the low doorway by which probably the priest entered in the long-ago time, when the chapel was used for service. “He seems to be trying to pull up the stone on the top of the altar. Why, he has got it up! Look!”

“If that altar, as you call it, Master Fred, isn’t the mouth of a shaft, I’m no miner,” whispered Ben, energetically, after a scrutiny of Tom’s doings, “and there’s the end of a ladder, sure ’nough.”

Ben was evidently right, for Tom, reaching up to the niche above the altar, took out candle and tinder-box, and giving a last look at the lanterned light which was placed in the slit of the sea-ward wall, calmly lighted his own candle, replaced the tinder-box in the niche, and getting over the low wall of the altar, disappeared behind it, going down a ladder, as they could plainly hear by the “thud,” “thud,” of his feet.



## P o e t r y .

“GODS WRITES STRAIGHT ON CROOKED LINES.”

*Spanish Proverb.*

Still we study always failing!  
 God can read it, we must wait;  
 Wait until He teach the mystery,  
 Then the wisdom-woven history,  
 Faith shall read, and love translate.

## LIFE OF SAMUEL D. WADDY, D. D.

BY

A. L. L. A. L.

(SECOND PAPER.)

**T**H E R E is shown in the palace of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam, a chronometor, which was stopped at the moment of that monarch's death, and which has never been set in motion since : so that, with all its elaborate mechanism and magnificent jewelry, it has been useless from the hour Frederick breathed his last. There are some people who think that Methodism ought thus to have stayed its hurrying wheels, when John Wesley died, and that the finger of its dial-plate, fixed and unmoving, should only serve to tell the world what God wrought, in the eighteenth century, by His devoted servant. But this was not John Wesley's own view. God had led him by a way that he knew not, and had, through his instrumentality, laid the foundations of a church specially suited to the needs of many in the ages to come. But John Wesley himself never designed this. Saul, the son of Kish, went to seek his father's asses,—and found them and a kingdom into the bargain; and John Wesley only followed, with all simplicity, what he believed to be the leadings of Providence, from year to year, and he no more foresaw the results of his obedience, than did Peter, when he went to Joppa, or Luther, when he nailed his theses on the church gate at Wurtemberg. And as he had not foreseen, neither could he arrest the course of events, however their progress might cross his inclinations. If Methodism could have been what Wesley passionately desired, it would have been a sort of supplement to, or order within, the Church of England; but this was not to be. Many reasons might be given, but one

will be ample. A French *maire*, with the utmost politeness, once entered upon very elaborate explanations why his city had not received *le grand Monarch* with the royal salute. He had a thousand excuses to advance, but when the king had heard the first, namely that they did not fire the guns, because they had no guns to fire, Louis, assured the *maire* that he need say no more. In like manner, one article would not suffice were we to attempt to show all the causes of the failure of Wesley's fervent hopes, but it is enough for us to say, that Wesleyanism left the Anglican Church, just because the Anglican Church left Wesleyanism, by casting her out. What Wesley was, at the time, very unthankful for, his followers have learnt to regard as the greatest of blessings; and the *Thanksgiving Fund* of 1878 commemorates the mature growth of the great tree, whose sapling idea was firmly planted when City Road Chapel, London, was built in 1778. By this proceeding, Wesley, a hundred years ago, reluctantly recognised the fact that Methodism must ultimately become independent, or else cease to exist. "Church or no Church, we must save souls," was his remark; and, henceforth, as it has been both justly and wittily said, Wesley's attitude towards the Church of England was like that of a rower in a boat; his face was always steadily fixed on the Church, but every stroke of his oars took him away from it. It was long, however, before the Methodists generally accepted the conclusion, which John Wesley had arrived at, sometime before his death; and, even forty years ago, only those of prophetic vision realised what this conclusion really meant. Amongst such, Dr. Waddy must ever be admitted to hold a chief place. Thus we read in his *Life*:—

"Dr. Waddy was profoundly impressed with the importance of asserting, openly and boldly, the validity of the Methodist Ministry, and the right of the Methodist Societies to be recognised as a Connexion of Christian Churches. It was in no spirit of vain ostentation that he put forward these sentiments, but because he deemed the assertion of them to be an act of homage to truth, and one conducive to the general interests of Protestant Christianity."

When Mr. Waddy was appointed to Hull, in 1840, he had reached his prime, and had gained great influence and reputation in the Connexion. He was remarkably popular as a preacher, and had a high character for industry, energy, and ability. At this time the Tractarian movement was prominently before the public, and the exclusive claims of an episcopally ordained Ministry were largely insisted on; and this involved then, as it does now, the scheme of sacramental salvation. On the other hand, many were running into the opposite extreme, and refused to allow any distinction at all between the clergy and the laity,—denying in fact the existence of a Divine call to the special work of the Ministry. It was thought by good and experienced men in Methodism that these opposite views ought to be boldly challenged, and not a few held that the attack from above and the insurrection from below, would both be best protested against by the use, on the part of the Ministers, of the gown. Dr. Waddy put his convictions into practice, and thus he writes:—

“ February 21st, 1841.—I appeared in Waltham Street pulpit in gown, cassock, and bands; the reasons which induced me to take this step were:—

“ First, The appropriateness of the thing itself.

“ Secondly, The sanction of universal practice from time immemorial.

“ Thirdly, I regarded it as the legitimate expression of our ordination.

“ Fourthly, The publication of the “ Tracts for the Times,” and the teaching of the High Church party revived, very strongly, the doctrine of apostolical succession, involving a denial of the Ministerial character, and, consequently, of the right to preach and administer the sacraments, of all who had not been episcopally ordained. These exclusive claims were extensively admitted, and the influence and usefulness of a Nonconformist Ministry were proportionately lost. It appeared necessary to meet these exclusive claims by the strongest assertion of our own Ministerial *status*; and, by the assumption of the outward garb, to bear a silent, but constant and powerful, protest against the Puseyite pretensions.

“ Fifthly, The low and levelling views of some of our own people, on all subjects relating to the Ministerial office, were

telling fearfully on the exercise of godly discipline. It was evidently necessary to set forth and defend the offices and rights of a regular and separated Ministry, and to set before the people a constant, although silent, claim to the Ministerial office.”

As we have already said, Mr. Waddy not only had these views, but also what most others, who shared them, had not, the *courage* of his opinions; though, singularly enough, without any previous concert, another young and able Minister, Mr. W. M. Bunting, the son of Dr. Bunting, assumed the clerical costume in Manchester on the same day that Mr. Waddy appeared in like dress in a Methodist pulpit in Hull. Whether it was because Mr. Bunting's gown was, as he writes in a letter, “of so simple a cut that more than one of my hearers *never saw it*, and actually expressed surprise when told I had worn it;” or because the people of Manchester had been better educated up to the point of such an innovation, Mr. Bunting's act made but little stir. It was otherwise, however, with Mr. Waddy at Hull. We have often heard the excitement, which it occasioned at Waltham Street, described by some who were present. Many rose and left the chapel as soon as the Preacher entered the pulpit; angry feeling was excited; meetings for and against the gown were held; pamphlets were circulated; letters written to newspapers; and Mr. Waddy was attacked with the most virulent acrimony and abuse. The ignorant mis-interpreted his protest *against* sacerdotalism as a declaration in its favour; and whereas he claimed the gown as a means of giving prominence to the *teaching* function of the Ministry, he was represented as using it to symbolise the very theory he wished to dissociate from the Ministerial dress. To allay the irritation, which continued to increase, Mr. Waddy laid the gown aside after wearing it three months, and the question, of course, came before the Conference of 1841. The Conference declined to enter into the abstract question of the lawfulness of wearing the gown, and, whilst deciding that Mr. Waddy had not acted discreetly, exonerated him from any indifference to

Connexional discipline, and gave the fullest honour to the motives by which he had been guided.

“Thus,” he records in his Diary, “ended this affair. Not so, however, the principles which this movement was designed to rebuke and oppose. Political Chartism appeared, to strengthen these levelling doctrines in the Church, and one outbreak followed another till the famous division, in which we lost a *hundred thousand* members of the Society. I do not, of course, pretend that these evils would have been prevented if Mr. W. M. Bunting and myself had been allowed to wear our gowns; but I do affirm it as my deliberate opinion that, if the Ministers, as a body, had, by that or some other method, stated sound and Scriptural views of the Ministerial office, and taken proper means to instruct our people on doctrines so long and so culpably held in abeyance, this fearful loss, if not entirely prevented, would have been greatly diminished. I am further confidently of opinion that, had the true Church character of Methodism been asserted, and the assertion been maintained by such arrangements of order and uniformity, as time and necessity might indicate, the Methodist Church would, by this time, have been sought as an asylum by thousands, who are disgusted with the Popery and Infidelity now so openly taught by the two great and influential sections into which the Church of England is already practically divided, and is becoming more extensively divided every day. And Methodism, to fulfil its great mission, must yet come out of its equivocal and unintelligible position, and perfect its ecclesiastical organisation. The regular hearers and communicants must be, in some definite form, recognised as members of the Church. Methodism must insist upon the validity of its Baptism, Marriages, Lord’s Supper, and other ministrations and ordinances, being equal to those of any Church since the times of the Apostles. If we have no faith in our own institutions we cannot expect the people to have faith in them.”

These are noble and weighty words, and Dr. Waddy, was consistently true to them to the end. As Ex-President, in 1860, he delivered officially two sermons, the first of which he characteristically entitled—“*A charge to the Clergy*,” and the second “*A charge to the People*.” Both charges were admirably adapted to keep before the minds of the members of Christian Churches, and of those who are set apart to the sacred office of the Ministry, their respective duties.



The great work, by which Dr. Waddy will probably be most permanently distinguished in the Methodist Church, was his zeal and success in the promotion of Higher Education. In the very commencement of his Ministry, he realised how seriously Methodism was losing by the lack of first-rate schools; and he proposed to supply the want by Proprietary Institutions, which should be self-supporting, when once fairly started. The cost of land, building, etc. was meanwhile to be raised by shares; of which, in order that the interest in the enterprise might be largely diffused, no person was allowed to have more than three. To maintain the Methodist character of the school, the Governor should be invariably a Wesleyan Minister, and the Conference Catechisms were to be used in all the classes. As early as 1831, when stationed in Northampton, Mr. Waddy published prospectuses, and made his scheme public, but it was only after his appointment to Sheffield that the project could be fairly launched. We need not dwell upon the anxiety and discouragements which Mr. Waddy had to overcome;—like a wise mariner he made even contrary winds help him on his way. Notwithstanding all drawbacks Wesley College, Sheffield, was opened in August, 1838; the names of one hundred and sixty-one boys were at once enrolled on its books, and the first pupil who entered the school was Mr. Waddy's eldest son, now M. P. for Barnstaple, but whose candidature as M. P. for Sheffield, at the next election, has been enthusiastically accepted by the representatives of the party to which he belongs.

Dr. Dixon, in an address at the opening of the College, remarked that, "the difficulties attendant on the undertaking would have repelled ordinary men; and he doubted whether he could himself ever have summoned resolution sufficient to engage in such a project. But suspicion vanished when it was recollected who occupied the post of Secretary,—a gentleman little of stature, but great in mind, firm of purpose, and indefatigable in industry:—qualities essential to the success of any great enterprise."

Mr. Waddy retained the position of Secretary of Wesley College, until he was sent to Bath, after the agitation at Hull, and the establishment missed him so much that, at the Conference next year, Dr. Dixon, in advocating Mr. Waddy's nomination as Governor, said:—"It is a short question: Is the school worth saving? If it is, you must send Mr. Waddy; if it is not, don't." Mr. Waddy was ultimately appointed, and remained as Governor for eighteen years; thus he lived in Sheffield altogether twenty-four years, and became a local power, such as Methodist preachers in England have rarely, through their constant itinerancy, the opportunity of becoming. Under Mr. Waddy, Wesley College again flourished, and its popularity has led to similar Proprietary schools at Taunton, Launceston, and Cambridge. Moreover the question, which Mr. Waddy sought to answer, is now amongst the foremost problems before "the people called Methodists." Great things are about to be attempted, and great things will, no doubt, be accomplished; but the honour of first entering the breach must ever be ceded to one, who was even more successful in the administration and details of government, than in the drawing up of plans on paper,—wise and statesmanlike as these were. His pupils learned to revere a man who respected them, and taught them to respect themselves; who relied upon their honour, and sought to impress them with his own stern regard for what was true, and brave, and manly.

"The passionate admiration, which many of his pupils had for him," says his biographer, "broke forth after his death, when their words were: "He lives in our lives; . . . "I owe more to him than words can express; his fatherly care and counsel have influenced all my religious life;" "There was such a grand, noble, thorough manliness in him, that we almost worshipped him, while his genial, friendly kindness made us love him as much."

Dr. Waddy himself, doubtless, felt more than repaid for all his trouble by an event which occurred about four years after his Governorship commenced. Until that time there was an

almost universal absence of deep religious earnestness among the boys. Five of the lads, however, then openly professed their desire to serve Christ, and agreed to meet, weekly, to plead for the souls of their school-fellows;—of these five, four are still prominent as Christian workers,—the Rev. Robert Stephenson B. A., late Chairman of the Wesleyan Mission in Madras, the Rev. W. Gibson, B. A., now labouring in France, S. D. Waddy, Esq. Q. C., M. P., and J. S. Budgett, Esq. Treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, whom we may expect to see in Ceylon, in a few weeks. The fifth died, in great peace, within a week after the establishment of the prayer-meeting, and his death was the occasion of an earnest and powerful address from the Governor which impressed the whole school.

The result of Mr. Waddy's appeal to all to decide for God at once, was a crowded prayer-meeting at noon. Another was announced for 2-30, to meet the wants of eight lads whose hearts God had touched.—We must here quote from the *Life*:—

“Instead of eight, sixteen appeared! It was a holiday afternoon, and right gladly did they give up the whole of their playtime to wrestle with God. At four o'clock in the afternoon, as the dusk of a winter's day was settling down on the little Chapel, a hearty hallelujah rang through the air as the last of the whole sixteen emerged from darkness into light. Boy-like, their feelings required some vent, and, rushing from the quiet meeting, where all had been orderly and solemn, two of them ran round the grounds at full speed to let their exuberant joy have its way. As they re-entered the house they were met by others, who asked, with tearful eyes, why had *they* not been invited, for they were most unhappy. They were told that there was no room, the place was too crowded. One of the foremost lads, a boy who was by no means a religious character, pressed forward and cried out, ‘No room! there must be, you shall not keep us out! I dare you to stand in the way of our conversion!’ My father was sitting quietly in his study when his eldest son ran in exclaiming, ‘Papa, do come! the vestry and the music-room are crowded, and lots of other fellows are anxious to come in. May we go into the chapel?’ ‘Certainly, he replied; by all means.’ ‘And you will come Papa? There are so many, it is too big for us; we do not know what to do with them; do,

*do* come and manage it for us!’ Very gently, but very firmly, he answered the excited lad, ‘No my boy; I will *not* come. God chooses his own workmen, and he has chosen *you*. Go back; work, pray, do not relax your efforts, but remember, and give your companions this message also,—be very humble. If I come, I shall alter the whole thing. You will feel more constraint. You shall do the work yourselves; but be humble.’

Often, however, while the boys led the meeting, the Governor could be seen in the chapel-gallery, looking on with an interest which was heartfelt.”

Day after day, the Spirit of God softened hard hearts, and led sorrowing souls into liberty, till one boy only professed to be uninfluenced. His companions rose at dead of night, when he was fast asleep, and prayed round his bed, prayers which for a time were unanswered, but which brought forth fruit at a later date. The Mathematical master, who said it would ruin his prospects to become a Methodist, and grumbled that the sympathetic enquiries of the Head-master into the subject, had “positively stopped the Mathematics for twenty minutes,” nevertheless was at last added to those “being saved,” and, with heroic humility, at once acknowledged his adhesion to the cause he had, at first, scoffed. The Governor, going into one of the school-rooms, found the lads standing in knots eagerly talking of their new-found joy. “We are studying the highest philosophy,” said his eldest son; “for you say that Christianity is the perfection of wisdom.”

Tutors, and household servants shared in the general blessing: and to-day many of the Wesleyan Ministers, at home and abroad, Connexional office bearers, and quiet workers for God, witness to the permanent results of the revival at Wesley College, in 1848.



NOTES OF THE MONTH.—These, including the acknowledgment of several books and pamphlets received, etc., are crowded out till next month.