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ON MISSIONS TO THE ZULUS

IN

NATAL & ZULULAND.

A LECTURE

BY THE

RT. REV. J. W. COLENZO, D.D.,

BISHOP OF NATAL.

*Read at the Marylebone Literary Institution, Edward Street, Portman
Square, on Tuesday, the 23rd of May, 1865.*

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ON MISSIONS TO THE ZULUS IN NATAL AND ZULULAND.

You expect from me to-day some account of the mission-work, in which I have been engaged for some years past among the savage tribes of Natal and Zululand. I remember that when that admirable missionary, as well as illustrious traveller, Dr. Livingstone, returned thanks upon his health being proposed, at the late meeting of the British Association at Bath, he did so with an apology for any defects which might betray themselves in his style of speech, since he had only just returned from Africa, where, for some years past, he had been talking only in African tongues. I, too, must make an apology this evening, though not exactly on the same ground. I must first ask you to excuse my reading my observations from a paper, instead of addressing you freely in the way which would have best become a subject like this; for, as you probably know, I have been so visited—I may say deluged—with monitions, inhibitions, &c., almost ever since I came to England, that I have scarcely been allowed to speak at all. I have submitted, however, cheerfully for the cause of order, to be reduced to comparative silence with my tongue in England, knowing that I could still reach my fellow-men with the pen, and waiting until I could speak all my mind, without fear of check or interruption, in the churches of my own diocese in Africa.

I must also beg you to excuse me if I bring forward nothing very novel or stirring in my address this evening—such as often has roused your hearts in this room from the lips of other speakers. I have but a simple tale to tell of ordinary missionary experiences. And though I did not wish to leave England before complying with a long-outstanding promise to give some account of our work in South Africa to the members of this institution, a great press of labour at this time has prevented me from preparing a more elaborate discourse. Still, I will do my best to comply with your wishes; and I hope that I may be able to set before you some facts, and present some arguments, which may enable you to spend this evening not altogether unprofitably.

You are probably aware that I have had occasion lately to defend the cause of "Missions among Savages" from some severe strictures which were made upon it in the rooms of one of our scientific societies. I do not say that those strictures were altogether undeserved. There are points, no doubt, in our present missionary system, as I endeavoured to indicate, which do need amendment, and there are some defects in our results which would naturally be sure to strike a layman's eye—more especially if he inspected our work, as was the case in this instance, only during a short temporary visit. But some of these defects,

as I showed, are more apparent than real, or they are the natural and necessary consequences of our having to employ imperfect human agency, and must be expected to appear more or less under any system. The real question at issue in that discussion was rather this, whether *any system* was worth trying—whether any mission work among savages could be expected to do any good—whether such tribes are even capable of receiving European civilization or Christianity at all—whether they do not belong to inferior races, incapable of receiving to any appreciable extent, for any practical good, the instruction of missionaries, races which must pass away, by the inexorable law of natural selection, before the presence of their superiors—whether, therefore, it would not be best to leave them alone—without making any great efforts to improve them—content with knowing that individuals will make some little advance, above their kind, by the ordinary process of coming into contact with higher civilization, while the race would still remain in its primitive ignorance and degradation, and would ultimately die out and disappear.

Such I imagine to be the views entertained by some of those who have taken part in the discussions upon missions in the rooms of the Anthropological Society; though there were others, no doubt—perhaps many others—of the members of that Society who did not sympathize with these opinions. It is very possible that some of those here present may share to some extent in a similar feeling—may, at least, have had a share of misgiving pass over their minds, in considering the subject of missions, in respect of this primary point,—wholly irrespective of the secondary questions, as to the success of this or that particular system, or the real value of certain reported results. It may be worth our while, therefore, to touch for a few moments this evening on this more general question—“What good can be expected from *any* mission sent among savages? What reasonable ground is there for engaging in any labours of this kind among them?”

I presume that I am addressing a body of intelligent, inquiring persons, who will not shrink from looking plainly in the face the certain results of modern science, and who do not need to be told for the first time, that those results are utterly at variance with certain received traditionary views, derived from an implicit belief in the infallible authority of the Bible on all points of science and history. It is no longer possible to believe that this world in which we live—rather that this whole stupendous universe—was brought into existence only 6,000 years ago,—or that man, when first placed upon this earth, spoke the pure Hebrew tongue in the garden of Eden. It is plain that the human race, instead of sinking from a higher to a lower condition, by reason of the fall, as is generally supposed, has been rising gradually from a lower to a higher. A great Conservative statesman, it is true,

on that grand occasion recently at Oxford, when his joke about eternal punishment was received with cheers and laughter, by a large clerical audience—cheers and laughter, which abundantly showed that the terrible dogma in question was not really believed, either by those clergy themselves, or by the prelate who presided over that assembly, and who did not exert himself to check what would otherwise have been a most unseemly demonstration—Mr. D’Israeli, I say, has no doubt declared himself to be “on the side of the angels.” But I am afraid that the results of science are dead against him—that there can be no doubt that the first tribes of the human race, the manufacturers of flint knives and bone-instruments, were not angels, but savages, very much like many of the savage tribes which still exist on the earth in the present day. And I venture to believe that our moral sense is no less opposed to this theory of our angelic descent, than are our scientific convictions. Truly, it would be a frightful thing to suppose that, by one act of our great forefather, the whole human race descended at once from the rank of angels to that of men,—that is, understanding the word “angels” in the sense in which it is commonly understood in the popular theology, *viz.* : that of burning spirits, who live near the throne, and enjoy the uninterrupted vision of God. It is infinitely more comforting, and full of joyous hope for human progress, to know—what the recent revelations of science have distinctly taught us—that, for thousands or tens of thousands of years before the usual date assigned by the traditionary views to the creation, man lived upon this earth, a companion of beasts, which have now disappeared for long ages,—that his intellect was gradually sharpened by necessity to invent contrivances for the relief of his own wants,—that he learnt to provide himself first with food, then with houses, cities, government, laws, next with letters, carved on stone, or written on parchment, then with the compass and the printing press, and alas! that it must be said, with “the villanous saltpetre” and the cannon-ball—and so onward, as the ages rolled, till at last we are living in the age of steam, photography, and the electric telegraph. In one word, it is joyous and refreshing to know that we are not laboriously toiling to recover some of that almost infinite extent of ground which Adam lost for us by his one act of sin; it is hopeful to be assured, by the plainest evidences of scientific research, that all our present advances in art and science are the just results of the proper development of the great human family, as part of their great Creator’s scheme from the first, and to know that every fresh fact, brought to light by a course of honest and persevering inquiry, is a fresh blessing bestowed upon the race from the Father of Lights—a fresh conquest, either in the domain of the present or the territories of the bygone past, which the Mind, that guides and governs all, has permitted and enabled us to achieve, with the powers entrusted to us.

But then, admitting the plain results of science, as being God's own revelations of truth to man—as certain as any which we can gather from the Bible itself, and as essential to his welfare and progress, as necessary to be attended to for the advancement of his bodily health and happiness—aye, and of his moral and religious health and happiness also—as any other revelation which He has made to us of His Word and Will—some important questions will immediately arise in connexion with our present subject. The first progenitors of the human race must have lived, we now know, vast ages ago—ages which we can scarcely bridge over in thought, or measure with the ordinary measures of the mind. So cramped have we long been with traditional views, so starved with the miserable pittance—the mere scraps of scientific information—which under the influence of those views our teachers in former days held out to us for our daily aliment—that it is hard, as Sir Charles Lyell said at Bath, “to get the chill out of our bones.” However, thousands of years ago—tens of thousands of years—wild in the woods the first savages ran—the first forefathers of our race. And the question, you know, has been started of late: Did they spring by development from an inferior race?

There are some good people, I know, who are very much disgusted, if they are not dismayed and distressed, at the very suggestion of the bare possibility of their having had any such parentage, and who look with horror upon the gorilla and chimpanzee—those near approximations, anatomically considered, to the human form—as having any, the slightest possible, claim to be regarded in the light of our ancestors. Though I am not, with Mr. D'Israeli, on the side of the angels, yet I confess I am not on the side of the apes; or rather, I should say, I do not feel competent at present to pronounce any decisive judgment on this question. But I do not feel at all distressed or shocked about it. It is surely enough for us to know that, whatever our ancestors may have been in far distant ages (and we are sure they must have been degraded savages, perhaps as low as the Bushmen of Africa), yet we, Englishmen of the nineteenth century, are certainly not apes;—we are not even savages;—but a blessed change has passed over us, which has raised us already far above that lower level, on which the primeval human beings stood, when either they were first created, or when they first emerged, as the Darwinian theory supposes, from some lower type of animal life. It is true—awfully true—that a man who has been so elevated may, by habitual conflict with the laws of his moral and spiritual being, by habitual indulgence in known acts of vice and sin, lose much of his glory as a true living man, and approximate more to the condition of a savage, or even to that of a beast. And what process of chastisement and recovery the Great Creator may have in store for such a creature we know not. But I

speak as to highly civilized, religious, Christian men ; and I say that, whatever the first men may have been, from whatever source they may have sprung, we know in ourselves that a life beats within us—a spiritual life—which raises us above the brute, which is the image and reflection of the life that is in God. There are, indeed, wonderful things in God's creation, which should make us hesitate to pronounce peremptory decisions against the conclusions of earnest and true-hearted scientific inquirers, who are engaged in the closer study of this question. There are instances within our own observation, where the *human form* may have been inherited, yet not the power to exercise reason and judgment—the Divine Light being unable to irradiate the conscience of the lunatic, or the Divine light to quicken his heart. Nay, we have cases of idiocy where the human being is not only degraded below the veriest savage upon earth, but differs little, except in appearance, from the brute. We have cases even where the human being is far surpassed by the brute in intellectual—and it may be in moral—capacity also. Something then, it would seem, beyond merely human parentage and human form is necessary to assure the possession of those higher powers which raise us above the mere brute animal. Doubtless, a special gift of God is needed, such as we commonly mean when we speak of His Spirit breathing into us the breath of spiritual life. But that precious gift, we must believe, would not have been withheld where the recipient was duly prepared for it : there must be something in the conformation of the idiot—some defect or some distortion of his system—some disturbance of that wonderful mechanism by which the mysterious relation is maintained between the Father of Spirits and the spirit of a living man—which makes it *impossible*—that is to say, contrary to God's established laws in nature—in *such* a case for the Divine Education of that being to take place in *time*, whatever Divine Goodness and Infinite Wisdom may do for him in eternity. It would seem, then, that, in order to have moral and religious development, it is not sufficient to have the external human form, nor even to have a human parentage. The gorilla has the former approximately : the idiot and the unborn child have both : and yet in these cases there is *something* that prevents the development of spiritual life. There is something still wanting in the organism, without which the Divine ideas of truth and love, and faith, and hope, and holiness, cannot be realized. If, therefore, it should be shown conclusively hereafter that the primeval savage did really spring from a lower race, the conclusion would only be that at this particular point in the development of the animal, by the process of natural selection, *that* barrier was passed which had prevented hitherto the spiritual education of the race—that change took place which allowed of the growth and exercise of the moral and religious faculty—a change

which may have been very slight in itself, such as that which might restore an insane person to the natural use of his mental powers, but would be attended with momentous consequences. For from that time, by the very exercise of these moral faculties, they would become more strengthened and developed, as we know to be the case now by our own experience; while, by the same sad experience, we know how, by neglect and disregard of the highest and noblest parts of our nature, we may even lose moral strength and that spiritual excellence to which we had already attained.

I repeat, then, it need not at all distress us if the further researches of science should tend to show that, in some distant age, far back in the interminable vistas of past time, man first emerged as a reasonable being—endued with moral sense, a power of perceiving truth, delight in the perception of it, the consciousness of right and wrong—by some process of development, from a lower phase of animal life. Still less need we be troubled, if further inquiries should make it plain that we are not all sprung from the same pair of parents—a conclusion which seems to be highly probable, when we look at the very marked differences which characterize the different races of mankind. It is true that the Darwinian theory will allow perhaps of such varieties having been developed even from one primeval pair, provided that we allow for that development sufficient time, the lapse of millions on millions of years. Otherwise, it does seem impossible to believe in such a derivation, from one single pair, of the white man and the black, of the copper-coloured Indian and the yellow Japanese—of the marked features which distinguish the Caucasian and the Papuan, the Mongol and the Negro, the Esquimaux and the Hottentot—it being remembered that colour does not depend on climate, that the Indian has the same hue who lives by the Northern lakes or on the banks of the Amazon, that the Patagonian in the coldest regions of South America is as black as the native of Timbuctoo or New Guinea who swelters under the line. Above all, it is impossible to believe in that traditional notion, in which, I suppose, we have most of us been trained, of the whole human race having sprung from the three sons of Noah, about four thousand years ago, as well as of all animals having been derived from those which were preserved with Noah in the ark, when we know that on the monuments of Egypt, dating shortly after the Scriptural date of the flood, if not even before it, there are depicted the same distinctly-marked features as characterizing the different races of men and animals just exactly as we see them now. We have there the features of the common Egyptian peasant, just as they appear in the ordinary fellah, whom travellers meet with any day on the banks of the Nile. We have there the Negro women with their thick lips, projecting mouths, and woolly hair, carrying on their backs their

children, whose heads are likewise sprouting with little tufts of wool. We have there dogs shown with the plain characteristics of their breed—greyhounds, bloodhounds, turnspits, foxhounds—together with their congeners, the wolf, hyæna, and jackal—upon some of the very oldest monuments. And it is quite incredible that, in the very brief interval of time, which can only by any possibility have elapsed between the erection of these monuments and the date of the Noachian deluge, all these varieties of men should have been developed out of the three sons of Noah, or all these different breeds of dogs have sprung from a single pair of wolves or jackals.

Adhuc sub judice lis est. The matter has yet to be decided as to the unity or plurality of origin of the human race. But as we scarcely suppose that all the bees or herrings in the world have sprung from a single pair that was first 'created—that one pair of locusts, wild pigeons, buffaloes, after having been named by Adam in Paradise, went forth to be the starting point of these almost ubiquitous species, the idea of a *pair* of bees, locusts, or buffaloes being contrary to the whole nature and habits of these animals—as we cannot think it probable that from one pair of mice or sparrows have proceeded all the animals of these species, which are found in different countries, separated by vast oceans, which these creatures could never have crossed, whether before the flood, to reach the ark, or after it, to be settled in the various localities in which they are now found—so it seems *most probable* that the human race, as it now exists, has really sprung from more than one pair, whether brought into being by the direct fiat of the Almighty, or developed from lower forms of animal life through the power of the same Almighty word, by the processes of natural selection, which the same Divine wisdom appears to have ordained to play an important part in the scheme of this wondrous universe.

Yet be it so! Suppose that we find our fellow man fashioned in all points like ourselves, with reason, intellect, conscience, speech, and all the affections and attributes of our nature—differing, in fact, only from us in this, that he has not sprung originally from the same pair of parents as ourselves,—shall we not be ready at once to recognize a common brotherhood with him higher than that of mere blood,—and feel that we are one in the truest sense of the word, in having one common Father, whose creatures we are, whose gift of life is beating in our bosoms, to do whose Will must be the common glory of our lives? In one word, if we love God ourselves, can we help loving this our brother, though not by blood, because of the evidence which he gives that he, too, has the Divine Seed within him—that he, like us, is begotten of God?

But do they show such signs, these *savage tribes* of which we are speaking? There are some of them—such as the Bushmen of South

Africa, the Australian Blacks, the Andaman Islanders, some natives in Ceylon—which stand very low indeed in the scale of humanity, and seem but little removed above the brute. Yet they *are* removed, even these, above that lower level—as they evidence by various exhibitions of human feeling, and some of them, at all events, by those practices, however rude or superstitious, which they connect with their burial of the dead. I am not aware that any animal—even the ingenious beaver, which contrives so cleverly its house to live in—has ever thought of preparing an abode for the dead. There are creatures which eat the defunct of their own kind, and others which bury dead animals in order to eat them. There are even human beings who expose the remains of their friends without concern, to be preyed upon by the hyæna or the vulture: there are others who make a banquet on the bodies of their relatives, as well as of their enemies, slain or captured in war. But the great majority, even of savage races, are found to pay some kind of service or respect to the dead: they evidence by this some signs of human feeling and affection, and some tokens also of belief in another life. Thus, Sir Charles Lyell writes as follows, in his *Antiquity of Man*, of some of the primeval tribes, whose rude works of art have recently been found, mixed up with the bones of extinct animals, in the South of France, p. 193:—

“The Aurignac cave adds no new species to the list of extinct quadrupeds, which we have elsewhere, and by independent evidence, ascertained to have once flourished contemporaneously with man. But, if the fossil memorials have been correctly interpreted—if we have before us at the northern base of the Pyrenees a sepulchral vault with skeletons of human beings, consigned by friends and relations to their last resting-place—if we have also, at the portal of the tomb, the relics of funeral feasts, and within it indications of viands destined for the use of the departed on their way to a land of spirits, while among the funeral gifts are weapons wherewith in other fields to chase the gigantic deer, the cave-lion, the cave-bear, and woolly rhinoceros—we have at last succeeded in tracing back the sacred rites of burial, and, more interesting still, a belief in a future state, to times long anterior to those of history and tradition. Rude and superstitious as may have been the savage of that remote era, he still deserved, by cherishing hopes of a hereafter, the epithet of ‘noble,’ which Dryden gave to what he seems to have pictured to himself as the primitive condition of our race—

‘As nature first made man,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.’”

And so it is with the Zulus; they show that they have human affections, upon which we may ground our work as missionaries, in that they pay due honours to the dead. “When death enters a family

circle," says the Rev. Lewis Grout in his book, just published, on "*Zulu-Land*," p. 147, "the friends of the deceased run to and fro, in and about their kraal or village, wringing their hands, smiting their breasts, and crying loudly, weeping and lamenting for the dead. A sort of grave is then dug, often under the fence of the kraal, sometimes within, sometimes without, and the corpse is interred in a sitting posture the same day, most of the garments or implements of the deceased being buried with it. The place is then covered over with stones, or fenced about with thorn bushes, to keep it from being disturbed by man or beast. The burial over, all parties rush to the river for a general ablution. Then some animal—goat or cow—is slaughtered to propitiate the gods—that is, the spirits of their dead ancestors. Having remained a few months to guard the grave, a new building spot is chosen, and the kraal removed."

Thus we have here some indications of family affection, human sorrow, respect for the memory of the dead, and recognition of another life, among the Zulus as amongst other savages.

Nor are these feelings—at least the sense of bereavement—merely evanescent, as might be expected, amidst the rough and violent, often ferocious, scenes of Zulu life. I had occasion, about seven years ago, to leave the Natal territory, and travel north into Zululand on a visit to the King. The country had been, not long before, in a state of great confusion. The King, Umpande, was now an old man, nearly worn out with the labours of a life, the greater part of which had been spent amidst cares, anxieties, and perils of no ordinary kind, arising from the events of Zulu history, which I cannot here describe, but which are told at full length in the interesting work of Mr. Grout. He had four principal sons, among whom he had divided a portion of his territories, reserving the succession to the supreme authority for his favourite son, Umbulazi, the child of his chief wife, Monase. Among the four, however, was an ambitious youth, Kechwayo, who was determined to succeed to his father's power, and carried with him the feelings of the great body of the people. A violent struggle took place between the adherents of the two brothers; and, in a bloody battle which took place in December, 1856, the forces of Umbulazi were utterly routed, thousands of them being either killed in the fight, or drowned, or devoured by alligators, in attempting to cross into our colony by swimming the frontier river, the Tugela, which was swollen at the time by recent rains. As I was travelling towards the King on the occasion to which I refer, nearly three years after this event, I met some wild Zulus, who called out to my party to know "How Kechwayo's sister was?" I was puzzled to understand the meaning of such a question, addressed to men just out of Natal; but my people explained that they were only wishing to know how we had found the

Tugela, which we had just crossed—were its waters high or low?—that river having acquired the name of “Kechwayo’s sister,” from the terrible aid which it afforded to this young prince’s ambitious aims on that fatal day.

The king’s favourite son, Umbulazi, was killed on this occasion, together with five of his brothers; and as I went along upon my journey, I still could see the dismal traces of the conflict, in the numerous fragments of bones and skulls, which lay scattered here and there by the roadside. But many thousands of the vanquished party escaped into our colony, and are now living under British protection. And among these was Monase herself, the great wife of the king, and her only remaining son, Umkungo, own brother of the dead Umbulazi, and the next to him in the king’s affection. This boy, a stout lad of thirteen, was carried off upon a woman’s back (like Ishmael of old upon Hagar’s): and, after various adventures, was at last delivered up by the English government into my hands for education. He was trained under my care for some years; he learned to read and write in a good bold hand, in Zulu freely, and fairly in English; he was taught also a little of arithmetic and drawing, and, better than all, he had some practice in printing. He is now become a young man, and resides with his exiled mother not far from my own residence, where I hope to renew soon my intercourse with him; for I need hardly say that if, as his father earnestly desires, he should ever in the course of events succeed to the chief power among the Zulus, his influence might be used, and I trust would be used, most powerfully, in promoting the education and civilization of his people.

It was under these circumstances that I went to visit Umpane—about three years, as I have said, after the death of his favourite son. After various adventures, I reached his royal kraal, an immense circular inclosure, containing (as I found by measurement) ninety acres of ground around which about 1,000 huts were planted, three deep, except at the side opposite to the entrance, where the royal huts were placed, of very much larger dimensions. Having notified my arrival, a message reached me in due time from the king to say that “his council was over, and his officers dispersed, but he himself was very sick: he would speak with me, however, for a few moments, and take off the edge of his appetite.” I went at once with my attendant William, my Zulu catechist, who has obtained a niche in the religious history of England during the last few years; and I quote now from my journal, written at the time, an account of my first interview with the Zulu “Tiger”—for that is the usual name of respect by which he is addressed. “Yes, Tiger!” “No, Tiger!” &c.

“Under the fence of the inclosure sat the King, a very large, grey-headed old man, but not nearly so stout as I had expected to find him.

Probably he had lost flesh of late by anxiety and sickness. He was quite alone, and naked, but for the ordinary cincture about the loins, and a blue blanket thrown over him. I sat down on the ground beside him, and remained silent some minutes, looking at him and he at me. Then, as he seemed waiting for me to begin, I said, 'Good day, Umpande!' 'Yes, good day to you' 'I am grieved to hear that you are sick to-day.' 'Yes; I am very sick. I have been sitting a long time with my indunas, and my body is wearied out.' I said, 'In the first place, Monase salutes you (his favourite wife, a refugee), and Masala (another of the refugee wives), and Sikota (a refugee son), and Umkungo. They salute you very much.' The old man's face instantly grew sad, and his eyes filled with tears. He could not speak a word for emotion for some time. When I saw that he was a little recovered, I said, 'And here is a letter which Umkungo has written with his own hand.' He looked at it for a few moments, and then said, but with all possible civility, 'Unamanga!' in plain English, 'You are a liar'—enough, as an eloquent prelate once said, on another occasion, in the House of Lords, to 'disturb even a Bishop's serenity.' I assured him that it was Umkungo's own work, and William attested the fact also, and the poor father kept wiping the tears from his eyes, turning the letter over in his hand, and saying, 'And Umkungo has written all this!'

"I proposed to read it to him, and did read half a page, when he took it out of my hand to look at it and weep again. He then apologized to me for crying, and asked about the boy most tenderly. 'What is he like? How tall? Does he know how to ride?' After some little more talk, he returned again to Umkungo's letter, and I mentioned that I had his picture with me (photographed), if he would like to see it. He shed tears again over this, and asked all sorts of questions about it, looking at it with fixed eyes, scanning all its features for a quarter of an hour, and asking what his mother Monase said of it. William said, 'She wept at thinking what pain it would cause *him* to see it, and wished it not to be taken. But Sobantu (my name among the natives) said, "The white people like such pictures of their friends, and I shall take it, and see whether Umpande will like to have it or not."' Again and again he asked what Monase said of it, and kept admiring the height, the hair, the eyes, the clothes, and weeping every now and then as he looked, shedding not many tears, but just one or two large ones, which he wiped away. At last he said, 'Take it—it makes me too sad,' and gave it back to me; but William advised him to keep it till I went, and, if he wished, I would leave it, or else take it away. Once more he took it up and gazed upon it, and said, 'Go now to your hut, I am weary.' And so I shook hands, and left him alone for the present—left him, I doubt not, to gaze his fill by

himself upon the dear features of his child, and indulge a father's grief and love with no one to witness it."

Yet this was the "Tiger of the Zulus," who in his time had taken his share in those deeds of ferocity which have stamped the short national life of that people with characters of blood—and who himself had said to me, in the course of our talk, "You know that the whole race of Senzangakona (his father), ever since we came to light, are pushing bulls: we are always killing one another." But we must not judge a king of a savage nation by our own rules. While I was staying at the royal kraal, an Englishman was also there on a visit, who had been one of the oldest settlers in Natal, long before it came under British rule, and had then been an officer under Umpande himself, had commanded a body of his troops, and fought in his campaigns. He spoke Zulu as well as a native, and was on terms of perfect intimacy with the king himself and with all his chief officers. And by him I was told that "Umpande was too kind for a Zulu king, and did not kill enough of his people to keep them in order! He did not rule them with the assagai, as his brothers Chaka and Dingane had done before him."

On another day, when I saw the king, I asked whether he would allow me to take his boy, if I saw it to be good, to England. "I am afraid," he said: "What would his *mother* do without him? What will she do with herself?" William said, "Sobantu knew that the women would cry over it; but he thought that, if the father saw that it was good for the child, he would consent to it, and after that the women would be reconciled to it, and come to see the good of it also." "Ah!" said Umpande, "this is a woman's business, not a man's: the child is young, and the only son of his mother. If she consents to it, I shall not object; but still, for my part, I am afraid."

Thus, throughout the whole matter there was really a most touching exhibition of the king's tenderness of feeling as a husband and a father; and his appearance and acts were very unlike those of the "bloated, sensual, selfish, peevish, stupid old man," which common report described him to be. But on the last day, when I took my leave of him, the following scene occurred. I had asked what I should say to Monase, and Masala, and the rest, when I saw them:—"Oh!" he said, "remember me to Monase, and Masala, and Umkungo, and all of them most kindly. Ah! I never thought that I should be separated from Monase, and Masala, and Umkungo, and my own house in this way. But the indunas have done it! the indunas have done it!—it did not proceed from me. Miscreants have put evil thoughts into the hearts of the young men. When I had not named any one for the Government, they set them on to quarrel about it. They had lived happily together before. But now they have killed him—Umbulazi, my fine boy! You

would have said, to look at him, that he was Chaka or Dingane, with his tall manly form, and bearded face. In the midst of a crowd the eyes of all would have been fixed upon him. But they have killed him! I shall never see my child again! And they never buried him! they never buried him!" Here the poor old king quite sobbed out, and drew his hand across his eyes, repeating six or seven times, "They never buried him! they never buried him! They made no difference between my son and a stranger!" I could not but remember that piteous cry of another grey-headed king, who had done fierce things, he too, in his day,—“O my son, Absalom! my son, my son, Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!” And I could not but long to speak to that Zulu father's heart the word of hope, which we have heard through Him, “who hath abolished death for us, and brought life and immortality to light”—and to teach him to say, with the meek confidence of Christian trust in the love and truth of our “Faithful Creator,”—“I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”

And I thank God that I *am* commissioned by the Queen of England, in the name of our National Church, to be “a preacher and a teacher” to these heathens, as well as to others, of God's eternal truth and love. And if I am asked, “Have we any ground of hope on which to pursue our labours?” I point at once to such instances as these of true, human affections—the love of a husband and a father, a love stronger than death,—and I say that wherever in Zululand or in England, in the hut of the savage or in the dens of vice and misery at home, there burns yet unquenched one spark of true human love, *there* still is the sign of life, *there* still is ground for steadily pursuing the “work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope,” on behalf of our fellow-man, “in the sight of God our Father.”

It is not, then, as we have seen, his outward form, his colour, or his hair, which makes the unspeakable difference between man and man—that one creature should be the child of God, a being of immortal hopes and fears, and another be only a beast, with more or less of craft and ferocity. Wherever we meet with the power of speech, with reason and conscience, with tender human affections, we must confess that the owner of such gifts is “a man and a brother,”—that he has a claim upon us as a member of the great human family;—for in his heart is beating, even now, however faintly, the Life which, we are told, is “the Light of men,” and “lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” We are bound to teach him, as God shall give us opportunity for so doing, what we ourselves have learned, not only what we have been enabled to acquire by our own exertions and industry, but what we have *inherited*, and received through the hands of others, from the Father of all, the Father of lights, the “Giver of

every good and perfect gift." Most of all are we bound to impart that highest knowledge—that knowledge of God himself—in which consists the Life Eternal—with which we ourselves have been so abundantly blessed—which has helped to comfort us in sorrow, to strengthen us for duty, to ennoble and glorify our commonest daily doings, to sustain and calm our souls in the presence of death.

Surely our fellow man shows sufficiently his right to receive all this at our hands, by showing himself to be capable of it. And it seems to be in the order of providence that the Briton, more than any other, should go out into other lands from his own beautiful, but crowded, island home, and take possession of different regions of the earth, where he will be brought at once into connection with races on a lower level of civilization. There, we know, the lower race will be exposed to peculiar dangers, by reason of this very contact; in their transition state they will acquire new vices, become the victims of new diseases, and perhaps pine away and perish before the face of the white man. I doubt very much if this last is an absolute necessary law of nature, as some seem to suppose. I doubt if the Hindoos will ever be clean swept from their native plains, or the Chinese from their vast territory, or the Malay races from the Eastern Archipelago, or the Kafir and other swarthy tribes from the Central and Southern parts of Africa, where no Europeans can long survive. But, admitting that they even may perish, can it be doubtful whether, *while they yet live*, the more highly privileged people, brought into contact with them, should strive to impart the *blessings*, as they assuredly *will* impart the *evils* of civilization, should give them instruction, according to their powers of receiving it, in those arts and sciences to which they themselves have attained—should teach them also those eternal truths of religion and morality which have been already revealed to them?—in one word, should care for the soul as well as for the body—for the spiritual as well as the intellectual development—of their younger brother in the Divine family?

Take, for instance, an example from any large family circle. It often happens that the elder ones seem to have more of the direct care and instruction of the father and mother, and that the younger children, as the family increases, are turned over more or less to their elder brother or sister for nurture and teaching. This, no doubt, arises from the necessities and imperfections of the human parents. But it often operates, nevertheless, as a most salutary discipline among the children themselves, teaching the elders, at least, that their powers and acquirements are not given them for themselves alone, cultivating their highest, their moral nature, while they are devoting themselves to the little ones. And even should those latter be eventually wasted away by sickness, and carried off before their prime, we should not

deem that watchful care, those tender pains, misspent ; we should be sure that such brother's and sister's love would bear fruit in eternity.

It would be so with the work of Missions, even if it had no permanent result, in raising a savage nation, like the Zulus, to the dignity of civilized and Christian men. If we could *only* speak consolation to the mourners among them, like that poor king, whisper words of hope in dying ears, or cheer the living to their duties, by bidding them trust in the abiding presence of the Living God as their Father and Friend—those little offices of love would not go without their reward ; and the self-denying labours of her missionaries might even bring some tribute of honour to our country's name, and might stir the hearts of others, of her children, to “spurn delights and live laborious days,” in works of faith and love nearer home. We know that the battle-field in time of war is a scene of noble daring and brave endurance, of acts of heroic virtue, which help to redeem the horrors of the fight, by teaching lessons of firmness and constancy in duty, self-surrender, self-sacrifice, in the service of Queen and Country, to those who sit at home. But so, too, in time of peace, the quiet toils of a faithful missionary, cut off from this world's praise and pleasures, pouring out his life from day to day in loving labour for his fellow man, with little to cheer him in his work but the consciousness of doing God's will, and an occasional sign vouchsafed to him that the bread which he has cast upon the waters shall be gathered again after many days—these also may not be wholly lost as an example upon the hearts of his fellow-men who may hear or read of them ; they may feel the power of such silent teaching, and own, with a joyous burst of thanksgiving, that God's Spirit has been here, and the Mission-field been the theatre of virtues, which, perhaps, never otherwise would or could have been called forth.

But further, we know how our great living poet has reasoned :—

“ No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another, all in all.”

It is so also with races : and doubtless, as Mr. Grout has said, the peculiar type of the Zulu will not be without its place, use, and glory in the great family of regenerated man—“the one body of that Church which shall be gathered out of all nations.” We know already how greatly the Christian religion has been affected by coming into contact with the philosophy of Persia, Alexandria, and Rome, and, in still later days, by the circumstances under which it has been developed among the branches of the Teutonic race. We know not what may be the special work of the African. Black bishops there were, no doubt, who took part in the councils of the early Church ; but we have no evidence to show what were their contributions to the common stock of human thought. Perhaps we may yet have to find that we “without them

cannot be made perfect"—that our nature will only exhibit all its high qualities when it has been thoroughly tried in the case of cultivated black races, as well as white. And surely, with our own experience before us, we cannot presume to assert that the human family will never be benefited by light reflected even from the thinkers of Zululand; we cannot undertake to say,

"Nor would one beam be less intense,
If their peculiar difference
Were cancelled in the world of sense."

But it is time that I should draw this lecture to a close by telling you briefly some of the actual results of our labours among the Zulus. I cannot here stop to recount the various difficulties which must always very greatly impede the work of missions among a savage people, and especially at first—before we have any books in their language, before we have acquired a knowledge of their tongue sufficient to enable us to write such books, or even to converse intelligibly, to any practical purpose, with them. Yet we have made *some* progress, and I think I can satisfy you as to this, if I mention one or two facts in my own short experience of seven years, during which I have been at work in this field.

I had brought to me, for instance, a number of native boys, who were given up by their fathers, after considerable hesitation, for five years' teaching. At the end of that time I was obliged to allow them to return to their homes, according to our agreement; and it might have seemed to a superficial observer that all the labours of those five years had been spent in vain; and indeed it was so argued by one of the speakers at the Anthropological Society, to whom I forgot to reply upon this point. Doubtless, the boys adopted again very soon the native costume, or rather want of costume; how, indeed, should they have done otherwise, since they had no change of clothes, and no mothers able to mend them?—and I take it for granted that they fell back speedily into the habits of the kraal. I felt confident, however, that in some of them at all events our work would still abide—that, if at first they returned very readily to the long-disused native customs, they would come more and more, from the effect of our training, to dislike them as they grew in years, and at any rate, like many a working man in England, would desire that their own children should receive a better education than themselves; just as, indeed, the chief Ngoza himself, who had brought these boys to me, and who still desires to bring them back to me, and to have his people generally taught, observed to me on one occasion, "I should like to be the last fool of my race." This expectation has been entirely verified. One of these lads has come to the station, since my return to England, asking for books, and especially for a little book of elementary science, which I had written for them in simple English. Another was seen by the late Governor of Natal, as he informed me, reading our books to the natives around him in his father's kraal. A third, after twelve months spent

at home, has come back to work as a printer upon the mission station ; and for three years past, without any overlooker, he has kept himself steadily employed in my absence, printing by my direction a series of books, which I had prepared in Zulu before leaving Natal, and sending to me, month by month, reports of the progress of his labours and sheets of his work. As to the latter, I can only say that they would not disgrace any fair workman in England. They have not only been printed, but corrected and revised, entirely by himself ; and there is scarcely a single misprint to be found in any of them. But what I most admire is not the accuracy and neatness of his printing, but the perseverance with which he has hitherto continued at his labours, month after month, year after year, during my absence in England,—which has been prolonged, as you know, and is prolonged still, far beyond my own intention or desire, by circumstances for which I myself am not responsible. I will quote a few words from a letter which I have received from him since I came to England. It is written in English—defective English, of course ; but you will consider how difficult it must have been for this boy, who had been brought to me as a little naked savage a few years ago, to be taught at all a language like our own, totally different in construction and character from his—and you will remember also what he learned he was in danger of forgetting very quickly, by mixing and conversing only or chiefly with his Zulu friends. In one of his letters, then, he writes as follows :—

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ August 23, 1863.

“ I am very glad this day that you send me this letter ; my heart is so fully rejoice to see it. At this time I know that you will come back to us again, for if I take this your letter and look at it, I see this to be sure, that you wish for yourself to come again at Natal. . . . I have heard that Ngoza want to bring here his boys. Now I am only (alone) in the printing office. Fani has go home at the end of last July, and he left me alone ; but, though he is gone, I am working comfortable, and need nothing. I just print only, like my doing when you was here. You know that at that time I was only (alone) in the printing office. If God helps me, I will do all that you told me to do. Now I leave the New Testament ; I want to done the Book of Genesis before ; when I done it, I shall go on the New Testament ; and when I done it, I will go on Exodus.

“ All people who know you say ‘ good bye.’ I cant count them, for they are so many. If God of peace and love might send our friends back to us, as it pleased Him, we shall be glad and rejoice, through Christ Jesus, who is our Lord and Saviour. Good bye to every one.—I am your faithful servant.”

In another letter he says : “ I wish now to hear plainly whether, indeed, they have spoken the truth or not, to wit, that you no longer believe. But I know there is not a word of truth in what they say. Just this one thing is, that we believe in God our Father, who knows everything.

"As to my work, it is going on very well indeed. I should say that, in about another month, I shall have finished this Book of Exodus, which I am now printing. After that, I shall print the New Testament, beginning there at Luke, and the others, until I have finished all that work of the Histories (Gospels), and the Acts of the Apostles, and Paul's letters, and so on with the others. After that I shall print the Book of Samuel. When I have finished that, there will be an end of the work which you set out for me."

And so, too, with my native catechists—these are some of their words, which will show how thoroughly the Zulu mind is capable of drinking in the true spirit of Christianity.

"Sir, farewell! May God, whom you serve, deal with you as He sees good—help you with His glorious might in all which you are doing—be a Father to you, and you be a child to Him, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, who gives to us all."

Again the same catechist, my "Zulu Philosopher," writes:—"Our Father, who is over all, preserve you, deliver you from all, grant you that the wealth of the Holy Spirit may abound to you."

Another writes:—"Before God, our Father, we may be comforted until we see your face. . . . The sea is a great thing; because, although we love you so much, we cannot see you."

You probably know by this time the sort of questions which natives, such as these, if they are only allowed to think about religion, and to inquire about the matters which the missionary sets before them, are likely to ask their teacher. Nor are my catechists the only inquirers—or sceptics, as some may choose to call them—of this kind in Natal. Mr. Grout gives the following instance from his experience. A boy from among this people once said to the writer: "You, my teacher, tell us that God is Almighty, and that he abhors sin, and that the wicked angels were once expelled from heaven because of their rebellion. Why, then, does this mighty God suffer Satan to deceive man, and work all manner of wickedness in their hearts in this world? Why does He not destroy the hateful tempter at once, and help men to be holy and acceptable, by delivering them from such evil influences?"

Mr. Grout does not say what answer he gave. But I suppose that he would hardly have taught him, as I should teach my people, that the Hebrews themselves knew nothing of Satan until they returned from Babylon,—that the notion of an evil spirit, omnipresent, and almost all-powerful, constantly at war with the good God and His work, is but the offspring of the Persian myth of the conflict between Ahura-Mazda, the Living-Wise One, and Angromainyus, or, as the names are commonly corrupted, Ormuzd and Ahriman.

But let me give you another instance of the sagacious character of my catechist, William. I quote once more from my journal.

"William spoke much of the necessity of a missionary, sent to a people like the Zulus, not beginning at once to speak with violence to

them, and lay down the law with a 'loud voice,' saying, 'I *will* speak out—I am not ashamed of preaching the Word of God among you—I am not afraid of being laughed at, &c.' He very rightly observed that, when St. Paul used such words as those, he was addressing men already learned and powerful, white people, inhabitants of great cities; and St. Paul meant that he, though a 'small man,'—that is, a man of no worldly authority—and with only a 'little word' to all appearance, was not afraid of their wisdom. But it is quite different when a white missionary, who is as it were an angel from heaven, and is looked up to as a being infinitely their superior, comes to teach a poor ignorant people like the Zulus. He must not talk of being 'ashamed' or 'afraid' to teach them. He must go to work very gently, quietly, patiently, as a father teaching his children—not making long sermons to them, and forcing loud words upon them, day after day, ordering them to do this thing or to do that, to leave this practice or that; but he should have his quiet morning and evening prayers, and his Sunday services, not too long, with singing and reading, and discourse; and he should be ready to talk wisely and gently to the people whenever they came to him—[I am afraid William meant to include in this talk 'hearing and answering their questions' also]—biding his time and watching his opportunities, saying here a little and there a little, until his teaching has sunk down like soft rain into their hearts. If he goes to work differently, with violence, and laying down the law authoritatively, he may perhaps get one convert to upset his kraal and put all his family into confusion; but that will drive away all the others."

And if you would like to hear a Zulu sermon, that you may have some idea of how they address each other, as messengers of God to the souls of their fellow-men, I am able to give you a brief sketch of one by the brother of the "Philosopher," which reached me by a recent mail. It was communicated by a friend, who visited my residence in my absence, under the shelter of which a number of natives are settled, who have conducted regularly Sunday services for themselves for the last three years without the presence of an European missionary:—
 "The Sunday before last I went out and spent at Bishopstowe. I went to the chapel service there. There were not many more than twenty present. Jonathan preached, and I thought his sermon very clever in some parts, and very interesting in others. He spoke of the innate consciousness which every one possesses of what is right and what wrong. He said, 'When a man has done a wrong thing in secret, his heart does not wait to find out if any one saw him do it before pronouncing judgment upon it, but it instantly condemns him. So also if he had done a righteous act in secret, his heart witnessed to the right of it, though no other had seen it. He said, in the nature of things it was so: it was so on earth, and it was so in heaven. Whatever was right, was right, and we all bore witness to it, although our learning was but small or none at all; and the same with that which

was wrong. And this," said he, "is the meaning of the passage,— 'Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven.' It cannot be otherwise : right is right, and wrong is wrong, in heaven and upon earth. And so it always must be. It is as impossible for it to be otherwise, as it is that men should gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles.' "

You have seen the methodical business-like way in which my native printer is pursuing his work, and you have heard the tone of my native catechists. I hope that they will enable me, if life and health be spared, to send forth other teachers among their people, who shall be able to read, and to supply them also freely with books ; so that more of them may be raised above the savage ignorance and superstitious practices of their tribes, and placed upon a higher ground of religious faith and Christian morality, without being at the same time enslaved to those traditionary views, which it is no longer possible to hold ourselves or to teach to others.

For, as I have said elsewhere, so say I now, we are *bound* in duty to communicate to these our fellow-men, so far as they may be able to receive them, those results of science which God Himself has revealed to us, not for ourselves alone, but that we may be stewards of His goodness for others. It would be not only foolish and idle, in these days, but positively wicked and sinful, to keep back from them such facts as we ourselves know—for instance, as to the age and order of the creation,—as to the antiquity of man,—as to the impossibility of a flood—like that described in the first chapters of Genesis—having ever occurred. And need I say also, that we must strive to abolish among the Zulu tribes that dire belief in witchcraft and sorcery, which has been the cause of so much misery, malignant hate, and bloody crimes among them, as it was among the educated natives of Europe only a very few centuries ago. For as Mr. Lecky tells us in his recent work, even Luther could say, "I would have no compassion on these witches : I would burn them all ;" while, as he also tells us, seven thousand victims are said to have been burnt at Trèves, six hundred by a single Bishop of Bamberg, eight hundred in a single year in the Bishopric of Wurtzburg, one thousand in the province of Como, four hundred at Toulouse at a single execution, five hundred in three months at Geneva, forty-eight at Constance, eighty at the little town of Valery, in Savoy, seventy in Sweden ; and a judge, named Remy, boasted that he himself had been the means of putting to death, in sixteen years, eight hundred witches. Nay, within the borders of our own island, a traveller casually mentions how he saw nine women burning together at Leith, and this was only two centuries ago, in the year 1664 ; and "an Earl of Mar tells how, with a piercing yell, some women once broke half-burnt from the slow fire that consumed them, struggled for a few moments, with despairing energy, among the spectators, but soon, with shrieks of blasphemy and wild protestations of innocence,

sank writhing in agony amid the flames." Why should we speak only of the Suttees in India, where the religion of the natives, not under British rule, compels a widow still to be burnt alive on the bier with her dead husband, when such things as these were once made to play a prominent part in the religious system of Christian Europe, and, in fact, the last witch was burnt alive in Scotland so late as 1722?

But let us hear again Mr. Lecky describing the process by which wizards and witches were tortured in those days, not by the Romish Inquisition, but in Puritan Scotland:—

"When we read of the nature of these tortures, which were worthy of an Oriental imagination,—when we remember that they were inflicted, for the most part, on old and feeble and half-doting women,—it is difficult to repress a feeling of the deepest abhorrence for those men who caused and who encouraged them. If the witch was obdurate, the first, and, it is said, the only effectual mode of obtaining confession was by what was termed 'waking her.' An iron bridle or hoop was bound across her face with four prongs, which were thrust into her mouth. It was fastened behind to the wall by a chain, in such a manner that the victim was unable to lie down; and in this position she was sometimes kept for several days, while men were constantly with her, to prevent her from closing her eyes for a moment in sleep. Partly in order to effect this object, and partly to discover the insensible mark, which was the sure sign of a witch, long pins were thrust into her body. At the same time, as it was a saying in Scotland that a witch would never confess while she could drink, excessive thirst was often added to her tortures. Some prisoners have been waked for five nights; one, it is said, even for nine.

"The physical and mental suffering of such a process was sufficient to overcome the resolution of many, and to distract the understanding of not a few. But other, and perhaps worse, tortures were in reserve. The three principal that were habitually applied were the *pennywinkie*, the *boots*, and the *caschielawis*. The first was a kind of thumbscrew; the second was a frame in which the leg was inserted, and in which it was broken by wedges driven in by a hammer; the third was also an iron frame for the leg, which was from time to time heated over a brazier. Fire-matches were sometimes applied to the body of the victim. We read in a contemporary register of one man, who was kept for forty-eight hours in vehement torture in the *caschielawis*; and of another, who remained in the same frightful machine for eleven days and eleven nights, whose legs were broken daily for fourteen days in the boots, and who was so scourged that the whole skin was taken from his body.

And why, again, I ask, after this, should we think so very badly of the savage Kafir, who ties down a wizard on an ant-heap of red-ants, to be tortured and slowly devoured by those venomous insects, or else kills him by another inhuman process, which it is not possible here to describe.

And yet what are we to do? How is it possible to teach the Zulus

to cast off their superstitious belief in witchcraft, if they are required to believe that all the stories of sorcery and demonology which they find in the Bible—the witch of Endor, the appearance of Satan in the court of heaven—are infallibly and divinely true—that God's own voice pronounced on Sinai, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live?" I, for one, cannot do this. The time is come, through the revelations of modern science, when, thanks be to God, the traditionary belief in the divine infallibility of Scripture can, with a clear conscience, be abandoned—can, in fact, be no longer maintained. "It is, indeed, true," says Mr. Lecky, once more, "that the Bishops of the Anglican Church contributed much to the enactments of the laws against witchcraft,—that the immense majority of the clergy firmly believed in the reality of the crime,—and that they continued to assert and defend it, when the great bulk of educated laymen had abandoned it." When I remember that only two years ago, even since I have been in England, a poor old Frenchman was hunted as a wizard, and pitilessly done to death by an English mob in Essex. I cannot but feel that a great responsibility must rest on those of the English clergy,—and the more so, the more exalted their station.—who will still maintain and seek to propagate this tenet, from which follows most justly that famous conclusion of John Wesley—"that to give up witchcraft, is to give up the Bible,"—and from which also follow a number of other similar conclusions, viz. :—that to give up the date of the creation, the account of the rib turned into a woman, the stories of the fall and of the deluge, of the speaking ass, of the sun and moon standing still—to give up any one of these as an historical fact, is to give up the Bible; or rather, as some have said, is to give up our nearest and dearest consolations and all our hopes for time and for eternity.

But do we then—we teachers of the modern school—take away from you the Bible, because we maintain that it is not infallible? Do we wish to destroy all your faith in it, and leave you, hopeless and joyless, to tread your weary way along, uncheered by the rays of Divine Light which have seemed to men hitherto to stream from the pages of that Book? God forbid! Yea, rather we seek to establish your faith—not, indeed, in the mere Book, but in that Living Word which speaks in the Book, and speaks also by the lips of apostles and prophets in all ages, of all good men and true, whose heart God's Spirit has quickened to be the bearers of His messages of truth to their fellow-men. For we believe that in the Bible we have the earliest record of that Divine teaching, which has led men more and more out of darkness into light, out of slavish fears and superstitions into the liberty of God's children, out of confusion and ignorance into the clearer knowledge of the Living God. But we believe also that this teaching is still going on by all the new revelations in science—by all the deep thoughts which are stirred within men's hearts; and that, in one word, the completion of it would be, in fact, the end of the History of Man.



