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A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

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

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

WILLIAM CARUS.



ART. II.—CHURCH WORK IN NORTH QUEENSLAND.

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

on board a coastal steamer before Cape York and Thursday Island are reached. Normanton, in the Gulf of Carpentaria, will still be five hundred miles distant. No picture of Australia is complete which does not include these northern settlements. They show the progressive stages of civilization, and put appropriate background to the southern capitals, whose stately buildings and social luxuries would rival those of most English towns. But with Melbourne it was not always so. The hole of the pit whence it was digged may be best seen along the northern coast. Fifty years ago Melbourne was unborn. "Fifty-three years ago the only Europeans in the present Colony of Victoria were the Henry Brothers, who were engaged in whaling and squatting in Portland Bay, and John Batman, who ascended the Yarra, moored his thirty-ton schooner to a gum-tree, and pitched his tent where now stands the city of Melbourne." So says Mr. Robert Christison in the *Westminster Review* of September, 1888, after twenty-seven years spent in Australia. Many "old identities" remember how they used to camp with tents and blankets where Collins Street stands, and boiled their "billy" on the site of Government House, and tied their boats to gum-trees where wharves now line the banks of the river. A visitor to Melbourne knows nothing of it as a city born in a day, beyond such stories as "old hands" may be pleased to relate. But an excursion to the North would exhibit this process, and show him a score of young Melbournes and Sydneys in all stages of growth. The eastern coast is panoramic. One week's steaming and a short bush ride would transport him to the bark humpies and beef and damper of early times. The visitor must make haste, however, to catch such sights, even in the far North, for the iron horse has started upon its track, and Queensland mail steamers now are upon the northern waters, and the telegraphic wire already threads through a million gum-trees, and civilization with its many arts is developing the germs of coming cities as with the magic wand of an Indian conjurer.

The Diocese of North Queensland was formed in 1878. Its existence is memorial of the beloved late Bishop Barker, whose foresight and energy had already originated the dioceses of Goulburn and Bathurst. Though distant a thousand miles from Sydney, this northern territory, previous to its diocesan separation, belonged to the metropolitan Diocese of Sydney. It was an outlying relic of that early time when Sydney was the capital of Australia and Bishop Broughton its solitary centre of Church organization. Thirteen dioceses have since come into existence, and North Queensland ranks twelfth among them. Its magnitude may be imagined by the fact that it covers a region three times larger than the whole of Great

Britain. When Queensland separated from New South Wales in 1859 this northern part was unoccupied. Settlements clustered along the southern border, and Brisbane was little larger than Cooktown. But the dauntless enterprise which had pushed its way five hundred miles north of Sydney and formed a new colony there has since pushed farther north, planting towns along its course until the process of separation must be repeated, and this vast northern territory be formed into a new and independent colony. It was the heroic age of northern history when such men as Robert Christison, Robert Stewart, Walter Hays, Robert Gray and others set out for the Flinders. Another generation will know little of the hardships their fathers endured to leave legacies of discovered country for their advantage. Northern life may sometimes be "rough and tumble" to a dainty southerner, but it is sumptuous indeed compared with experiences twenty years ago.

The diocese commences at Cape Palmerston, and includes the entire northern portion of the colony. Its coast line is 1,500 miles long. The chief coast towns are Mackay, Bowen, Townsville, Cairns, Port Douglas, Cooktown and Normanton. Inland are the towns of Charters Towers, Ravenswood and Hughenden. There are clergy and churches in these places. The churches are simple wooden structures. Townsville is the chief town. It has a population of 12,000, and is the Bishop's place of residence. Three clergy are stationed here. The church is a small wooden building, quite unfit for the growing importance of the town and centre of diocesan agencies. The foundations of a solid and suitable church have been laid, but money is much needed to proceed with the work. One of the thousand district churches of England would be to us a very cathedral. Yet throughout England money is being lavished on restorations and decorations, the cost of whose merest ornament would supply our fellow-countrymen and fellow-Churchmen in North Queensland with churches and clergy. We desire to be fed with the crumbs that fall from this restoration-table at home. The value of only one City church would evangelize the whole region, and turn this spiritual wilderness into a fruitful field. Let it be remembered that here there are no old endowments, no State aid of any kind to maintain the Church, but that its entire support rests upon the voluntary offerings of the people whom England has sent to make their home in this land, which is very far off from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

The physical features of the country resemble, say, a straw hat with a narrow brim. On leaving the coast a traveller soon finds himself at the foot of a hill-range which runs parallel with

the coast, until it terminates in the Gippsland range of Victoria. Its average height is one thousand feet. From the summit of this range there extends westward a vast expanse of table-land, and opening towards the west into treeless grassy plains, or "rolling downs." Over this wide region sheep and cattle farms or "stations" are scattered at distances from twenty to forty miles apart. Their isolation is extreme. Stores of rations and clothing are brought to them once a year in heavy waggons, drawn by twenty bullocks. The head station consists of the manager and his family and some dozen station hands. The Bishop's hard problem has been to devise some means for sending spiritual help to these scattered settlers. Churches would be useless if built. How could people of Rugby attend a church at Stafford, or residents of Oxford go to church at Bristol? If people cannot go to church the church must somehow go to the people. Hence the Bishop's method of employing travelling clergy—men who can mount their horses and ride long distances and conduct services at each farm along their journeys.

Let us imagine ourselves on such an expedition. Perhaps last night we camped out, wrapped in our blankets, and sleeping in front of the camp fire that boiled our tea and baked our damper. At sunrise we are astir, and if a companion is with us we divide the labours by rekindling the fire and boiling some tea, while he catches the horses and saddles them for our early start. Supposing that we must ride thirty miles to the next farm, we divide the trip into eighteen and twelve mile stages, that we may camp for an hour or two at midday while the horses go free but hobbled, and we boil the billy again for more tea. Graduating speed, we reach our destination before sundown, and are greeted with a hearty English welcome. After rest and refreshment we proceed to conduct service. The place of worship is a wool shed, and all hands are mustered into it. The bales of wool serve for seats, and a slush lamp gives us flickering, flaring light. We commence the service with some familiar hymn, such as the "Old Hundredth," and then use the "Bush Service Book," compiled for use in the diocese on the plan of the shortened form, with suitable hymns, and the whole printed in bold type. Then follows a simple manly address, full of plain Gospel truths. Probably there are men present who have not attended church for ten or twenty years. The hymns and prayers sound as voices from their distant home, and touch them tenderly. Then children unbaptized receive baptism. In short, the Church's ministrations are conveyed into the very hearts and homes of the people. Next morning the clergyman makes an early start for thirty miles more, to hold service again and convey

further blessing. Who would not, if living there, hail such services, or if living in England, help to send them?

The "Mission Clergy Fund" is the support of this itinerating work. At present it maintains only one travelling clergyman. The Bishop desires to increase it, that several such messengers may go forth in various directions through the bush. The settlers are too few and scattered to provide sufficient stipend within reasonable area. Any who are moved to help can send their contributions, however small, through the Bank of New South Wales, Old Broad Street, London, to Bishop Stanton, Townsville, Queensland, who will promptly acknowledge their receipt, and apply them to the Mission Clergy Fund.

Men, no less than money, are wanted. The Bishop would gladly receive some young clergymen for a limited period of three or four years, if desired, as approved by the Lambeth Conference of Bishops. Young men educated enough to matriculate at Sydney University would be employed as Probationers, and if qualified would be admitted to Deacons' Orders. The Rev. H. N. Collier, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, East Finchley, London, kindly acts as Commissary for the Bishop and Diocese of North Queensland, and would communicate with clergy or candidates as vacancies occur.

Sometimes there occurs a rush of people to some newly discovered centre. At such times it is necessary that a clergyman should go quickly to the place to select land for a church before all eligible sites are seized. Everything depends upon being first in the field. "First come, first served" is the rule there in religious matters. When a "rush" recently occurred in a most remote part, the Bishop and Archdeacon Plume rode 630 miles to reach it. Their visit was rewarded by causing a clergyman to be located there and a church to be built for the new town.

The future of North Queensland, on its moral and religious side, largely depends upon the proper and prompt efforts that our Church can make. Delay is dangerous where growth is rapid, and where first impressions become soon fixed into lines of permanent action. Roman Catholics are active. Their priests penetrate to every corner, and their schools are started in every town. Our Church can compete successfully if men and money were supplied. If it is surmised that the Diocese has wealth within it sufficient for all needs, the answer is twofold. With one hand England is sending tens of thousands of her poorest people to the Colony, while with her other hand England is enriching herself by the profits and high interest she receives upon her invested capital. It is ascertained that no less than £14,000,000 annually returns into the pockets of

England from Australia as interest alone, to be enjoyed by those who have never lighted a camp-fire or cooked a damper in its ashes. Let the Mother Country cherish a true parent's heart, and let the Mother Church remember her distant children, whose churches and travelling clergy in North Queensland may remind her of her own childhood in Saxon times, and throw her thoughts gratefully along the way which God has led her to present wealth and influence.

GEORGE H., NORTH QUEENSLAND.



ART. III.—THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE AND THE CREEDS.

THE Lambeth Conference of 1888 will be notable in the history of our Church for having given an authoritative sanction to ecclesiastical movements which at present have not advanced beyond the stage of aspirations, but of which we are probably destined at no distant period to witness a rapid development. The Anglican Bishops as a body have now put forward a basis on which reunion with Protestant dissenting bodies might be effected, and have laid down, as part of that basis, the acceptance of the Nicene Creed as a sufficient statement of the Christian Faith. They have requested the Archbishop of Canterbury to appoint a committee of Bishops to confer with learned theologians, and with the heads of the *Unitas Fratrum*, or Moravians, with the intention of establishing, if possible, intercommunion between that body and the Churches of the Anglican communion. They have expressed a hope that the barriers to fuller communion between ourselves and the Eastern Churches may in course of time be removed by further intercourse and extended enlightenment. As a not unnatural corollary to these resolutions, they passed, by 57 votes to 20, a further resolution requesting the Primate to take counsel with such persons as he might see fit to consult, with a view to ascertaining whether it is desirable to revise the English version of the Nicene Creed or of the so-called Athanasian Creed. For it is obvious that if we sincerely desire to hold out the right hand of fellowship to bodies of Christians who have hitherto stood aloof from us, we must not needlessly retain anything on our side to which they could legitimately take objection. In our two longer creeds, however, as they at present stand, there are confessedly certain expressions which are regarded as stumbling-blocks by large numbers of our fellow-Christians. The