

THE BISHOP OF NEW ZEALAND.

My dear Friend,—Returning last night from my northern visitation, I found that the *Great Western* had brought me a long desired letter from my beloved brother of New Zealand. It is so catholic in love and so apostolical in wisdom, that I send it entire for insertion. In a former number, and as your readers will remember, I called attention to the generous rivalry in works of mercy between the American captain and the British bishop. It is of such acts and feelings, that the bonds which bind together nations, are best forged. I could wish that more were known among us of the working of the Church, in this last refuge of our race. A third is just about to be added to the most interesting reports of the proceedings there, published in England under the auspices of the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. How much we want some efficient place of reprints, for such works as this! It is certainly true that the enterprise in New Zealand gives better promise of building on the old foundations than any, since our own. Let not our prayers be wanting that the "work abide."

Faithfully yours, G. W. DOANE.
Riverside, All Saints, 1845.

H. B. M. C. Brig Victoria, at Sea,
Off Poverty Bay, New Zealand, 23d May, 1845.

My dear Friend and Brother,—From the day on which I received your *rubrical* letter of blessing and congratulation on my appointment to the see of New Zealand, written from Archdeacon Manning's, at Lavington, on the 14th July, 1841, I have never ceased to reproach myself with my slowness of heart, in making so poor a use of the privilege of correspondence with you, into which you had admitted me. Since my arrival in New Zealand, every ship which has sailed from our port to the United States has added to the feeling of neglect of which I am conscious. Once I thought I was sure of myself and my resolution. One Saturday evening, in February, 1844, I sailed at dusk into Horse-shoe Bay, in Stewart's Island, and saw two large American whale ships floating, like great sea birds, upon the calm water. I immediately thought of you, and resolved to rise with the dawn, and invite your countrymen to divine service, when I intended to speak to them of our common bond of union in Christ: of the brotherly love which subsisted between our Churches: and of my joy in meeting in that remote, and almost uninhabited corner of my diocese, so many brethren of a kindred state and so many members of our mother church. But to my great disappointment, when I rose at day break on the morning of the Sunday, they had flown, and I could see them stretching away to the east end of Toveaux Straits: without bearing away with them the letter which I had resolved to write, to express my fraternal union with you and your's in the fellowship of the spirit and the bride, from the spot which of all others, had least of the outward ordinances of grace, to interfere, if I may so speak, with the pure operation of that faith, which is the evidence of things not seen. Recent events have brought you and your country before my mind: not, by the sight of some lonely ship breaking the vastness of the solitude of my southern seas: but by the zeal and kindness of one of your officers in the midst of turmoil, bloodshed and distress. The blessing of a kindred spirit of christian love, pervading all parts of the earth, with what Bacon calls "an infinite feeling of communion," was never brought more strongly before my mind, than after the destruction of Kororarika, when Captain McKeever, of the United States corvette, *St. Louis*, generously placed all the accommodation of his ship at my disposal: and actually received on board more than 100 of the unfortunate refugees, including two clergymen and their families: himself and his officers submitting to every inconvenience during their passage from the Bay of Islands to Auckland. I have most inadequately expressed my feelings to Captain McKeever, in the hurry of our arrival and his departure: but if you should ever see him, or any of his officers and friends, you will oblige me by saying, that their kindness grows upon me, the more I have leisure to reflect upon it: and that I hail it as an additional proof that our churches and nations are united together as well in doctrine as in that faith which worketh by love.

Mrs. Selwyn is now sitting by my side, and desires me to thank you for your kind mention of her in your former letters. We are now returning from Wellington, where we have been taking for a time the duties of a most dear and valued missionary, Rev. O. Hadfield, a second Mr. Whytehead, who is now lying on his death bed, at the very time, when the faithless heart would be apt to say, that it is most expedient that he should live. My main object was to watch the effect upon the Southern Tribes of the news of the destruction of Kororarika, which I am happy in being able to think, was productive of little or no evil effect among them. The principal chief of those parts accompanied me to Wellington, on purpose to do away with the impression that he was hostile to the English. This is Le Ranparaha, the unwilling witness of the slaughter of the English at the Wairau in Cloudy Bay. His son and grandson are now on board with me, on their way to my native college in the neighbourhood of Auckland. One of the old chiefs of the south is of a more savage disposition: and through his influence some disturbance may arise. Upon the whole we are in a very critical state as a colony: but I still see reason to hope that God will accomplish the work of grace which he has begun, in the building up and perpetuating this native church.

Your most kind and brotherly letter, dated "Conversion of Saint Paul, 1844," has added to the obligation, which I am now endeavouring, however inadequately, to discharge. I must indeed rejoice, yet with trembling, if this infant church can already be the means of awakening some christian hearts, even in your distant diocese, to a feeling of the unrevoked commandment laying upon all christian men—the continual obligation "to preach the gospel to every creature." This is one of the great comforts which we derive from the thought of the circle of light with which our confederate churches have now girdled the globe. We may hope that no point of christian duty can hereafter be lost or hidden: that when it is forgotten for a time in one portion of the Church Catholic, there will still be a living flame upon some other altar from which the extinguished torch can be rekindled: that dioceses as well as individuals will provoke one another to good works: and check and rebuke the growth of heresy and error. The free communion and christian boldness of all the branches of the church, may have all, and more than all the effects of the general councils of old, in purifying and invigorating her discipline: and so by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, bringing on the day, when she will be presented to God "a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." You cannot confer upon us a greater benefit, than by communicating freely all your own experiences, derived from the comparatively free estate of your Episcopacy: its powers and functions: its effect upon the people: its position with regard to all subordinate Institutions of the Church.

Here we are at present in a situation very much resembling your own: with few or no outward hindrances to prevent the full canonical character of the office from being developed, with all its living energy and operations upon the hearts of men. The real hindrance is from within: from the narrowness of heart which makes it difficult to comprehend: the coldness of heart to feel, and the want of faith to persevere in the execution of that vast scheme of ministry and instruction, and mercy, which seems to be included in the scriptural character of a bishop. May our united prayers be accepted, that God may pour upon us the riches of His grace; that the ministry which he has ordained for the strengthening and edifying of His Church, may not become a stumbling block to His people through our unworthiness. With Mrs. Selwyn's best wishes, I remain, my dear Bishop,

Your very affectionate friend and brother,
G. A. NEW ZEALAND.

MR. WALL'S FESTIVAL AT NORMAN COURT.

This occurred on Friday, the 17th of September. I was at that time attending the Poor Law inquiry at the Andover workhouse. Andover is 11 or 12 miles from Norman Court, and 10 miles from the village of Broughton. That village is 4 miles or thereabout from Norman Court. Hearing of the festival, I came across the country to see it. Not knowing anywhere else to go to, I took up my quarters at Broughton; and I wish I may never have worse; I should like to see all who can appreciate good accommodation as well quartered as I have been at the village inn there.

On the 16th, the day before the festival, the rain poured and the wind blew; cloud careered after cloud, and blast warred with blast. Still cooks cooked, carpenters hammered, tents were erected; and in the villages of Broughton on one side, and West Tytherley and West Dean on the other, preparations were going forward in boiling and roasting to supply the respective tents of the innkeepers in the park, only second in magnitude to the roasting and boiling at the squire's mansion in the park. But large as they were, they were second to that: the cooking there was on a scale of great compass.

The reason why the innkeepers of the villages had tents in the park was, that more people were expected to come, and did come, than the mansion could hold; and because, on a former occasion, several thousands of strangers had been there more than provision had been made for, or were invited; and who, though admitted to the tables so long as anything remained on them, only displaced others who had been invited; all of them saying, if they had only been able to get something to buy to eat, the staying to see the sports and the grand fireworks at night, would have been more agreeable.

This year Mr. Wall issued tickets to all who had been invited to dine, amounting to about 1000, and better accommodation was therefore secured. The sports, consisting of every variety of healthful, pleasing, and harmless games, were open to every one who came, no matter of what rank, nor from whence.

The morning of the 17th dawned, and was fair and clear. For ten days and nights there had been rain and wind—sometimes more of the one than of the other, but always less or more of both. As already said, on the previous day was a storm. This morning was agreeably bright and fine. A few drops came on once or twice before the sun had risen high; but the sun himself, so pleasant upon the holiday-goers, seemed to say, as they said—

"What a shame! we ought to have no rain to-day." And then the rain said, "Well, then, I shall go somewhere else:" and it shrunk within its clouds, and they bundled themselves up and mounted upon a high and dry wind, and rode away.

Having breakfasted at the Greyhound, or the Hare and Hound, or the Dogs—I am not sure which it is, but the traveller who likes a good breakfast, the freshest of watercresses, and eggs and bread and butter, and coffee and cream, will not make any mistake, as it is "the house of the village"—having breakfasted, and read