

MOORE COLLEGE: BROUGHTON LETTERS

Broughton to Coleridge, 8/5/1850 (Syd)

There has been an interval which I know to be very long and feel to be very sorrowful, in my correspondence with you. That I have written to (sic) I am certain, or nearly so; but upon looking back it is not in my power to trace the time or the subject, of which, through neglect, no note has been preserved. Now I will make an effort to write to you fully upon many subjects which dwell upon my thoughts. And first it is impossible and it would be ungenerous and unkind, not to speak of the loss, I almost fear the irreparable loss, which has befallen you and all your connexions, and still more the great family of the Church, in the very sudden and therefore awful departure out of life of the good and honoured Warden of St Augustine's College. Going back in thought to the last time of our meeting (which was in 1835 at dinner at the present Bishop of Lichfield's) I recal (sic) the image of a hale robust man, with a marked aspect of kindness and equanimity which seemed even more hopefully than his bodily temperament to promise length of days. On his own account it were wicked to lament that he should so soon have frustrated that expectation; and have entered into his rest. His is not the only instance in which I recognize the deep truth of Archdn (sic) Manning's sentiment, "we ought to mourn for the living rather than for the dead"; and I do mourn not for the holy man, but for the fatherless and the widow; who now look but upon blank solitude where they had been accustomed to behold one whose presence made home a joyful place indeed. In his case it is more than his own home which suffers. That noble institution which opened with such a reasonable prospect of sending forth into the harvest many labourers trained under his judicious guidance, is suddenly bereaved; and being desolate shall sit upon the ground. It is more to be desired than expected that his place should be satisfactorily supplied. But I still hope and trust that "it is God's work and who shall let it?" This I recollect was the augury of good Mr Sharpe (???): may it be verified. Regarding myself and my (Church) affairs I have much to say, if it were possible to convey a full and exact impression within the compass of a letter. But not only is the

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re Sharpe - see 15/1/49.

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variety of the topics too great: all things are also too full of anxiety and difficulty to admit of their being so conveyed to your knowledge. So long as the society of my dear friend and wife was continued to me, I found a tie binding me perhaps too strongly to home, for one whose mission was the daily care of all the churches scattered over an almost boundless expanse; or, still more fearful, the charge of scattered Christians without a Church. When she died, the first recovery of the power of thought upon anything without, shewed me that I was not to suffer grief to sink me down into despondency and uselessness. On 12th of last November therefore, before I had well recovered from my almost fatal sickness, I left my home and continued engaged in travel till 23rd of March. In the course of this journey of more than 2000 miles I hope it was in my power to make some provision for future impvt, for indeed there were many things that needed it. The difficulties under which I labour are want of means; want of men; want of money. As to the former of these, namely want of men, I am well nigh reduced to despair; for in the country itself I see none prepared, none promising well, for the work of the ministry. And from without, the only dependance which I can place for a supply is upon the arrival of such clergymen as the Soc. may be able to send in charge of Emigrant vessels. There must also be great risk of some at least of these proving not serviceable. I hope they will not be induced to accept too large a proportion of Irish graduates. As to OUR[?] → finances, own condition is very perilous. Out of the legislative grant for "Public Worship", we (i.e. the Church of England) receive above £17000 p.a. for the 3 Dioceses of Sydney NewC (sic) and Melbourne. We have gone on year after year drawing upon this, until we have come to the close of our resources. I mean, the whole amount is pledged. We have upon us an arrear of £8300 for building Churches and parsonages. I have had the accounts made up this very day; and find there are no means to cancel this debt earlier than 31 Decr 1851: and after that there will be a failure of means to provide any further Stipends. I feel it quite impossible to look with indifference or ordinary comfort, upon

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such a prospect: having long felt, and during my late tour having more fully than ever satisfied myself, that if the country be left in its present state, that is with an increasing population and hundreds of miles often intervening without a vestige of the means of Church communion, the result must be the growth of barbarism and infidelity. With deep anxiety I have viewed and reviewed every ground upon which expectation could be rested of relief for these wants either from among the people here or from without; and have found none. Matters must not be allowed to rest thus. I am therefore seriously deliberating, and have almost resolved, upon the measure of giving up another sum of £500 p.a. out of my own income; under a covenant with persons or parishes who need and desire the services of a clergyman, that they, by private contribution, shall raise an equal amount. Thus might 8 more clergymen be provided in the most desolate places of the wilderness. My wants were never very numerous; and now I am so situated as to be able to contract them in any degree almost that can be required. Still I am but pondering the suggestion; and shall do nothing rashly. Duty to my children is the main consideration: for I ought not to leave them unprovided for. I will state to you exactly how they stand. In taking up, and proceeding to, my appointment here in 1829, I was forced to spend more than £1000 of my own. In my voyage to and from England in 1834,5,6 (during which time half my income was withheld from me) that expenditure was increased to £1500 or from that to £1800, which is so much lost to my children who have not much else to trust to. Should I live long enough to retrieve it by hard frugality, I should not wish it to be ever heard of again: but if not, it would be my dying hope that the Church which I have endeavoured to SERVE would save my children from the fearful penalty of becoming vagabonds to beg their bread. Concern for them restrains me so much that I have not yet fully decided on giving up £500 p.a. but I think much of it.

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In the former case I saw very clearly that there ought to be more bishops; and that, without some earnest effort, there never would be more: and I thank God heartily that the effort was made and has succeeded. One is one each side of ← ? me, doing what I, from physical insufficiency if no other, never could have done. Now I see equally that the priests, the ministers of the altar, are wanting. Unless they can be supplied there will not long be, here or elsewhere, a Church in possession of any worldly resources or immunities whatever.

There is such a growth everywhere of laxity and unconcern as to great principles, that I cannot tell what it is to come to. When I say I cannot tell, it means only that I cannot say infallibly that my own persuasion is right; but that persuasion is briefly that democratical and revolutionary agencies will so unsettle the world, that they will raise up a power which they cannot control: and to maintain themselves the position they have gained they must call in the aid of a binding influence, such as superstition only can exert; and such superstition (a real corruptio optimi) as none but the Church of Rome can supply. Nobody is alive enough to "the things which shall be hereafter" but if you observe the relative positions of Louis Napoleon and Pius IX at this time and watch their future phases, I think no other indication will be wanted of what the future is to be: and if their junction do not suffice to form an antichrist I know not what can or will. Here we are pretty quiet at present: but, as I told you some years ago, the policy of England has tended to set up republics all over the world, and republics without religion. All the Colonies in this hemisphere are of this class. The revolutionists begin to talk as if they had the sanction and encouragement of England itself for total separation of the Colonies from her dominion. If so I must say, woe to the Colonies, woe to England herself. We have just been reading the Bishop of New Zealand's Letter on the Canterbury Settlement; and very admirable it is as a picture of his own mind and principles and wishes. But is there quite that grave and serious tone about it which befits so very vital a question as how new countries

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are to be peopled? Allwood says it is equal to Sydney Smith. But however, serious men here who know much about Colonies, while they agree that the design of having the Church, the School, the College and the Bishop all prepared to receive the new-comers is admirable in theory, are yet apprehensive that there must be wider and more organic departures from the theoretical or paper scheme than the bishop seems to count upon. All persons who come to a Colony come to push their fortunes; that is to make money and to raise themselves in the scale of society; and in the endeavour to do this, some (that is a great many) will break through all sumptuary regulations; and some (that is not a few) will lose their respect for moral obligations. If we can secure the children, and make them better, that is almost all we can hope for in new countries. Nevertheless it is a great and noble experiment.

We see as yet nothing of Mr and Mrs Abraham. All things are prepared for their reception at my house, come when they may. If his wife be the Miss C.H. Palmer who sent me several years ago the 1st Vol of Manning's Sermons, it will be gratifying to me to shew any attention to one who by that act has done me a singular service.

In all my distress I have read nothing which so came home to my heart with the force of truth as his 21st Sermon "The Sleep of the Faithful Departed". I cannot read it even for the hundredth time without floods of tears. My distress is very deep. And yet I do not murmur. I do not repine. I would not, if I could, have any thing otherwise than it is: and I can and do say most unfeignedly "Even so Father; for so it seemed good in thy (sic) sight." May God bless you. I am your very sincere and grateful friend. W.G. Sydney.