

Mr. Marsden returned to New South Wales in July, and on the following May, while on a ministerial visit to Windsor, he was suddenly taken ill in the clergyman's house. His last words were "New Zealand." No funeral had ever taken place in New South Wales which was attended like his. He has been justly called "The Apostle of the South Seas."

Mr. Marsden's person was not prepossessing; he was slovenly in dress, and stern in appearance; but those who knew him found him a warm-hearted friend. His home was open to all; he gave no invitations, but if his friends did not go without one he was angry. He had always some New Zealanders about him, and esteemed them superior to every other aboriginal race.

I shall now, in conclusion, give one or two stories which may serve to illustrate Mr. Marsden's character. On one occasion he was travelling in the interior of Australia with another clergyman. They called on a man whose house was kept in the most perfect order. His wife, a picture of neatness, came and laid the cloth for the breakfast. The clergyman expressed his admiration, and afterwards told him the following story. Once when he was there he asked the man how he was getting on, as he had recently married a woman out of the factory (all convicts of the worst sort). He complained that she would not do anything; she would neither cook nor keep the house tidy. Everything was in confusion, and when he spoke to her she laughed. Mr. Marsden ordered him to call her; she would not come. At last, Mr. Marsden called in a voice of thunder; she then came. He demanded: "What is this that I hear of you? So you won't obey your husband, although you have sworn to do so before the Lord! Words will make no impression upon you; severe measures must be adopted!" He then laid his horsewhip over her shoulders until the woman went down on her knees and begged for pardon, promising to behave better for the future. Mr. Marsden told her he would give her a trial, but she must take care and not forget her promise. Some

time afterwards, when he called, he said: "Well, John, how does your wife behave?" "Oh," said he, "thanks to you, sir, there cannot be a better wife now; she is everything I can wish." We must remember New South Wales was then a convict colony.

On another occasion, when he had his youngest daughter with him in a gig, he was stopped by a highwayman, who demanded his money. Mr. Marsden remonstrated with him, and spoke to him of his sins. The man replied: "It does not signify; I am in for it; it is now too late to give over." Bidding his daughter empty her father's pockets, and give him the money, which she did, Mr. Marsden still continued his lecture, telling him that the next time he saw him would be at the gallows. Some time after, a man who was to be hung sent for him. He said: "Your word has come true; here you meet me at the gallows!" Mr. Marsden prayed fervently for him. The criminal seemed to respond with all his heart, and then the drop fell. His name was O'Donahue, a notorious bush-ranger.

Mr. Marsden has been accused by some of penuriousness. This charge does not seem to have been well founded, as the following incident will show. This was told to the Rev. R. Taylor by a daughter of Mr. Marsden. A gentleman called one day and said he came to repay some money he had borrowed of him many years ago. Mr. Marsden replied: "You must make a mistake. You do not owe me anything." "Oh!" said the gentleman, "I cannot be mistaken. It was when I first landed on these shores, an indigent youth, that you most liberally advanced me £100, to set me up in trade, and, by God's blessing, that laid the foundation of my prosperity. I am now a rich man, and here are your hundred pounds, with interest, and my grateful thanks for your great kindness to me." In vain Mr. Marsden refused; he was compelled to take both.

We close this sketch with the declaration of Bishop Broughton, that "although he was the first legally appointed Bishop of Australia, he must always consider that Samuel Marsden was the first actual one."