

High School; to St. Peter's Collegiate School, and, at a later period, to Prince Alfred's Wesleyan College he contributed largely. He provided the greater part of the funds required for the foundation of two large day schools, situate at Norwood and Bowden, accessible to those who could not send their children to other schools, the fees ranging from threepence to sixpence per week. Many thousands of pounds were contributed by Mr. Angas to these schools, and he also gave liberally to two or three free schools for the education of children of persons in necessitous circumstances.

As an old Sunday-school teacher, and the founder of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Sunday School Union, he took a special interest in the religious instruction of the young, and bore a large share in the expense of publishing a magazine for Sunday-school teachers, and in establishing libraries for Sunday Schools.

So also in regard to benevolent institutions. The City and Bush Missions, the Aborigines' Friend Society, the Female Refuge and Female Reformatory, the Total Abstinence Society, Local Bible and Tract Societies, Scripture Readers, Sailors' Home and Bushmen's Home, the Domestic Mission—the agents of which are known in England as "Bible Women"—all found his help and sympathy invaluable.

In his journals and letters there are innumerable records, of which the following may be taken as random specimens:—

CHAPTER XVI.

PERSONAL AND DOMESTIC.

The Pleasures of Life—Philanthropy—Churches, Chapels, and Schools—
The Bushmen's Club—Lancashire Cotton Famine—Private Secretaries
—Hard Work—Wealth—Banquets to Tenant Farmers—Extreme
Sensitiveness—Sympathy with Sorrow—Death of Mrs. Angas—
Letters to His Daughter.

ONE of the chief pleasures of Mr. Angas throughout the whole of his colonial life was to foster the good works he had initiated while in the old country, to watch the birth and development of new enterprises for the moral and spiritual good of the colony, and to lend a helping hand in every department of philanthropic work. His ample fortune enabled him to contribute largely to the funds of such institutions, and it is no exaggeration to say that all the churches of the colony were indebted to his liberality, as unobtrusive as it was unsectarian, and that every educational movement found in him a friend and supporter.

For the erection of places of worship, liquidation of debts upon them, maintenance of ministers, and such like, his time and purse were always available. He became the treasurer of the South Australian

I have formed a library at the gaol in Adelaide, and at the prison at the Dry Creek nine miles off, which I hope, under God's blessing, will do good even in such a barren soil.

The letter from the Rev. J. de Liefde was most refreshing to one's heart in these days of lukewarmness. Many thanks for sending it to us. The best evidence of the interest I feel in the labours of that excellent man and his coadjutors is my request to your dear husband to send him one hundred pounds as a contribution from me to the purposes of his Mission.

With the aid of one or two friends I am trying to pay for the foundation of a Baptist Theological College in this colony. I often feel that I fail in nervous energy to carry into operation the plans of my own mind and heart.

A movement was set on foot in 1856 to supply to some extent the want of religious services to the scattered inhabitants of the remote country districts by means of an association called the "South Australian Bush Mission." Contributions were raised, and the services of two agents were engaged to travel from station to station to deliver tracts, and conduct religious services wherever and whenever practicable.

In founding and sustaining this Mission, which did most excellent work, both Mr. Angas and his son took an active part. But their services were still more valuable in connection with one of the most interesting and deservedly popular institutions in South Australia—the Bushmen's Club, which owes its origin to the forethought and assistance of Mr. John Howard Angas.

It came about on this wise:—William M. Hugo, a relative of the celebrated Victor Hugo, was for many years a Bush Missionary, of whom nothing was known save that he was engaged in Evangelical work, travelling from station to station all over the Australian colonies, depending for food entirely upon the hospitality of those he visited, declining all pecuniary aid, and doing many kindly acts of charity for the lonely shepherds with whom he came in contact. He called himself 'William,' and was known by no other name. In 1866, while in South Australia viewing with pain the debaucheries of bushmen when making their periodical visits to the city after shearing time, he conceived the idea of establishing a retreat for them similar to the Sailors' Homes. He accordingly named his project to Mr. J. H. Angas, who put the matter before his father, representing that the habits of bushmen made them, like sailors, victims to every adventurer to prey upon their weaknesses. Mr. Angas and several other friends took up the matter warmly, and became large contributors to a fund for establishing a Bushmen's Club. A house in Whitmore Square, Adelaide, formerly occupied by Sir Charles Cooper, one of the early judges of the colony, was secured, together with the ample grounds, and on the 20th of May, 1870, the Bushmen's Home, with "William" as Honorary Superintendent, was formally opened by the Governor, Sir James Fergusson. Since then the original premises have

received extensive additions and alterations (Mr. Angas contributing £1,000 to the building fund), and the institution is one of the most popular in the city, and the first of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere.

South Australia has always stood in the forefront of every great patriotic movement, and when the disastrous cotton famine was devastating Lancashire, subscriptions for relief of the sufferers poured in from all quarters. Referring to this, Mr. Angas wrote to his old friend, Mr. Beddome:—

ADERARD, *Jan. 25, 1863.*

The committee for relief to Lancashire sufferers, of which I am chairman, have remitted nearly £3,000 to the Lord Mayor of London, and we are continuing our efforts. Do you remember the time when I produced before the Board of Trade in London samples of cotton wool grown at Honduras, and urged Government to allow us to send our wool at low duty, but they would not, and we gave it up? Oh! how I besought the secretary, Mr. Hay, by the consideration that the day might come when a dispute with the United States might stop the supply, but they would not do that small service! I asked them to prevent the day of calamity which now has come with vengeance.

As old age drew on, Mr. Angas, in order to allow himself more time to devote to religious and benevolent objects, found it necessary to place a considerable part of his business in the hands of his land steward, Mr. William Clark, who had been a quarter of a century in his service, and about the same time he secured the valuable assistance of Mr. W. R. Lawson

as private secretary, who aided him in the preparation of the "History of the Newcastle Sunday School Union," to which reference has already been made,* and other literary work. It was at this period that many important benevolent and religious movements still in existence were set on foot, and one who knew Mr. Angas well was justified in saying:—

"I never saw a man at his age do half so much work, or so good either—politics, business, literary and benevolent work, and English correspondence."

In course of time Mr. Lawson joined the literary staff of an Adelaide newspaper, and the Rev. H. Hussey, a man of considerable ability, untiring energy, and deep piety, succeeded him, and for several years was the secretary and *confidant* of Mr. Angas. It is to the able notes of Mr. Hussey on many of the matters recorded in these pages that we are indebted for our information.

These were among the happiest years of the life of Mr. Angas. In regard to his worldly affairs he could say:—

It has pleased God to give me wealth in this colony of late years, almost without seeking for it. The lands of most value now in my possession were bought by others at my risk, but without my knowledge or consent. The recent estimation show them to be of double the value of my capital in 1834, when I partially retired from business, but more than half of this was sunk in founding this

* See p. 47.

colony. Thus the hand of God has been manifested in what He gave me during my mercantile life, in what He distributed during my labours in founding South Australia, and in what He provided for me after I came here in 1850 in my sixtieth year. To God I give glory for what He first gave, for what He took away from me, and for what I now possess.

In the pauses of his parliamentary duties he employed much of his time in becoming more intimately acquainted with his tenant farmers and their affairs. In 1864 he made a feast in each of the different districts where his tenants dwell, in every instance giving the entertainment in some marquee or public hall in preference to hotels. At four dinners given respectively at Angaston, Tanunda, nine miles distant, Truro, fifteen miles, and Mount Pleasant, twenty miles, there were present 72 English and 153 German tenants, and 99 invited guests—324 in all.

These social gatherings were very useful. Each guest was introduced by name, and shook hands with the host both on coming and going. Good speeches—loyal, friendly, commercial, and embracing topics of general interest, such as agriculture and horticulture—were made by local magnates, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. All the wines and provisions were colonial, mainly the produce of the immediate locality. And, truly, better fare could not have been desired. In describing the family festivities of the previous Christmas, Mr. Angas wrote:—

We had on the table, out of our own garden, four sorts of currants, white and red raspberries, ditto gooseberries, ripe apples, red and white strawberries, very fine cherries, black and red, and a noble supply of flowers.

Although life had its full share of pleasures for Mr. Angas it had also a large proportion of sorrow. He had troubles in his own family, and from the peculiarity of his nature he felt so sympathetically for others that their troubles became his own. He wrote on one occasion to his daughter Emma:—

You know, my dearest child, how intensely sensitive my mind is, and how I feel acutely that which would not move some people's feelings at all.

The full fountain of his affection overflowed to this daughter, who was his *confidante* in everything that related to his social, business, and religious life. Many times he poured out every feeling of heart and soul to her, knowing she would respond with direct, quick, and natural sympathy.

In condoling with her on the death of her husband he wrote a very tender letter, in the course of which he said:—

Jan. 22, 1861.—Your affectionate and deeply affecting letter arrived on the 12th. Oh, how often have you administered to my afflicted mind in times past; how often have your letters and your society been a well-spring of comfort on my earthly pilgrimage; how frequently have you drawn water out of the wells of salvation and offered it to my parched, impoverished lips! And now, when you so much need sympathy and consolation in

your deep, very deep affliction, I feel stupefied and incapable of showing any gratitude to you in return.

Nevertheless he did pour forth strong, loving, helpful words—too sacred and private to lay bare here.

Many events in life, which to most men would be taken as mere "tare and tret," came to him with all the keenness of two-edged swords. His extreme sensitiveness caused him to exaggerate to himself the passing woes and ills of life, and in his letters there are allusions to subjects which most men would have passed over with a sigh, but with him called forth "strong crying and groans." He had a peculiarly felicitous manner of expressing these troubles and anxieties. Thus:—

ABERDEEN, *March 21, 1861.*

I often think that the powers of darkness have been let loose upon me and my family circle to confound our thoughts, wishes, and desires, and to show us all how perfectly vain is the help of man. I am sure it is good for us, even now; it is certain to be so in relation to eternity. The Lord has prospered our worldly affairs, and to prevent our boats from upsetting and drowning us and our souls, He in mercy has cast into them the ballast of worldly sorrow and deep perplexities, so that we may ride out the storms of life in safety, and at last reach the Haven where the wicked cannot reach us to trouble, and where we shall be at rest.

A great and bitter sorrow came to him in the year 1867. One day in January Mrs. Angas was in her garden-chair giving instructions to the gardeners while a cold south wind was blowing, and on the

following day she was confined to her room. Nothing serious was apprehended by her medical attendants, although it was impressed upon her own mind that her last illness had come. Next day the doctor told her that there was no hope of recovery. She received the intelligence with great composure, saying, "God's will is the best! I have known Him long enough to be able to trust Him now." And so it proved; she had no fear of death whatever.

"Once while I was sitting beside her," says Mrs. Hannay, one of her daughters, "and she appeared to be in a great deal of pain, she said to me, 'I can't think how people put off seeking for Christ; I do not know what I should do if I had to seek Him now; it is quite as much as I can do to bear this pain.'"

That night, when Mr. Angas, in great distress, was praying silently by her bedside, she said, earnestly, "Let me go, oh, let me go!" as if to imply that the prayers then ascending were hindering her departure to the better land and life. Shortly after, in quiet, peaceful sleep, she passed away, and on the following Sabbath evening she was interred in the beautiful spot near Lindsay House selected by Mr. Angas for a family vault.

Writing to his daughter in England he said:—

LINDSAY HOUSE, *Jan. 25, 1867.*

On the day when I received your very kind letter of the 28th of November my heart was full of grief and desolation, for on

that morning, about 2 a.m., your beloved mother took her departure for a better world. She slept the sleep of death with the composure of an infant when it goes to sleep upon its mother's breast, without pain, or sighing, or groan—she literally ‘‘languished into life;’’ no muscle of the face changed; she looked more beautiful than for years past.

LINDSAY HOUSE, *Feb.* 16, 1867.

Her remains lie in a vault placed on a little hill in a peaceful, retired, beautiful valley, not far from this house. It forms one of the sweetest evening walks for me to wander up to the spot, where, in perfect solitude, I can both rejoice and weep at her grave, and where also, when the Lord wills, I hope to be placed alongside her.

LINDSAY HOUSE, *Feb.* 19, 1867.

I have just had a walk round our beautiful garden here, abounding in fruits and flowers of all kinds, and still kept in perfect order as your beloved mother left it in my hands. The broad walks, so well disposed along the terraces, are quite dry this evening, although we have had a constant rain for twenty-four hours. But my heart failed me when I thought I had no one to talk with me of its beauties, so I betook myself to my library. Solitude out of doors I cannot get on with, so I fly to my books.

Parted for a time from his wife, his hopes went out to his daughter in England, and he urged her to make a permanent home with him in Lindsay House. ‘‘I have no terms,’’ he said, ‘‘in which to express to you my strong desire to have you with me here.’’ But this was not to be. There were children to educate, her late husband's affairs to manage, and many other matters to make this impossible. But eventually the wish—so strong and passionate—to see her and her children again was realized, as we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

LENGTHENING SHADOWS.

Lindsay Park—The Verandah—Writing to Old Friends—Outline of Daily Occupations—A Welcome Visit—The Duke of Edinburgh—Spread of Roman Catholicism—Sir Dominick Daly—A Prophecy—General Election, 1870—Last Entry in Diary—Old Age Drawing On—Interest in Public Movements—Proposed ‘‘History of South Australia.’’—Serious Illness—Recovery.

THE whole of Lindsay Park was beautiful—gardens, lawns, drives, and paddocks; all were kept in perfect order, and on every hand were evidences of taste and culture. But there was one spot that had a charm for Mr. Angas beyond any other in all the world—the spacious verandah surrounding his house. From it he could gaze on hills and undulations, some covered with hanging woods of rich dark foliage, others with dwarf trees of tender green; here and there smiling valleys richly cultivated; nearer at hand the brilliant colours of choice flower-beds, backed by the graceful and varied foliage of his own park.

‘‘Sixteen years have I been here,’’ he wrote in 1867, ‘‘and yet every day when I gaze upon the scene it has an air of novelty. The landscape never palls upon my eyes.’’ Ten years later he was