

able to say the same thing with even greater emphasis, for every year it increased in beauty.

In this verandah he was wont to walk at eventide, or sit and gaze in early morning, and visions of the past and the future would float before his mind's eye as he meditated, mourning the loss of the one with whom for so many years he had been united, or yearning for the re-union in the "Land o' the Leal." In reply to a letter of sympathy from his old legal friend, Mr. Richard Beddome, he said:—

Many thanks for the kind sympathy you express at the sore bereavement which, as the first emotions become softened down, I find what may be called the 'joy of grief,' in the full assurance that she is not lost, but only removed to another part of our Heavenly Father's house. Sometimes I almost think her within call. Certainly the world of spirits is more homely to me than ever before. It is as if she had taken a voyage back to our Father's land and native place, and there was expecting my return to join her in the society of beloved relatives. More than ever do I feel that this is not my rest, although surrounded by a lovely, ever lovely vision of beauty in scenery, with houses for myself and children to one's heart's content, having nothing more to be desired—still it is not my rest, and I look for a better land.

In a later letter he replied to a question of his friend who had asked him how, in his altered social life and in his retirement from Parliament, he was able to keep his active mind occupied. He furnished the following singularly graphic description:—

LINDSAY PARK, *Sept.* 20, 1867.

You ask me to inform you of my daily occupations and move-

ments. To begin with, the fact that on the 1st of May next, if I live so long, I shall enter upon my eightieth year! This circumstance ought to, and it really does, control more or less every day's arrangements.

I live alone in this comfortable habitation, with a man-servant to attend my horses and carriages, and female servants to manage the domestic affairs of the house. Out of doors I have two gardeners and two farm servants, with their wives and families, in nice stone cottages, not far distant from me, who attend to horses, carriages, and one hundred and fifty to two hundred acres of land. The garden consists of seven acres, so that we have everything produced by ourselves—large supplies of poultry of all kinds, and, in all, four cows and seventeen horses, young and old.

In the morning, this being winter, I rise at 7 a.m., and am ready at 8 a.m. to be called to breakfast. After that is over all the servants come in and we have family worship, which reaches to 9 a.m. Then I walk on the verandah until my two men of business arrive at about 9.30 from Angaston, where they live. These are my land steward, Mr. Wm. Clark, who has been twenty years in the concern here, and my grandson, James Angas Johnson. They take the keys of the offices and proceed to business, after holding twenty to thirty minutes' conversation with me in my library about business matters. From 10 to 12.30 I employ my time in my library, open to calls from my clerks or others, then the letter-bag arrives, and my chief clerk brings it up to me to open. He and I read the business letters, and decide upon the replies. The noted items in the daily papers also have our attention. At 1 I dine; then the clerks bring up letters for me to sign and all papers on business, also cheques, drafts, &c., if any, as I allow no one to sign any cheque or important document but myself. All bank-books and cheque-books I keep under my own especial control. Every Monday is the day we fix for the tenants and others to come to the office on special business, when I am always near at hand. At 2 p.m. to 3 I attend to a short walk or domestic affairs, and at 3 I take a siesta on the sofa,

unless prevented by company or other matters. At 4.30 I rise with my physical frame fit for fresh work, and my eyes much the better for quiet repose. Then the clerks come up with business matters for my attention and signature, and at 5 to 5.30, as business permits, the clerks ride off to Angaston in their traps or on horses, and spend their time with their families.

I often have branches of my family call in and take tea with me without ceremony, and perhaps spend the evening; if not, I walk about or meditate in or out of doors, and look after my men, horses, and gardens, or receive calls from my friends.

At 9 p.m. I have reading and family prayers with the household for twenty minutes, and then my supper of bread and butter and glass of wine, and leave the servants to themselves, while I have my own private duties and reading; and retire to rest between 10 and 11, as I find most agreeable and convenient.

I still keep up my establishment at Prospect Hall, near North Adelaide, where I have two female and one male servant, and although I have only been there for a few days since my wife's death, branches of my family, and friends from distant parts, avail themselves of it, and it serves them as a sort of hotel when visiting the city.

Two months after this letter was written Mr. Angas had the inexpressible satisfaction of welcoming his beloved daughter, Mrs. William Johnson, and her son and daughter to Lindsay Park. But not, as he had hoped, to take up their abode permanently in South Australia. It was only a visit—bright, memorable, and helpful, it is true, but it came to an end in a little over a twelvemonth. The abiding benefit was that henceforth there was a new interest in the monthly interchange of letters. She had seen the colony, knew the people, and could

picture her father in the midst of his surroundings at every turn. So the correspondence, after her arrival in England, was renewed "after the example of the former days," but with this additional advantage.

There were stirring times in Adelaide shortly after her departure, as the following extract from one of the first letters shows:—

PROSPECT HALL, March 1, 1869.

You will see by the newspapers what excitement has been produced by the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh and his ship, the *Galatea*; also from the arrival of our new Governor, the Right Honourable Sir James Fergusson, Bart., and his lady and family, as well as the departure of our old Governor, Colonel Hamley, who is much respected. I ventured to dine with these three gentlemen at our club on one evening, when we gave them a splendid dinner. I had a good opportunity there for conversation with the Prince and with our new Governor of a very satisfactory character.

About this time, and until his decease, the mind of Mr. Angas was largely occupied with the question of the rapid spread of Roman Catholicism, not only in South Australia, but throughout the colonies and the world.

As regards Adelaide, the fact that the former Governor, Sir Dominick Daly, was a staunch Roman Catholic may have been the incidental cause of particular attention being drawn to the subject, emphasized by the fact that in December, 1868, soon after bringing one of the most important

Sessions of the Parliament to a close, and in the same year in which he had so ably performed his part in the reception and entertainment of the Duke of Edinburgh, he died very suddenly, and was buried in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, some twelve to fifteen thousand people being assembled in the streets to watch the funeral procession.

Certain it is that within a year of his death Mr. Angas, in letters to friends, records the following facts and impressions:—

My great anxiety is to stem the progress of popery in Australia, and to promote the best interests of the people and of vital religion. . . . I have been in Adelaide for several weeks, chiefly occupied in strenuous efforts against the 'Great Apostasy.' Two weekly anti-popish newspapers now work away in Adelaide. We, that is, Hussey and I, have sent into circulation from fifteen to twenty thousand pamphlets, papers, and tracts, in this and the neighbouring colonies, and this week we are very busy in founding another monthly journal for the advocacy of the Protestant Reformation principles which will, apparently, be sustained by all classes and sects of Protestants.

His views were not narrowed down to South Australia. He took a forward look into the question in its bearings on the whole world, and there are not a few who will regard the following expression of opinion as a true prophecy:—

The condition of political and religious affairs on the Continent, and, indeed, I may add, all over the world, forbode troublous times to us. I have a strong conviction in my mind that anti-Christ, in the form of popery, which, through the restoration of its Order of

Jesuits, now felt to be an organized and dangerous power in every part of the globe, will, as Jesuitism ever has done, be the grand Satanic agency employed to create confusion in every kingdom where the light of the gospel at all is seen. Next to that is the alarming degree of lukewarmness prevalent among Protestants at the increase of popery in England and throughout the British Empire! . . . To subjugate Great Britain and all her colonies to the yoke of Rome is evidently the now prevailing feeling and desire of all earnest Roman Catholics, and it appears clear as noonday to me that the next generation, if not the present one, will have to fight over again the Great Battle of the Reformation! I pray God to speed it!

In the General Election of 1870 Mr. Angas strained every nerve to overmaster the indefatigable efforts of the Roman Catholics to send members of their Church into Parliament, and confessed to a keen satisfaction when the result of the elections was declared and it was found that they had been "signally defeated, having got only one real Papist returned and another who is half a Protestant, while there is not at the present time one Roman Catholic in the Upper House of this province."

Public labours were now getting too much for his strength, and it was a source of intense satisfaction when in 1871 his son, Mr. J. H. Angas, having been returned at the head of the poll, went into the House of Assembly as representative of the Barossa District.

After the death of his wife Mr. Angas gave up the diary which had been his friend and companion for nearly sixty years, and into which he had breathed

all his hopes and fears, his aspirations and confessions. Only very occasionally after that he made an entry, one of the last being as follows:—

On the 1st of May last I completed my eighty-second year, and was in the enjoyment of my mental and bodily faculties, slightly impaired by declining years, yet able to attend to my daily duties, both private and public. My chief failure is in my memory and my eyes, which somewhat interrupts my usefulness, also I feel less able to employ my mental powers with perseverance of effort as formerly. But the Lord affords me the help of others who read and write for me when I fail. . . . I find it necessary to greatly reduce my correspondence with my friends and relatives abroad, and to leave my diary to its own fate. My time on earth cannot be much longer, and there are many duties to discharge in anticipation of my departure from this world—thank God, with the hope of a better, through the Lord Jesus Christ.

Although the increasing weakness in his eyes made it necessary that he should be read to, and a throat affection kept him closely indoors during the winter months, time did not hang heavily upon his hands, and in his correspondence with old friends he frequently writes in a strain like this:—

Time passes away more agreeably with me now than ever in my past life. I have abundance of useful occupation, and everything to make me happy since I retired from the anxieties of parliamentary life. My only business now is to do all the good I can, and to manage my estate to the best advantage, so that I may have wherewith to do 'good and to communicate'—to promote the cause of God and the welfare of my fellows.

By every mail Mrs. Johnson sent him a collection

of cuttings, slips, scraps of newspapers, pamphlets, religious books—anything that she, who knew the bent of his mind so well, was sure would suit him, and these gave him infinite gratification and amusement.

As old age drew on he was in the habit of writing and speaking very freely of his growing infirmities and of his approaching end. We extract from various sources a few of his sayings as a contribution to the literature of old age, and as showing the attitude of his mind, which from first to last was without variability.

In the prospect of his decease he wrote:—

My thoughts in England for a year or two before I left for South Australia were oftentimes engaged in getting knowledge of all things appertaining to my projected future home there, so that my mind was fully prepared to come out when I did. How unwise it would be not to act in like manner in preparing for a removal to my Eternal Home, to learn all I can about the Heavenly Land, as I tried to know all I could about South Australia.

He anticipated a long life, and based his hope on a sound argument:—

My father died in his ninetyeth year, my eldest brother in his eighty-fourth, and many generations of my forefathers were long lived. Great has been the Lord's goodness to our progenitors through many generations, I may even say centuries past, who kept the faith and died in the Lord.

I am running a race with Death at my heels! Considering the pressure upon my heart and mind ever since I began life, and the

wear and tear of the nerves and muscles, I am full of gratitude that I can still attend to my affairs and help others also in an ordinary measure.

All that I do in my garden now is to admire it and to thank God that He has given me so much happiness in my old age.

It was a very remarkable old age. In 1872 he actively protested against an attempt to get up a Joint Stock Company to construct a railway between Port Darwin and Angaston, and, with the aid of his secretary, drew up a lengthy paper exposing, what he considered, the folly of the scheme. In 1875 he fought one of his old battles over again in watching the passing of an Act to establish a Council of Education with paid President, Secretary, and Inspectors, directly responsible to a Minister of Education — an Act comprehending these three great principles: secular education, without excluding the Bible; exemption to those who could not afford to pay the fees; compulsory attendance whenever practicable.

No man knew more of the history of South Australia than Mr. Angas, and it had long been his ambition to see a comprehensive work issued from the press, giving the story of the rise and progress of the colony. He had collected a vast store of information to this end, and had on more than one occasion taken some steps to carry out his desire. But in his eighty-sixth year he wrote:—

“I am too old now to think of writing a history,

but I have written fifty-nine private journals, containing from one hundred to three hundred pages each (but none since my wife's death — January 14, 1867), with copies of correspondence in abundance.”

Like other things, to which we shall refer by and by, it was left too late; bodily and mental health were still vigorous; he could write without the aid of spectacles, and his hearing was perfect, but memory was showing symptoms of failure. “It is like a slate,” he said, “which is written upon daily, and at last becomes so that discernible impressions are made with difficulty.”

In April, 1875, in his eighty-seventh year, he was taken suddenly and seriously ill. It was noticed when he retired to bed that he was unusually feeble, and this circumstance induced his considerate house-keeper (Mrs. Parsons) to make inquiry some time after as to whether he was in bed. Receiving no reply, assistance was called, and he was found on the floor in a semi-conscious state as if he had knelt down and had been afterwards unable to rise. But for this timely inquiry he would probably have been found dead in the morning. On recovering consciousness he inquired what was the nature of his illness, and said, quaintly and calmly, to the doctor, “Don't allow the old house to fall down for want of a little repair.”

The old house did not fall, a repairing lease was granted.

When it was thought by his medical attendant and all his friends that he was sinking, he turned to Mr. Hussey, his secretary, and said:—

“I feel persuaded that the Lord has some more work for me to do.”

“Then, if so, the Lord will raise you up and give you strength to do it,” answered Mr. Hussey.

“Man is immortal till his work is done,” replied the apparently dying man.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEATH AND CHARACTERISTICS.

Convalescence—Angaston Recreation Park—Celebration of Ninetieth Birthday—Death of a Sister—A Sad Sunday—Death—Burial—South Australia as he Left it—The Old Generations and the New—Characteristics—Puritanism—The Secret of his Life—Heart Larger than Creed—Habits—Employment of Time—Punctuality—The Right Use of Money—Simple Living—General Principles—Amusements—Training a Family—Ruling by Love and Fear—Treatment of Domestic—Philanthropy—Struggling Ministers and Churches—Clinging to Old Associations—Angaston—Conclusion.

It was many months before Mr. Angas could leave his room or resume any of his former duties, and never again was he to have his old vigour restored. Memory began to fail, and the principle on which he had acted from boyhood of never putting off for to-morrow what he could do to-day, gave place to postponing everything which was not absolutely necessary to do. He could still enjoy the society of friends and of books; the beauties of nature had lost none of their charms for him; and the consolations of religion and the pleasures of benevolence were as real and attractive as ever. The old energy of spirit often displayed itself in his closing years, but “the flesh was weak,” and he was obliged to