

Natal Society Lecture,
Monday, 5 March 1984

The Revd John David Jenkins (1828-76) *Canon of the Cathedral of Natal*

The niceties of kinship, and genealogy in general, are traditionally fascinating to Welshmen, so we have to begin by establishing our man's origins. His mother, Maria, was first married to Thomas Dyke, a chemist at Merthyr Tydfil in South Wales, but he died in 1823. She subsequently married William David Jenkins, who is described in the registers as 'druggist of Merthyr Tydfil village'. He is given elsewhere as a freeholder of Castellau Fach, in the parish of Llantrisant; the Jenkinsses claimed descent from Iestyn ap Gwrgant, prince of Glamorgan. Maria and William had three children, the eldest of whom was John David Jenkins, born on 30 January 1828. Unfortunately, his father died when he was seven years of age, leaving his mother to raise a young family — as was so often the case in Wales, gentle birth did not always mean great wealth.

Whatever their circumstances, John went to Cowbridge Grammar School, and his native abilities took him to Jesus College, Oxford, in 1846 — when he was eighteen years old. As an undergraduate, he was sufficiently talented to come second for a new prize open to all members of the university — the Pusey and Ellerton Hebrew Scholarship. It brought him into the limelight, because the great Dr Pusey gave him £10 for buying books. Having taken his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1850, Jenkins was sufficiently well admired at Jesus to be elected to a full fellowship of the college in 1851. By the terms of its foundation, a King James II missionary fellow (for that was what he was) had 'to go to sea in any of His Majesty's fleets', or be 'called by the Bishop of London . . . to go into any of His Majesty's plantations, there to take a cure of souls' upon himself.

Jenkins was the last to hold such a fellowship, and one of the few to take its purpose seriously — although Natal was distinctly better than a plantation. He had to enter Holy Orders: in March 1851 he was ordained deacon, and a year later priest, by Samuel Wilberforce, the bishop of Oxford known as 'Soapy Sam' to his contemporaries.

To serve his apprenticeship, so to speak, Jenkins at once began work in what nowadays we would call a tough parish in Oxford, although he would have lived in his Fellow's rooms at Jesus while doing so. He served as curate of St Paul's in that part of the city known as Jericho. It was portrayed as the working-class suburb of Beersheba by Thomas Hardy in *Jude the Obscure*. It



Canon J.D. Jenkins as a young priest, painted by Holman Hunt.
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began its life after the Clarendon Press was built in 1830, and went on growing through the Victorian period. The religious needs of its community were catered for remarkably quickly, for in 1836 appeared the first church to be newly built and consecrated in Oxford since the middle ages. St Paul's was just early enough to miss the full blast of Gothic revivalism: instead its appearance was unique locally as an example of Greek Renaissance style, with its Ionic facade surmounted by a modest cross on the pediment.

Jenkins laboured there under the Revd Alfred Hackman, who was precentor at the cathedral and chaplain of Christ Church. Hackman was vicar of St Paul's from 1844 until 1870, thus having had seven years' experience of the new parish before Jenkins came as curate: he was described as 'a High and Dry Churchman of the old school, a Tractarian, but with no tendencies to Ritualism'. He was nevertheless one of the first to popularize with the poor and humble the truths that the Oxford Movement had first advanced among more cultivated minds. Hackman opened St Paul's for services on Sunday evenings, the second clergyman to do so in Oxford, and his influence on Jenkins may have been profound. He and all the later St Paul's clergy are credited with promoting the well-being of the people of Jericho, then regarded as 'the lowest and poorest quarter of the university city!' Day schools were built, the lads employed at the University Press given a short service of their own each Sunday morning, and plenty of sick-visiting was done during the cholera epidemics. Such was the practical side

of Jenkins's churchmanship, going with the aesthetic, pre-Raphaelite side of his portrait by Holman Hunt which is full of High Church symbolism.

By the late summer of 1852 Jenkins must have decided to abide by the full provision of his missionary fellowship, and go overseas. The Bishop of London directed him to serve in South Africa. He sailed on 15 October 1852, and on arrival at Cape Town the Bishop, Dr Robert Gray, sent him on to Natal to assist the Revd James Green at Pietermaritzburg. Leaving Cape Town on 20 January 1853, Jenkins reached Durban aboard the *Sir Robert Peel*, in the wake of so many other immigrants who had come ashore in the past few years. He must have reached Maritzburg just about on his twenty-fifth birthday.

John David Jenkins began his ministry at once with the garrison at Fort Napier. In a letter written on 23 April 1853, he told his half-brother, Dr Thomas Jones Dyke, at home in Merthyr Tydfil: 'I say prayers to the troops before morning service; there are about 600 here'. Incidentally, this quotation of a mere fourteen words is all we have on record of what must have been a treasury of letters by Jenkins from early Natal. We are forced to reconstruct his ministry from other sources, as and where we can track them down. The regiment with which he worked was that old friend of the infant colony, Her Majesty's 45th Regiment of Foot, later to become the Sherwood Foresters, with its territory in Nottinghamshire. The 45th (or two companies of it) built the original Fort Napier in August 1843.

It was a party of the 45th, under Major Cooper, that proceeded to build a military post on the Bushman's River early in 1848, and it was the same Henry Cooper who commanded the regiment between 1854 and 1863.

In other words, Cooper was the C.O. under whom Jenkins worked from the outset as military chaplain, and throughout his time with the garrison at Fort Napier. When another senior regimental officer arrived at Maritzburg in 1855, he had this to say in the first letter to his wife in England: 'The Chaplain here is a Mr Jenkins who came out as ignorant as possible of soldiers, and imagined them to be everything that was horrible; since working amongst them he thinks them as good as he feared they were bad, and is indefatigable in his work. He is one of the best and most simple-minded men I have met and is liked and respected alike by officers and men'. When Mrs Flora Devereux arrived soon afterwards to join her husband in Natal, she put herself at Jenkins's disposal as a teacher in his military school for both children and grown-ups. She enjoyed the experience, and in 1878 (after his death) said he was 'one of the most beautiful, efficient, unselfish and learned characters as a Chaplain I ever met with'.

He made it his business to know every man, woman, and child in the 45th Regiment and the battery of Field Artillery, exercising a boundless good influence over all of them. Mrs Devereux and he worked with the soldiers' wives, persuading them to save money, to make and mend clothes for their children — 'instead of spending it in folly', she said, 'and, alas, in many cases drink'. Jenkins might help a half-drunken soldier get back into barracks unnoticed after lights out, but the next day 'by loving remonstrance' he would try to induce him to sign the pledge of total abstinence. After his first year of pastoral care at Fort Napier there was a



Canon J.D. Jenkins with the officers of the 45th Regiment.

(Photograph: Cape Archives C109/12)

sharp improvement in the order, cleanliness, and general bearing of those in married quarters.

He was an honorary member of the officers' mess (doubtless of the sergeants' mess, also), and Major Devereux noted that when he was present 'the most reckless of the officers would not use an expression that would have caused Mr Jenkins pain'. Flora Devereux put all these details in a letter to Dr Dyke, signing it 'from one who liked and valued dear, good Mr Jenkins'.

Corroboration of this profile comes from an official District Order, dated 9 December 1858 at the adjutant's office, Durban. It is nicely phrased: 'The officiating Chaplain to the Garrison at Fort Napier, the Revd J.D. Jenkins, M.A., having obtained leave to return to England, the Commandant is desirous, before he embarks, to express his appreciation of his particular and kind attention to the sick and to the school-children, and his gratification at the valuable services he had performed for more than five years, with remarkable devotedness and indefatigable exertions, for the welfare of the troops, who, he feels certain, will be glad with him to wish the Revd J.D. Jenkins 'Farewell, and every happiness', and that they will long cherish his memory, and regret his absence'. Few of us, I am sure, could hope for a better testimonial to our work, whatever it may be.

There are one or two stories about his experiences in Natal. His duties on occasion took him away from Fort Napier. He visited the various outposts, riding on horseback with a sergeant's guard, through what was described (in one obituary notice) as 'miles of wild and desert country, fording rivers and streams, and undergoing all the exigencies of such an uncivilized country'. On one of these jaunts he was asleep in a rondavel one stormy

night when it was struck by lightning; he was barely rescued from the flames, almost losing his life. On another occasion, he was at home late one evening when an urgent message was brought to him.

A soldier was dying at Durban, and had asked to speak with him. Jenkins at once set off on foot, staff in hand. He trudged through the night along the faint path, crossing streams and hearing cries of wild animals. Continuing the next day, towards evening he spotted a camp-fire that turned out to be a party of soldiers from Durban, then still 12 miles distant. Jenkins asked about their comrade, only to be told he had struggled out of his fever and was recovering. 'Overtaxed nature gave way', we are informed, 'and the faithful minister sank to the ground exhausted and fainting' — a classic Victorian scene of morality and sentiment. Not surprisingly, we are told he learnt Zulu 'for the better performance of his sacred ministrations among the natives', as well as speaking 'the form of Dutch used in Natal'.

So much for the military part of Jenkins's career in this part of the world. What of his relations with John William Colenso? We can bring him into focus on the very day that Bishop Colenso first set foot in Pietermaritzburg. It was the afternoon of Tuesday, 7 February 1854, and Colenso describes how he arrived at the government schoolroom, then used by the Anglicans as their place of worship. Just outside 'stood the Reverend J.D. Jenkins with a number of school-children, and the missionaries of our Kafir Institution', all in an attitude of welcome. After greeting them he tidied himself in the vestry, but had to go to the altar in his riding-clothes as the mule-cart with his robes was still on the road from Durban. The service of welcome opened with the singing of the Old Hundredth; prayers were conducted by the Revd James Green, the parish rector, and lessons read by Mr Jenkins, 'the military chaplain of the camp'.

Colenso found it 'truly a most interesting service. The place was crowded with worshippers of all classes — civilians and military, churchmen, dissenters, and Roman Catholics'. Perhaps as a sign of ecclesiastical things to come, that evening was marked by a storm of thunder, lightning and rain.

I find it strange that Guy in his new study of Colenso, completely overlooks Jenkins's presence in Pietermaritzburg. He does this twice over —

- (1) As a matter of fact, Guy wrongly states that only two Anglican clergy, Green and Lloyd, were in Natal when Colenso first arrived. As we see, this is untrue; Canon Jenkins was already very much on the scene.
- (2) In his discussion of Colenso's conflict with his clergy, Guy does not mention Jenkins. I feel it would have been better for our understanding of these conflicts if Guy had said more about Jenkins and less about John Barker and John Crompton. However, I'm jumping the gun a little.

Jenkins and Colenso had a clash of sorts at the very outset of their acquaintance. It came the first time the bishop attended matins in the 'very plain barn of a schoolroom', presumably on 8 February 1854. All the clergy met together in the porch, with much shaking of hands. Jenkins introduced Colenso to some *kholwa*, Christian Zulu, as the '*Umfundisi Umkulu*', the Chief Pastor. At this Colenso looked at him very sternly, stamped his foot upon the ground, and declared: 'Never let me hear you say that again. I am no greater an Umfundisi than you'. Poor Jenkins blushed crimson and subsided. A few days later, on Saturday, 11 February 1854, Jenkins took the

bishop to the camp at Fort Napier to visit a sick soldier at his request. He had been brought up a Wesleyan and was also visited by his denominational minister, Mr Pearse. The man was dying of dysentery, and thirsting for 'the living stream of God's word', and tears ran down his face as Colenso spoke to him. The next day Colenso again went to Fort Napier with Jenkins, who, he says, 'is acting, at present, as military chaplain to the troops in this place'. Is there a hint of peevishness, perhaps, when the bishop adds that by so doing he missed the inspection of 'Miss Barter's Kafir class', of which he had not been told, and, most regrettably, Mr Theophilus Shepstone's address to them? Jenkins's enthusiasm may have run away with him, for he is not mentioned again in Colenso's *Ten Weeks in Natal*.

Initially it seemed that Jenkins held his rightful and promising place in the hierarchy of diocesan clergy. On the Feast of the Annunciation, 1857, when the cathedral of St Peter opened for divine service, Colenso installed Green as Dean, who then in turn installed the three foundation canons in the choir. It was a Chapter of high quality. Charles Mackenzie a fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge was archdeacon; he did not stay long in Natal, becoming the first missionary bishop of the Anglican church in 1861. Unfortunately his activities in the Central African field ended in disaster and death: embroiling himself in tribal warfare, he behaved rather like the crusading, fighting bishops of medieval Europe. The second canon was the Revd H. Callaway, a doctor of medicine said to have left a London practice worth £1 500 a year to take up missionary work; later he became bishop of St John's in the Cape. Jenkins held the third canon's stall as chancellor of the cathedral. Green's biographer says of him that he was 'a deeply-read theologian and a most accurate scholar'. There again, perhaps, was a source of potential friction with Colenso's style of scholarship. Green and Jenkins had laboured together since 1853 and must have enjoyed a mutual affinity before Colenso appeared like a comet in their midst. 'I quite agree with your views about the Chapter', the bishop told Green in March 1857, 'and shall rejoice if Jenkins will accept the appointment' of canon.

Protocol was one thing, avoidance of controversy quite a different matter in the doctrinal minefield of the mid-Victorian church. So we are brought close to what Ian Darby calls an ugly tale of division. Less than a year later the storm broke over Colenso's views on the nature of the eucharist. As a follower of Zwingli he would not consecrate the elements of bread and wine. Colenso explained all this in a sermon he preached on the second Sunday in Lent, 2 March 1858.

Dean Green and Canon Jenkins walked out of the cathedral, refusing to receive Holy Communion at Colenso's hands so as not to condone his views. Colenso took his eucharistic arguments a stage farther in his sermon on the following Sunday, after which Green summoned the Chapter. Jenkins, who kept its records, wrote the summons himself, specifying Green's objection to Colenso as 'putting forth of heresy, as it seems to me'. Shortly afterwards they jointly prepared the presentation of charges against Colenso to Bishop Gray, the metropolitan at Cape Town. They included another complaint by Jenkins that Colenso had unfairly removed Green as examining Chaplain for the diocesan clergy.

A fresh area of dispute materialised in April 1858 when Green, Jenkins and others refused to take part in the Church Council convened by Colenso.

One of Jenkins's objections reflects his democratic loyalties. He believed that any congregation in Natal should have the right to elect lay representatives on the council, if it wished to do so, including, naturally enough, his garrison congregation at Fort Napier. Colenso did not agree: always careful to preserve his temporal powers, he persuaded the council to vote against having an open diocesan synod, on 20 April 1858. It was alleged the council was dominated by 'militant Protestantism' hostile to certain clergy thought to be 'of evident Tractarian leaning'. No doubt Jenkins was one of them, and Colenso saw him as a member of what he termed the 'High Church School' in a letter to Theophilus Shepstone. Yet there is nothing to suggest excessive High Churchmanship in a sermon Jenkins preached at this very time. He took his text from the fourth chapter of Hebrews, where Christ is seen as 'a great High Priest', full of understanding of mankind's sinfulness, waiting for our confessions, and ready to forgive. There is nothing in what Jenkins says to suggest he had a Roman belief in the confessional: it is an excellent sermon, concentrating the essence of Christian belief.

Colenso made the most of Jenkins's decision to return to England on sick-leave, hoping perhaps finally to break the Green-Jenkins alignment. Between June and September 1857 they had taken over the cathedral school at 1, Church Street, Pietermaritzburg, when the Revd W.O. Newnham gave it up. After Jenkins left on a year's leave of absence, Green was asked to vacate the building in which the school was held. That was on 16 December 1858, just after Jenkins sailed from Durban on the *Waldensian*. The school committee, concerted by Colenso, took possession of the schoolhouse that Jenkins lived in. They removed his books and possessions without having given him notice of intent, something Green called 'an unusual act of discourtesy'. One wonders what happened to them.

In addition, there were the inevitable financial repercussions of all this. Green had admitted to the school a certain number of free foundation scholars, whereas Colenso's original grammar school had made no such concessions to non-fee payers. One of these free scholars was young George McLeod; his mother Ellen wrote a letter on Boxing Day 1858 explaining that Jenkins had paid £200 to secure a 'fellowship' of £12 a year for George at the school. Not surprisingly, this scheme was being blocked, almost certainly by Colenso; all we have from Ellen McLeod is a tactful 'We do not know who may be in the right, but both Mr Green and Mr Jenkins are good men'. Another and more reliable source says Jenkins established a trust fund of £250 vested in the Dean and Chapter; the money came from his military chaplaincy, and was to be used to endow one or more Divinity Scholarships. The fund was to be administered jointly by the Bishop of Cape Town, the Bishop of Natal, and the Dean. Given the way things went over the next few years in the diocese, this board of trustees was fated never to meet. There was too much bitterness and litigation ever to hope that Gray, Colenso and Green would come together to administer what was, after all, a handsome fund given by Jenkins. The moneys were never disbursed; in January 1868, by order of the Supreme Court of Natal, the entire fund (presumably augmented by interest) was paid into Court. This was when the court ruled that all the Natal properties originally in the name of the Bishop of Cape Town passed to Colenso, as he triumphed over the Green party.

Did Jenkins ever intend returning to Natal? Green's biographer, far from impartial, claims Colenso did his best to make him unwelcome. Jenkins had reported to the bishop of London when he came home in January 1859. A year later he received a letter from Colenso, saying he had overstayed his leave and withdrawing his appointment to the canonry of the cathedral church of Natal. Jenkins sent it with a medical certificate to the bishop of London, who said he could stay in England with a clear mind so far as his fellowship was concerned. Colenso declared the canonry vacant and filled it with the Revd C.S. Grubb. Jenkins continued to carry the dignity of his canonry to the end of his days, and remained friends with Dean Green, who later recalled their collaboration over presenting Colenso. They thought he 'was feeding the Church with poison and it would not be known but through us: so we spoke'. He told the president of the English Church Union that if he wanted local information on the Colenso disputes Jenkins 'would cheerfully furnish you with it'.

By then he was safely ensconced once more within the walls of Jesus College, Oxford. We are fortunate to have a vignette of him immediately after his return from Natal in 1859. It comes from the diary of a distinguished historian, John Richard Green, who was an undergraduate at Jesus and a close friend. 'Yesterday afternoon I walked to Shotover with Jenkins who has just returned from St George's in the East (London), where he has been figuring in contest with the London mob. However he has come out unsinged and unsilenced and is chatty as ever on Despotism and the army. These hobbies are wearisome enough', continues Green, 'but one forgives much to a mind so amiable — I use the word in its strongest sense. He is always finding out some bright point in a character one is criticising (and justly) — he knows the poor soldiers and beggars as well as the swells, and laughs at looks and stares at his beard because unconscious himself of sarcasm — he has no notion of it in others'. (We know he sported a long Nineveh black beard at that time). On another occasion Green says: 'I was yesterday every hour with Jenkins, learning to laugh at him and like him more and more'. In 1859 Jenkins completed the exercises of his Bachelor of Divinity, the senior degree of the university. He also filled at different times the college offices of Dean and Junior Bursar.

He travelled extensively abroad each year to Italy, Spain, France, Germany and Austria, acquiring a speaking facility in all those languages. By his professional training he had a literary knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, and Arabic. True to his national birthright he was of course Welsh-speaking. Scholarship took up much of his time, especially the history of the early Christian church. He read for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which he took in 1871. The fruit of his research also began to appear in print: 1869 saw the publication of his book entitled *The Age of the Martyrs, or The first three centuries of the work of the Church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*. It was the first of a projected nine-volume history, and was translated into Welsh and published at Cardiff in 1890.

By 1869 Jenkins wished to leave Oxford. He must have made a deliberate decision, because as a senior fellow of Jesus he could have had the pick of the rich English livings in the gift of the college. Instead he decided to become vicar of Aberdare, in South Wales, in March 1870. It was in the patronage of his friend the third Marquess of Bute, who owned Cardiff

docks and who often invited Jenkins to stay at Cardiff Castle. He was returning to the environment in which he had grown up, the turbulent new communities of industrial South Wales, splendidly pictured by the late Richard Llewellyn in *How Green Was My Valley*. Aberdare had a growing population of 37 000, many of whom lived scattered in outlying districts, away from the town, wherever townships had sprung up alongside the collieries and ironworks. There was an ancient church of St John Baptist, dating from the twelfth century. When Jenkins arrived it was in a semi-ruinous state, and characteristically he succeeded in raising £900 to restore it to its original design. This was achieved between 1871 and 1874. The rapid increase in population also led to the building of four new churches; the chief one was St Elvan's in the heart of the town, completed in 1852. It was proudly and unashamedly a piece of Victorian Gothic; by the time Jenkins appeared on the scene, alas, its fabric was in need of repair, and he bent his energies to raising £700 for that too.

The basic needs of the working people of his parish were actively championed by Jenkins. He had a particular affinity with the new class of railway workers, dating back to his days at St Paul's, Oxford, the railway first coming in 1852 (having been kept at bay by the university for many years). When he returned to Jesus College he became much involved with the railway community at Jericho, supposedly scandalizing some of his colleagues by bringing whole families of railway workers to his college rooms for tea and buns. At Aberdare he took this much farther at a formal level. There were nearly 300 railwaymen in his charge, and he held services for them at 4.30 a.m. before they went to work on the early shift. Jenkins advised and helped the men when in dispute with their employers over conditions and wages. During the 'Great Strike' of 1872 he negotiated with the trade union leader Mundella, and was appointed arbitrator between masters and workmen. Little wonder that in June 1872 he was asked to be vice-president of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. He became president the following year, and so remained to the time of his death, chairing their annual conferences, often in the shadow of threatened strike-action. Jenkins became known as the Railwaymen's Apostle. But he also supported the coalminers in their labour conflicts. He tried to make himself the go-between in the last miners' strike before 1876, telling the colliers' representatives 'how he had pleaded their case in the drawing-rooms of irate employers'. No one can deny the inner conviction of Christian charitableness that drove him to contend for the social well-being of the working class.

To complete this sketch of his Aberdare years, Jenkins was a leading light at the birth of the Welsh tradition for choral singing. He was a friend of Griffith Rhys Jones, known as Caradog, a local blacksmith who founded and conducted the South Wales Choral Union. In 1872 Jenkins was the elected president of the mixed choir when they went to the Crystal Palace in London, to compete at the first National Music Meeting. Although most of the singers were non-conformists, they were happy to have an Anglican as their head, and Jenkins must have enjoyed instructing them in the Latin passages of their choral pieces. He organized their journey from Aberdare to London by the Great Western Railway: they could not have been in better hands. He kept an eye on the younger members, 'his genial face

appearing at every carriage window at almost every station. He seemed to be known by every official on the railway', who greeted him 'as one greets a venerated friend'.

At the G.W.R. headquarters, Swindon, the railwaymen presented him with a golden penholder.

Caradog's men and women sang their way to victory, winning the trophy. Afterwards there was a royal reception for them on the lawns of Marlborough House. Such excitement! The Prince of Wales spoke at length with Caradog, the Princess of Wales (Alexandra) talked intently with Jenkins, their young daughters intrigued with the black and red stripes of his Doctor of Divinity robes. Jenkins reported afterwards how the future King Edward VII was surprised 'to find people of such homely appearance possessing such artistic merit'. Caradog's 'Côr Mawr' successfully retained the trophy in 1873, and was not challenged again for many years.

So to the premature end of this story of Jenkins's life. All the various commitments and allegiances of this remarkable man came together in public expression, of course, at his funeral. Wales at that time, and indeed down to my own boyhood, favoured the grand send-off. Any public figure with a strong personal following would have an emotional act of remembrance and tribute at the church or chapel, and again more vigorously at the graveside. The interment of John David Jenkins was memorable, even by Welsh standards. A sense of public concern pervades the reports that record his fatal illness, in newspapers like the *Western Mail*. His health crumbled away in the summer of 1876, he became old-looking and frail, his beard white, and he had to subsist on a totally liquid diet. By the evening of Wednesday, 8 November 1876, he was unconscious, surrounded by friends and family; a reporter who called at the vicarage said of the stricken man that 'his tenure of life is only a matter of a few hours'. He was still a few months short of his forty-ninth birthday.

The funeral service began at St Elvan's church at 2 p.m. on Wednesday, 15 November. In the words of the *Western Mail* reporter the day 'broke dark and gloomy over this stirring little metropolis' in the Welsh valleys. It is easy to imagine the scene as the thousands of mourners made their way from the church: the brief day slipping away to darkness, with rain falling steadily from a low sky resting upon the bare hills, blotting out the memorable skyline of the Brecon Beacons. Just over two years later, had he lived so long, Jenkins would have shared the grief of the local community when so many of its sons died with the 24th Regiment at Isandlwana. His grave is marked by a red granite memorial cross, placed there by the workmen of the Great Western Railway and the Taff Vale Railway, 'in loving remembrance'.

How should we remember the achievements of John David Jenkins? His versatility was fully realised in his own lifetime. Obituary notices pointed out his various activities as parish priest, scholar, social reformer, and philanthropist.

He was recalled in one of the Oxford newspapers as someone who 'endeared himself to all with whom he was acquainted by his kind and genial disposition, and the poor have by his death lost a most generous and warm-hearted friend'. It would be wrong to suggest that Jenkins was in any way unique, or that he was a faultless paragon: he may have been stubborn in his

opposition to Colenso, and his evaluation of church history may have been uncritical. But two of his qualities are reiterated by several quite different sets of people who knew and worked with him. The first is 'amiable': this means friendly, kindly-disposed, lovable. The other is 'indefatigable': this means someone who cannot be tired out, unremitting. Together they convey an image of Jenkins's personality as that of a lovable man who could not spare himself in striving for his ideals and Christian belief. He must have had what nowadays we call 'charisma'. I wish we knew much more about those years of his life he spent in Natal, and I shall continue to search for that knowledge. In the meantime I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for joining me in this brief illumination of the career of Canon John David Jenkins.

FRANK EMERY

