

Service for many Chapters, but it certainly seems successful.

The possibility of Brotherhood work in colleges, even when attendance at church services is compulsory, is notably emphasized by the annual report of the Chapter at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. The Chapter numbers seventeen members, and, in the words of the report, "We come together once a week for our own spiritual betterment, hoping that by our Christian example our fellow students may be impressed with the glory of serving Christ, and may thus be brought to Him." The weekly meetings consist of reading prayers and Scripture lessons, a short informal address on some practical topic, and a general discussion of the same. Six of the members are candidates for Holy Orders, of whom two or three have become candidates since joining the Brotherhood. If such an example would be followed elsewhere, the question of Brotherhood work in colleges would be practically solved.

Redeemer Chapter, Toronto, has a special programme consisting of five addresses and four papers, extending through the winter months, which cannot fail to benefit the members of the Chapter. Subjects of address:—*'Influence of Preaching,' 'Social Engagements,—how they may be made handmaids to or hindrances of a godly life,' 'Men of Prayer and Faith,' 'The Church Year Services,—how they may be made profitable;'* Papers on *Life of Moses, Joshua, Daniel, Elijah.*—*St Andrew's Cross.*

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER ON THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Two sermons were preached last Sunday in York Minster, in both of which reference was made to Archbishop Thomson. In the evening the Bishop of Rochester (Bishop designate of Winchester) was the preacher. He took as his text Rev. iii, 12—"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God." In the course of his sermon he said: "In expounding this evening the two distinct thoughts in this magnificent promise I shall have in mind—you will have in mind—that marked, almost colossal personality which for a generation has filled so large a space in the history of the Church of England and in the government of the See of York. If long opportunity and unstinted affection help one to know a man, I ought to know your late Archbishop. Our friendship covers an unbroken space of thirty-five years. When first he came to London, as a curate in the next parish, I worked at his side. When he was consecrated Bishop of Gloucester I preached the sermon. When he came to be enthroned as Primate of England I was in attendance on him with my learned brother of St. David's. Ever since, at his ordinations and other occasional functions in the diocese, I had the honor and happiness of serving him, until in my time I was set apart to the government of that southern See to which more than 1,200 years ago, in his exile and distress, your Paulinus was content to come. Diligence is the very sense of duty, and the Archbishop's diligence was so incessant, so varied, so slightly alleviated by assistance and leisure, so imperfectly compensated, at least in his later years, by relaxation of vacation and travel, that his life was certainly shortened by not a few years. If he took a holiday he was not clever in using it. Though he had his occasions of brilliant talk and even overflowing joyousness, he did not easily catch the secret of throwing off his cares.

'He was at his best and his happiest when he stood on a Hull or a Sheffield platform, speaking with manly and fatherly wisdom to the keen-witted artisans whom he could conciliate without flattering, convince without cajol-

ing, whose intellectual respect and personal affection he won, as perhaps no one before him has won, to Christ and the Church, and some of whom travelled many miles to carry him to his simple grave by the side of the Ouse. He came to this great chair of York just when some essays and reviews, now almost forgotten, were seriously disturbing even erudite and calm-minded men. His *Aids to Faith* must be known to many of you. At the other pole of religious thought he met the flowing tide of a movement which even to such men as John Burgon and Samuel Wilberforce had a look and a tendency to what has been incisively described as the 'Italian mission.' No doubt he mis-trusted it. He never pretended not to mistrust it, and with all the force he possessed it was neither puny nor vacillating. He did what lay in him, and by all means open to him tried to check, to counteract, to drive back what he honestly felt to be a subtle but grave danger to the Church and realm of England. He has been called intolerant, and I often wish—perhaps you may wish it also—that some one would tell us what intolerance means. I admit that in Archbishop Thomson's massive, though somewhat slowly moving intellect, there were these incessant, irresistible, inexorable factors, ever influencing, nay, ever controlling it—the instinct of reason and the instinct of law. He is not the only man in the world about whom these not very dishonorable statements may safely be made, nor is he the only man who has suffered in consequence of them. Yet they must be taken into account by all who would pass a just verdict on his career. He was nothing if he was not a logician. His *Outlines of the Laws of Thought*, which he once told me was written as an undergraduate, marks the first milestone of his intellectual life. What he was himself he expected others to be; and it is possible that supreme deference to the authority and laws of reason may occasionally have given an air of arrogance, just touched with disdain, to opponents whose arguments he crushed like gnats in the hand. To his own friends, those who had the passkey of his mind, nothing would have been stranger—nay, we should have felt it impossible—than a thought or word or gesture of superciliousness, as if implying that he looked down on us because we looked up to him. So with the legal instinct. If the law was made plain by a competent tribunal he did not, he could not, see why obedience to it should not be instantly and loyally rendered by those who claimed its protection, and, if refused, why it should not be enforced. To him, and he was not alone in his opinion, the assertion of authority seemed the only safeguard against chaos.

'His character may be summed up in three words—sincerity, kindness, piety. He was true to the innermost fibre of his being. You may not have greatly cared for him. You may sometimes have been even vexed in your helplessness to move him from a purpose he had once formed, or to persuade him out of a conviction he had finally matured. You may have thought and even spoken of him as unbending and unjust; but you could always trust him, and be sure where to find him, and he would remain there. Narrow he may have been, and I doubt if the adjective would have greatly troubled him, though no one really deserved it less. False, capricious, insincere, inconstant, he could not be; and no one would think of accusing him of it. How kindly he was to friends, how tender to those who had the way into his heart, some here could say. It is a striking fact, and one that it is no slight boast to make, that till our Archbishop died two of the very kindest gentlemen in England—and there are many such—were the two English Primates. What tenderness there was in that great heart to those who were admitted—not every one was admitted—I dare not trust myself to say. Nor may I lift the curtain that

shelters from the outside world the parental tenderness of the home where the strong and thoughtful father, a nurse in sickness, companion in boyhood, friend of man's estate, was loved with a passionate fondness, and is mourned with an exquisite regret. Of his goodness, of the reality and solidity of the life hidden with Christ in God, it would not be seemly for me to say much now, and I instinctively feel that he would greatly dislike any parade of words. The life of Christ was the constant study of his life. The love of Christ was the one motive of his duty. The sacrifice of Christ is his recompense now. There was nothing gushing or emotional or hysterical in his religion. But his secret hope and trust and joy were in the Cross. The hymn sung in the Bishopthorpe Church at his funeral was his simple and sufficient creed for life and death:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

'Strong? Yes, he was strong, and he could not help being strong, and no doubt the strong sometimes seem masterful. But do not you want a strong man here, and would you like him better if he were feeble or changeable or ever startled by his own shadow? Let us be just. We must take a strong man as we find him, and make the best of him, for we cannot make him to order, and if sometimes a strong man is a little too strong for us, and thwarts us in what we think our more excellent way, it is only what we do on ourselves when we have our chance. For it seems a duty to contend for right, and it is a poor manhood that resents honorable defeat. This friend and father of ours was utterly incapable of a base, or a mean, or an unworthy action. He was munificent to a fault. He was no party man. If he had classed himself with a school, it would have been the school of Richard Hooker. The doctrines of grace were dear to him, and he asserted and vindicated liberty and dignity of thought. There may have been an element of solitariness in him. We Bishops often feel terribly lonely. To strangers he may have seemed reserved, and if his wounds did not quickly heal, and if he was sensitive to unkindness, it was because into deep natures the sword goes deeply, while surface wounds soon disappear. If we of the southern province regretted anything about him, it was because we did not have enough of his presence and counsel. We could hardly have too much. If he did not often defer to his peers, some of them at least were young enough to be his sons. The dignity and independence of his northern province he ever had at heart, and the northern Churchmen will be slow to blame him for it if he ruled more as a monarch than in Council, singly rather than in consultation with others. He was one of an earlier generation of Bishops before diocesan conferences and church congresses were thought of; and strong among men like Tait, and Thirlwall, and Selwyn, and Wilberforce. He was essentially a layman's Bishop, living in the midst of our modern life; intimately associating with the foremost thinkers and statesmen of the day; conversant with modern problems, rebuking the levities and voices of a frivolous age with words of scathing power. He is gone. We miss him to-day. We shall miss him more to-morrow. Missing will not bring him back; but to be missed is the best recompense of a nobler life, and he is not lost to us in the house of God. He is a pillar still. He left us when it was best for him to leave us, before his eye was quenched or his natural force abated, like a great forest tree with all its branches, much of its foliage, left. He has suddenly gone down before the storm with our happiest recollections of him undimmed and unchanged. There was just a look of weariness in his face as if he had worked long enough and wanted rest. The rest has come mercifully, gently, blessedly. We will not grudge it him with selfish tears.'—*Church Bells.*