

complex difficulties and more bitter strife, will turn in silent sorrow to the Sussex grave of that great man, and newly lament our loss. May God give us all grace to be leal and loyal to His Truth; and help us, each in his own sphere, to hand it on untarnished and untampered with to future generations!

The Bishop, like all of us, had his silent troubles, and perhaps more than an ordinary share of the trials of public life. It must have been a deep sorrow when near relations felt it their conscientious duty to leave the English communion and join the Roman Church; for such action on their part, quite alien to his principles, clouded his public career, and may have been considered a sufficient political reason why to the greatest Ecclesiastic since the days of Laud, were unfortunately denied the three highest places of dignity in the English Church.

But the sad suddenness of his death, the remembrance of his lofty and varied talents, his brilliant oratorical powers, his great personal influence, his social charms and universal geniality and his indefatigable labours, have made all but the narrowest and least attractive section of Englishmen—naturally proud of so eminent a man—heartily and sorrowfully deplore his great loss.

Without any warning, in a moment, as it were, with no time for reflection, save, perhaps, for a mental ejaculation for divine help from the ever-present and always-remembered God of Mercies, he was smitten down by the hand of Death. And the news of that dire accident came to thousands with a shock most rude and severe. The muffled bells of the cathedral-spire of Oxford told the sad story to a diocese which loved him well. The meadows round his own cathedral heard the responsive toll of a solemn knell from the low tower near St. Swithun's shrine; and from our own parish church here, and a thousand other spires, the same melancholy message of a deep loss was borne forth upon the summer breeze. His pastoral staff has been put aside, the sacred ring is withdrawn from the hand so often lifted in blessing. The voice which spoke so well will speak no more. But for him the Lamb of God was pleaded, and the Sacrifice of Calvary applied. He was then carried forth to his last resting-place, where the flowers that hid his coffin, as well as the service of hope and consolation sung over his grave, told of a more beautiful summer than this in which he was cut off, and of a sure and certain resurrection upon a morning yet to break. In such faith and hope let his sorrowing relatives live, and dry their tears.

Now, therefore, while you have life, and health, and strength, while your sun is not yet gone down, nor the grave yawning for you beneath, before Time begin his ravages, and disease sap your vitals—ascend your watch-tower, contemplate the prospect, stretch your thought inward, and determine what the end shall be. You are, in one sense, the arbiter of your own destiny! God has opened the way to Himself by

the mediation of His Son, and by the offers of His Spirit. Through the Son you may be forgiven, through the Spirit sanctified. A feast is spread, to which you are invited; a river of life, of which you may drink; a crown of glory, which is your appointed reward. May God fix your hearts for glory, honour, and immortality, through Jesus Christ our Lord!—

*Henry Martyn.*