

together strangely yet sweetly, but by no concerted action, yet with blended wills, prepared themselves bravely for the battle. The struggle has seemed long and wearisome: for the enemy was powerful, not so much by active aggression, as by passive imbecility and because of a perverted faith. When, therefore, the old truths were won, other master-minds were needed, likewise, in order that actual practice might reasonably follow faith, and the truths in question be efficiently set before men's eyes with precision, with plainness and with power.

No one has done this more successfully than the Bishop whom we have so recently lost. His name and labours will not soon be forgotten. Like Simon the High-Priest of old for Jerusalem, he worked to rebuild the foundations and to strengthen the walls of the English Church; and the diocese of Oxford, over which he so ably presided for a quarter of a century, is an existing testimony of his success. In no sense a party man, he succeeded in drawing together partizans, who, looking at Truth from opposite points of view, were sometimes indisposed to co-operate with those who could not pronounce the same Shibboleth, and who frequently stood in danger of contracting a sectarian or schismatical temper of mind. For such he had a message and a mission. And blessed have both turned out in several of their results. Few there were, we rejoice to remember, who persisted in their rancorous vituperation and sarcastic criticisms to the end; while of these few,—preachers of “another Gospel which is not another,”—almost all preserved the anonymous and spat out their corrosive venom at the bishop from behind a shield.

It is not too much to say that as a Chief Pastor and Administrator not many have approached him. When he conferred the sacred rite of Holy Orders, everything connected with its transmission was observed with a dignity, a care, an exactness, and a devotion, which could not be equalled by prelate in any portion of the Christian Family. I speak what I know, and testify of what I have seen. At his hands it was my privilege, nearly twenty years ago, to receive the gift of the Diaconate, and, in due course, the grace of the Priesthood. And I shall never forget the day on which the latter was conferred. In the grand old sanctuary of Merton College, surrounded by ecclesiastical officers and dignitaries of the diocese, was conveyed to the candidates the power to bless the chalice and break the bread, to speak peace to the sinner, and bind up the broken-hearted, in the Name, and by the enduring commission, of our Divine Redeemer. Never was Episcopal rite more carefully rendered or more impressively done. So was it with Confirmation. With him it was no formal act, for he was ever fresh, earnest, and thorough. The testimony to his foresight and wisdom in these and other particulars, lies in the fact that so many of his episcopal contemporaries elected to follow his example, in the due and reasonable restoration of disused solemnities and valuable ancient customs.

As a preacher he had few equals, and possibly no superiors. Always eloquent and forcible, his sermons were inexpressibly attractive both for