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of the Bill, an amendment, the far-reaching and fatal consequences of which he could not have foreseen.

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ART. IV.—BISHOP THOROLD.

"THE Life of Bishop Thorold," by his friend and chaplain, the Rev. C. H. Simpkinson, deserves a large circle of readers. It is beyond question a most able and valuable biography, and as interesting as it is valuable. Containing no startling incidents, the book yet rivets the attention of the reader from beginning to end. A man of powerful personality and of original genius; a born ruler of men; an impressive and painstaking preacher; a writer of wide influence both here and in America; a prelate of profound sagacity; above all, a man of great personal piety, Bishop Thorold will take his place among the most successful diocesans of the nineteenth century. As Vicar of St. Paul's, Walworth, and afterwards in the Winchester Diocese as Rector of Farnham and examining chaplain, Mr. Simpkinson was privileged to enjoy the close confidence of Bishop Thorold; and in the volume before us he has given us a vivid picture of "the beloved prelate" (as A. K. H. B. was wont to call him), and of the great work, especially in the diocese of Rochester, which, in spite of ill-health, he was enabled successfully to accomplish.

Of Anthony Thorold's early years there is little of interest to record. His father was Rector of Hougham, in Lincolnshire, where the Thorolds had been settled since the beginning of the fourteenth century. They came of a very ancient stock—"no better blood in Lincolnshire," says Kingsley in "Hereward the Wake"—tracing back their ancestry to the famous Lady Godiva. Young Anthony comes before us as a shy and delicate boy, with deep religious impressions, and on terms of the closest intimacy with his youngest sister. Unfortunately he never went to a public school; and this, to a great extent, accounted for that self-consciousness and apparent affectation of manner which often aroused criticism in after years. At the age of nineteen he went up to Queen's College, Oxford, where the social life of the place attracted and delighted him; but he failed to make the most of his University career, obtaining only in the final examination an honorary fourth class in mathematics. After taking his degree he travelled for a time in Egypt and in Palestine, where the sight of the Holy Sepulchre, of Bethlehem and of Nazareth, above all, of Gethsemane, deeply impressed him, and kindled afresh

his former aspirations after a life of close communion with God.

In 1849 Anthony Thorold was ordained deacon by Bishop Prince Lee to the country curacy of Whittington, in Lancashire. Here he laboured with much diligence for five years, old parishioners speaking of him as "the kindest and most self-sacrificing minister who ever came into the village." These years of quiet work were not without their value to the future Bishop, and few were the Ember seasons which he allowed to pass in after years without some allusion to his first Lancashire curacy.

From Whittington Mr. Thorold removed to London as curate to Mr. Garnier, the Rector of Holy Trinity, Marylebone. Here his powers as a preacher quickly attracted attention. He took, we are told, immense pains with his sermons; and it is curious to learn that at this time he was possessed with a great fear that he should "be led away by Maurice or Jowett." Towards the end of 1855 a determined effort was made by the Evangelical leaders to get Thorold promotion; and before long he was offered by the Lord Chancellor the important living of St. Giles'.

He was now thirty-one, and at St. Giles' he was destined to labour for nine years. The parish contained some of the worst slums in London, and the notorious Seven Dials stood in the centre of it. The new Rector at once set vigorously to work to cope with the vice and destitution of the parish. Mission-rooms were opened in the most crowded centres; Bible-women were employed to visit the poor in their own homes; Bible-classes and prayer-meetings were established, and the National Schools were placed on a more efficient footing. But it was as a preacher that the Rector of St. Giles' was most widely known. His pulpit became a centre of attraction to a large class of spiritually-minded people in London. "Intellectually," says Mr. Simpkinson, "he was interesting; spiritually he had begun to exercise that irresistible fascination by which the true lover of God draws other souls heavenwards. Intensely devout, he impressed his hearers with his faith. The grand truths of the Gospel broke through his words living and alight from the altar of God. Faith is infectious. This man had been to the gates of heaven, and knew what he told. He was really confident that God could change the life by changing the heart. He used the treasures of the Cross for himself, and recommended them to others because he had found them so precious." But the Rector's health had long been far from satisfactory. He habitually overworked himself; he took no exercise; while the cares of a large and difficult parish often weighed heavily upon him. In

1867 he completely broke down, and, to his intense sorrow, was compelled to resign St. Giles'. He preached his farewell sermon to his beloved congregation on the words, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" and departed, not knowing whether he would ever again be strong enough for hard work.

In God's good time, however, change of scene and complete rest did much to restore his health, and towards the end of 1868, Mr. Thorold felt himself able to undertake the incumbency of Curzon Chapel, Mayfair, where he attracted large congregations by his preaching. Shortly afterwards came the offer of the Vicarage of St. Pancras, which, now that his health was fairly established, he joyfully accepted. At St. Pancras he came prominently to the front in the cause of Elementary Education, and sat as a member on the first London School Board. His solemn and earnest preaching attracted considerable attention, while his devotional writings gained for him a still wider influence. He was now recognised as one of the leaders of the Evangelical party, and no one was astonished when, in 1877, he was offered, by Lord Beaconsfield, the Bishopric of Rochester.

The new Diocese of Rochester had just been formed of fragments taken from London and Winchester and from the old Diocese of Rochester, and lacked any sort of historical unity. The task in front of the new diocesan was indeed a heavy one—"the most difficult Episcopal task which has been put upon a bishop in the nineteenth century"—but Bishop Thorold was the man to undertake it. He came to the work splendidly equipped. He had served curacies alike in town and country; at St. Giles' and St. Pancras he had ruled with conspicuous success; his work as Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of York had brought him into close connection with hundreds of the younger clergy; his wide experience of parochial missions and Quiet Days was invaluable; while his own spiritual life was one of close communion with God in Christ. Behind a somewhat mannered exterior, which often tended to repel strangers, "lay a deep piety of spirit, and an experience of sorrow, pain, difficulty, and a buoyant hope, which had taught him a very sincere reliance upon God. If the new Bishop believed in himself, as most assuredly he did, it was because he believed God was with him."

The re-constituted diocese lacked, as we have seen, a centre of unity; the Bishop therefore resolved that he himself should become its centre. "Everything should revolve round him; everywhere his personal influence should be felt." And in this determination he remarkably succeeded. He soon became a familiar figure in the diocese. "By preaching, by speaking,

and by continual travelling, by willingly taking his part in all the important events, religious or secular, to which he was invited," he constantly kept himself before the people. His amazing personality was felt everywhere. The Parish Magazines were full of the Bishop's sayings and intentions. The diocesan organizations which he set on foot were all guided by the Bishop's will; while by means of his Ember addresses, his Confirmation addresses, the Quiet Days which he conducted, sometimes for the clergy, sometimes for their wives, sometimes for lay-workers, he brought himself into close spiritual contact with large numbers of the more earnest people in his diocese. Indeed, "the Diocese of Rochester is Bishop Thorold's monument."

The Bishop's Confirmation addresses were strikingly impressive, simple and practical, and abounding in pointed sentences. "How," says Mr. Simpkinson, "can we reconstruct before eyes which never saw him that pathetic figure, always worn and ascetic, seemingly so wearied till the theme of Christ's love moved him; till he was carried away in describing Christ's intense desire for the one gift which the listeners had to give Him; till the demand in the Master's name of each human heart present roused him to a fire which glowed in word and gesture. Some sentences were so stern, some so tender; at times the church rang with the speaker's earnestness, and then the most solemn silence ended in the softest of appeals. Certainly he was a master-player on the spiritual chords." The following incident, related by the person to whom it happened, is so characteristic, and so well describes the effect he often produced, that it is worth quoting:

"After the Confirmation Service was over, the Bishop, followed by the clergy, proceeded down the side aisle; about half way he stopped, and, placing his hand upon my head, looked at me with a kindly smile, and said, 'You shall be confirmed one day, my child!' and passed on. From that time I tried to understand more about the rite of confirmation, and was very eager to receive it when the time came."

Those who were privileged to hear the Bishop's Ember addresses, whether at Selsdon or at Farnham, will never forget them. To many they were at once "a revelation and an inspiration: a revelation of their own hearts and of the sacred character of the office for which they presented themselves; an inspiration which sent them to their parishes eager to train souls for Christ, earnest to point men to their Saviour, widened, deepened, heightened in spiritual character, and full of a great ambition to lead holy lives and to do good, walking in their Master's steps." The addresses were full of strong epigrammatic sentences, which engraved themselves on the memory.

One or two characteristic ones may here be quoted: "Live by method; it will make life twice as long." "Study carefully; God does want your knowledge, and does not want your ignorance." "A preacher who is not a pastor draws his bow at a venture." "How often young preachers take hard texts, not from conceit, but because they do not know them to be hard." "To hear a bright, happy young man, who has had no sorrow greater than being beaten at cricket, discourse on the blessing of sorrow, seems a little out of place to those who have had much of it." And once more: "The modern clergyman is sometimes too busy to pray; he suffers, but also the Church."

In the early years of his rule at Rochester, Bishop Thorold adopted a policy of "isolation" towards those of the ritualistic clergy, who practised what he held to be an illegal ritual. In the course of time, however, his views widened, and he was forced to admit the good work done by many of the advanced clergy. "I am satisfied," he wrote in 1886, "of the wisdom of no longer keeping aloof from these men." But even when he differed most widely, his fairness and personal kindness were always conspicuous; and "the evangelical Bishop had no more loyal or affectionate sons than the ritualist clergy of the diocese." The following incident well brings out the thoughtful and practical sympathy for which the Bishop was noted throughout his diocese:

"Thank you," he writes, "for telling me about the ——'s" (a clergyman and his wife). "Kindly cash the enclosed, and put a ten-pound Bank of England note in the enclosed envelope and post it." "It always seems to me," wrote a South London clergyman's wife, "that the Bishop had had so much sorrow in his own domestic life, that it made him peculiarly sympathetic with the sorrows, and more especially with the joys, of others. The birth of a child, a change of work, any brightness that occurred to a friend, would bring from him a note such as he only could write, short and filling, full of tenderness and joy for his friends. Great thoughtfulness was another characteristic; he would notice fatigue or weariness in others, the clergy or their wives, and when possible would send for them to his lovely and well-appointed home for a day or two's rest. Roses, strawberries and flowers often found their way to the homes of those less fortunate than himself."

The Bishop had indeed experienced sorrow in his own life. Twice he had been left a widower, once when Rector of St. Giles', and again in the first year of his episcopate. All three children of his first marriage were taken from him. His first-born had died in infancy at Whittingham; eight years later his little daughter Winifred was laid by her mother's side in Whittingham churchyard. His son Hayford had been suddenly

cut off at the age of nineteen by scarlet-fever. The Bishop had himself suffered much from ill-health, which often depressed and incapacitated him. And now in the midst of his work at Rochester another sorrow fell upon his already overstrained constitution. His only son Algar had gone up to Oxford in the autumn of 1884, and a few weeks afterwards the Bishop thus begins a new volume of his diary:

"This volume commences with what must change all the future of my life. Algar writes that he has been received into the Church of Rome. I am stunned."

The Bishop bore his sorrow in silence, striving by hard work to mitigate the pain. He overworked himself more than ever, and before long he was stricken with an attack of asthma, which henceforth was to make his life one constant struggle with feeble health. He was overwhelmed with depression. "May God direct," he writes in his diary. "I wish with all child-like loving submission to yield to Him; but it is hard. My boy is gone, and it was my comfort that my work remained. That is gone now." "I want comforting," he wrote to his "dearest Boyd." Later on he was much saddened by the death of Evelyn Alexander, the Vicar of St. Paul's, Lorrimore Square, who was to have been the guardian of his children, and whose name, the Bishop records, was one of the three engraved most deeply on his heart. He now seems to have settled down into a chronic condition of weariness and ill-health, which rendered his numerous diocesan engagements more and more difficult to fulfil. Happily the diocese was now efficiently organized, while the assistance of Bishop Barry was an immense relief to him.

In September, 1890, Bishop Thorold was staying at Torquay, when, to quote from his diary, there came "another crisis in my life; and it is curious that it should happen in the same place where a similar one occurred thirteen years ago. Last night a letter came forwarded from Great George Street, to which at first I paid no attention, as it had been to several places; but it attracted the children's curiosity, who discovered that 'Salisbury' was in the corner, that it was sealed, and a coronet above the seal. Certainly it was Lord Salisbury's handwriting; but I would not admit to myself that it could be of any importance, and put the children off, not opening it last night. But I could not help thinking about it more or less; and when I opened it this morning (last of all my letters), I found that it was a proposal to succeed to the vacancy at Winchester, expressed in very handsome terms."

The Bishop was now sixty-five, and for some time past his health, as we have seen, had been far from satisfactory, while the responsibilities of Rochester pressed heavily upon him;

and he felt that a change to the less laborious diocese of Winchester might bring with it fresh health and vigour—an opinion in which his medical adviser concurred, thinking that he might fairly look forward to seven years of active work. So he joyfully accepted Lord Salisbury's offer, greatly attracted by the dignity of Winchester, and delighted with the splendour of Farnham Castle.

For little more than four years was Bishop Thorold to rule at Winchester, and those years were to him one constant and distressing struggle with ill-health; and yet in spite of repeated breakdowns he succeeded in making himself felt in every corner of the diocese. "He has left behind him in this remote corner of the diocese," writes the Dean of Jersey, "the memory of one whom all felt that they were beginning to know and to love—one whose stimulation and inspiring visits have, we trust, done something to reinvigorate the spirit of Christian devotion and of Church order amongst us." And what was true of his beloved Channel Islands was also true of the diocese as a whole. The Bishop was constantly travelling about into every corner of Hants and Surrey; visiting Churches which had never seen a Bishop for many generations; encouraging the clergy with words of sympathy and courage, or sternly indignant where he saw signs of indolence and neglect. By means of the *Diocesan Chronicle* the Bishop reached a wide circle of readers; and many were the homes throughout the diocese where the arrival of the *Chronicle* was looked for month by month with feelings of eager curiosity and delight. The *Chronicle*, as Mr. Simpkinson well puts it, was "the Bishop's own peculiar creation—the organ by which he sounded the opinions and inspired the enthusiasm of his people; the means whereby he kept himself a conspicuous figure before the diocese; while the papers of counsel to the clergy and others on practical subjects, and the racy reviews of books of all sorts and conditions, stirred up many in dull and remote corners to some interest in the literature of the day."

The Ember days at Farnham, as at Selsdon, were days never to be forgotten by those privileged to be present. The Bishop had restored the Castle with princely munificence, and had filled up the garrets with cubicles, so as to be able to receive the whole of the candidates for ordination. And on these occasions the Bishop was at his best. Sitting in Bishop Morley's chair before the holy table in the private chapel, often with closed eyes, and appearing to be conscious of the Divine presence, he would in calm and beautiful language set before his candidates the loftiest conception of the ministerial office, and urge them with all tenderness to devote themselves body and soul to the Master's service. Never will the writer forget an address on the "Clergyman as a Pastor," one of the

last Ember addresses the Bishop was ever to deliver, when, looking very weary and very sad, he said :—

"You are shepherds as well as stewards. You cannot be useful teachers if you are not diligent pastors. The very idea and essence of an English clergyman's duty is that in a defined area a definite charge is entrusted to him, and that he must visit the people and know them, be at their beck and call, go in and out among them, pray for them, help them when they are sick and afflicted, take them by the hand to the brink of the river of death."

Happy as Bishop Thorold was at Winchester, it is to be feared that he often missed that cordial and loving reception which the Rochester Diocese always accorded him; and more than once we come across entries in his diary which speak of the coldness and the want of sympathy of the clergy. "I wonder," he writes, "if my Confirmation addresses are liked in the diocese. I have my doubts. No one ever says a word to me about them. Perhaps they think it would be disrespectful to thank me." In his notes on the Diocesan Conference, twice over he makes the entry, "When I rose, no one welcomed me." The clergy, many of them, did not understand him; and he, on his part, was often struck with "the intellectual loneliness" of large numbers of the clergy. By way of remedying this defect, he set about restoring Wolvesey Palace, intending to use it as a Church House, where lectures could be given on theological and ecclesiastical questions. "I think," he wrote in his diary, "of suggesting divinity lectures for the clergy, on the plan of the Oxford and Cambridge series, one week—as an experiment at Winchester, with some Cambridge man, like Ryle or Welldon, and some Oxford man, like Sanday or Driver." He also proposed to establish at Farnham a sort of Clergy School, after the plan adopted with such conspicuous success by Dean Vaughan, where candidates for orders could learn parochial methods and form habits of theological study. "I broached my plan to Simpkinson about the Clergy School here," he writes in his diary. "I have told him I think he ought to be Warden." In the conversation, he said: "Wykeham began the nave of Winchester after he was seventy; I shall be seventy this year, and I don't mean to give up new plans yet."

But these new plans for the more efficient working of the diocese were continually frustrated by periods of ill-health. Again and again the Bishop was laid low by sharp attacks of sickness. In the spring of 1895 it was evident that he was seriously unwell. "People reported that he looked more dead than alive. But the fear of failure was now strong upon him. He was resolved to assert his capacity for work and for leadership. Each evening he returned to pant exhausted up the

Castle staircase, and to repeat the determined struggle on the morrow. His successor spoke truly of "his heroic struggle against ill-health." He knew he was utterly unfit; but he knew that his indomitable will could still compel mind and voice and body to do his bidding." And so he nobly struggled on. On May 12 he preached what proved to be his last sermon, before the University of Cambridge, when he was disappointed that so many seats were empty. On the following Sunday he took a Confirmation at Alton, after which he seemed to be utterly exhausted. Fears were expressed that he was feeling ill. "I am used to that," he pathetically replied. He asked to be allowed to remain quietly in the study; but with his characteristic love of children, he was not too tired to see the little grand-daughter of the house, who was keeping her third birthday. He took her lovingly on his knee, asked her if she still wore socks (see story in the Bishop's book "On Children," p. 11), showed her his watch, spoke to her of the Good Shepherd who always loved His little lambs, and gave her his blessing and a kiss, and sent her away.

Once or twice afterwards the Bishop appeared in public, and for a short time longer he continued to manage his correspondence and to arrange pressing diocesan matters, but it was evident that the beginning of the end was come. On July 12 he caught a chill in his garden at Farnham, and a serious relapse followed. He was still confident that he should get better, though he told those about him that he would be glad to depart and to be with Christ. His desire was fulfilled a few days later, when, on July 24, the eighteenth anniversary of his consecration, he passed peacefully away, in the presence of his son and daughters, as one of his chaplains was repeating the commendatory prayer at his bedside.

His funeral at Winchester was a magnificent spectacle; an immense congregation assembled, while "the clergy of Rochester almost outnumbered the clergy of Winchester in that last sad testimony of respect to their mighty chief." As the great procession wended its way from the south door of the cathedral to the moss-lined grave in the green sward beneath the south-east angle of the Lady Chapel—a quiet nook chosen by himself as an ideal spot for a Bishop's resting-place—many who had known and understood him felt that they had lost in Bishop Thorold a true and sympathizing friend, who could console them in the days of adversity, and inspire them with fresh hope and courage in the battle of life, while all must have acknowledged that the Church had lost a leader of singular originality and power, of profound spiritual insight, and of absolute devotion to the service of Christ.

JOHN VAUGHAN.