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"They go from strength to strength. Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion."—Psalm lxxxiv. 7.

We have all pondered at some quiet time this psalm of human pilgrimage and divine fellowship, of human aspiration and divine fulfilment; this psalm, in which the solitary exile confesses that his soul can find satisfaction only in worship, his feeling and his sense only in the recognition of a living God; this psalm, in which he acknowledges with a tenderness taught by sorrow that his King and his God offers the shelter of His altar to the humblest creature He has made.

We have all felt, in the course of the chequered years, something of the bitterness of unsatisfied desire, something of the desolateness of the way by which we must travel, something of the fruitlessness of the labours on which we have spent our force. And there are those in every age to whom God, in His great love, makes known the transforming power of His presence, who look to Him and find in every longing the sign of a new joy, in every lonely place a gate of heaven thronged with messengers of mercy, in every disappointment that appointed season of darkness which is the prelude to the harvest (John xii. 24). "They go from strength to strength. Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion." For such the vision of God is the source of energy and the goal of effort. "The life of man is," indeed, in the phrase of an early father, "the vision of God:" *vita hominis visio Dei.* And yet this is not the fulness of the truth. The life of man is that he stands before God and bears the light of that ineffable glory. It is not that he sees God, with faculties feeble and intermittent, but that he appears before God, that he feels, in other words, that God sees him, sustaining and purifying all on which His eye rests with a compassion which is unchangeable. Thus the exact phrase fixes our confidence on that which cannot fail. Our vision of God is often clouded and never complete, but it corresponds, if most imperfectly, with His vision of us, which is perfect and uninterrupted. Not so much knowing Him as known to Him, not so much seeing as seen, we have the assurance that our loftiest thoughts answer to His inspiration, and our largest hopes to His counsel.

We have all, I say, often pondered these things. We have often called up before our minds the image of a life moving through every variety of circumstance, through achievements and delays, through discipline and sorrow, with one unbroken tenour of fruitful service, and then shown at last as being what it ever has been—a life fulfilled in the face of God. So the words of the Psalmist will always have many applications, fertile in lessons of hope and encouragement. Here and to-day they are to me the record of a life which has been a great part of my own life—the simple experience of a friendship of forty years, a friendship which at this most solemn time does not seem so much to have been interrupted as to have been consecrated for ever more.

"They go from strength to strength. Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion." Ten years ago, when it was my duty to commend the Bishop of Durham to your prayers in view of the charge which was then entrusted to him, I used the first clause of this verse to express what I knew and what I hoped—what I knew of his work as a scholar, and what I hoped for his work as a bishop; and now I venture to use the whole verse as the fitting summary of a life completed in the Lord—a life, I say, completed in the Lord, completed according to one law, "from strength to strength," from the strength of faith and conflict to the strength of sight and fruition.

"A life completed in the Lord." Yes. With the deepest sense of personal bereavement I must hold that the life on which we look is a true whole. I cannot speak of it as incomplete. It is true that we confidently looked for fresh treasures of scholarship to be brought out of his accumulated stores, for more proofs of that just and vigorous administration by which, as one said to me who could speak with authority, he had made the diocese of one heart, for more counsels of calm and sober judgment in seasons of perplexity; but all these would have only been further illustrations of the nature which we knew already. The type was fixed and recognised and welcomed; and a noble character is more than noble works. It is an inexhaustible source of life like itself. Productiveness is measured by power of quickening. And never have I felt before as I feel now the vitality of all true work, the certainty that all true work is in one sense complete.

What, then, you may ask me, is the secret of the life of him to whom we look this afternoon with reverent regard? It is, in a word, the secret of strength. He was strong by singleness of aim, by resolution, by judgment, by enthusiasm, by sympathy, by devotion. In old days it was strength to be with him, and for the future it will be strength to recall him.

1. He was strong by singleness of aim. No

thought of self ever mingled with his most laborious or his most brilliant efforts. He neither sought nor avoided praise or emolument or honour. He was sent by his Master's commission to bear witness to the truth. If the truth were imperilled, he put forth all his powers to guard it. If the truth were established, his end was reached. In that spirit, as I know better than anyone, he could claim for others that which was his own by right, and rejoice if they obtained successes which he could easily have made his own. In all things he gladly submitted himself to what he called "the exacting tyranny of an unselfish love". If he rejoiced, and he did rejoice, in Auckland and in Durham, it was that he might be vividly reminded of the responsibilities which were attached to his inheritance, and feel through their salutary discipline the blessing of great cares, crowned by unsparing munificence. He gratefully acknowledged his debt to the past, and he wished to write the acknowledgment of his own gifts. He attached to the scholarship which he founded at Durham the name of the greatest scholar among his predecessors, Richard de Bury. The banded quatrefoil piers in St, Ignatius' at Sunderland, his thank-offering for the work of ten years, were made at his request after the pattern of those at Auckland, that they might mark for ever the origin of the daughter church.

2. He was strong by resolution. His care and calmness in forming a decision were matched by his inflexibility when it was once formed. "You cannot tell," he said to me as we walked together in the gardens of Trinity on the last evening of his University life—"you cannot tell what it costs me to break up the home of thirty years; and abandon what I thought would be the work of my lifetime." I did, indeed, know something of the agony of that week in which he was seeking to learn his duty. I could not altogether miss the meaning of the tone in which he said at last to me, with trembling lips: "I have decided; I go to Durham". But when the choice was once made, from that time forward, Cambridge was nobly forgotten. There was not one look backward, not one word of regret.

3. He was strong by that sobriety of judgment which commands the old, and that fire of enthusiasm which wins the young. His interest centred in the fulness of human life. Speculation had comparatively little interest for him. Nothing visionary, nothing that men call "mystical," marred the effect of his masculine reasoning. He knew equally well how to be silent, and how to plead his cause with keen and persistent eagerness. As long as he was free, he spoke, not because he had an opportunity of speaking, or because he was expected to speak, but because he had a message to deliver; and then he pressed his conviction with a passionate eloquence which has hardly yet been duly recognised. In argument and in exposition he preserved a true sense of proportion. His learning was always an instrument, and not an end. No investigation of details ever diverted his attention from the main issue. He mastered two outlying languages, Armenian and Coptic, in order to deal more surely with the secondary materials of the Ignatian controversy; but no ordinary reader would know the fact. For him the interpretation of ancient texts was a study in life. He held books to be a witness of something far greater, through which alone they could be understood. A Greek play, or a fragmentary inscription, or a letter of Basil, or a homily of Chrysostom, was to him a revelation of men stirred by like passions with ourselves, intelligible only through a vital apprehension of the circumstances under which they were written. He was a born historian. "How I long," he said to me more than once—"how I long to write a history of the fourth century!" If he has not written it, he has shown how it must be written. So it was that he found the Holy Scriptures to be, as he was never weary of proclaiming, living oracles, the utterance of the Spirit through living men, articulate with a human voice. So it was that he delighted to mark the contrasts in St. Paul's words and acts, that he might realise and convey to others the conception of a teacher striving, even as we may strive, in our measure, to overcome ignorance and prejudice by the versatile power of an unlimited love.

4. He was strong by breadth of sympathy. Sympathy is, indeed, the necessary offspring of the historic spirit. No man can study the Bible, no man can study the New Testament, with open eyes, and fail to see how the one truth receives homage now in this form and now in that; how it transcends the contents of every human system; how the fact of the Incarnation requires for its complete expression the ministry of all men of all ages; how it gives to all believers an inspiration of unity, and teaches that uniformity is impossible.

Twice, on representative occasions, as some among us may remember, he enforced this principle of Christian sympathy with characteristic vigour, and laid down firmly its essential limitations. Once when speaking to undergraduates at Cambridge on "the enormous power which lay latent in the heart of each, even the weakest," he gave them for their motto, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's," and charged them with burning words, as the heirs of eighteen Christian centuries, to use every gift as servants of one sovereign Lord. "Ignatius the martyr," he said, "is yours, and Athanasius and Francis of Assisi, and Luther, and Xavier, and Wesley, because you and they are Christ's." The immemorial annals of

life are yours, he added, if I may paraphrase his words, and yours too all the results of physical analysis and construction, because you and these are Christ's—Christ's, whom God appointed heir of all things, even as He made all things through Him.

And again, when he offered, in his loved St. Paul's, counsel to the friend of his youth for the organisation of a new diocese under unique conditions, he summed up all in the application of the apostolic phrase: "I am made all things to all men that I might by all means gain some". "You, too," he said—"you will strive to become all things to all men—to the miners as a miner, to the Cornishmen as a Cornishman, to the Wesleyans as a Wesleyan, though you are a Churchman, that you may bring all together in Christ."

Yes, the law of our Christian accommodation is the paramount duty of winning followers, not for ourselves, not for our party, but for our Master. The condition under which our boundless wealth may become a blessing to us is the unceasing sense that we are not our own, but bought by His blood. In other words, all real sympathy rests on a spiritual basis. All lasting co-operation is a service to our common Lord.

So he taught and so he laboured at Cambridge and at St. Paul's, and at Durham and at Lambeth. As he loved his University, he was among the first to make its resources and its spirit minister to the higher education of the whole country. As he loved his college he sought untiringly to use its power for the re-invigoration of the larger life of the University. He drew from his unsurpassed knowledge of the early growth of Christianity an answer to the charge of inadequate results brought against modern missions. He gave wise counsel and encouragement to the novel efforts of the Church Army. The causes of co-operation and temperance found in him a courageous advocate. The cause of purity is identified with his name. The seventy sons whom he has left in the diocese, trained for their ministry under his roof, will never forget that he charged them to claim for Christ every interest of life; and the respectful crowds of pitmen and artisans, the closed shops and drawn blinds of colliery villages through which he was borne to his chosen resting-place, showed that the charge had not been in vain.

5. In all these ways he was strong. But the last secret of his strength, as it must be of our strength, was his devotion to a living God, as he worked from hour to hour "face to face with the glory of the Eternal Father shining full from the person of Christ". The Christ whom he preached was neither an abstraction of theology, nor a Christ after the flesh, but the Creator, Redeemer, Fulfiller, present by the Spirit sent in His name in the individual soul, and in humanity, and in the universe, bearing all things by the word of His power to their appointed end. He knew—and he lived, and thought, and wrote as knowing—that the Incarnation is not a fact only of one point of time, but an eternal truth through which all experience and all nature, laid bare to their sternest realities, will be seen to be in time a present message from Him in whom we live and move and have our being. And we may well be thankful to know that the last words on which he looked with failing sense were the expression of his own faith through the pen of St. Paul: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor heights, nor depths, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus Our Lord".

However imperfectly the portraiture may have been sketched, yet we can all feel that it is the portraiture of a true man, of a true Churchman, of a true father in God, of one who felt that no prescription can absolve us from the duty of grappling fearlessly with new or unheeded facts and wresting a blessing from them; who felt that the confession of Christianity belongs to the ideal of a nation; who felt that our own communion is not of to-day or yesterday, but in its essence the bequest of the Apostles, and in its form the outcome of our English character and our English history. Does it not stir and encourage and inspireus? Does it not chasten and restrain us, and bid us learn from the past the true measure of our own controversies and trials, and feel that we, too, are living in the presence and by the power of the ascended Christ?

There is on all sides, we know, a strange and demoralising uneasiness, a suspicion of insincerity in the maintenance of the old faith. We do not dare to look boldly on the dark places about us, and they become fertile in appalling phantoms. "There is," a shrewd observer said sadly to me—"there is just a faint ring of uncertainty in most of the professions of belief which are made publicly." Is it, then, nothing to hear, as it were, from the grave the voice of one whom none ever dared to accuse of incompetence or inadequate knowledge, or to suspect of holding a brief with hireling skill for a cause to which he had not committed his own soul? "I believe from my heart that the truth which this Gospel of St. John more especially enshrines—the truth that Jesus Christ is the very Incarnate Word, the manifestation of the Father to mankind—is the one lesson which, duly apprehended, will do more than all our feeble efforts to purify and elevate human life."

There is, again, a pessimism among many thoughtful men, born of intellectual isolation. We see little, and it seems to be sad. We substitute minuteness of knowledge for breadth of view. The

record of a day or of a year may show "good rare and evil rife". The creature of an hour might prove conclusively to his fellows that the setting of the sun would bring in the end of life. Is it, then, nothing to hear an utterance which comes back to us now, after two months, with unspeakable solemnity? "It was the strain both in London and at home in connection with the Pan-Anglican gathering which broke me down hopelessly. I did not regret it then, and I do not regret it now. I should not have wished to recall the past even if my illness had been fatal. For what, after all, is the individual life in the history of the Church? Men may come and men may go, but the broad, mighty, rolling stream of the Church itself—the cleansing, purifying, fertilising tide of the river of God—flows on for ever and ever."

There is, once more, a perilous and half-unconscious wilfulness among us. We have lost by our insularity the instinct and the spirit of obedience. We are proud of our independence, and we grow hastily confident, perhaps only through the confidence of others. We are convinced in our own minds, and we will not allow what we honestly believe to be called in question. Is it then nothing to hear from one who spoke with a ruler's responsibility of the hopes and dangers of our Church: "Her mission is unique. Her capabilities and opportunities are magnificent. She is intermediate, and she may be mediatorial when the opportunity arrives. Shall we spoil this potentiality, shall we stultify this career, shall we mar this destiny by impatience, by self-will, by party spirit, by misguided and headstrong zeal, by harsh words embittering strife, by any narrowness of temper, or of aim, or of view, by a lawless assertion of self-will which obtrudes its own fancies at all hazards, by a reluctance to welcome zeal in others when overlaid by extravagance, by a too great importunity in urging at unseasonable moments reforms which are wise and salutary in themselves, by a too great stiffness in refusing to contemplate the necessity of any reform?" "A grave responsibility," he continues —"no graver can well be conceived—rests upon us all. Never were our hopes brighter; never were our anxieties keener. Never was there greater need of that divine charity which beareth all things, believeth all things. Happy they who so feel and so act, for theirs is the crown of crowns." He did so feel, so act, and, as we trust, he has that crown of crowns.

I said that I could not admit that the life towards which we have looked—a life which may be summed up in three clauses, "from strength to strength," "from weakness to strength," "from strength to the rest of God"—can be rightly called incomplete. I will dare to add that it will be through our own want of faith if that which is our personal sorrow becomes a loss to the great cause which it is our joy to serve. The departed are for us, at length, all they aspired to be. Life passes off from them still fuller and purer than before. They rule the living, not only by a physical necessity, but by a spiritual influence. They speak with a changeless authority. Their voice—the voice which we have just heard—comes directly to the soul.

Once before, within our own recollection, a voice from a deathbed was made to us a message of peace. God grant in His great mercy that this voice from the tomb may be filled with no less virtue to stay our divisions. Then shall we feel why we are taught in our Communion Office to bless God's Holy Name for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear —to bless Him not with a pious complacency which costs us nothing, but with a strenuous endeavour to follow the example which they have given and we have studied.

So let us all now beseech God, with the intense supplication as of one man in Christ Jesus, that He will give us grace to learn, each in our appointed office, the lessons of His servant's accepted service; grace to feel the infinite vastness of the truth which is given to us, not to supply materials for speculation, but strength for the accomplishment of duty; grace to take earnest heed lest, through any impatience, or irreverence, or carelessness on our part, some weak brother may be tempted to unreflecting dogmatism, or superstition, or pride; grace to strive untiringly to understand others and make ourselves understood, knowing that there is room among us for every variety of loyal zeal: grace to review with thankful and true hearts the grandeur of our inheritance, and the far-reaching issues of our short stewardship; grace to bring our gifts of reason and knowledge, of character and place, our opinions and our arguments, silent and prostrate before the presence of God, and to take back, for open use only that which has borne the purifying light of the Eternal; grace to recognise, as the law of our several lives, "From God; in the face of God; unto God". What strength, what patience, what self-control, what humility, what hope, what cleansing of every spiritual sense, will then follow for the healing of our manifold distresses!

It is told that, when Bishop Butler drew near to his end, he asked his chaplain if he also heard the music which filled his own heart. The music was not unreal because the untrained ear could not catch its harmonies; and it may be that if our whole being is henceforward set heavenwards, we shall hear, when we are crossing waste places, as it seems, in loneliness and sorrow, and inward conflict, the great hosts by whom we are encompassed taking up our human song, and saying in our souls: "They go from strength to strength. Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion."