John Kenneston

From

F. J. C.

4th Augt. 1914

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Affectionately yours
F. R. Gillaloe

THE LIFE

OF

FREDERICK RICHARDS WYNNE

D.D.

BISHOP OF KILLALOE

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITTEN UNPUBLISHED SERMONS

BY

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Magna ars est scire conversari cum Jesu

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PREFACE

CERTAIN difficulties became apparent to me when I commenced the work of compiling this memoir. In the first place, the life of Bishop Wynne was a singularly uneventful one. Such things as are common to all men form the main incidents in the story of his life. Any interest which this little work may have must arise from the beauty and saintliness of Bishop Wynne's character more than from the events or actions of his life. It is more difficult to describe a character than to narrate events. In the second place, very few of Bishop Wynne's letters have been preserved. In later life he wrote but few letters, except such as dealt strictly with business matters. He kept no journal of his work, and left no private record of his thoughts or opinions. I was therefore cut off from the possibility of allowing him to tell his own story in his own words.

That much of what I have written is unworthy and feeble I feel sure. For anything that is of value

thanks are due, not to me, but to the many friends who helped me, and more especially to Archdeacon Galbraith and Mr. Albert Wynne.

In the selection of sermons for publication I have been assisted chiefly by the Rev. Arthur Wynne. I have attempted very little in the way of editing, preferring to leave the sermons as nearly as possible in the exact words which were preached. In accordance with a desire expressed by many clergy I have included among his sermons two addresses given at a Quiet Day. I have also published two extracts from charges given at the Bishop's annual visitations. The remainder of these charges dealt with matters not widely interesting, and I have therefore omitted them.

JAMES HANNAY

WESTPORT, 1897.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER IV

S. MATTHIAS

CHAPTER V

WRITINGS

CHAPTER VI

KILLALOE

SERMONS

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS AND COLLEGE DAYS

"Serene would be our days, and bright
And happy would our nature be,
If Love were an unerring light
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold,
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of that creed,
Yet find that other strength according to their need.

Ode to Duty.

TO understand any human character, to estimate, to weigh it, to appreciate it, belongs to God alone. Condemnation based on an imperfect knowledge of outward acts is possible for man. Praise similarly based on what has been visible, tangible in a life is also possible. Neither such praise nor such blame is in reality a true estimate of the life which is their object. To gauge truly the worth of any life the judge must see within, and, moreover, must see all that is within. In the case of common lives this is utterly impossible. Rare glimpses only can be caught of what is within, and what is visible at such times seems inconsistent. The inner life of the ordinary man doubtless reveals itself to God

as having meaning, order, law. To us who see only glimpses at intervals, it is chaotic. There are other men—not common men, but rare—whose lives are so clearly dominated by some motive as to become intelligible even to limited knowledge. In their case, as in the case of the commoner men, we only now and then see within, but all we see is consistent. We are able to lay a finger on the leading impulse of the life; we touch as it were the spring, the source, of act and word. To some extent at least we understand. We are able to appreciate.

Lives of men have been thus made by various impulses. One conceives of the life of the true artist as dominated by the conception of the beautiful, as lived in virtue of the absorbing desire within to realise some perfection. A great leader of men is forced along the path of strenuous effort by devotion to a cause. There is also the life of the humble worker, less often noticeable, revealing itself to the man who understands what duty means.

The life of Frederick Richards Wynne is not to be classed among these. He was intensely appreciative of natural beauty; he could delight in the perfection of line and expression; and yet to him the pursuit of art for its own sake seemed always a small aim, its achievement a petty ambition. He was at no time in his life the adherent of a cause; his rare excursions into party politics were not

happy,—his heart was not in such work. The party leader is always sure of what is right, confident of the justice of his cause. His effort is to achieve a recognised good, to enforce an undoubted truth.

The leading note of Frederick Wynne's life was not enthusiasm. He was one who often doubted. He was rarely intellectually impatient. He could hold his judgment in suspense, and await the final issue of a matter. Shortly before his death he said: "I have not found it very hard in life to do anything which I knew was right. My great difficulty has always been to distinguish certainly the thing that was right."

Nor was his life dominated by what has been described as "the pure, unvexed instinct of duty." No doubt in times of depression, in seasons of apparent failure, he must have fallen back on the dogged instinct of doing duty simply because it was duty, but in the main his life was lived upon a higher level. His path was lit and his spirit led by the light of love. Devotion is to a cause or to duty; love finds its object in a person. Such lives are rare, rarest of all when the person loved is the divine Master, the Lord Jesus Christ. Seldom indeed does this personal love persist in its purity and simplicity through the whole of a long life. One sees it touched by a subtle ambition, and transmuted into devotion to a truth or a reform: even into a lower thing still—attachment to a party,

Or it is embraced, half blinded by the world. The Divine Person seems remote. He is served by the will in the light of duty. He is only at intervals grasped by the soul with love.

The keynote of the life of Frederick Wynne was simple, very simple—love for the person of Jesus Christ. It seems to have grown with him in his childhood; it remained with him till he died. He was tested in life, as most men are, by care and anxiety, and also by much joy. He went through at one period of his life severe and sustained work. He was tried finally in the crucible of success. But none of these things—joy, care, labour or success—altered in its kind or its degree his love for the Lord Jesus. One imagines him, after all was over, passing into the great mystery, not in any fear, nor yet in any ecstasy of triumph, but brave, quiet, facing the unknown, saying simply as he went, "I love my Master."

"I cannot remember a time in my life when I did not care for and love the Lord Jesus." This, in his later years, was Frederick Wynne's own summary of his spiritual history. It is a testimony to the value of the influence of his father and mother. His father, the Rev. Henry Wynne, was rector of the parish of Ardcolm, in the county of Wexford. His mother was the daughter of Solomon Richards, at one time the leading surgeon in Dublin. It was in the house of Solomon Richards, 49, S. Stephen's Green, that Frederick Wynne was born in 1827.

Life at Ardcolm rectory during Frederick Wynne's childhood must have been apparently ordinary enough. There were simple and not very arduous duties to be performed in the parish. There was a quiet ease at home. Yet neither the Rev. Henry Wynne nor his wife were by any means ordinary people. He was a man of exceptionally high spiritual life; she was noted for her strong intellect. I can picture two scenes, which I have heard described, characteristic of life at Ardcolm rectory. In the first Henry Wynne is the central figure. His family is gathered round him. He reads aloud to them from the Bible. As he reads he pauses and explains. He presses home to his wife and family simple lessons of faith and piety. Such readings and exhortations were a daily custom in his house. They show us the man. He is one whose religious life is so real that he can afford to exhort his wife and family. In the second scene Mrs. Wynne takes the leading part. It is late at night, but she has kept her family out of bed while she reads to them out of some book in which she is interested. She is quick of apprehension of her author's meaning, and impatient of any sign of dullness among her audience.

It is hard for those who only knew Frederick Wynne in later years to realise that as a boy he was obstinate and self-willed. He was the autocrat of the schoolroom in playtime, and frequently rebellious against his mother's authority. As a

young boy he was not naturally sweet tempered, but of an unruly and determined disposition, very difficult to manage. As he grew older the influence of his father told upon him. This influence resulted in the growth of a strong religious feeling. It is important to notice that the Rev. Henry Wynne was in entire sympathy with the Tractarian movement. He restored and beautified the parish church of Ardcolm, and added a chancel to it. He established a weekly celebration of the eucharist and a daily service. On his library shelves were the books which the Oxford school delighted to honour. A few of his sermons which were published after his death sound clearly and distinctly the special notes of the early Tractarian teaching. In later years Frederick Wynne retained a strong recollection of these early influences. "I was brought up," he used to say, "on the *Christian Year* and Manning's Sermons."

Frederick Wynne was educated chiefly at home, though at the age of fifteen years he was sent for a short time to S. Columba's College. His father's teaching was thus the great influence in his boyhood. Before he entered college this influence had changed the wilfulness which made him an unruly boy into a resolute conformity to the will of God. The boy's self-centred desire of domination became in the man a strong determination to serve God. Both as a boy and a man he was strong willed.

While his father's influence thus left its effects upon

his character and spiritual life, it seems only for a very short time to have governed his opinions. There was in Frederick Wynne from early youth a sturdy independence of thought, which perhaps he inherited from his mother. He developed as he grew older a curious antipathy to definite dogma, and what he was fond of describing as "externalism." What he believed he believed firmly, but he accepted his beliefs very cautiously. When he entered Trinity College, Dublin, he held with a passive acceptance his father's beliefs on sacramental grace and the mission of the Church. Almost immediately his independence of thought began to assert itself. He began to weigh and assign relative values to the dogmatic beliefs in which he had been brought up. The intellectual atmosphere of Trinity College seems then (as it is still) to have been more favourable to the growth of a vigorous individualism than to the formation of schools of thought. The stress which is laid by the authorities on the study of Bishop Butler's works both in the undergraduate course and in the divinity school fosters a tendency to balance probabilities, to accept with a certain reserve rather than to grasp enthusiastically half-reasoned dogma. At Trinity College, also, the ordinary undergraduate comes less into personal relations with his tutor than he would at Oxford. His development is less under guidance. He learns to lean but little upon authority, and is forced into a certain intellectual independence. In an address

which he gave to a Young Men's Christian Association a few weeks before his death, Bishop Wynne noticed this absence of authoritative guidance in his college days. "I do not remember," he said, "when I was at college being very strongly influenced by any sermons or teaching which I received. It was conversation with men of my own age which influenced me most. I can well remember the long talks which we had in each other's rooms and during the walks which we used to take in the college park."

Among his college friends were Edward Craig Stuart, afterwards Bishop of Waiapu; Henry Galbraith, now Archdeacon of Glendalough; Henry Tombe, lately Canon of Christ Church, Dublin; and Edward Hardy. These students, with a few others, used to meet on Saturday evenings in No. 38 for the study of the Bible and the discussion of religious subjects. Frederick Wynne soon became a regular attendant at these meetings. He found himself, as was to be expected, solitary in his profession of Tractarian opinions. The other men were all attached to the older Evangelical school, which was then at the height of its influence in Ireland.

It is not to be supposed that Frederick Wynne cast off at once the opinions in which he had been brought up. The intellectual caution which was natural to him made him slow to discard, as he was afterwards slow to accept, religious beliefs. After his ordination there were still noticeable in his preaching and conversation strong marks of the school of thought

in which he had been brought up. But if the discussions in No. 38 and the conversations during country walks to which he alludes did not actually alter his beliefs very greatly, they certainly helped to develop a critical spirit. While his college course and his friends were thus preparing the way for the discarding of old opinions, they were causing no deterioration in the quality of his spiritual life. The men with whom he associated in college were men of real piety. Their after lives have proved that their religion was no transient enthusiasm. Their companionship deepened and strengthened his personal religion.

"I can well remember," writes his brother with reference to this time, "each vacation when he returned from college, being impressed with the increased earnestness of his character. More and more it became natural to him to lead our talk to religious subjects."

In the middle of his college course his father, Henry Wynne, died. Mrs. Wynne and her family removed from Ardcolm rectory to Ardcandrisk on the Slaney, in Co. Wexford. For the year following he did not reside in college, for he wished to be as much as possible at home, as a support to his mother and his younger brothers and sisters. His sister, Mrs. Donovan, writes of him at this time:

"After our father's death my brother Frederick's unselfish disposition shines out in the midst of

his own sore and heartbroken sorrow. His first thoughts seem to have been for others; and indeed his power of comforting those in sorrow is now well known far away from his own family, where he first began to minister to hearts oppressed with grief."

The year which he spent at home at this time seems to have seriously interfered with his college work. To it is to be attributed his failure to take a distinguished place at his degree examination. Frederick Wynne never seems during his life to have developed the instincts of a student. He read a great deal, but he always read with a view to some practical end. His mental abilities, however, and his power of devoting himself to work of any kind, would certainly have secured him a distinguished college career had his work not been interrupted by his father's death and the home duties which devolved upon him in consequence. Of his life during this year, and of his subsequent vacations at Ardcandrisk, he seems always to have cherished the most romantic recollections. In his old sketch books are to be found many water-colour sketches of the house and of the river below. There are also in existence many verses written during this time. Frederick Wynne was all his life in heart a poet. Although he spent but little time in the writing of verses, he possessed a poet's power of expression, a poet's love of nature, and a

poet's aloofness from the grosser parts of life. One[1] who knew him well in later life writes thus of him:

"The poet's power of expression he possessed in a marked degree. His own verses are remembered by many, and he never failed to produce a short poem for the New Year's Watchword when at S. Matthias. He could always express his thoughts lucidly and pleasantly in prose. He undoubtedly lived, as a poet must, largely in a world of his own. 'Heaven lay about him in his infancy,' and in his maturer years never faded 'into the light of common day.'"

It was at Ardcandrisk that he first developed the fondness for boating which he displayed to the very end of his life. The college student can scarcely have rowed with more vigorous enjoyment on the Slaney with his brothers and sisters than the bishop did nearly fifty years later with his sons on Lough Derg. No doubt the active outdoor life which he led in his earlier years laid the foundations of the vigorous joy in physical exercise which distinguished him as an older man. He never seems to have been, in the modern sense of the word, an athlete. Games were probably less popular when he was a young man. He did not take any great interest in trials of strength and skill. A certain physical self-consciousness seems to be the result of great devotion

[1] Rev. R. Scriven.

to athletics. In later life there is often a tendency to hypochondria among distinguished athletes. Of this self-consciousness and its consequences, Frederick Wynne was absolutely free. His bodily energy was like that of a child. He did not find joy in having perfomed a feat. His pleasure lay in finding outlets for his buoyant energy.

It is comparatively easy, even for those who only knew him in later years, to realise what Frederick Wynne was as a boy. In his life there were no abrupt transitions. Mentally and spiritually he grew, just as he did physically. There never came a time in his life when his mind and soul ceased to develop. He died in full possession of his bodily powers and in full enjoyment of them. To the end of his life his intellect never crystallised. He never reached that stage which even young men often arrive at, when the intellect ceases practically to acquire and bend itself to the task of maintaining and defending. His spiritual life realised the ideal of growth in grace. In the mechanical achievement of building a ship the work advances to its accomplishment by stages. The keel is laid, ribs are riveted, the hull is formed, engines and masts are added. Each step taken changes the aspect of the work. The whole is unrealised by the untaught observer until the final stage is passed. Some characters are fashioned thus. A belief is accepted; a vision is seen; an enthusiasm is felt,—each is a strength built on, an impulse added from without. In the

process of natural development, in the turning of a bud into a flower, the end is achieved by imperceptible growth. The flower is in the bud; it expands unchecked,—that is all. We see the bud, and prophesy the flower. Looking at the flower, we realise what the bud was. Such was the life of Frederick Wynne. So little was added to his character from without that the friend of his boyhood would have met no stranger after forty years of separation.

CHAPTER II

CURACIES

'The very God! Think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice,
Saying, 'Oh heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, My hands fashioned, see it in Myself!
Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of Mine,
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!"

IN 1850 Frederick Wynne was ordained, by the Primate of all Ireland, for the curacy of Carnteel (Aughnacloy). He entered on his work as we may guess in a spirit of great earnestness and humility. He found in his rector, Archdeacon Stokes, a kind and sympathetic friend and a true, spiritual father. A young man commencing work under such a rector was not likely to learn to view the responsibilities of his office lightly, or to become worldly in his ambitions. Archdeacon Stokes was like most leading Irish Churchmen of his day, a decided member of the Evangelical section of the Church. His influence probably modified to a great extent the views in which Frederick Wynne had been

brought up. Trinity College and the companionship of the students there had already forced him to examine the foundations of many of his father's views, and to reject some. But at the beginning of his time at Aughnacloy he seems to have still considered himself a disciple of the High Church school. Almost the only periodical for which he subscribed was the *English Churchman*, at that time the organ of the High Church party in England. In spite of intellectual misgivings, he seems to have been sincerely attached to the practical teaching of that section of the Church. He preached strongly on the sin of schism, and frequently dwelt on the duty of self-abnegation and the necessity for self-sacrifice.

His health during this time was not good, but he does not seem to have allowed his delicacy to interfere with his work. He is described as an indefatigable visitor; and even now, after forty-five years, he is still remembered by those who survive of his parishioners at Aughnacloy.

"A few years ago," writes the present rector of the parish, the Rev. T. G. Stokes, "I was visiting a sick woman, and I asked did she remember Mr. Wynne. 'Remember him,' she said, 'I should think so. I have by me the letter which he wrote to his class when he was leaving.'"

After her death the letter passed into Mr. Stokes' possession. The paper was almost worn through.

The counsel contained in it has not yet lost its vitality.

". . . . . You have been entrusted with a large amount of knowledge of your Lord's will; and miserable indeed would be your fate, and fearful the stripes with which you would be beaten, if after all your reading and learning of God's word you were in the end to forsake the right path and to follow after the devices and desires of your own heart. But though I say this, I have a strong hope that it will be far otherwise with you. I know indeed that you are just now at a very trying time of your life, and that the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil will be likely at your age to beset you with peculiar force. I know that it will be often hard, very hard for you to turn away from the enticements of pleasure and vanity and idleness that will probably be around you, and to resist the evil influence of careless and ungodly companions among whom you may sometimes be thrown. But I also know that there is One by your side who is able and willing to stablish you and keep you from the evil."

At Aughnacloy he formed a friendship which lasted through life with Mr. T. G. Stokes, who afterwards succeeded his father as rector of the parish. During the years when Frederick Wynne was curate of Aughnacloy, Mr. Stokes was a young man preparing to take holy orders. He has described the great help he derived from his talks with Mr. Wynne.

The following anecdote is characteristic of the

terms on which Mr. Wynne was with the young men of his parish:—

A young fellow, returning one day from shooting, met Mr. Wynne. In answer to an inquiry as to what sport he had had, he said: "I don't know how it is that I am never quite satisfied, no matter what I shoot. I always feel that if I had not missed some shot which I ought not to have missed I should be more content." Mr. Wynne replied to him, "That feeling is an unconscious witness to a future life which God has imprinted upon your soul. It is in God's presence alone that there is fulness of joy." In after life he was fond of finding evidences of what he called the human craving after perfection.

Mr. Wynne was obliged to resign the curacy of Aughnacloy on account of delicacy of the lungs. The doctors advised his spending the winter in a warm climate. It was decided that he should take a six months' tour in Spain and Portugal. His brother, Mr. Albert Wynne, was his companion on this tour. Mr. Wynne kept a journal of their travels, in which he has recorded his impressions of the various places visited. The people seem to have interested him more than anything he saw. He notes details of manners, customs, and even dress in a most interesting and frequently very amusing manner. Next to the people, he is fondest of describing natural scenery. Seldom indeed does he come across a scene in which he fails to find some element of beauty to attract.

As a traveller, Mr. Wynne must have been a most delightful companion. He rivals Mark Tapley in the cheerfulness with which he faces labour and discomfort. Long tramps through mud and rain, struggles with mules and asses, vexatious delays at custom houses alike leave him capable of the fullest enjoyment. The religious ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church seem to have been very distasteful to him. He is struck by the frequent irreverence of those who take part in them, and notes such incidents as a procession of penitents in Holy Week smoking cigars as they follow an image of the Saviour on the cross. He gives a beautiful description of some of Murillo's pictures which he saw at Seville, especially one of the "Conception," which seems to have impressed him greatly.

Travelling in Spain in 1860 was not a thing to be undertaken lightly. Very little use could be made of trains. Most of the journeying was done on horseback or on foot. On one expedition, Mr. Wynne started with no more luggage than a tooth-brush and an extra pair of socks. He got soaked through with rain, and had to spend the evening dressed in a blanket while his clothes dried.

The tour must have been a delightful experience. It is pleasant to think that it fulfilled its original purpose. Mr. Wynne was never afterwards troubled with any delicacy of the lungs.

After his return from Spain he accepted the curacy of Fenagh, in the diocese of Leighlin. The parish

comprised a scattered country district. It involved a great deal of walking for the clergy, and the curate does not seem to have procured very suitable lodgings. In after years Mr. Wynne was fond of telling how his only sitting-room opened almost directly into a cow-byre. Every morning and evening the girl who milked the cows used to pass through his sitting-room, carrying her pails, and leaving behind her a stream of milk upon the floor. "I used to call her path," said Mr. Wynne, "the 'milky way.'"

The following letter, written to his younger brother, who was then at Woolwich, gives us a glimpse of what life at Fenagh was like for the curate :—

"My Dear Charlie,—Though I do not often hear from you, I hear of you pretty often. Indeed, I may say, I hear from you pretty often in spite of yourself, as your letters home are forwarded to me occasionally. They are to me like newspapers to humble cottagers. They tell of what is going on in the great world outside my own little sphere. Your accounts of trips to London and visits to Crystal Palaces and philosophers and great men, etc., etc., form a little dish of excitement upon which I feed for a long time. There seems, too, to be a kind of military clank and a smell of gunpowder, and suggestions of trumpets sounding and horses galloping and swords clashing, about your letters which have a great zest for a poor peaceable curate like myself. The familiar mention of great guns and bombshells and cannon balls stirs up my sluggish blood most agreeably, and I could almost wish, for the nonce, to

throw away the white cravat and the umbrella, and to join you in some of those charges on Lord Raglan's steed, with the great guns rumbling behind. Practically, however, I daresay all this becomes troublesome enough when one has so much of the kind of thing as you have. I fear you have almost more work than you are able for, but I am glad you seem to like the kind of life you have to lead. I believe one is seldom happier than when one has as much work as one can possibly do, and then after long labour one can thoroughly enjoy a little rest.

"You speak of some of your exams. coming off this month, but as I have not had one of your letters for some time I have not a very distinct idea which it is. Whatever it may be, however, I hope you may be successful in it.

"You speak as if you had not much chance of getting into the Engineers, but if you do your best honestly and conscientiously I am sure whatever Providence appoints for you will be really the best. I cannot help hoping that you may not get a commission anywhere for some little time, till this Sebastopol business is over, as we are not yet sufficiently tired of you to like the thoughts of your being ordered off there.

"As for myself, I have not much news to tell you. You know the stereotyped way things go on at Fenagh. A few little squabbles now and then are the chief things which ruffle the surface of Fenagh life; otherwise, everything is the same: the same lively ladies in pony carriages, the same good-humoured gentlemen in white hats, the same mild dinner parties, the same daily walking about at railway pace on my own part. Very smooth and

equable indeed is the outward surface of our life; but under this calm exterior, here as everywhere else, we know that a deep and strong current is ever heaving and flowing on in one direction or another. I am inclined to hope that the progress of this inward life here is in the right direction in the main. Many things lead me to hope that the great world-wide struggle between good and evil is in this little spot going on favourably; but *the day* only shall declare it. Long and doubtful, and but partially successful at best, must we expect that struggle to be in the hearts of others; we can only pray for it, and anxiously watch the outward indications of its progress, and know but little about it after all. The more we know of its difficulty and slowness of advance in our own hearts, the less we shall be disappointed at not finding the appearance of more sudden and quicker victories in others. And with you, too, in the midst of all your different outward circumstances, I suppose this same struggle is going on. After all, is not the history of its advancement or retrogression the real history of our lives? What are the changes of our circumstances, or all the so-called events of life, but merely the shifting scenes amidst which this one battle has to be fought? I would fain hope, my dear Charlie, that with you the struggle is going on favourably. I know it has ever been your heart's desire and prayer to serve your heavenly Master, and I trust you are not now flinching in your courage or flagging in your diligence in that service. I suppose in your new circumstances temptations take new forms and perhaps press upon you with greater vehemence than before. But you know well where to seek for assistance; and though

Satan may desire to have you, to sift you as wheat, I hope and pray that your faith may not fail. It is a comfort to know that He who allows the temptation to assail is sure to give strength to resist it, so that with all his craft our enemy can never tempt us above that we are able.

"I hope you have fallen in with some congenial companions. I fear that the general tone of such a place as Woolwich must on the whole be hostile to earnest religion; but you will never forget that it is your duty, wherever you are, to be a witness for your Master, and never to be ashamed of Him before men. I look forward with great pleasure to seeing you during the vacation; I hope we may have many good long chats together then. I am very busy now preparing for the confirmation, which is to be held here next month (D.V.).

"I think it was this time three years that you were confirmed. It is interesting to look back to such a period afterwards, and to see how one has sped in the heavenly course."

In 1853, after holding the curacy of Fenagh for about nine months, Mr. Wynne became curate of Mountrath, in Queen's County. Shortly afterwards he was appointed, by Sir Charles Coote, to the chaplaincy of Ballyfin, which he held together with the curacy of Mountrath.

Here is a letter written to his sister very shortly after his arrival at Mountrath:—

"My Dearest Adelaide,—. . . . . As to the questions which you ask me about Mountrath, I

believe they were in a great measure answered in my last letter to Mama. My conscience, however, smote me the day after I wrote for having painted the scenery here in such gloomy colours, for the rain and clouds disappeared, and it has been glorious weather ever since. Under the influence of the sunshine and a little bright haze which has been hovering about, the scenery has assumed quite a pretty appearance, and I have really enjoyed my walks. Yesterday I had a delightful ramble over the wild, healthy mountains for miles, visiting parishioners, who live in rude little cottages scattered about on the mountain side. How you would have enjoyed the ramble!—such pleasant heath, such fresh air, and such simple-hearted, unsophisticated people! You would have relished my luncheon in one of the cottages off potatoes and salt, eaten as nature meant they should be eaten—with the fingers. A group of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, though ragged, children gathered around me, and gaped with amazement at 'the minister eating.' The poor mother, pale and careworn, but very pretty, with tears in her eyes, described the hardships she had gone through in the winter snow. The father, rough but hearty, sat by and picked the best potatoes for me out of the pot.

"Although I rather scorned the mountain from a distance, I found it, when upon it, very extensive. It is not apparently high, but it stretches away over the country for miles, and there are wild gorges and valleys with streams running through them. Still, though I enjoy the country here, I have not got over my fretting after poor Fenagh. Even Dora," [the heroine of the 'milky way,'] "with her dirt and

her untidyness, has assumed a certain romance in my eyes. I now forget all the discomforts of my house, all the little squabbles in the parish, all the various little anxieties and vexations that every position in life is subject to, and I only remember the warm hearts and kind friends I have left behind, and the pleasant days of peaceful ministry I have spent among them."

Life seems to have flowed on peacefully and uneventfully for the next three or four years. Probably there were more luncheons off boiled potatoes and salt, probably teas eaten by blazing turf fires in farmhouse kitchens. Lodgings in Mountrath do not seem to have been much better than they were at Fenagh. In the letters which he got from home, Mr. Wynne was chaffed about the chickens which form his only dinner in summer, and the unalterable chops which take their place in winter. On one occasion some friends dined with him. His landlady, to honour the occasion, "built" an apple dumpling. It is recorded in letters on the subject that the spoons bent in the hands of the guests as they strove to drive them through the pastry of that dumpling!

Mr. Wynne was, however, too much absorbed in his work as a shepherd of souls to pay much attention to such small discomforts. His worst grumbling took the form of an occasional joke. It is curious to remember, in connection with the roughness of these early lodgings, that in later life Mr. Wynne was a great upholder of the ceremony of family meals.

He liked every evening to have the full ritual of dinner, from the procession out of the drawing-room to the final biscuits and retirement of the ladies. In his house, even in the busiest days of his Dublin work, one never simply ate, one dined. This was not evidence of a fondness for eating and drinking,—Mr. Wynne was absolutely free from such a fault. To him the well-ordered ceremonial of a family gathering was a note of civilised refinement which he was loth to lose out of life.

A letter written to his sister at this time suggests the quiet uneventfulness of life at Mountrath.

"My Dear Adelaide,—I am very glad you have settled to go on to Lucerne. I shall follow you there in spirit, and wish I could follow you more substantially. I am sure it will be new life to you all to see the Alps. I hope I may, some day or other, get to see a live glacier before I die. I shall be very anxious to hear how you all enjoy yourselves. I wonder how many sketches you will make. Your accounts of your rambles along the Neckar were very delightful.

"My life here does not yield many events to write about, and I am almost ashamed to have nothing to send across half Europe to you but a string of stupid 'hopes' and 'wonders' and 'daresays.' Still, I suppose that even these inanities will be to a degree acceptable, as a symptom that your reverend brother is in existence. It would not be conventional to send an empty directed envelope, although it would answer all practical purposes nearly as well.

"My window is open. It is about ten o'clock in the evening. I looked out just now and saw the moon quietly resting on a company of silver-mottled clouds. Close beside her, apparently in the lit-up window of my opposite neighbour, a cobbler was applying a match to his pipe. In the window of the next house was to be seen a shabby old woman beginning to undress herself for bed. A beautiful bouquet of flowers is standing on my table, filling the room with delicate perfume. From the street below the sounds of coarse merriment ascend. An ugly girl, whom I saw just now scrubbing a kitchen table, is joking with the journeymen cobblers, and accompanying her jokes with hideous laughter. Just before it was dark I saw a pretty little girl carrying a great jug of milk in one hand and holding up in her apron with the other a loaf nearly as big as herself; beside her was another child, with a tin can. A little yellow kitten, with its tail cocked up, came jumping out of one of the street doors. The child caught her dexterously with her tin can, held her up in one hand by the stomach, put her gently into the house again, and tripped on after her companion. My sad, pretty landlady, whose husband is in Australia, has just glided in gently and left me a bedroom candle, saying good-night with a subdued voice and a sweet smile. Thick-shoed men are tramping down the street every now and then, whistling out of tune. I am inclined to philosophise so much that I had better not begin another sheet of paper."

In 1855 the Rev. Henry Galbraith was presented to the living of Rathdrum, in the County of Wicklow.

He and Mr. Wynne managed, in spite of the distance which separated them, to renew their college friendship. They had known each other last at the Bible classes in No. 38, T.C.D. A great change had passed over Mr. Wynne's opinions since then. The last traces of his early attachment to the Tractarian party had vanished. He was now fairly on the road to that liberality of thought which afterwards became a great note of all his teaching. The years which had passed since he left college had been to him years of grave intellectual doubt and difficulty. The same spirit of inquiry which led him to sift for himself, and ultimately reject much of what was distinctively High Church in his father's teaching, had refused to allow him to accept unquestioned the great dogmas of the Evangelical school. The newer school of Evangelicals, at least in Ireland, has so far ceased to emphasise the great dogmas which were the strength of the fathers of the party, that it is difficult for us to realise how intensely and vigorously dogmatic the older Evangelicals were. In reality, when Mr. Wynne ventured to question the traditions of scriptural interpretation which were then regarded as orthodox, he made an assertion of independence which required no little courage. A rigid theory of the divine inspiration of Scripture, amounting practically to the doctrine of verbal inspiration, then obtained among Evangelicals.

Mr. Wynne found mental peace in a recognition

of a strong and constantly obvious human element in the composition of the Bible. His reason was convinced that in the main the books of the New Testament were what they professed to be, records and letters compiled by the contemporaries of Jesus of Nazareth. He never cared to use the appeal to a single text in support of a doctrine, though this was the natural form into which an argument based on the Evangelical conception of Scripture would fall. A doctrine appeared to him probable or the reverse according as it fell in harmoniously with the general character of the person and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth as set forth for us in certain authentic records of his time. He accepted the great Christian doctrines not on the authority of the Church, nor yet because a number of proof texts could be quoted in their support, but because they seemed to him to afford an explanation of the facts of the life of Jesus Christ. Of course this mental position was the result of development and of many a hard struggle with traditional opinion around him and grave scepticism within. When he renewed his acquaintance with the Rev. Henry Galbraith, he was nearing the end of the struggle. He read eagerly such books as he could borrow on New Testament criticism.

All his life Mr. Wynne was a great borrower of books. His library, when he died, was comparatively a small one, and a large proportion of the books he possessed had been inherited from his father;

yet he was a reader who up to the very end of his life was well abreast of current theological thought.

At this time he borrowed and studied Alford's Greek Testament. It is difficult for us now to regard Alford as anything but a solid pillar of orthodoxy; but his teaching on "the ripening" of S. Paul's "views and convictions" on the subject of our Lord's second advent seemed to the older Evangelicals dangerously rationalistic. To them the expressions in the first epistle to the Thessalonians were inspired. The tone of the epistles of the imprisonment could be no more than inspired. There was no possibility of growth in the teachings of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Wynne had gladly accepted Alford's principle, had even used it beyond Alford's applications.

While on a visit to Mr. Galbraith at Rathdrum, Mr. Wynne made the acquaintance of Theodosia Darley, Mrs. Galbraith's youngest sister, daughter of the Rev. John Darley, F.T.C.D. The acquaintance soon ripened into mutual affection. Some time afterwards, when in Dublin, Mr. Wynne took the opportunity of being introduced to Mrs. Darley. The Rev. John Darley had died before his youngest daughter's birth, and the guardianship of her three daughters had devolved upon Mrs. Darley. For some time she refused to sanction his proposal for her daughter on prudential grounds. The time which followed was a very trying one for both Mr. Wynne and Miss Darley.

The following extract from a letter written to a friend explains his frame of mind at the time :—

"MOUNTRATH, *November 2nd.*

". . . . . I am trying to lean on the everlasting arm, and to say, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.' My difficulty, however, is to feel that my trial comes from the divine will. It seems to me to be inflicted by a human decision founded on a mistaken and conventional idea of prudence, and I feel that there is a certain unreality in quietly supposing such things come from the divine will ; they seem to me forms of the evil and falseness of the world which war against His will. I cannot feel that it is right and according to God's will that the fervent affection of an earnest man should be repulsed because he cannot supply the luxuries and elegancies which the world chooses to consider necessary, but which any true-hearted woman would be as really happy without. My heart rebels, not against God's will, I do hope, but against those cursed 'social lies that warp us from the living truth.' Not that I wish to cast blame upon those who have given me such pain ; they have done what they imagined was their duty,—they have not willingly inflicted pain. I think their view of duty is a mistake—a terrible mistake for me ; but still, I know that they have had towards me nothing but kind and considerate thoughts."

Mrs. Darley was afterwards persuaded to give her consent to the marriage. In later years she learned to appreciate at its true value the character of her son-in-law. She spent the last years of her life under

his roof, and died among her children and grandchildren in 1889. Mr. Wynne remained all his life superior to what he describes as mistaken and conventional ideas of prudence. Experience of the world is supposed to teach men and women the superiority of money to affection. It is supposed to be only the young who care to quote "Locksley Hall." It is characteristic of Mr. Wynne that to the end of his life he maintained the ideas which he has expressed in the letter I have quoted.

On April 9th, 1859, Frederick Richards Wynne and Theodosia Darley were married in Rathdrum Parish Church by the Rev. Henry Galbraith.

A memoir such as this is not a fitting place for a history of the great educational controversy which agitated the Irish Church in the middle of this century. Mr. Wynne's attitude, however, requires to be stated. I therefore make no apology for printing the following letter, and giving a short statement of the circumstances under which it was written.

The National Board of Education for Ireland was created by the English government with a view to supplying secular education in Irish primary schools. It was intended that the instruction given during school hours should be so entirely secular that the children of parents of every religious denomination might attend the schools of the Board without danger of interference with their religious faith. In spite of the support which the Board received from

Archbishop Whateley, the great mass of the Irish clergy was hostile to the system. They demanded the right of teaching the Bible and the formularies of the Church to all children attending their schools at any hour during the day. For a time, under the Church Education Society, schools were supported without aid from the National Board in a large number of parishes. Gradually, however, it became difficult to collect sufficient funds for the support of these Church schools. The National Board offered facilities for religious instruction under certain clearly laid down restrictions. It became apparent to many that, although in principle the Church Education Society might be right, yet practically it was possible for the clergyman of a parish to teach the children of Church parents whatever religious doctrines he thought fit under the rules of the National Board. Such was the position of affairs in 1860. The country clergy found it increasingly difficult to maintain efficient Church schools. The acceptance of financial aid from the National Board only crippled their powers, with regard to religious instruction, so far as the children of Roman Catholic or Protestant dissenting parents were concerned.

The first prominent Evangelical Churchman who openly recognised the true position of the question was the Primate, Lord John George Beresford. He issued an address to the clergy suggesting that, if they were otherwise unable to maintain their schools in efficiency, they might, in his opinion, accept the

aid of the National Board without being considered unfaithful to their ordination vows. Shortly afterwards two leaders of the Evangelical clergy and of the Church Education party changed their attitude, and gave their adherence to the National Board: these were Denis Browne, Dean of Emly, and Hamilton Verschoyle, afterwards Bishop of Kilmore. These changes were startling to all, and elicited an outburst of indignation from the strong party men and their large following.

At the April meetings in the same year, Bishop O'Brien of Ossory addressed a vast assembly in the Rotunda in Dublin. The clergy in very large numbers occupied the platform behind him. He began his speech, after a minute of absolute silence, with the words, "They shall be as when a standard-bearer fainteth." Turning his back upon the larger audience in front, he addressed himself to the mass of clergy who occupied the platform. He lamented the defection of the Primate, and denounced the conduct of the two others. The clergy vociferously applauded the words of their great champion. About the same time he issued an address to the clergy of his own diocese, vehemently defending the position of the Church Education Society. A large body of his clergy responded by addressing to him an expression of their hearty approval of his strong words. Mr. Wynne found himself unable to sign the address presented to the bishop. He explains in the following letter why

he held aloof from the majority of his brother clergy :—

"I have a letter which I must write this evening which distresses me a good deal. I received a letter from the secretary of our Church Education Society asking me to authorise him to affix my signature to an address of thanks they are going to send to the bishop about his education letter. I do not feel that I can conscientiously do this, as I am far from agreeing with all he says or even with the general tone of his letter. I must therefore write declining to sign the address. This will, I know, seem to many of my valued friends and clerical brethren a sad desertion of the good cause, etc. It is very painful to me to be obliged to stand aloof from a movement which seems to them so all important, and to incur the distrust and suspicion of my fellow ministers in the diocese; but of course I have no alternative. I cannot commit myself to principles of which I am not fully persuaded. I trust all will be made to work together for good."

I append to this chapter some notes, sent me by the Ven. Archdeacon Wynne, descriptive of Frederick Wynne's character and life during the period with which this chapter deals.

"Memory carries me back forty years, to a month spent with him in his lodgings at Mountrath, while he held the curacy of Ballyfin. As a divinity student who knew nothing of parochial work, but a good deal of those inward struggles with sloth and

with doubt which may have such different issues according to the guidance received, I was glad to be invited to share my cousin's lodgings, and to go forth with him through his wide country district, and receive object lessons in the pastorate of souls.

"With perfect sympathy he bore with the expression of sundry vigorous, but undisciplined, opinions, and with the dogmatism of incipient knowledge. He gently removed various stumbling-blocks to faith by allowing full weight to difficulties and never minimising objections, but, after listening to the pained expression of doubts and fears, presenting in healthy and vigorous language the positive truth. And this truth was not expressed on the dogmatic side, but, as was the habit of his life, in its personal presentation in the life of Christ and in the experience of His Church. The discussions over the tea-table by candle-light (before ever the all-pervading paraffin lamp had been thought of) were illustrated next day in the sunlight, when the young pastor and I would take a long day's circuit through the farms of the wide plain of the Nore. The pony was saddled at ten o'clock, and one rode, the other walking beside the rider for a few miles, when our positions were exchanged, and the rider took his turn on foot. At first the conversation flowed easily on natural objects, stimulated by the pools where bog-bean blossomed, and beside which the butter-wort grew. The tangles of loose-strife and great willow herb and hemp agrimony remain fixed on my memory, still associated with those parochial tours.

"A cottage, mud-walled, whitewashed, thatched with moor-reeds, would be reached, the pony tied

to the gate, and the curate and the divinity student would go in and sit by the hearth, and hear the cottager's story, and learn lessons from the lips of the poor. Sympathy, expressed in the gracious, beaming look, and helped by a kindly word thrown in now and again, would lead the old woman who sat by her spindle, or the young mother who rocked her cradle, to open all her heart to the pastor who so truly cared for her troubles and was interested in her humblest concerns. And when the Testament was produced, and some words read, almost always from the Gospel story, and the invitation to prayer was accepted, and quiet words of great confidence and reverence were uttered, the cottager was not the person who reaped the chief advantage. Here was the Christian faith shown at work, which to the student's doubting heart seemed sometimes so full of perplexities; here was Christian science in operation, proving its fitness to cheer and brighten and awaken and help. Then, when the journey was resumed, and when I learned that we were to scale some blue hillside a long way off to see a bedridden old carter who must be visited once a week, there was another good spell of talk. In a genial way, which seemed quite without scheme or purpose, my teacher would pass from theology to practice; and then how narrow-minded it was to use shibboleths, and to call certain things worldly and others religious; how charity in thought and speech was a higher proof of spirituality than strict abstinence from balls or theatres; and how few rules of casuistry can be gleaned from the sayings of Christ. As I walked or rode beside the curate of Ballyfin, I was absorbing what should

serve me all my life, and especially I was learning that Christian truth is not circumscribed by definitions, nor Christian practice directed by any formal code.

"Among the bright experiences of that summer were the visitings of local stations for catechising. In the wide district over which Frederick Wynne's pastorate extended there were families of the gentry whose children were periodically instructed in their own homes. The little ones and the older lads and maidens expected their minister's visit with interest, and answered wonderfully in the 'Proof of the Catechism,' which, so far as I remember, their teacher used to set them to learn. Then we had more than one invitation to go to some neighbouring parish, and help in the examination of the schools in connection with the Christian Knowledge Association, which was doing its excellent work decades before the first Diocesan Board of Education was thought of. Our cousin, the late Canon Nixon, of Ettagh, Roscrea, was then curate of the neighbouring parish of Abbeyleix, under the Hon. and Rev. William Wingfield. He was a good scholar, a German student, and a thoughtful preacher, and would puzzle us as we walked by giving us cruxes of German theology out of Stier's *Reden Jesu*, since translated in Clark's Foreign Theological Library. They were men of distinct type, but at one in the desire to bring the young to the knowledge of Christ and His truth.

"Frederick Wynne was no mean athlete. His walking powers were to the last remarkable. A bold and experienced swimmer, he gave me that summer my first lessons in swimming in pools of the Nore,

a tributary of the Barrow, which wound through the meadows near Mountrath. And during the same season, when with him, I went to Pole Hore, the family place on the Slaney, near Wexford. He led the other young men—brothers and cousins—who were staying there in the exercise of leaping from the boat in their clothes, to practise swimming in an emergency thus encumbered. On the water he would take the lead in singing in harmony old Irish airs, or some of the most musical Christy Minstrel ditties; and the extemporised concert on the moonlit Slaney would not close without the reverent singing of 'Glory to Thee, my God, this night,' or some such well-known hymn. I remember hearing him preach at Killanne church, close by the Slaney, a sermon which at that time impressed me much. It was on 'Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.' As was the custom in his sermons always, he made *one point*, often only one, sink deep in the memory or strike deep into the conscience; and I have often thought of that sermon, preached in the July (I think) of 1857, with its lesson so wonderfully illustrated in the preacher's whole life: not to believe only, but to bring forth fruit, increasing fruit, much fruit, is the proof of real discipleship!

"My cousin was not a nervous man, though the nervous system was sensitive and highly strung. At that time, however, I remember an amusing instance of what I suppose was the result of nervousness. Reading family prayer at Pole Hore one evening (he always used the collect of the Church at family prayer), he read by mistake the morning collect, with the words, 'who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day.' The mistake was pointed

out after prayer, and he duly apologised; but from some inexplicable cause, the next morning he said at prayer the collect, 'Lighten our darkness,' and was much confused when the same critic took him to task. It was a singular instance of unconscious cerebration.

"As a preacher, after that time I seldom heard my cousin, except at a special mission in Enniskerry, when his opening text was, 'As many as touched Him were made perfectly whole,' and at an extemporised Sunday service at Sligachan Hotel, in Skye, when I read the prayers, a young Oxford don the first lesson, and a minister of the Established Church of Scotland the second, and he preached on 'They went and told Jesus.' But you can see in these two texts, accidentally gleaned from years of his ministry somewhat widely separated, that the prevailing desire was to bring the hearer into spiritual touch with the sympathising might of the Lord Jesus.

"On that Scottish walking tour, by the way, in which we tramped from Lochgoilhead, by Stronachar and Inverary, and Lochawe to Oban, and all over Skye, and across the Highlands to Inverness, returning by the Caledonian Canal, and striking through some very unfrequented glens and corries, the names of which I now forget, I observed the late bishop's readiness to engage strangers in conversation, and the exceeding skill with which, without apparent effort, he led the conversation to the heart of things. In a Scottish inn somewhere near Glengarry, we met a very sceptical young commerical traveller, who made no secret of his objections to Christianity. I was struck with the

manner in which, like S. Paul, he *went as far as he possibly could with the objector.* He gave him a great deal of line, like a skilled fisherman; but there came a point when he put his thumb on the handle of the reel, and stopped the out-run of the line, and brought the objector up short, and showed him that there are difficulties caused by unbelief which only faith can resolve,—and he left the young man under, at least, a different impression of Christianity and of the Christian ministry from that with which he had commenced the discussion.

"The art of drawing out people's thoughts and feelings was in him a sort of genius. At the service of Christian faith many natural gifts were placed by his willing and well-stored mind. I knew him for three and forty years, and I may say I never met him without receiving benefit. There were times when a certain severity made itself felt; he was severe towards sloth or formality in a clergyman—severe towards moral cowardice, perhaps scarce realising that all do not possess the natural gifts which in him adorned and strengthened those of grace. The gift of conversation, the natural fearlessness, and the power of leading men are not granted to many as they were to him; nor are the tenderer and more womanly graces which adorned him common. A genius for Christian love and Christian work was granted to him, and the natural and supernatural gifts were employed, year in year out, without stint, in the service of his Master and of his brothers and sisters in the world.

"It was but a few months before his death that he came to Killarney to give the addresses to the clergy on 'A Quiet Day,' held in my church. Those

who attended the services were deeply impressed; the face of the speaker at times seemed glorified, and consciences were profoundly moved. An ideal of pastoral work which perhaps was new to some present was held up for contemplation, and all felt that it was good for us to be there."

CHAPTER III

KILKENNY

"For you the hours of labour do not flag;
For you each evening hath its shining star,
And every Sabbath-day its golden sun."

MR. WYNNE'S work at Mountrath was, as we have seen, of a quiet and unobtrusive kind. He was content with the faithful performance of the manifold duties of a country clergyman; his work had in it no element of self-seeking; he had in no way sought to be known, nor did he seek for any reward save the joy of serving his Master faithfully. Nevertheless, reward came to him. He was appointed by Bishop O'Brien incumbent of S. Mary's, Kilkenny, in 1864. The recognition of his work by such a man as Bishop O'Brien was in itself a testimony to Mr. Wynne's faithfulness and earnestness. But more than merely faithfulness was needed in the incumbent of S. Mary's; the parish was then one of the most important in the diocese, and required a pastor of ability and power.

It must be recollected that, according to the standard of the Church in those days, Mr. Wynne

was a young man for so important a post. During the eleven years that he remained at Kilkenny, Mr. Wynne fully justified the Bishop's judgment of him. It was at S. Mary's that his power as a preacher was first widely recognised. Members of his congregation have described how they were compelled to listen by the preacher's earnestness. He took an active interest in the meetings of the Kilkenny Clerical Society. This society had been founded by the Rev. Peter Roe, one of his predecessors at S. Mary's, and was one of the first societies of its kind in Ireland.

It is most pleasant for those who knew and loved Canon Wynne in later life to look back upon the years he spent at Kilkenny. God called him afterwards to a busier life, to fill more laborious and more important posts in the Church; but it is impossible not to feel that the most truly happy portion of his life was spent at Kilkenny. The quaint old town is rich as few Irish towns are in memorials of the past. The cathedral has its traditions; the castle of the Ormonds recalls stirring and busy times in Irish history. There was abundant work for the vicar of S. Mary's to do among both rich and poor, and at the same time ample leisure for the development of peaceful domestic happiness.

Mr. Wynne's three eldest boys were born at Mountrath; five more children were born at Kilkenny.

Mr. Wynne's love for children, and his sympathy with them, was one of the great notes of his character.

It was his delight in their very earliest years to win their confidence and to make himself their friend. He had very distinct recollections of his own childhood and often spoke of the vividness of childish terrors. He used to tell a story of one of his earliest recollections of childish fears. A deep well for a pump was being dug in the yard at his home. Some foolish servant told him they were digging this hole to put him into if he was naughty. He remembered all his life the agonies of terror he suffered while this work was going on. Such recollections of his own very sensitive childhood made him peculiarly gentle with his own children. He would not allow them to be frightened or threatened. Part of his great charm for children lay in the serious way in which he treated them ; he hated to hear children laughed at, and never liked to hear remarks made in their presence which might make them self-conscious. He talked to them just as he would to grown-up people. His children were always welcome in his study, and even when quite young were allowed to sit there quietly with a pencil or a book while he worked. His stories were the delight of generations of children ; many of them which he loved to tell had been told to him and his brothers and sisters by his own father. He never could bear to read a book in which there was a sad story about a child or a description of a child dying. Though he was peculiarly sympathetic with all sorrow, he was most sensitive to the idea of children suffering or the sorrow of parents at the death of a child.

He gave more time and thought to his intercourse with his children than most parents do, and it is not wonderful that he won more than most parents their love and confidence. In Dublin afterwards such close and constant companionship with his children became impossible, but, at least in the case of the elder ones, the walks and talks of the Kilkenny days had done their work. He remained his children's most intimate friend as long as he lived.

The following extracts from letters were sent me by the Rev. Arthur Wynne, who served first in the Church of Ireland as curate of Queenstown. Although nothing in the letters or his notes which follow bear directly upon Canon Wynne's life at Kilkenny, they will serve to show a thoughtful reader the sympathy which existed in later life between father and son, the result of that early companionship which I have tried to describe.

"From letter of February 17th, 1887, with reference to my work just entered on at Queenstown:

"'. . . . . Each sermon is one part of our general ministry—which is, giving our whole selves to those to whom God has sent us, that by all means we may save some . . . .

"'I am sure you will remember the caution I gave you before you left as to being on our guard in times of popularity. You are sure to be much liked and valued by Christian people, because you bring the message that comforts and satisfies the heart. In the love of our people there is a danger. It is a

great privilege to have their affection, but it has its snare too. I feel sure, however, that you will be strengthened and guarded against this snare. While men praise and approve, your own conscience will *convict* you of many a failure, so you will be kept humble and lowly, and penitent at your Saviour's feet still—a little weak child clinging to the father's hand as his only support. At the same time, you may thank God and rejoice for enabling you to minister acceptably to His Church. With all its dangers and difficulties, ours is certainly a most delightful work. . . .'

"From letter dated June 8th, 1888. Criticism of a sermon on Prodigal Son:

"'. . . . . One point might be liable to misconception. The quotation from Archbishop Trench bringing in baptism is, I think, the ecclesiastical gloss on the teaching, but not the teaching of Christ. The Fatherhood He speaks of would be just the same for baptized and unbaptized. Baptism is the outward expression of that deep eternal love you have brought out.

"'Two parties try to narrow the grand Fatherhood of our generous God: 1st, those who are tainted with the Calvinistic idea that Christ died for some, not for all, and who imagine also that we are not his children until we recognise our adoption; 2nd, those who set up the visible Church and Sacraments for a kind of sentimental idolatry. I am sure the way you have taken the truth on the whole and treated it in its fulness and freeness is the faithful exposition of Christ's own beautiful and simple teaching, and

is the truest way to lead sinful men to the 'spirit of adoption,' and then to lead them to value and love the ordinances of the Church.'

"I had consulted him as to my accepting a post I was offered for missionary educational work in Rangoon. He replied:

"'*May 30th*, 1890.

"'I am almost afraid of giving any counsel on the subject, for fear of letting personal feelings interfere. Your leaving this country and going to India would be to me a keener pain and trial than I should care to speak of; but I should not wish any feeling of mine to interfere with what you really feel to be a providential call of duty. I shall only ask you to weigh the subject very well before making a final decision. There are many considerations that ought to have weight on both sides. It is well to remember that there is a very great need of educated gentlemen in the Irish Church; a great demand for them; a very small supply indeed of them; a great danger of the general quality and status of our Irish clergymen being lowered till they can fill their place very indifferently. You have to ask yourself whether the supply of qualified men for educational purposes in India is less or greater than the supply of properly qualified men for the Master's work here. I am sure you have been considering these questions, and I trust you will be guided in the answer to be given. I am sure you will not act on any sudden impulse. I am praying to our Heavenly Father to show you what he would have you to do. . . .'

"These extracts illustrate some points of general interest on which he takes decided views. He was never enthusiastically 'missionary'; his views on the subject are interesting. Also, his letters show the kind of terms he always wished to be on with his sons. He loved to know everything we were doing or thinking, and in every difficulty one knew one was sure of a thoroughly sympathetic interest and of practical advice. In the walks he was so fond of taking with us, both as young fellows in college or in later life, he entered with keen interest into all we were working at—quite as much with his medical sons as with the clerical. For many years he went short walking tours with one or two of us in North Wales, Scotland, or England; one could never feel then how much he was our senior,—we were all comrades together. He often said to me that when we were growing up his great ambition was not to rule us, but, by keeping always in close sympathy with us, to quietly lead us, and always towards what was good and Christlike. The result was, the most complete confidence that could exist between father and son bound us all to him. One memory will remain always—his intense personal holiness; his devotion to his 'Master' as to his Friend; his intense belief in the reality and power of prayer; his earnestness in never failing to find some opportunity to help upwards each one with whom he came in contact, and, finally, his lifelong characteristic 'to do his *duty*,' which controlled all other motives

Though he might lay aside his clerical garment, he never for a moment lost these characteristics."

Frederick E. Wynne, who has sent me the following short appreciation of his father's character, was Canon Wynne's sixth child. His notes are valuable, not only as giving lights on his father's character, but as illustrating the wonderfully close friendship which existed between Canon Wynne and his younger children, who came less under his influence in Kilkenny days.

"'Universal sympathy' was a very favourite expression of my father's; it was also an ideal he had actually attained to. So habitual was his sympathy that to those who knew him closely it ceased to appear a merit; it was taken for granted. Indeed, he often heard a laughing complaint that 'he never would abuse anybody!' For while in his sermons and his conversation alike he could pour out deepest indignation, and most bitter satire on sin, folly, and vulgarity, for the sinner himself, for the fool and the vulgar, he had always a tender sympathy, always 'some allowance to make.' So it was that to young men he ever seemed a contemporary; and with children he was a child, a favourite playmate.

"This sympathy and tenderness for others used to make him oblivious of conventions and appearances to a degree that may have been trying sometimes to meaner souls. I recall a scene that occurred

during a walking tour we had together in Derbyshire. We had reached Matlock by train, and had sent a porter on before us to the hotel. As we were making our way up the steep hill thronged with tourists, he espied the porter wheeling up our 'Gladstones' on a barrow. The man was old, and made a feeble picture toiling up the dusty hill. For a moment my father became preoccupied and uneasy, then, hurrying forward, took the barrow from the old man and pushed it briskly up the road, the bewildered porter trudging by his side; nor would he even let me take more than what he thought my share of wheeling, and that was less than his. I think he never saw the grinning tourists, stopped in their sauntering, heads turned round, and sides ashake at this to them most comic interlude. I remember still my feeling of shame that I could not be unconscious of them too.

"Another characteristic of his 'universal sympathy' was his failure to understand the common objection to 'talking shop.' He often said, 'I like the people I am with to talk 'shop,' as it is called, to me, for it means talking of what they know and are interested in, and it is what they can talk best.' Nothing that interested other men was uninteresting or trivial to him.

"In my own student days he used to delight in hearing a précis of any lectures I might have been attending, or would listen to long accounts of medical or surgical cases. There never was a

listener like him, and I often felt that nothing made a difficult matter so clear as the process of explaining it to him.

"And this leads me to record a few impressions of the intellectual side of his personality.

"As personal ambition was utterly foreign to him, and he only took public action in any matter when his conscience forced it on him, he was known less as a public man than by his influence on individuals, though these were so numerous as really to constitute a public. To this fact was partly due the weight that did attach to his public utterances or actions. At the same time, it made possible the opinion I once heard expressed, 'that Canon Wynne was an excellent parochial clergyman, but not at all the man for a bishopric.' His preaching and his writings served to limit this notion to a few uninformed persons: his career as a bishop did perhaps more; yet only those who were intimate with him knew the whole force of his ardent mind, which seemed, as years went by, to strengthen and rejuvenate itself from some reserve of intellectual force.

"His mental history is one of progressive evolution that was never more active than in the year preceding his death. So it happens that, even within my knowledge of him, his mind had often evacuated intellectual positions in order to occupy one higher up and closer to the frontier.

"Apart from his special studies in theology and

philosophy and his deep knowledge of human character, he had a wide and always accurate knowledge of several branches of natural science, and especially of geology, which was his favourite. He loved to study the structure and formation of the various parts of the country through which his constant walking took him ; and this study added to his intense delight in scenery, while his knowledge and lucid power of explaining what he knew enhanced the privilege of being his companion.

"But much of the breadth of his mind, much that he held and taught on philosophic and religious matters, he felt could not be exposed to the risk of misunderstanding and half knowledge attending public utterance, and so it was reserved to those who could know him in his home, who could walk with him over his beloved mountains and hills,—and to these indeed

> "'His memory long shall live alone
> In all our hearts like mournful light
> That hangs above the fallen sun,
> And dwells in heaven half the night.'"

The leisure which the work of S. Mary's allowed to Canon Wynne was not all devoted to his own family; he had time for that close personal intercourse with his friends which was always a great pleasure to him. The guest chamber at S. Mary's parsonage was often occupied, and one can easily guess how pleasant a visit there must have been.

Whoever has been at all intimate with Canon Wynne knows the wonderful charm of his cultured piety. His home life was the expression of all that was best and most attractive in him. It was in his home that his friends saw his natural gaiety, his gentleness, his wide sympathy with thought and life. A relative of his who was a frequent visitor at S. Mary's parsonage writes thus of him :—

"One of my chief impressions of the life at the old S. Mary's parsonage was its brightness and cheerfulness. Frederick could not bear to see a gloomy face, and always remonstrated with us if we looked melancholy, particularly in church. In those days the children were very young, and there was generally a new baby that was a regular toy and tyrant to Frederick.

"His ladies' Bible class struck me much. Any one who has taught one knows the difficulty of getting ladies to speak, and how futile their remarks generally are. He never quenched the smoking flax. Even at the most commonplace answer he would pause and say perhaps, 'Yes, I see that is a very interesting thought'; and he would put a few touches to the remark till he brought out the idea he wanted and gave the person encouragement to venture on answering again another time.

"Frederick did a great deal of parochial visiting. There were a number of almshouses in Kilkenny, where he went often. One for respectable people, such as governesses, he visited on Sunday afternoons. There was one rather cross-grained old woman who could not go to church. I don't think a Sunday

passed without his seeing her and repeating the substance of his sermon to her. He brought her a shilling as well, because she seemed so miserably poor. At her death there was found £20 sewed up in her mattress for her funeral expenses."

"Frederick was a Christian socialist before the name was printed with capital letters and was on everybody's lips. This he showed by his sympathy with the poor and those below him in rank. Whenever he came in contact with them, he had always something kind and thoughtful to say. I have met servants who had not seen him since they were children in his schools, and yet never forgot him. One little trait showing the reality of his sympathy struck me at the time. The gate of S. Mary's parsonage opened into a wide walled-in road, along which the people of Kilkenny took their Sunday walks and the nursery-maids wheeled their charges during the week. His family were most anxious to have this gate boarded up, for the sake of privacy, but he would not hear of it. 'It is their one little bit of interest' he said, 'and breaks the dulness of the road by giving them a glimpse of flowers and freshness.' He was very liberal in his money dealings and never would drive a bargain. His visitors used to complain that they had to pay double fare for the railway omnibus, when they took it to the parsonage, because he was in the habit of over paying the driver.

"It was a great regret to Frederick that he was not military chaplain at Kilkenny. He took a great interest in soldiers, and particularly enjoyed holding a service at the barracks. Young men were always specially interesting to him. He generally had friends

among the young officers, who often dined at S. Mary's parsonage.

"Though we used often to go for long and delightful walks by the river when his parish visiting was over, I cannot recall any special talks. It was not so much the originality of his thought which made him a charming companion as his sympathetic seizing of other people's ideas. He entered into them, and adapted them to his own line of thought, so getting fresh ideas rather than originating them. He had that far from common combination in a character—deep religiousness, with very undogmatic views, and a wide tolerance for unorthodox opinions as long as they did not touch what was the keynote of his religion—our Lord's person and character. He so lived in and with Christ that everything else which men grew bitter over seemed to him insignificant. Therefore, he never belonged to any party in the Church, though he called himself an Evangelical. Most likely he could not have reconciled his opposite views logically, but he had a faith and a directness of thought that were truer than logic."

Any picture of Canon Wynne's life at Kilkenny would be altogether imperfect which did not include his pastoral work; yet there is nothing more difficult to describe than the work done by a faithful pastor among his people. It is comparatively easy to picture the struggle of some great leader of men forcing his way through the tangle of human affairs, or to describe the effort of a great preacher and the magical influence his oratory exercises over a

crowded congregation. If a man is a fighter, the ins and outs of his fights, the principles he adhered to, the victories he won can be recounted. The work of the pastor is elusive. Now and then we can form a mental picture of the vicar of S. Mary's as he made his way along the dusty roads to spend an hour on Sunday afternoons with a bedridden old woman in an almshouse. We see him pause another day before the door of one of a neat row of little houses. He has one or two of his children with him, and at first his visit to the delicate lady within is all pleasant chat and cheery anecdote; then the children are let run out into the little garden behind the house, and the real pleasure of the visit begins. He reads familiar words—the words of the Lord Jesus, or one of the well-known psalms. His listener's lips form the words before he reads them, for she knows well all that comes. To the feeble handmaid of the Lord, and to the young servant who reads, the words are full of meaning; they convey the secret strength by which the one lives patiently and the other works earnestly. The book is closed. The young vicar kneels. The woman's face is covered with her hands. The sweet words of some old collect, or perhaps the half-halting expression of some private need, is uttered. There is a solemn pause. Then, as he rises, there are smiles upon both their faces. The peace which the world cannot give is over them. The children return with their posies of quaint, old-fashioned

flowers. Good-bye is said. The often repeated visit is over for that day.

Again we see him, and this time he is pausing for a moment outside the school door to offer a little prayer for guidance and help in the work that lies before him within. A class of bright-faced girls and boys awaits him. The old schoolmaster stands aside. The lesson begins. Here is no dreary chronicle of Kings of Israel and Judah, labelled good or bad on account of some very vaguely apprehended proceedings with groves and altars ; here is no gradual giving way of the teacher's temper in a fruitless effort to drive a list of miracles and parables into inattentive minds. The teacher is bent on something higher ; he strives to lead his class to the great thoughts of God's love and man's service. Anecdote and question succeed each other. His reward is not in some coming examiner's certificate of proficiency, but in the looks of attentive pleasure on his pupils' faces, and in the great hope that the good seed will bear good fruit. The lesson ends. The boys go back to the schoolmaster. Mr. Wynne pauses a minute or two while his wife enters. She has spared an hour for the schoolgirls from her own children and house. Soon they are busy, under her care, at knitting and sewing.

Or again, we catch a glimpse of Mr. Wynne in the stuffy room above a draper's shop. He is talking to the milliner or her apprentice. She is a stranger in Kilkenny. Perhaps in the hot summer

days she is thinking longingly of the meadows of some country farm where she grew up. He seems almost to divine her thoughts. Her face gets brighter as he talks to her—less weary. Before he leaves, he will tell her that her feelings of home-sickness are like little reflections of the great longing for the eternal home which the Christian has.

Such work is necessarily without a chronicle. The unceasing daily glow of peaceful holiness, the endless succession of small good deeds and insignificant good words cannot be told,—their results lie outside the grasp of our statistics.

While thus the parish of S. Mary's and the house of the vicar were full of a deep peace, the Church outside was being shaken to its depths. The eleven years of Canon Wynne's life at Kilkenny formed a very critical period in the history of the Church of Ireland. It would be quite out of place here to enter into a full description of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. After a period of deep unrest and fear, during which various schemes were discussed for dealing with the Irish establishment, the final crisis arrived. In 1869 Mr. Gladstone's Bill for Disestablishing and Disendowing the Irish Church passed into law. At once it became necessary to entirely reorganise the constitution of the Church. The Church had need of the wisest and best of her sons on every side. Immensely important matters were at stake. The future existence of the Church in poor and thinly populated districts seemed doubtful. Pessimists

assumed the entire extinction of the Church over wide districts of the south and west. Her most hopeful friends were often despondent. To many the dangers involved in the absolute power of self-government, which disestablishment gave the Church, seemed hardly less serious than the risk of extinction which followed disendowment. It was apparent from the first that if the Church was to weather the storm, it could only be by the aid of the faithful laity. A generous measure of power was as once granted to them; they were invited to deliberate with the clergy, and to vote not only on questions of finance and discipline, but on the points of doctrine which came under discussion when the revision of the Prayer Book was undertaken. The Church's generous trust of her people has in the main been amply justified by the result, but the anxiety attending the earlier meetings of the synods was very great. The majority of the clergy chose for the good of the Church in future to accept such security for their incomes as the representative body was able to offer, instead of selfishly clinging to the annuities offered them by the government. The safety of the doctrinal standards of the Church was trusted to an assembly of clergy and laity, many of whom were altogether untrained in theology, and some of whom were suspected of entertaining revolutionary views.

In such a condition of affairs men of real ability in any direction came rapidly to the front. There was need not only in the great central meetings of

Churchmen, but in every diocesan synod, of men of financial and administrative ability, to form and criticise schemes for the future management of the Church's temporalities. Still greater was the need everywhere of men who were able to justify and explain the Church's dogmatic position. Public opinion was undoubtedly formed, and a great educational work was done in the General Synod by the debates on doctrinal questions. The need of men who were theologians, and prepared with courage and ability to defend the Prayer Book, was very great. Scarcely less was the need of men who could remain calm amid the clash of party interests; who could distinguish between what was essential and what only seemed so; who could mediate and reconcile.

Mr. Wynne was not among those who stood in the front rank of Churchmen at the time of disestablishment. The Church has indeed to thank men like Bishop Fitzgerald and Dr. Jellett for the defence of her theological position, and others like Dr. Galbraith and Judge Longfield for her financial safety; but she has reason to be scarcely less grateful to men of the second rank, whose names, perhaps, are sometimes likely to be forgotten, but who did splendid work for her in the days of her trial. Of these, Mr. Wynne was one. He was not a member of the committee appointed to consider proposed alterations in the Prayer Book, nor did he take part very frequently in the debates which

followed the presentation of the committee's report to the General Synod. His influence, however, among those who knew him was considerable. His pamphlet, "Evangelical Principles in Relation to Breadth of Thought," published just before disestablishment, showed the direction in which his influence would tend. On the whole, he was in favour of a moderate revision of the Prayer Book. He made an able speech in the synod in favour of providing an alternative form of baptismal service for the use of those who objected to the strong statements on the subject of regeneration contained in the present office; he was also in favour of the omission of the rubric which orders the public use of the Athanasian creed on certain holidays. In after years he was always prepared to defend the Church's action in omitting this rubric. Vigorous insistence on right dogmatic belief as a necessity for salvation always jarred on him.

After the disendowment of the Church each diocese was left free to manage its own financial affairs, insisting only that each scheme should be subject to the approval of the representative body. Every diocese had its own share of the capital which came into the hands of the representative body under the Act of Disendowment. The incomes of the existing clergy formed a first charge upon this capital. Any sum which might remain over, after the claims of the annuitant clergy were fully satisfied, might be regarded as the absolute property

of the Church, and might be used for paying the incomes of the future clergy. In the meanwhile, each diocese undertook to collect the contributions of the different parishes then served by the annuitant clergy, and to pay certain incomes to their successors. The arrangement of the amount of incomes to be paid to the future clergy in proportion to the parochial contributions, and the rules regulating the payment of these incomes, formed the financial scheme of each diocese. It is clear that the drawing-up of these financial schemes involved calculations of great intricacy. The chief responsibility in drawing up the diocesan financial scheme rested upon the councils of the dioceses. Each diocesan synod elects its own council, choosing men in whose administrative ability confidence may be placed.

Mr. Wynne was elected a member of the diocesan council of Ossory in 1871, and took part in drawing up the financial scheme of that diocese. In the same year he was elected to a still more important office: he became a member of the Board of Patronage for the diocese of Ossory.

After the disestablishment, the Church intrusted the appointment to almost all the livings in Ireland to the boards of patronage of the various dioceses. Private patronage exists only in a few rare cases. Livings, save under exceptional circumstances, are not now in the gift of the bishops. The appointment to a few churches is still vested in trustees; but this is confined to the larger towns. The board of

patronage therefore, in a country diocese like Ossory, has the immensely important function of appointing practically all the beneficed clergy in the diocese.

During his residence at Kilkenny Mr. Wynne was also appointed Canon of S. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. S. Patrick's is the national cathedral of the Church of Ireland. Under the constitution of the disestablished Church its chapter comprises thirteen canons, each representing his own diocese; these canons are elected by the diocesan synods.

In former chapters of this little memoir an effort was made to indicate the direction in which Canon Wynne's theological opinions moved. The following statement was made by him to a correspondent whose right to question him Mr. Wynne recognised about the end of his time at Kilkenny :—

"I hold as strongly as any one can the importance of right dogma, but I earnestly deprecate its being looked on as the condition of salvation. The attitude of the soul towards the divine person God manifested in Christ Jesus is that on which salvation depends. To have true ideas of what He is and what He has done is a principal means of producing the heart's trust and adoration towards Him; but it is the heart's affection towards Him that brings us into living relation with Him, and not the intellectual holding of true ideas. My objection to the tone of the Athanasian creed is not that it exaggerates the importance of true dogma, but that it puts it into a position in which in God's revelation it is not put.

"I believe the fact and reality of Christ's atoning sacrifice for our sins to be the foundation of all our teaching to sinners. Theories about the atonement, human ways of explaining it so as to make out how it reconciles God's justice and love, I neither understand nor approve of. All through the Scriptures, both old and new, I see the great fact put forth, by type and by direct statement, that through Christ's death we are forgiven. I press this great fact upon the souls of men with all the earnestness of which I am capable, but I put it before them as a fact to be embraced and lived upon, not to be understood or theorised upon.

"The doctrine of justification by faith only I hold and teach with all my heart. I know no book that expresses my views about it so clearly as our late revered bishop's lectures.

"As to the indefectibility of grace in God's elect, I see in the Bible two lines of teaching, one speaking of the dangers to God's people, the other speaking of their safety. I try to press both these lines in their full force. I think it more important to have them both brought out with the force which they have in Scripture than to have them harmonised together. I can do the one; I cannot do the other. As one of the ways in which God preserves His people, I try to make them feel the strength and lovingness of that divine grasp which holds them fast. But if I am asked to state dogmatically whether it is impossible for one who was once a true believer ever to fall away finally, though in my heart I *feel* 'yes,' yet in the face of the twofold line of Scripture teaching I cannot positively *pronounce* 'yes.'

"I have no very strong opinion one way or another on the 'Sabbath question.' No one, I think, can have carefully studied the literature of the subject without feeling that the theoretical aspect of it is involved in many difficulties. Practically, I hold and teach that (whether the Fourth Commandment is or is not binding on Christians) we have sufficient indications of God's will on the subject to look upon the hallowing of the Lord's day as a duty we owe to Him.

"I am forced, both by the plain words of Scripture and by the solemn analogies of Providence, to believe and teach eternal punishment."

CHAPTER IV

S. MATTHIAS

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

WHEN Canon Wynne accepted the incumbency of S. Matthias, Dublin, he accepted a post which for several reasons was a particularly difficult one to fill. In the first place, it was difficult for any man to succeed Achilles Daunt. In "Spent in the Service" Canon Wynne has himself described the marvellous personality of his predecessor. A parish may be worked in two ways: it may be forced into an outburst of spiritual vitality by the burning enthusiasm and strong personality of a single man—its pastor; or it may be marshalled forwards and upwards by a perfected system of organisation of which the rector is the commanding and inspiring spirit. In Mr. Daunt's days S. Matthias was worked on the former system. Mr. Daunt was

himself the vital force of all that lived in the parish.

Difficult as it is to succeed a great organiser, and take his place at the head of a disciplined army of workers, it is still more difficult to step into the place left vacant by a man whose success depended so much, as Mr. Daunt's did, on the force of his own saintly character. It is impossible to compare Canon Wynne with his predecessor. His influence among his congregation can scarcely have been less than Mr. Daunt's was, but it was influence exercised in a different manner. Canon Wynne's personality was less likely to force itself upon strangers; it was not less likely to permanently influence those who knew him.

For another reason, S. Matthias' Church offered peculiar difficulties to its incumbent. The parochial district assigned to the church is very small. The people living in the district would make a very poor congregation in the church. The great mass of the people who worship on Sunday mornings in S. Matthias' Church live altogether outside the parochial district; they are for the most part of the upper and well-to-do middle classes, and are drawn from various parts of the town and suburbs of Dublin. There is therefore no legally recognised tie between the congregation and the church. It is not the parish church of the majority; they are bound to it simply through attachment to the traditions of the Church or personal love and admiration for the incumbent. In the case of an old parish church in town or country, if the parish

is well worked the church will be well filled; in the case of a church like S. Matthias the parochial district might have been admirably worked, and yet the church have remained almost empty. There was needed also a continuity of the old traditions of the church, and a power and attractiveness about the preaching of the incumbent.

Canon Wynne was not an orator. He never attempted the flights of eloquence which formed so marked a feature of the sermons of the great Irish preachers of a previous generation. In the preaching of a born orator the listener becomes aware at times that the speaker is possessed by his message, his gospel. It seems no longer a man who speaks, but some divine inspiration, which utters itself through a man's mouth. In Canon Wynne's best sermons it is not the message which possessed the man, the man had made himself absolute master of the message. Here, indeed, lay the secret of his power as a preacher; he was completely the master of his message. In his finest sermons there is every mark of most careful and laborious preparation. He possessed, either naturally or as the result of well-directed labour, a wonderful felicity of expression. The words used, the forms of the sentences, seemed singularly well adapted to the meanings they were intended to convey. He made abundant use of illustration; and his illustrations, even when drawn from common objects and scenes, received from him a touch of poetry. He used, indeed, to say that his

ideal of preaching was that of an earnest conversation. Such a description, however, would convey a wholly wrong idea of his preaching; there was in its form a certain cultured refinement, a music of diction impossible in conversation. There was maintained throughout his sermons a poetic light, the reflection of the spiritual world, which removes them from the homeliness of even the most earnest conversation. Moreover, conversation, however earnest, rarely advances steadily towards a point aimed at. One of the most noticeable features of Canon Wynne's sermons was the way in which every portion, every illustration even, worked up towards the end. His method of preparation was to write the end of his sermon first, and then, having the special point or lesson which he wished to impress well in view, to work steadily up to it. Another characteristic of Canon Wynne's sermons was that they were invariably evangelistic. He never preached a sermon meant only or even chiefly as an instruction; he considered that he would be false to his trust if he let slip any opportunity of arousing the careless or awakening the sinful. This feeling did not, however, lead him to dwell exclusively on the great central truths of the Gospel, still less to content himself with vague general references to sin: no preacher ever dwelt more carefully on little sins. Rarely have the characters of the worldly man, the frivolous girl, the self-indulgent person been more minutely and truthfully analysed and described than

in some of Canon Wynne's sermons. It has been noticed that as a young man people interested him more than things or thoughts. In some of his writings we see the fruits of the closest observations of men and their manners. In his sermons this clear-sighted appreciation of the strong and weak points of the people around him was frequently evident. So real were his pictures of men that the listener often recognised himself with a painful sense of sudden discovery. The sensation that one's inmost thoughts had somehow become known to the preacher produced at the moment a sense of extreme discomfort, though afterwards, it is to be hoped, resolutions of amendment. It is needless to say that he never described any particular person. The vivid reality of his descriptions was due to the accuracy of his observations of many characters and the careful truth with which he adhered to the actual facts.

Thus, in the manner of its presentation and in the particular matter on which it was to bear, Canon Wynne was master of his message. He knew how to speak it; he knew to whom he was speaking it; also, in the highest and most important matter of all, he was master of the message itself. "I preach a Person," he was fond of saying, "not a dogma or a set of dogmas." He knew the Person whom he preached. This is the true key to his influence as a preacher. He preached One whom he knew. He lived, thought, spoke, realising that he was in

the presence of his Lord. To him the sense of what he loved to call Christ's "companionship" was the most intensely realised experience of life. It is no wonder, then, that to him preaching was a great joy. The opportunity of setting before a large congregation the happiness of knowing the Lord could be nothing else than a splendid privilege.

"Preaching was to him the centre of his active life. He liked to look forward to the Sunday morning sermon as to the great event of the week for which everything prepared and might help. He was not a ready speaker. His sermons always suffered when from any cause they had not received their full customary amount of preparation. This is, of course, the case with all preachers; but the more fluent man can unfortunately disguise the want with greater ease than his slower, if more solid, brother. Thus Canon Wynne's written morning sermons were to most people more profitable than those which he did not write. I do not think that he was a slave to his manuscript; he was always able to look his congregation well in the face, as he always advised his younger friends to do." [1]

Next to preaching, visiting the sick was Canon Wynne's most important work at S. Matthias. Here again we notice a peculiarity of the work which he had to do. Usually the rector of a parish visits his own parishioners when they are

[1] Rev. R. Scriven.

ill; they are people known to him beforehand, people who have been listening to his teaching perhaps for years, whose friend he has been in their days of health,—such people, of course, Canon Wynne had to deal with. But there was in his parish a private hospital, which was usually filled with patients, most of whom were complete strangers to him. He was also frequently asked to take charge of some one who had come up to Dublin from the country for special medical or surgical treatment. Dealing faithfully with strangers in time of sickness is a peculiarly difficult task: in the first place, it is difficult to feel the same sympathy with the suffering of a complete stranger which a pastor will generally feel with one of his own people in their sickness. It is easier, also, for him to be spiritually helpful to a man or woman of whose character he knows something beforehand: there is, moreover, the greater risk in the case of strangers of treating the sick man as "a case," of dealing with him in a perfunctory and purely professional manner.

In spite, however, of the great difficulty of this work, it was one in which Canon Wynne was peculiarly successful. The qualities required for pastoral visitation of the sick were just those which he possessed in the highest degree. He had, as has been several times noticed, a wide and accurate knowledge of human nature. To him the character of the man or woman he was dealing with was no closed book. He saw and understood

not only the aspirations after good, but the "many adversaries" who check the development of the spiritual life. He had, moreover, an interest in each individual case, which was most wonderful when one considers that many of his days were spent in a continuous round of sick visits. I remember once, when on a holiday, he consented to visit a sick lady at the request of the rector of the parish. I walked with him to the house he was to visit. He planned to climb a mountain which was near the road we were to take. On the side of the mountain we found some beautiful bell heather. Canon Wynne gathered a little bunch of it. "I think," he said, "we will take this to her; she will like to have it; it will be like a messenger to her in her sickroom from the fresh mountain breezes and the sunshine."

Canon Wynne had also the faculty of never appearing to be in a hurry. He always disliked what he used to call "fussiness" in men. In spite of the amount of work he had to do, and the multiplicity of his engagements, he never seemed hurried at the particular business he had in hand. A sick person, lying all day in bed, with little to relieve the monotony of food and medicine at regular intervals, is frequently more irritated than helped by the visit of a clergyman who rushes in, glances at his watch, and after a few minutes rushes out again. There was always an element of calm in Canon Wynne's visits. No one at whose bedside he ministered

would ever have guessed that his day was all too short for the work that had to be done in it. But chiefest of the qualifications which are required for successful visitation of the sick is a sense of the value of the individual soul. This is altogether a different thing from an enthusiasm for good, or even an earnestness in the service of God. There seems to exist sometimes, even in good people's conception of religion, a note of utilitarianism. The conception of the eternity of heaven and hell is less felt as an active motive than the desire of bettering this present world. It is easy for the servant of God to feel the use of moving towards goodness a great mass of people, or leading upwards by quiet intercourse the single soul of some one who in the future is likely to influence the world. It is sometimes intensely difficult to feel that the turning of the soul of a dying man from sin to God is of great practical importance. There lies the poor shattered wreck of a human body. In a few days the life that still lingers in it will have passed out of the world. Whether at the last moment the decision for God is made or not is practically of no importance in humanity's great struggle upwards. Is it not often a temptation, and not less a temptation because it is not consciously recognised, to treat the making or confirming of the decision in such a case as of little importance? Very often one fears words merely of comfort are spoken. The effort is made to soothe with mental peace the few last hours of bodily restlessness;

the eternal importance of the hour of death is forgotten.

Canon Wynne never thus under-estimated the importance of the human soul in the eyes of God. He recognised to the full the value of a life lived for God, but he remembered also the value of a soul saved for God even at the eleventh hour. This, in addition to his knowledge of human nature and his wise tact, was what made his visitation of the sick so fruitful in good results. Another point in dealing with the sick to which he attached great importance was ministration to those who were recovering. When the immediate fear of death is removed, when once again the interests of the world gather round a man, there is a great danger that the vision of the spiritual world should fade and grow dim. He recognised the necessity of ministering to the convalescent as hardly less important than ministering to the sick.

"He always impressed on his curates the importance, when dealing with those who are recovering from illness, of seeking to rivet the good impressions learnt on a sick bed."[1]

Canon Wynne always claimed both the dangerous and infectious cases of sickness for his own. It was his wish that as far as possible his curates should be saved from the risk of infection. He believed also

[1] Rev. R. Scriven.

in the value of his own experience and peculiar powers in dealing with difficult cases.

"I recall one instance concerning a friend of my own. He was a cultivated, elderly man who had seen, travelled, and read more than most men, and had lived abroad for many years. Towards the close of his life an old tendency to melancholy seemed returning upon him. His friends brought Canon Wynne to see him without his previous knowledge. The visit was an eminent success. They talked of many things. What was said on spiritual matters I do not know, but certainly the troubled soul was cheered. The sick man said afterwards, 'I like that man because he does not treat me as an interesting case.' This was characteristic of Canon Wynne's want of professionalism, and of his human sympathy as man with man."[1]

Besides his sick visiting, Canon Wynne attempted a regular house-to-house visitation of his parochial district and of his congregation. He kept this as an aim before him, and on every opportunity which offered he worked steadily at it. It was, however, practically impossible that he should accomplish much in this way.

"His visiting was necessarily almost altogether eclectic. He used practically to confine himself to the sick and other urgent cases. He used to make

[1] Rev. R. Scriven.

out a little pencil list every morning of some eight or ten names, arrange them roughly in topographical order, and work through them with great resolution. He was so valued as a sick visitor that people were constantly writing to him to go and call on folks in private wards and private hospitals who were but remotely connected with the congregation. I have known him go from the Maison de Santé to the Children's Hospital, then to the Adelaide Hospital, then to the Cork Street Fever Hospital (being very fearless of infection, he was specially fond of going there) without once entering a private house in the course of a long afternoon."[1]

While he was incumbent of S. Matthias, Canon Wynne was very fortunate in his curates. The sphere of work for a curate at S. Matthias was in many ways an attractive one, and he was enabled to select his curates from a large number of the junior clergy of the Church who would have been willing to go to him. But besides the fact that he was able to choose good men, he was a rector who was likely to exercise a most helpful influence on his fellow workers. Sometimes, in a parish ruled by a masterful and energetic rector, a curate is reduced to a mere cipher. He is intrusted with only routine work, and is deprived of the privilege of taking the initiative in anything. Under a careless or unsystematic rector, a curate is often left entirely to his own resources. If he works, he works along his

[1] Rev. Canon Robinson.

own lines, without supervision or encouragement. In either case the loss to the curate, and indirectly to the parish, is severe. Canon Wynne was too wise to fall into either mistake. There were certain parts of the parochial organisation for which the curates were made entirely responsible. Canon Robinson, in his notes on Canon Wynne's character and influence, has mentioned that he always handed over the management of the parochial funds to the senior curate. The class held on Saturdays for children was also a curate's peculiar charge, as was the organisation of the Band of Hope.

"He expected his curates to make a regular house-to-house visitation through his district, and he made particular inquiry every Monday morning as to where they had been, and pressed often upon them that it was their duty to report to him, as often as they met any one afflicted in mind, body, or estate."[1]

But while Canon Wynne thus left his curates great freedom to work along their own lines in several directions, and while he allowed each of them to feel the weight of personal responsibility, he always maintained a strict supervision over all that was done in the parish. His curates always met him at his house in Leeson Park on Monday mornings. The work of the coming week was discussed, and a report of what had been done in the previous week

[1] Rev. Canon Robinson.

was gone into. He was always most sympathetic in matters of difficulty, and was ever ready with wise advice and personal help. His extreme gentleness was remarkable.

"I used as his curate sometimes to long for a good 'blowing up,' which I am sure I occasionally needed; while very requisite attempts at snubbing generally, I fear, failed of their desired effect. They were too gentle to be felt as snubs at the time. Many a curate must no doubt think this an almost ideal standard of gentleness in a rector. Yet we are all the better of an occasional setting down, especially in the curate, and what he himself used to call, in Oliver Wendell Holmes' phrase, the 'vealy' stage."[1]

Several of Canon Wynne's curates became his intimate personal friends, and were privileged to share his Saturday afternoon walks in the country. Passionately fond of walking, and ever alive to the beauties of country scenes, he greatly felt the loss of these Saturday walks when any pressing business interfered with them. Sometimes he went out towards Sandymount, but generally his idea was to get towards the west to see the sunset, or up in the direction of the Three Rock Mountain.

"The Saturday walks in which I had the privilege of joining him during three years of happy work as his curate are a very precious memory. We always, I think, even on the dullest afternoons, found

[1] Rev. R. Scriven.

something to admire and enjoy together. Longer walks on fine summer afternoons at Greystones are a still pleasanter recollection; they included conversation on all kinds of subjects, from spiritual things down to various jocular stories from parochial and other sources, books lately read, or our own experiences,—but mere parochial shop was by mutual consent rigorously excluded." [1]

Besides his ordained curates, Canon Wynne had a number of lay assistants in his parish work. There were bands of district visitors, and of temperance visitors, whose special work was the visiting of members of the Temperance Society; there were also secretaries of various associations, associates of the Girls' Friendly Society, and Sunday-school teachers. Each set of workers had its own particular day of meeting. Generally Canon Wynne presided at the meetings, and gave advice and encouragement to the workers. It will be seen that S. Matthias' parish in his time was very completely organised. He was ever ready to try new methods of work. He dreaded monotony in a parish. He regarded it as wiser to start a work on new lines rather than to try to galvanise into fresh life an existing, but moribund, organisation. He was also ready to avail himself to the fullest possible extent of voluntary lay help. He regarded parish work as being a very great help to the spiritual life of the

[1] Rev. R. Scriven.

worker. "The first thing," he used to say, "when a religious impression has been made on any one, is to give that person some work to do." He also set a high value on his own time, and was ready to give over to others all such parts of the parish work as he conscientiously could. By thus getting rid of much routine work, he was left free to devote himself entirely to the more difficult and delicate parts of the spiritual care of his people.

It has been mentioned that Canon Wynne's preaching was more Evangelistic than directly instructive. This was perhaps necessary in the case of a large congregation like that of S. Matthias' Church, composed to a great extent of varying units. He, however, was careful to provide occasions for instruction for the regular members of his congregation. Perhaps there was nothing of this kind which interested him more than his class for ladies, held in the parochial schoolroom on Friday afternoons. This class was attended by many ladies who had no special connection with S. Matthias' Church. It was intended, in the first instance for instruction; but Canon Wynne rarely let slip an occasion for impressing the personal and moral aspects of his subject upon his hearers. The subjects chosen for treatment at these classes were various: sometimes a book of the New Testament was chosen; sometimes a period in the history or a portion of the liturgy of the Church. The class was intended to be in the main conversational; but conversation

in a class of from fifty to a hundred ladies is a difficult thing to attain. The object, I think, was twofold: first, to convey instruction on theological and moral subjects; and secondly, to arouse intellectual interest in these subjects. Canon Wynne rarely desired simply to teach: he set a low value on knowledge, especially theological and religious knowledge, which is simply brought forth by the teacher and accepted by the pupil; he valued thought, even when it resulted in mistaken ideas, more highly than correct opinions which have merely been accepted on authority. He had himself experienced that spiritual freedom which is the result of thinking honestly on religious subjects; he did not shrink from trying to arouse in others a spirit of thoughtful inquiry.

In connection with this class, and with a view to the culture of the intellects of the members, Canon Wynne started a ladies' literary society. The members were encouraged to read the standard works of great English and continental authors. Prizes were given every year for the best essays on literary subjects. The members submitted every six months to him a list of the books which they had read during the period, and received from him suggestions as to their future reading. This society soon spread, and numbered among its members ladies in all parts of Ireland and in England.

The following saying of Canon Wynne's is copied

from the diary of a correspondent, and is interesting as showing that, although he set a high value on intellectual culture, he yet rated it as of an importance far inferior to moral discipline:—

"I shall ever remember a conversation with him when I was very young, regarding some books which I was most anxious to read and of which my mother disapproved. 'Whatever,' he said, 'you or I or any one may think as to the books, one thing is certain—you will gain far more mental and moral superiority and strength by bending your will to that of your mother, more true power, than any book could ever give. Conquest over self is the highest strength of mind, and most ennobles.'"

Another class to which Canon Wynne attached considerable importance was one held on Monday mornings at Leeson Park, for Sunday-school teachers. The publication of notes on the appointed lessons did not seem to him to obviate the necessity for a teachers' class. He set out under ordered heads the outline of the lesson which was to be taught to the children. He gave special directions to the teachers of the more advanced and of the very junior classes. I have heard it described as a peculiarity of these classes that it was so very easy to take notes. Probably in teaching others to teach, he took more than even his ordinary pains to make his points and their connection absolutely clear.

His confirmation classes were always an occasion

for great effort with Canon Wynne. Of the system of the classes themselves it is not necessary to say anything, for he has described very fully, in his book "Our Confirmation Class," his ideal of how such work should be done. His teaching centred round the three baptismal vows—renunciation, belief, and obedience. He laid great emphasis on the value of a special private interview with each candidate. It was in these interviews that his influence was best brought to bear upon his candidates. He had a faculty for drawing out the confidence of those he spoke to. I think that he had in reality more in common with the fresh young soul of the boy or girl than with the ambitions and temptations of men hardened by contact with the world.

"'I don't feel a bit older than I did as a young man,' I have heard him say. He certainly lived as if he was not. I can remember the shock it was to me to hear him casually alluded to as an old gentleman. He never grew old either in mind or body. He retained 'the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.' In this lay, no doubt, much of the secret of his influence with the young—an influence sometimes surprising to his elder friends."[1]

The following is a description of the influence of his classes upon one who was prepared for confirmation by him :—

"As one who was prepared for confirmation by

[1] Rev. R. Scriven.

him, I look back through the years with grateful memories of that solemn time. I recall the influence which he seemed specially to exercise over the young, causing them to grasp so vividly (perhaps by reason of his own strong personal faith) that though many things in life were good and intended by our Father to be richly enjoyed, still there was but 'one thing needful.' How earnestly did he plead with us to seek grace to be choosers of that better part—to be in the world, but not to be of it—to be joyful and bright—to appreciate every earthly blessing to the full!—the more so because we had learned the great truth which S. Augustine expresses, 'Lord! he loveth Thee the less that loveth anything with Thee that he loveth not for Thee.' I have often thought, looking back, that it was wonderful in his life at S. Matthias how he ever found leisure to devote to the difficulties and puzzles of every one, even of a young girl. Those who wished were always privileged to see him in the morning in his study, where they were sure to be met with his specially sweet smile and courteous welcome, while the full powers of his most capable mind were at once directed to help and clear difficulties. I do not think that any one can ever have been afraid to say anything to him. He never seemed to judge any one, but rather succeeded in making them judge themselves. He was sure to find out what were the good points in one's nature, and to touch them."[1]

There were in connection with S. Matthias' parish various institutions which demanded a considerable

[1] Mrs. Brownlow.

amount of attention from Canon Wynne. There was an almshouse which he had himself raised the funds for building. In the Providence Home—an institution for the training of domestic servants—and for some time in a similar institution at 101, S. Stephen's Green, he held a weekly Bible class. On Sundays there was a service at "The Shelter"—a home for women discharged from prison.

These various fields for activity entailed a busy life; yet it was rarely that he seemed either fagged or depressed: in truth, he was possessed of the most valuable of all faculties—that of making the best use of his time. The men who succeed in doing most work are those who are not only naturally energetic, but who know how and when best to apply their energy. Canon Wynne, while in Dublin, had laid out his time to the best possible advantage. He was not an early riser. His day began with family prayers in his study. Then followed breakfast. After breakfast he always spent an hour or two in his study writing. Thursday and Saturday mornings were specially devoted to his sermons. His other mornings were probably occupied in preparation for his various classes. In the earlier days of his work at S. Matthias he was always out in his parish at half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, and rarely came home again until the evening. After the appearance of some symptoms of delicacy, his medical adviser ordered him to remain at home until luncheon time. He then arranged to spend

his mornings entirely in his study on week days, except for the time spent in catechising his school children and morning services in S. Matthias' Church.

The study window looked out upon the garden which lay at the back of his house in Leeson Park. Here were a few little trees, which Canon Wynne had himself planted. Often in the mornings he was to be seen walking up and down this garden. He was able to think best while walking; indeed, his physical energy rendered it extremely irksome to him to sit still unless he was actually engaged in reading or writing. He was fond, in his spare hours, of working in his garden. This work of his took a peculiar form; he had little knowledge of the culture and care of flowers, and preferred hoeing a walk or mowing grass to the parts of a gardener's work which require greater skill. He tended and pruned his trees himself, both in the little garden at Leeson Park and at his house at Greystones. When he could seize a holiday in the spring or early summer, he would spend it at Greystones, axe in hand, thinning the branches of the trees he had planted. When his family moved down to Greystones for the summer holiday, he would delight in getting the grounds round his house into order. I can picture him as I have often seen him there mowing the long grass with steady sweeps, pausing now and then to whet his scythe or take a look at the tapering outline of Sugarloaf mountain.

At such holiday times he was brimful of life and energy. His cheery voice would hail us when it was time to go and bathe. When luncheon was over he chose his companion for a walk. Sometimes he climbed Sugarloaf mountain; sometimes he stretched away over Bray Head, or tramped by quiet country roads and by-paths to Delgany and the glen of the Downs. The country people were familiar with his figure as he passed their cottage doors carrying his coat on his arm. Often he would go off to the Vartry for a day's trout-fishing. He was not a very successful fisherman: indeed, I never remember his catching very much; it was the fresh scenes and the pleasant river which attracted him. To be his companion on these walks and expeditions was indeed a privilege. His fresh flow of pleasant talk never failed. He was a good listener, too. Nothing pleased him more than to hear an account of some new book, or some adventure or experience. He mingled the grave with the gay in his conversation with a wonderful simplicity. There were no sudden changes of tone, no assumptions of a heavy gravity in touching serious topics. The cheerful laugh and the "little word" on spiritual things were alike natural on his lips; neither the one nor the other required an effort.

For many years Canon Wynne spent every summer holiday at Greystones, but as his family grew older he used to search for fresh resorts. He spent some time one year among the English Lakes,

other years in North Wales and on the shores of Loch Lomond. He never cared to go anywhere for a holiday unless he could take his family with him. Every summer holiday resulted in an addition to the number of his sketch-books. He had very considerable skill in water-colour drawing, and a quick eye to seize a picturesque bit of scenery. No difficulties would quench his enthusiasm for getting a bit of landscape, which struck his fancy, sketched. I have seen him sitting contentedly on a damp stone, sketching, in a heavy shower, trying to shelter his paper with an umbrella. Many of his finished sketches were sold every winter at a sale held in aid of the Church Missionary Society in S. Matthias' schoolroom.

Canon Wynne was also very fond of music. He always liked to have some music in the evening, whenever his parochial engagements allowed him to spend one at home. He was not an educated musician, but he had considerable natural taste. Singing pleased him especially, and he would often ask for some favourite song evening after evening. Although he knew well the difference between good music and bad, he was a most indulgent critic, and always thanked any one who was kind enough to sing for him in the evenings. His evenings in Dublin were generally occupied with parish work, but when he was free he liked to have his family gathered round him in the drawing-room. He often used to read out some novel to them in

the evening. His favourite author for reading aloud was, I think, Dickens; but he read also Robert Louis Stevenson and many others. He was fond of a good novel for his own reading, and generally had one on hand. He read such books very slowly. A novel often lasted him for a couple of months. Even the most exciting plot never tempted him to exceed the short time in the evenings which he allowed himself for novel reading. After half-past ten at night he was alone,—from that time until about one o'clock was the one time in the twenty-four hours that was absolutely his own. I think that a great part of this time was spent in devotional reading, in prayer, and

> "in that still communion which transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise"

Canon Wynne's house in Dublin was a great centre of hospitality, but it was hospitality of a most unostentatious kind. He literally obeyed the Gospel precept, and bade to his feasts those who by no possibility could recompense him again. On Sunday evenings, after evening service, there used to be a meal at Leeson Park, called "Sunday tea." At it were gathered stray students from college, unattached curates, and sundry young men from various sources. The day's work was over for Canon Wynne; he was ready to join in the laugh and pleasant chat at the meal. Afterwards, he would linger in the dining-room while those who cared to smoked a

pipe; then round the piano in the drawing-room hymns were sung, until the day of work and worship closed with what was often the sweetest worship of all. He read from the New Testament, and gave some very simple word of exhortation; then, kneeling, humbly offered the day, with all its effort and its failures, to his God. The memory of those Sunday evenings lingers with many who had a share in them.

"Strangers were always welcome at Leeson Park. Many a lonely curate, and layman too, can, I am sure, recall pleasant, homelike evenings, both Sunday and weekday, spent there. I may mention a touching instance of the influence of Canon Wynne's hospitality. An early friend and relative of his sent her son to Dublin to live in Trinity College and work as a medical student. Before he went, his mother told him to make Mr. Wynne's acquaintance. This he declined to do on the ground of being unwilling to trouble a busy man. He, however, went regularly to S. Matthias' Church. Mr. Wynne observed the attentive youth, and made an opportunity for waylaying him and asking who he was. On learning that he was the son of his old friend, Canon Wynne at once asked him to Leeson Park. After several terms the young man went home for his vacation, ill. The illness developed into inflammation of the lungs. His mind wandered, and throughout his wanderings one idea was constantly present in his thoughts—that men were coming to get him to play cards on Sunday, but that he himself wished to go to 'the Wynnes'.' This was an unconscious witness to the

shelter which the home in Leeson Park had been to him."[1]

"Canon Wynne retained through life the influences of his childhood, and undoubtedly through his maturer years his own home was the centre of his life and thought. There was a sacredness about his own home circle which no one could dare to disturb. Many who knew him will instinctively picture him best seated at his own fireside, with a small table and bookcase beside him containing his favourite books and those which he happened to be reading at the time. He loved to keep his children by him, and lamented when there was no longer a baby in the house."[2]

It would be impossible to leave this subject of Canon Wynne's home life without noting how much of its sweetness and happiness was owing to the gentle and beautiful character of his wife. Few people knew Mrs. Wynne well, but all who knew her admired and loved her. Her influence on her husband's life was great, but it was true womanly influence. It was such as the poet describes, which

> "Perfects man, made imperfect in himself.
> Of female softness shall his life be full,
> Of humble cares and delicate desires,
> Mild interests and gentlest sympathies."

Canon Wynne was appointed Canon of Christ

[1] Rev. R. Scriven. [2] Ibid.

Church Cathedral in 1882 by Archbishop Trench; he was also a member of the General Synod during the greater part of his incumbency of S. Matthias. He was more than once elected a member of the Diocesan Council. It may perhaps be useful to mention, for the benefit of readers to whom the constitution of the Irish Church is not familiar, what these appointments are. Christ Church is the diocesan cathedral of the diocese of Dublin. Its canons are appointed by the archbishop, and are bound to preach in their turns in the cathedral. The General Synod is the central governing body of the Church of Ireland. It has the power of making and altering the Church laws. It consists of the two archbishops and all the bishops of the Church, a certain number of clerical representatives of each diocese, and double that number of lay representatives. These representatives are elected for a period of three years by the diocesan synods. The management of diocesan affairs is in the hands of the diocesan councils, the members of which are elected every year by the diocesan synods. The General Synod is occupied every year with questions of Church politics and finance. The diocesan councils are principally occupied with finance.

Canon Wynne seldom cared to take an active part in Church politics: his voice was rarely heard in debates on burning questions of any kind; neither did he feel himself called upon, when at S. Matthias, to take much interest in Church finance. He used to say

that there were many men in the diocese much better fitted than he was to do financial work, and that he felt himself called to spend his time in more directly spiritual work. This refusal to take part in the public affairs of the Church, and the reason he gave for it, led those who did not know him well to form the impression that he was deficient in business capacity. In reality, although his tastes lay in other directions, he possessed more than ordinary ability for finance and administration. His subsequent appointment to the see of Killaloe necessitated his turning his abilities in these directions. It need only be said here that as an administrator of the temporal affairs of his diocese he justified the choice of those who elected him. Another false impression to which Canon Wynne's refusal to take part in Church politics gave rise was that he was deficient in moral courage.

It will be readily understood that his position was a difficult one. He never at any time was really a member of the Evangelical party. The fact that he was usually regarded as an Evangelical was owing to peculiar circumstances. Few men, and Canon Wynne was not among the few, care to deliberately label themselves as members of this or that party in the Church. Usually a man is labelled Evangelical or High Churchman by other people; it is almost necessary that a man should be so labelled: men observe his actions, and classify him along with others who in the main act like him under one or the other of the great party names.

Latterly the Evangelical party in Ireland has practically ceased to profess a strong dogmatic party creed. The splendid doctrines of justification and inspiration, the intense realisation of heaven and hell which gave the party its dogmatic strength in the days of Bishop O'Brien, have ceased to be notes of Evangelicalism. It is vital now, in virtue of its earnest piety it maintains its position in Ireland as a party chiefly by its opposition to the dogmatic position of the High Church party.

Canon Wynne was in sympathy with the piety of the modern Evangelicals, and he was in sympathy with their dread of sacerdotalism. So far it seemed easy to class him as an Evangelical. It is probable, however, that he would have dreaded equally a return to the dogmatic position of the older Evangelicals. He disliked any definite dogmatic system. He was classed, and he passively accepted the classification, as an Evangelical because, practically, a man must be labelled with some name, and the Evangelical party was the one from which he was least likely, in the existing condition of the party, to be called on to publicly dissent.

Clearly, then, Canon Wynne's position was a difficult one, and one which required no small amount of moral courage. It has been shown how, even when only a curate at Ballyfin, he ventured to dissent publicly from the position on the education question to which the Evangelicals of that day were committed. Later on, as Bishop of Killaloe, he

entered a strong protest against the action of the Evangelicals in a further development of the Irish education question. He gave as one of the reasons of his protest that the action of the Irish Evangelicals might tend to hamper the government in the design they were believed to entertain of granting aid to the Church party in England in maintaining their schools. Then, at a time when the Archbishop of Dublin's consecration of Señor Cabrera as Bishop of the Reformed Church in Spain was exciting general indignation in England, and when many of the Irish Evangelical clergy were in doubt as to their course in the matter, he boldly supported the Archbishop in the General Synod.

Once a spirit of intolerance, which is now well-nigh inconceivable, led a number of the Dublin clergy to protest vigorously against a retreat, held for purposes of devotion, which was conducted on what were supposed to be High Church lines. Canon Wynne defended the right of those who had joined in the retreat to minister to their own devotional needs in a way which seemed to them profitable, although in doing so he went out of his way to take an unpopular side.

His silence, therefore, on many public questions must not be attributed to any want of courage. He was not eager to emphasise his own dogmatic convictions, because he held that all convictions are of subordinate importance when compared with righteousness of life. I recollect his saying to me

a few weeks before his death: "As I have grown older I have learned to attach less importance to efforts made to change men's creeds, and to see that the great thing is to try and make them good."

I add to this chapter an account of Canon Wynne, as incumbent of S. Matthias, written by the Rev. Canon Robinson, now rector of Taney, in the diocese of Dublin, formerly senior curate of S. Matthias, church under Canon Wynne.

"I have been asked to say something about the late Bishop of Killaloe from a curate's point of view, The intercourse between the rector and curate of a parish is very close, and not without its difficulties. If a rector has a failing, the curate is the one who is certain to know it. If the rector loves too well money or ease or applause, he may hide it from others, but not from the man who stands on the steps of the throne, who watches the performance from the side scenes and not from the auditorium. This is only to repeat, with slightly altered conditions, the old saying that 'no man is a hero to his valet.' But, as is usually the case with such proverbs, the statement is an exaggeration. Some men are. During the happy years in which I served under Canon Wynne our intercourse was, I should say, singularly close and intimate: and yet my admiration for the moral grandeur of his character grew ever greater; I became more convinced as time went on of the intense genuineness of his religious life, and of the thorough-

ness with which that inner life took practical shape and expression, until I could say of him, as Tennyson does of Wellington, 'Whatever record leaps to light, he never shall be shamed.' True, he had his weaknesses. I am far from suggesting that his was a perfect character. I shall venture in this brief appreciation to point out the direction in which his weakness lay. But the point I wish to emphasise is this: that the more one knew of Canon Wynne, the more the conviction grew that he walked in the light; that there was no seamy side to his character, no dark corner anywhere.

"But I can go a step further. All knowledge is by comparison, and it has been my good fortune to serve under four rectors, all of them men of mark, all of them occupying a recognised and high position in the Church of Christ,—and yet I have no hesitation in saying that, as seen from a curate's point of view, Canon Wynne overtopped the other three in real worth and real ministerial success.

"The first of these rectors was a very able man, the bent of whose intellect lay in the direction of controversy, and who was known throughout the length and breadth of England as a defender of Protestantism and a most effective platform speaker. He was also a man of much personal kindliness; but his labours drew him away from his parish, and his curates were left for the most part to follow their own devices. Canon Wynne, on the contrary, took a keen personal interest in his curates: prayed with

them, talked to them, watched over them, and, while wisely encouraging them to take up lines of work which should be their very own, yet was ever ready with advice and sympathy as well as the stimulus of his example. Then, as for controversy, he cared nothing for it as an end in itself, hated it in fact. The rapier rattle of keen discussion had no charm for him. He was, however, quite ready to do battle for what he believed to be the truth when duty summoned him to the contest; and with a cheerful and unassuming courage which was characteristic of the man, he was specially ready if the cause which he espoused happened to be unpopular at the time. To give an example which is public property: he stoutly defended, in the synod, the right of a portion of his brother clergy to hold a retreat on lines with which he personally had as little sympathy as any man—I say, not in the synod only, but in the Church of Ireland. He felt, however, that the outcry which had been raised was an undue interference with individual liberty, and as such he calmly, but firmly, entered his protest against it. More than once he incurred some temporary odium by defending the action of High Churchmen at a time when the High Church party was more cordially disliked and more often attacked than is the case at present. This outspoken defence of the liberties of those from whom he differed was the more to Canon Wynne's credit, as the whole structure of his mind was anti-High Church to a quite unusual degree. There is

many a Low-Church clergyman, many a Presbyterian minister who is yet essentially of a priestly type—a priest, only facing the other way—a priest, but with the sacramental system omitted. But such an attitude of mind was utterly foreign to Canon Wynne. While he publicly defended High Churchmen when he considered them unfairly attacked, yet in private conversation he was inclined to extend to them less tolerance than he showed towards those who differed from him in other ways. His moral sympathy was so keen, his intellectual outlook covered so wide a field, that towards almost all forms of theoretic error he showed a charming clemency and comprehension. Towards those especially who had difficulty in accepting the Christian revelation his heart went out in yearning and persuasiveness; towards the High Church system alone he was sometimes inclined to be a little brusque, and to dismiss with a brief phrase, such as 'faddish' or 'superstitious,' opinions which other men held dear. Curiously enough, he had a theory that he himself had begun his ministerial career as a High Churchman, and had gradually reasoned himself out of it; but with regard to this, those who knew him best always felt a little sceptical. It is of course true that some outside authority may have for a time impressed on him certain views which he soon shook off; but Canon Wynne, as I knew him, could never have taken an interest in the symbolism of ritual, could never have made his own a closely knit together system

of High Church theology, unless he had absolutely been made over again between youth and middle life.

"If Canon Wynne had a dislike for controversy of all kinds, he specially avoided and dreaded discussion on the points on which he differed with Low Churchmen. In conversation, and with those who sought his help, he was ready to go into the matter; and there was no topic on which his mind had dwelt more, and on which he could speak with greater authority of the intellect. But he avoided the subject in public if he could—not, it is needless to repeat, from any want of courage, but because he feared to injure those whose faith was sounder than the reasons they would adduce in support of it. On the subject of inspiration, for example, Canon Wynne held opinions which differed considerably from those which were held by the bulk of the S. Matthias' congregation. On rare occasions he spoke guardedly on the subject from the pulpit; but he preferred, for the most part, to let his positive teaching as to the authority of Scripture, and his careful avoidance of certain phrases and definitions which in his opinion involved a falsity, do their own work of explanation.

"But Canon Wynne was well aware that he differed widely in his opinions from the Low Church clergy of fifty years ago; and when a witty Dublin cleric said of him that he was not an Evangelical at all, but a broad Churchman, 'with unction,' Canon Wynne himself repeated the phrase, and seemed to think it worthy of approval.

"Another of my rectors—also a distinguished man, and now a colonial bishop—had as his leading characteristic a wonderful faculty for collecting large sums of money. His restless activity in this respect enabled him to endow a parish, and to erect in it a magnificent church, clergy house, and school. He was a very kindly man at heart; but another feature of his character was the delight he took in making what he called 'scores' off other people, and especially off his curates. These scores were of course of a playful character and free from all approach to malice, and yet it often happened that those who were scored off did not like the process. It followed that others were glad, so far as the bonds of discipline would allow, to play the same game, and score off him. On one memorable occasion my rector, in preaching on the parable of the lost sheep, made use of the phrase that it had 'kicked over the traces,' and the three curates who were present thought the time long until they could get into the vestry and point out the solecism of which the preacher had been guilty. I remember that our rector replied good-naturedly that he knew the moment the sentence had passed his lips that we should call him to account for it. But in the case of Canon Wynne such a scene would have been almost inconceivable. There was always a gentle dignity about him which would make any one pause before he spoke to him in a jocosely critical way; and as for his attempting to score off others, such a thing

would have been abhorrent to him. He never took pleasure in fault-finding, but, like all noble natures, was credulous of good in others. Indeed, when he conceived it his duty to speak a word of admonition, he was gloriously Pauline in the manner in which he wrapped up the necessary blame in words of generous approval and encouragement. Further, it was a dominant note of Canon Wynne's large-minded and gracious disposition that he could make ample allowance, and 'suffer fools gladly.' It was a constant intellectual treat to be present at his conversational Bible classes, and mark the way in which he managed to extract the grain of wheat, though hid under a bushel of chaff. I never saw him at a loss but once. There was a man who frequently joined in the discussion at one of these Bible classes, and was puzzle-headed to a remarkable extent. Canon Wynne had explained his view; and then the man I refer to spoke at length, and in a way that seemed to have absolutely no connection with the matter in hand. There followed a pause, during which I wondered what Canon Wynne would make of it; but at length he felt compelled to say, with a gentle sigh, 'A little involved, but I think I see your meaning.' And it was not at all that he was blind to other people's angularities: he saw, but deliberately and with effort he turned his eyes away. I remember making to him some unfriendly comments on a Bible reading we had both attended at a house where

fashion and religion met in odd conjunction and strove for the mastery. He said to me, 'The affair has its humorous side, no doubt; but if I allowed my mind to dwell on it, it would unfit me for doing any good there."

"As regards affairs, Canon Wynne avoided them as much as possible, knowing that his strength did not lie in that direction. He had no taste for money matters, and was very glad to make over all accounts, returns, collections, and such-like business to the care of his senior curate for the time being. He was lacking in that 'rapidity of administrative decision' which is said to have been a want also in the character of the late Dean Church. Canon Wynne was never for a moment nonplussed when asked to decide a question of principle or to face an arduous duty; but he was often needlessly disturbed by little matters of practical detail, and I have over and over again seen him standing at his hall door, with his fingers touching his forehead, in a characteristic attitude of indecision, while he listened to the story of some mendicant, and sought to make up his mind as to whether the story was sufficiently credible to justify the bestowal of a sixpence. He was of course constantly deceived, and he knew it; but he was one who held that it was

> "'Better to trust and be deceived;
> And rue the trust and the deceiving,
> Than not to trust, when, if believed,
> One had been blest in the believing.'

"The remaining rector under whom I served was a man who was very successful both as a preacher and a parish priest, and who had gained the devoted attachment of a large and influential congregation. He was a truly spiritual man, but he relied on the charm of his personality and the delicate sympathy of his courteous manner to secure him influence with his people more than was perhaps wise. He was, in fact, what it is the fashion to call magnetic, and he knew it. He wished, indeed, to use his powers all for God's glory, but he expected of those who came under his influence a loyalty to himself personally which should be second only to their loyalty to the Church. His case, no less than the others I have mentioned, suggests interesting points of contrast.

"Canon Wynne liked to be dealt fairly with, as we all do; but he attached no great importance to personal loyalty; and if people left his congregation, it troubled him but little, so long as they went where they would receive helpful teaching. And again, it was not himself, but his message, that bulked large in his thoughts. It would never have occurred to him to help people by a tone of the voice or the touch of his hand: his manner was kind, but not caressing; his sympathy was acute but it was intellectual rather than magnetic; there was no undue softness in him, but only such gentleness as he had learned from the Master he loved to follow.

"Let me add to these random thoughts a few more which are not suggested by the foregoing comparisons. I have spoken already of Canon Wynne's courage. No one who did not know him well would have guessed what a fund of courage and more than military devotion to duty lay hid behind that quiet exterior. It is, thank God, a commonplace of clerical life not to shrink from infection; but I was with Canon Wynne during the small-pox epidemic, and can recall the glad alacrity with which he claimed all the infectious cases for himself, and refused to let the younger men have any share of the work. But his courage showed itself in more difficult ways than this: in the ready facing of disagreeable tasks, and in the unflinching, unflagging discharge of duty. I should like also to draw attention to his mental and bodily activity. Though never what would be called very strong, he was always at it. If you met him out of doors, he was always walking fast, with an alert and vigorous step; for the day was wearing on, and many sick visits yet remained to be paid. If you saw him in his study, he was writing with swiftly moving pencil a magazine article, perhaps, or his next Sunday's sermon. Thoughts came easily, and warm, suitable language in which to clothe them. He made comparatively little use, in the preparation of his discourses, of the thoughts of other men, and so it came to pass that, once he began to write, his pencil (he wrote with his paper in his hand, and so preferred the pencil) seemed hardly ever to pause

until his task was done. Another attribute of which I must make mention was his cheerfulness. It was often a question in my mind whether his even and sunny disposition was the outcome of natural temperament or the result of vigorous self-discipline. I once asked him the question, and he gave me to understand that he had his battles and his dark days like other people, though one never saw a trace of them. But God is the judge, and He alone can know where inherited disposition ends and where grace begins in each of us.

"I am writing only as Canon Wynne's curate, and so shall say nothing of that happy home life of which, yet, I was privileged to get many a glimpse. It falls, however, within my province to tell of the gatherings of divinity students which were held at 9, Leeson Park, and to which many a man in the ministry at home or abroad looks back with pleasure and thankfulness. These meetings had first been started by the Rev. Achilles Daunt, when he lived in the same house afterwards occupied by Canon Wynne, and by the latter they were systematised and developed. There was at that time no chair of Pastoral Theology in Dublin University, and so the divinity lectures, though excellent in their way, yet left something to be supplied. The gatherings at Leeson Park were of course only held in term time, but they were always well attended by the students: I think there were often fifty or sixty in the drawing-room; and the men showed by their presence that

they appreciated not only the practical instruction they received, but the cup of tea and the warm welcome which helped to make them feel at home.

"Sometimes Canon Wynne would invite bishops and other eminent men to address the students; but more often he delivered a series of lectures himself—lectures which have since been published, and now form a course of instruction on pastoral work second to none, as I believe, that have ever been written for insight into clerical qualifications and appreciation of parochial needs.

"I end by repeating what I said at the commencement: most men need to be set on a pedestal before their character can assume a statuesque appearance. 'You must keep your pope in a cloud,' according to the old saying; but for five or six happy years I talked and worked and lived with Canon Wynne in closest intercourse, and the better I knew him the more I was convinced that he was indeed a man of God."

CHAPTER V

WRITINGS

"As the horizon of my mind enlarged
Again I took the intellectual eye
For my instructor; studious more to see
Great truths than touch and handle little ones.
Knowledge was given accordingly; my trust
Became more firm, ...
. . . . . clearer far
My sense of excellence, of right and wrong:
The promise of the present time retired
Into its due proportion; sanguine schemes,
Ambitious projects, pleased me less; I sought
For present good in life's familiar face,
And built thereon my hopes of good to come."

The Prelude.

MOST of Canon Wynne's published writings fall into one of two classes: they are either apologetic or connected with the study of pastoral theology. Of the first class are his "Plain Proofs of the Great Facts of Christianity"; "Fragmentary Records of Jesus of Nazareth"; two lectures in a volume entitled "The Literature of the Second Century," to which the other contributors were Professor Bernard and Professor Hemphill; and one or two articles published in the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*.

Canon Wynne made no claim to be an original thinker or a great scholar: he neither produced new arguments nor unearthed fresh facts; the task he set himself was a humbler one. He desired to place before the reader of average intelligence a simple statement of the evidence on which the Christian creed rests. Even in this aim he deliberately limits himself to a statement of part only of the evidence. He does not attempt to enter into the metaphysical arguments which have been adduced in support of the belief in the existence of God. He enters into no discussion as to the possibility of miracle or the antecedent probability of a revelation. He leaves aside altogether the effect which a study of the preparation in history for the coming of Christ may be supposed to produce upon the mind. His argument is simple and logically severe. "There are," he says, "certain writings now bound up together in the New Testament. The weight of historical evidence goes to show that they were written within certain clearly defined dates. They are writings of various classes—narratives, letters, and treatises. They all describe or allude to the life and work of one Jesus of Nazareth. They are written by men who profess to have been themselves the companions of Jesus of Nazareth, or to have received their information about Him at first hand. They were, in the main, received as authentic records of facts by the contemporaries of the writers. Can you account for their existence on any other hypothesis

than the Christian one—that Jesus of Nazareth really lived and died, and was such a Person as the records describe?"

Canon Wynne's faculty for clear and simple expression of his thoughts enabled him to put his argument in a simple and attractive manner. His evident anxiety to deal fairly with the arguments of unbelievers is attractive to the reader. His argument may fail to meet the more subtle forms of unbelief, but it was not the unbelief of the student or the deep thinker which he desired to approach. He was convinced of the existence of a widely spread scepticism among the middle classes. He wrote his books for the benefit of men who had neither time nor inclination to make a special study of the subject.

Canon Wynne was, however, by no means content to merely place the unbeliever on the horns of a logical dilemma. He was well aware that to silence the voice of unbelief was a very different thing from giving faith to the unbeliever. He knew that the arguments and objections of the sceptic were often, perhaps most often, only the expressions of a deeper spiritual malady. Unbelief is less often the result of a study of evidence than of a failure to appreciate the exceeding loveliness of the Person of Christ. Canon Wynne desired not merely to satisfy the questioning intellect, but to enlighten spiritual blindness. His works are no mere arguments; they set forth the Lord Jesus Christ. Every

here and there in the course of his argument, he pauses to dwell with a holy joy upon the beauty, goodness, and divinity of his Master. It is perhaps in the way they do this that the highest value of his apologetic writings consists. The reader is near faith because the writer was so near to God. There is a certain note of reverent companionship in the way in which he speaks of his Lord. It has been said of him that, more than most men, he lived in the presence of Christ. The evidence of this is in his writings. It brings with it to the reader a faith in the truth of the writer's creed stronger than any intellectual conviction.

Simplicity was one great aim in all Canon Wynne's writing and preaching. "What is the good," he used to say, "of my writing, unless the people I write for can understand me?" This ambition to be understood sometimes causes his argument to advance very slowly. He constantly returns upon old ground. He reiterates in a way which might repel an impatient reader. To him it never seemed sufficient to have put his point in such a way that the reader might grasp it; he puts it again and again in different ways until he feels that the reader *must* grasp it. It is possible that Canon Wynne's writings might have been thrown into a form which would have won him more praise, and made for him a greater name. Neither for praise nor fame, still less for material reward, did he care. He wrote with

a single desire to help the souls of men. He published what he thought would serve that end, and in the form which he thought would do so best. As to all other fruits of his literary work, he was singularly careless.

The second class of Canon Wynne's writings consists of his works on pastoral theology, and includes "The Model Parish," "The Joy of the Ministry," "Our Sacred Commission," and "Our Confirmation Class." "The Model Parish" was a prize essay, written while he was incumbent of S. Mary's Kilkenny. An English gentleman, interested in the development of our parochial system, offered two prizes, one of £100 and one of £50, for the best essays on the organisation of a parish. Canon Wynne's essay received the second prize.

The "Joy of the Ministry" was a series of lectures delivered to divinity students at Leeson Park. On its publication, this book was widely circulated, not only in Ireland, but in England and America. Canon Wynne received, among other letters in appreciation of this book, one from a professor in Cambridge, U.S.A., thanking him for the help which the "Joy of the Ministry" had been to him in training candidates for Orders in the American Church.

It was often a pleasure, in later years, to Canon Wynne to meet, in different parts of England, people who had read and appreciated his books. Pastoral theology and the management of a parish is a subject which might be supposed dull and uninteresting to

the ordinary reader. In the "Joy of the Ministry," Canon Wynne treats his subject in such a way as to make it pleasant and profitable reading for others besides the clergy.

I remember once meeting an Englishman—a dissenter, possessed by a detestation of the Church and all connected with it—who professed a great admiration for the "Joy of the Ministry." With his violent radicalism, his intense self-assurance, and his absolute lack of the rudiments of culture, he seemed a most unlikely man to admire the work of a gentle and cultivated writer like Canon Wynne. Such appreciation proves the book to have more in it than mere cut and dried counsel to young clergy—more than graceful and picturesque touches of description. There are in the "Joy of the Ministry" a note of earnest reality and an elevated conception of the Christian life which appeal to every one whose life is at all lifted above mere materialism. In this, as in all Canon Wynne's writings, the man is manifest in the book.

"Our Sacred Commission" consists of lectures delivered to divinity students by Canon Wynne after his appointment as Professor of Pastoral Theology in T.C.D. These lectures were perhaps more widely criticised than any other of his writings; they alone seem to have aroused any hostile criticism. He has been blamed for publishing the lectures at all, on the ground that they expose publicly certain faults of the clergy, and tend to

diminish the respect in which pastors are held by their flocks. The book has also been censured for a supposed flippancy of tone. Allusions to such people as Mrs. Gamp are quoted, to show a certain levity unbecoming in a professor of theology. The book is obviously the work of a clear-sighted critic of clerical manners and mannerisms. Vulgarity, affectation, bumptiousness, and unctuousness are remorselessly ridiculed. It has often been a surprise to those who knew Canon Wynne well that he was the author of this book. In private life he was apparently not observant of faults in others: he was in an eminent degree loyal to his order, and rarely allowed a sneer at a sermon to pass unrebuked; he was ever ready to find good where others saw only stupidity;—but when he came to deliver lectures to candidates for Holy Orders, his sense of duty towards them refused to allow him to shut his eyes to the faults which he saw plainly in clergy who were otherwise worthy men. He recognised how great a hindrance vulgarity was to a pastor in his influence for good. He accepted ridicule as the best weapon for combating such forms of vulgarity as unctuousness and bumptiousness. But it was no lesson of mere refinement which he wished to teach his students; the true opposite of such vulgarity, he taught, is not refinement or culture, but reality. If he ridiculed and satirised all seeking after effect, it was that he might display in brighter light the character of the earnest and simple-hearted

priest who labours not for his own glory, but for God's.

Canon Wynne was fond of dwelling upon the happiness of the true pastor's life. He himself had found the deepest joy in the service of his Master. He was never weary telling his students how bright and glad a calling they had. At the same time, his books are filled with a stern sense of the holiness of the pastor's life. It was better, he used to say, to break stones on the roadside than to be a lazy or self-seeking pastor. It is scarcely possible to read either these lectures or "The Joy of the Ministry" without a deepening sense of the responsibility of the Christian priest.

"Our Confirmation Class" was published after his elevation to the episcopal bench. It contains directions as to the broad lines on which confirmation classes ought to be held.

One other work of Canon Wynne's remains to be noticed. "Spent in the Service" was a biography of Achilles Daunt, his predecessor in S. Matthias' Church. This was the most popular and widely read of Canon Wynne's books. In part, this is to be attributed to the love with which all who knew him cherished the memory of Mr. Daunt. But even to those who never knew Mr. Daunt the book is very interesting. In describing the character and life of a truly religious man, Canon Wynne found a congenial task. He has seized and preserved for us the salient points of Mr. Daunt's remark-

able character, and has shown the value of his work.

It has been mentioned that two of Canon Wynne's books consisted of lectures delivered to divinity students at Leeson Park, and in Trinity College. Before 1888 there was no chair of Pastoral Theology in connection with the Dublin divinity school. The only instruction in the practical details of their calling which the students received was through the private efforts, first of the present Bishop of Ossory, and then afterwards of Mr. Daunt, and then of Canon Wynne. On Tuesday evenings the students were invited to assemble in the drawing-room at Leeson Park. Here there were waiting for them Canon and Mrs. Wynne, and other guests especially invited to make the evening pass pleasantly.

"Canon Wynne thoroughly believed in the civilising, and thus indirectly Christianising, influence of a family circle and of ladies' society. This was a large part of the theory of his evening gatherings of divinity students." [1]

It is pleasant to think how often these Tuesday evenings at Leeson Park were bright spots in the monotony of college terms for the students. Many of them came up to Dublin from country homes, and had but few friends in town. To them

[1] Rev. R. Scriven.

the kindly welcome of Canon Wynne, the hour of chat and music, the cup of tea or coffee, came as an agreeable contrast after dirty lodgings or noisy college rooms. I can remember the pleasant look of the lighted drawing-room, the kindly smile on Canon Wynne's face as he stood at the door, with his head thrown back and his hand stretched out in welcome. At a table in the back of the room were ladies making tea for us. Some one was generally at the piano playing or singing. Mrs. Wynne used to sit in her chair near the fire-place, and speak a kindly word to one or another of the students who were introduced to her. After tea the ladies used to withdraw, and then Canon Wynne himself, or some other clergyman invited by him, addressed the students. Sometimes they were addressed by an old clergyman, and received his message as from a father in God; but often it was a young man who addressed them, one not very long in Orders, who spoke as to younger brethren. After the address the students were invited to join in a general conversation on the subject of parish work. It was in these conversations that Canon Wynne was seen at his very best. No remark was too inept for him to treat seriously and kindly. No one wandered so far from the point but Canon Wynne found some way to lead him back to it again. Everything at his touch seemed to bring forth some spiritual thought. He was never content with discussing simply ways and means, but always

led the conversation round to the Divine Person. Parish organisation, classes, visiting, and so forth were never allowed to appear as ends in themselves. It was always pressed upon the students that no organisation was of any use except as a means of leading men to Christ. If it did that, it was good; if not, it was a failure, no matter how successful it might look in a report or in a rural deanery return.

In 1888 Canon Wynne was elected to the newly created chair of Pastoral Theology in Dublin University. His lectures necessarily took a different form. He lectured in a room in college instead of in his own house. He never gave up, however, his idea of the civilising and elevating influences of the home; he still continued to invite his class, at frequent intervals, to spend the evening at Leeson Park. Of the character of his lectures we have sufficient evidence in "Our Sacred Commission." He spent some time, each day his class met, in teaching his students to read the liturgy. Every student in turn, once at least during the term, had to read aloud some portion of the Church Service. Canon Wynne then pointed out the faults which he noticed, and suggested improvements. Each student also was required to write one or two sermons during each term, which he read and criticised.

Canon Wynne's influence on the large number of students who came under his teaching, either in Leeson Park or in college, was very great,

but peculiarly difficult to gauge accurately. Had he been a party leader it would have been comparatively easy to trace his influence among the younger clergy of the Church of Ireland ; there would have been traces, at least, of his opinions to be found in the men he had influenced. But he never, in his lectures or classes, attempted to influence his students' opinions. A man might go to his lectures a High Churchman or an Evangelical, and, so far as his party opinions were concerned, he went away just as he came. In a negative way, his teaching might lead a man to lay less stress on his party views, but he was never pressed to change them. It is not possible to say that the strength of this or that party in the Church of Ireland is due to the influence of Canon Wynne ; yet, though less visible, his influence has been very real. Constantly in odd corners of the country, shut up in some remote parish, one meets a curate or a young rector who looks back with very pleasant recollections to evenings spent at Leeson Park. One gathers as he talks that much of the spiritual feeling which makes his quiet life beautiful is fed on the recollection of words and thoughts of Canon Wynne. It is not possible even to guess how much of what is humble and Christlike among our clergy is owing partly at least to him ; but we know from what we see that the good seed which he sowed has borne fruit.

I have been told by one who knew Canon Wynne's

classes well that he failed to influence the more intellectual divinity students. I think that this is probably true, to a very great extent. The clever young man was naturally impatient of Canon Wynne's teaching. The slowness of his arguments and the patient simplicity of his preaching have already been noticed. The clever student grasped, or used to think he had grasped, all that Canon Wynne had got to say before it was half finished. He was annoyed at having it repeated again and again. He goes to Canon Wynne with some intellectual difficulty. Being clever, he wants his doubt resolved like an algebraic equation. He wants thoughts symbolised as x and y, and demonstrated to be equivalent, not, as he fears, to 1 and 2, but to some great numbers. But Canon Wynne treats his difficulty altogether otherwise. He pauses and considers. He questions. He simplifies. He doubts. He declares at last that the difficulty is not perhaps solvable at all. He points to something else which presents no difficulty. "Live by this," he says; "let the difficulty wait for its solution." The clever student is vexed. He wanted a theory of the atonement; he gets instead an assurance that God is love. Being clever, he is impatient of such imperfection. He wants a system of theology; Canon Wynne offers him instead an ideal of life and something to live by. Being a clever student, he does not understand that he has got a great deal more than he asked for. He complains that

Canon Wynne's teaching is only milk and water, and goes away dissatisfied and uninfluenced. It must, however, be remembered that the very lack of definiteness in teaching which repelled the clever student would appeal to a large class of men who have outgrown the clever student in years and experience, and who dream of building up a world of new social relations founded, not on ecclesiastical dogma, but on the faith that God is love. This very failure to appeal to the clever student in the narrow world of the university may be the evidence of a great power in the larger world outside.

CHAPTER VI

KILLALOE

God's Saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long must passe
O're dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse.
But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into bed.

They are indeed our pillar fires,
Seen as we go;
They are that Citie's shining spires
We travell to.
A sword-like gleame
Kept man for sin
First *out*; this beame
Will guide him *in*.

Silex Scintillans.

IN the opinion of many the system of electing bishops is the weak point in the constitution of the Irish Church. On a vacancy occurring in any see, the synod of the diocese is summoned, and all the members, both lay and clerical, proceed to elect a new bishop.

The electoral body is a large one. It consists of

every licensed clergyman in the diocese and two or more lay delegates from every parish. It has been pointed out that it is dangerous to leave the choice of a bishop to so large a body of electors: necessarily a considerable number of the voters have but a small knowledge of the requirements of the episcopal office; comparatively few are in a position to form any estimate of the characters and acquirements of the leading clergy of the Church, from among whom they naturally wish to choose their bishop. There is a tendency to a certain narrowness of view which would give too great an importance to the conception of a bishop as the administrator of a particular diocese, and to forget that he should be also a ruler of the whole Church; there is, moreover, a risk that the man a diocese *likes* for a bishop is not in reality the man that diocese *needs*. A stream will rise no higher than its source. It is possible that a diocese might prefer to elect a bishop who would not be inclined to institute too rigorous a reformation of long-standing diocesan customs.

The choice of a bishop has not, however, been left to the will of a bare majority. Unless it is the will of two-thirds of both the clergy and laity that a certain man be elected bishop, the final choice is taken out of the hands of the diocese,—the Bench of Bishops decides between the names which the Diocesan Synod submits to it.

In spite of the grave theoretical objections to this

system of appointing bishops, it is the opinion of many Irish Churchmen that it has on the whole worked well. In the election to the see of Killaloe, which followed the death of Bishop Chester in 1893, the Diocesan Synod submitted to the Bench of Bishops the names of two eminent Churchmen, both well qualified to govern the diocese. The choice of the bishops fell on Canon Wynne. He was consecrated in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, on December 10th, 1893, by the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishops of Cashel and Cork.

Canon Wynne was happy in the diocese over which he was called to preside. The united dioceses of Killaloe, Clonfort, Kilmacduagh, and Kilfenora had been ruled wisely and well by his predecessors. Bishop Fitzgerald left a name which the Irish Church is not likely speedily to forget. He was a theologian of great ability, one of the chief of those to whom the Irish Church owed her safety in the stormy days of Prayer Book revision. Bishop Chester was less widely known, but in his own diocese his saintliness of character had won for him love and reverence. Canon Wynne therefore succeeded to a diocese long accustomed to regard their bishop as a true father in God.

The episcopal residence is fixed at Killaloe—a small town on the borders of Co. Clare. The Shannon flows close under the walls of the cathedral. As the visitor enters the town from the little railway station, he sees the venerable grey walls and square

tower of the cathedral dominating the little town. The building is undecorated either within or without. The eye wanders among no network of carved tracery, is captivated by no mysteries of shadowed arches or stately lines of pillars; there is no richness of colour in glass or pavement. The walls stand bare, almost rugged, but strong. Three great lancet lights at the east end lead the eye up in a simple severity of symbolism. The mark of the ages is on the building,—it is an almost untouched survival of long-past times. The material building is strangely akin to the living Church of Ireland; there is in both the same stern simplicity, the same bareness of ornament, the same severity in pointing upward. The heart wanders in vain search for glow and warmth. Grey walls and the memorials of the dead are round about. The return at last is to the east again—to the symbolism of the three lancets—to the severity of truth and puritan morality—to the upward calling whose height the eye is strained to reach. The same fidelity to a past is in both,—the same suggestion of a great destiny.

The episcopal residence stands just outside the town of Killaloe. It is a square house, of little or no architectural beauty; but it stands amidst picturesque and well-wooded lawns and gardens. The grounds slope down among trees and shrubberies to the Shannon and the canal, which at this point runs parallel to the river. The country round is rich in beautiful scenery.

Such a home seemed a fitting reward for Canon Wynne's laborious life in Dublin. The natural beauty of the scenery delighted him. He was able to take the long walks, which he loved all his life, along the banks of the Shannon or by the shores of Lough Derg. It was not long before he had a boat built for himself. Many a happy afternoon was spent rowing to some nook on the shores of the lake.

It has been noticed before that Bishop Wynne never grew old. Physically and mentally, he was like a young man when he went to Killaloe. He had a young man's delight in vigorous exercise. He detested loitering and dawdling. On the hottest summer days he would propose a good hard pull in his boat, or a climb up some neighbouring mountain. He liked to have a companion who could row or walk as untiringly as he did himself. When he returned home, he would attack some garden path with his hoe, or walk round the grounds chopping wandering branches off the laurel hedges. He had a young man's delight in fresh scenes and fresh aspects of familiar landscapes. He loved broad prospects rather than pretty valleys, where the eye is forced to rest upon near objects. I remember spending a dark December day with him in Killaloe. The house and town were wrapped in a damp grey fog. All the morning the Bishop kept hoping the fog would lift, and allow us to see something. In the afternoon he determined to walk out of the

fog. We pursued by-ways among the hills for what seemed to me miles, steadily ascending. Figures of men and beasts were like phantoms in the fields on each side of us. At last even the faintest vestiges of a path disappeared. We climbed up over coarse grass and stones. Finally, we got above the fog. We could see over it. The sun shone brightly on to the tops of the hills all round us. The Bishop paused and said: 'We have got out of it at last, and can see; but," he said, looking longingly at a peak in front of us, "I wish we had time to go up that fellow."

He was like a young man, mentally, in his openness to new ideas; his opinions and views never crystallised. I think that up to the very end of his life he preferred the companionship of young men to that of those of his own age. He was ready to listen to the wildest speculations in politics or theology. I never heard him in private conversation speak *ex cathedrâ*. He seemed to approach every subject as an inquirer. His wisdom always seemed less his than yours. The conclusion never seemed his pronouncement so much as the result of joint consideration.

His diocesan work was to him a great joy. He often described the pleasure which tours in his diocese gave him. It was his wish to visit each parish in his wide and scattered diocese every year. This was not possible, but he succeeded during his short episcopate in preaching in almost every church

under his charge. He liked to spend a Sunday afternoon or evening in some small district church. It was his custom to preach in a parish church in the morning, and to drive to one or two outlying services in the afternoon. The glimpses which he got, during his tours, of home life in quiet rectories and in the houses of the country gentry interested and pleased him. The scenery in the wilder parts of Co. Clare was a constant delight to him. The simple worship of little bands of faithful people in lonely places touched him deeply. Sometimes he regretted the loss of his great opportunity as a preacher in S. Matthias. He used to say that he missed the excitement of his Sunday sermons, but he found a recompense for his loss in the earnest joy with which he was welcomed to many a humble country church. The following is an account of a visit to Kilrush which he wrote not long before his death :—

"'Where do we change carriages for Foynes?' 'At Ballinagrandfather!' promptly answered the Limerick porter, as the Bishop took his seat in the 'Limerick and Foynes' railway train. There being no such station on the line as Ballinagrandfather, the answer was puzzling. Careful deliberation, however, led to the conclusion that 'Ballinagran' was the station, and 'father' a term of respect for the shovel hat of the inquirer. Accordingly, through 'Ballinagran' (spelt Ballingrane) the train carried us to Foynes—a busy little station nestling between

wooded heights and the shining Shannon. Here we embarked on a steamer for the town of Kilrush, near the Shannon mouth.

"A most ideal river is this river Shannon as it flows on in the final stage of its journey to the ocean. It is broad and deep and blue, pouring its great stream with quiet strength between banks several miles apart, now wooded, now rocky, now receding into flat reaches of yellow sand, now running into winding tidal creeks, now opening out for tributary rivers to wend their way down their own valleys and be received into the Shannon bosom. Great ships pass by,—three-masted and four-masted ocean ships, laden with corn from California or with timber from American forests,—besides schooners and steamers, carrying coal from England or cattle from Ireland. There is the smell of the sea in the air. There is a distant brightness on the horizon where the river banks cease, where one great cliff stands up perpendicular, and through misty golden space there is a vista into the infinite. If you pass that dreamlike opening to the west, there is nothing but water between you and America.

"After a few pleasant hours, we come to an island with rocky shores, white coastguard buildings, and a white lighthouse. This island protects a bay, where the harbour and town of Kilrush are sheltered from the great Atlantic breezes which sweep over river and shore, making the river rough and tempestuous, but smoothing down every bush and tree on the land, till the country is one grey level—stone walls alone sheltering the storm-swept fields of this long, low peninsula which juts out into the Atlantic at Loop Head.

"On the quay between the steamer and the light railway to Kilkee, the Bishop was rescued from the vociferous attentions of rival car-drivers by the rector of the parish, who bears the mellifluous title of Archdeacon of 'Kilfenora,' Kilfenora being one of the three ancient sees which are now united with that of Killaloe. Under this dignitary's guidance, the Bishop reached the hospitable rectory.

"Although the country is so bare and treeless, owing to the salt breezes, which shear down even the hardy thorn bushes into slanting wedges, there are sheltered glens and valleys, here and there, rich with verdure and foliage. In one of these the rectory stands, in a pleasant nook near the church, and on the skirts of an old demesne, where trees grow large and full, till they dare to reach over the shelter of the valley, when their heads are at once planed down to the surrounding level.

"An interesting afternoon was spent in visiting some aged and delicate parishioners; inspecting the church and churchyard, with its many graves; rambling through the quaint old town, and walking to points of view from which could be seen the little harbour, with ships and boats and smoking steamers in the foreground, the broad river with islands and bold promontories beyond, and far away in the distance the glistening open into infinity, guarded by the sentinel cliff.

"In the evening there was service in the church. All members of the church for miles around were gathered in. The subject to which the Bishop called the attention of the people was, "The Gospel of Peace," as a preparation for Christian conflict. In the church there were quiet prayers and grave

attention; outside were the restless winds and the great 'neighbouring ocean.' It seemed typical of the blending of war and peace the apostle described: the 'peace with God' giving rest to the soul; the war against God's enemies making life a constant campaign, battling with evil, striving for the right. As the shadows deepened, as the light outside faded, as the light inside the church seemed to burn more steadily and to light up the faces that looked earnestly up at the preacher of the everlasting Gospel, it was easy to feel how the deeper was the sense of divine peace, the deeper also must be the horror and hatred of evil, and the more watchful and intense the struggle against it."

Bishop Wynne was fond of saying that he regarded his diocese as a large parish. He felt himself called upon to attempt, and he actually accomplished, a large amount of work among individuals. More than most goodmen, he loved to seize an opportunity for private spiritual intercourse with men and women.

The following extract from a letter, written by a leading layman in his diocese, illustrates his work in these directions:—

"One is naturally disposed to ask how it is that, while he was called upon to do little more than routine work, he was able to exercise such an influence over men's minds. I think the answer is, that whatever he did, he did not only well, but in the best possible way in which it could be done. And

so it was, whether in the synod, in the pulpit, or in addressing small numbers in a private house, or in conversation with people of various classes, there was an elevation and earnestness of thought and purpose which, joined to his high intellectual attainments and refinement of feeling, drew every one to him. He was here on Sunday on two occasions. As we are too far from the church to attend afternoon service, I always read service in the evening. The Bishop gave a short address. As every one about the place came in, we had a large congregation for a private house—about forty. On the first occasion, I told him that there was a very old woman who was unable to come to our service, and he immediately went with me to see her, and sat talking to her for a considerable time. On the second occasion, he did the same with my steward's wife, who was too unwell to come up to the house. She said, a few days afterwards, 'He gave me the very word I wanted. I was miserable and low before, and ever since I have felt quite different.' It was by such little acts of kindness, which became widely known, that he endeared himself to every one." [1]

"On the day of our confirmation," writes the rector of a country parish, "the Bishop came down to our little Sunday school. He asked for the three children who had got 100 per cent. at the Scripture Examiation, and spoke to them words of encouragement. Sunday schools were a special interest to him. He examined carefully, at the visitation, the

[1] Lord Clonbrock.

register returns of all the Sunday schools in the diocese, and looked into each return. In some parishes he asked the names of the Sunday school teachers."

The following note on this pastoral aspect of Bishop Wynne's work was sent me by the Rev. Dr. Hemphill, rector of Birr:—

"The secret, then, of his success in Killaloe was his pastoral sympathy. He was like the rector of a parish containing 38,000 souls; and his loving sympathy seemed to annihilate the enormous distances which kept these souls one from the other. To his mind they were always present; and it was rather a pleasure to him than the reverse to have to take these long drives, for they brought him into new country scenes, each one interesting and beautiful in its own way. The clergy were like so many curates working under one active and large-hearted rector: not that their liberty was in the least diminished, but that they could always feel that a loving and experienced man was accessible to their cries for help and their desire for counsel; so that they had not the loneliness of feeling which oppresses men who know that they are themselves solely responsible, and have no able man to help them.

"I wish I could convey properly how the Bishop was the father and pastor of this diocese, never disdaining any, even the most ignorant and least sympathetic of his large and scattered flock. He loved the people for Christ's sake, and he also tried to find something in each worthy of his love: in

fact, he loved the people for their own sakes, and because of his kindly, unsuspecting character.

"Now it is quite possible that an active, energetic man might come to Killaloe with the very best intentions, and yet be so cast down and disappointed with the state of the Church there that he would get into a lazy life, spending much time *out* of the diocese, or shutting himself up with his books or his flowers. Both of these fates have actually happened before now to bishops in Ireland. They *never could* have happened to Bishop Wynne. His spirit was marvellously young, active, and cheerful. He looked consistently at the bright side of things. He felt so firmly convinced that he was in God's hands, and that God had placed him where he could do *His* work most effectually, without any seeking on his own part, that to repine or relax would have seemed to him a great betrayal of 'his sacred commission.' It was because Heaven was in his heart that love was in his countenance, help was in his voice, courage was in his sermons, and hopefulness was in his very gait. 'There goes a true gentleman,' was the thought which involuntarily sprang up in our minds as we saw him taking his afternoon walk, so erect and sprightly in his whole demeanour. And when we saw him stop to talk to a poor child, or to interest himself in the farming operations of a humble cottager, we could not but recognise that his true gentility was only equalled by his loving spirituality, and that he sought every where to scatter seeds of kindness, believing that they would spring up in the future.

"Now this hopeful sympathy was of the greatest

service to his clergy and people. We are so much accustomed to shake our heads when we think of our country and our Church—with our people dwindling away each census more and more—that it did us a world of good to be brought into close contact with a man who never grumbled, never took a doleful view, never despaired. And I think the people felt the same in hearing him preach; they felt that his own life was happy and heavenly, and it was his manner more than his actual teaching which had such influence.

"Wherever he went throughout the diocese, his presence was like a magnet to attract the people to the church. I have frequently heard the Nonconformists saying such things as these: 'I would go any distance to hear that man.' 'I would always go to church if that was the kind of sermons preached there.' So that it is undoubtedly true that he did not see the normal congregation in any of his churches—for the announcement that he was to preach would be like a signal to all the Nonconformists, as well as to the people of surrounding parishes, to come and hear the Bishop."

Bishop Wynne brought into his episcopal work a certain freshness of view. It is an ordinary experience that a comparative stranger will catch expressions and note changes in a face which escape the notice of a constantly familiar friend. A son returning after many years' absence, will note at once the effects of time upon his parents, which have come

so gradually as to have been unperceived by the daughter who has never left her home.

A great familiarity with the work of a parish or a diocese often has the effect of blinding the observer to gradual decay. Organisations which were once full of eager vitality may perhaps be now no better than examples of mechanical routine; yet so slowly has the life died out of them, that it is impossible to say when and how it died. The fresh glance of a stranger recognises that the life is gone. A gradual change of conditions may have arrived at the point at which a change of method becomes necessary, without alarming one so long familiar with the old order, that he has failed to note the "unimaginable touch of time."

Bishop Wynne was struck, as he gathered knowledge of his diocese, with two such results of gradual deterioration. The disestablishment of the Church had roused in the laity a spirit of enthusiasm and eager interest in Church affairs. As the crisis passed, and Church business once more settled into routine the enthusiasm gradually died out among a portion of the laity. Bishop Wynne recognised gladly how many warm friends the Church had among the leading laity; but he felt that there was often a danger of a return to the old, narrower views, of life—of an increase of practical materialism. This he noticed with sorrow, and more than one of his addresses to his synod were full of warnings on this subject.

Among the clergy in the south and west of Ireland a similar deterioration is also sometimes noticeable. The population of Ireland has been rapidly decreasing for the last fifty years. The Church population in country places has decreased in at least an equal ratio. Parishes which once were populous are now thin. Churches in which a congregation of fifty or sixty people used to gather, now hold on Sundays only a handful of worshippers. At the same time, the parochial divisions have practically remained unchanged. There has been very little amalgamation and union of parishes since disestablishment. The result has been that in a considerable number of country parishes there is very little work to be done. The clergy have idleness forced on them, and with idleness the danger of spiritual deterioration. This danger Bishop Wynne fully recognised. He was accustomed to use every opportunity for giving a word of spiritual encouragement to the clergy under his charge. He tried to be a real father in God to the younger men. The following is a specimen of the sort of letter he used to write to such of his clergy as he was unable to come into direct personal contact with :—

January 2nd.

" As I have not been able, during last year, to visit your parish or preach in your church, I write a line at the beginning of this year to express my deep interest in your work and in your own spiritual life. I know that you must have many discouragements

on account of the smallness of your flock and your lonely position. But I am sure that when the heart is right with God, He will overrule all such difficulties and discouragements, and give the great blessing of ministerial usefulness in spite of them. I feel deeply the responsibility as well as the difficulty of your position, standing as you do, as God's witness, in a solitary place. I pray that He may help and strengthen, that He may draw your soul into closer communion with Him, that He may show you more plainly your own self, your faults and dangers and temptations—that He may show you more plainly still Himself, with His pardoning love and sufficient grace. May God grant you His blessing, my dear brother, that you may not be ashamed before Him at His coming."

The Bishop was ever striving thus to counteract the dangers of isolation and insufficient parochial work among his clergy by private and public exhortation. As he became better acquainted with his dioceses, he became more convinced of the reality of the danger and more anxious to save the Church from it. He was convinced that the present system of a large number of small parishes, each with its separate incumbent, was not the best. He desired to effect the amalgamation of parishes on an extensive scale. The Church's work, he thought, would best be carried out by establishing a number of strong centres, each under an able and experienced rector who should work the surrounding smaller parishes with the help of two or three curates.

Such a system would effect a large financial economy. It would insure a longer training for curates, since promotion would be less rapid. It would keep the clergy in more constant touch with each other, and give them frequent opportunities for mutual advice and sympathy. The number of the clergy could be easily regulated, so that wherever a man was, there would be sufficient work for him to do. Of course, this system involved a radical change in the existing arrangement of the diocese, and as such had to face the dead weight of conservative opposition. Bishop Wynne, unfortunately, did not live to carry out even the first beginnings of his plan of amalgamation. Probably he had never matured the details of a scheme. He desired, in the first place, to persuade the clergy and laity of his diocese of the expediency of the principle.

The following address was delivered by the Bishop to his synod, in 1895, at Killaloe :—

"There are two great temptations before us all—the danger of idleness, and the danger of selfishness—the tendency to shirk work, and the tendency to concentrate all work on one's own interests and one's own convenience.

"I suppose the tendency to indolence and hatred of trouble will last as long as the world lasts; but I am glad to think that it is less easy for what are called the 'leisured classes' to yield to it now than it used to be. As knowledge and culture spread,

there is spreading also a certain scorn of a useless life. Men who read and think at all in the present day are ashamed to be classed as drones. It is generally felt that it is a contemptible thing for a man to be a mere parasite, to live upon other people, to be supported and fed and fattened by other people's toil. Except when men are very young or very uneducated, they feel this wave of intellectual movement, and are ashamed of idleness. The ideal of the country gentleman whose whole business in life is sport,—a grown-up baby who does nothing but play, only exchanging the form of his play-toys, taking up dogs and horses and cards instead of dolls and rattles,—this ideal among educated men is almost extinct. And the stern logic of facts has made most of our Irish gentlemen feel (and I think we may be very thankful for being made learn that lesson) that 'if any man will not work, neither shall he eat.' If in times past Irish 'squires' and Irish 'squireens' were too often idle and wasteful, mere cumberers of the ground, their descendants in the present day have had these vices pretty well lashed out of them. And, as a rule, they have found it necessary to 'learn and labour to get their own living, and do their duty' in the very difficult state of life 'into which it has pleased God to call them.' The more earnest trend of modern thought and the gradual working out of economic laws have combined to accentuate nature's intolerance of idlers.

"But we have to be taught something else, besides the need of work; we have to be taught the need of working for others as well as ourselves. Very industrious men may yet be very much self-absorbed.

The 'struggle for the life of others' and for the welfare of others mark a higher reach in human development than the mere struggle for existence. Men have to be educated up to 'altruism,' as it is the fashion now to call it. This part of the education of the world is specially the work of Christ's Church. 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' 'None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.' 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

"Our Diocesan Synod is a kind of outward and visible sign that we, members of Christ's Church, recognise our duty of working one for another. We gather together—men of all kinds, of different ranks and occupations; we give our time, trouble, earnest thought, and care for the advantage and help of the whole body of our brethren. There are labours which clergymen specially carry on for the benefit of Christ's Church: these we consider together at the bishops' visitation. But there are many efforts for good in which the clergy and laity co-operate. There are efforts, too, which the laity make *for the clergy*, without which our Church organisation could not be carried on at all: such efforts we consider together at our synods.

"As I received at the visitation the annual accounts of the administration of their parishes by the clergy, amidst much that betokens earnest spiritual life and activity I noticed what appeared to me a serious omission in the work of many parishes; and as it is concerned with one of the works in which clergy

and laity are united (indeed, in which the principal part is taken by the laity), I shall mention it here. It seemed to me, in some cases, as if all the money gifts of the parish were concentrated on the parish itself—sustentation fund, church requisites fund, perhaps a school fund,—by these the whole of the donations and alms of the people were absorbed. I know that in many cases the parish has a hard struggle for its own existence, and the people naturally say, 'We have such pressing wants ourselves, it is so very difficult to keep things going effectively at home, that we can do nothing for needs abroad.' This is natural, but hardly either right or wise. Though we may be poor, we ought to have generous hearts. The Church of Christ is one, and the little and weak members must not cease to feel their sympathy with the aspirations, labours, hopes, and fears of the whole body. The parish should not let itself become merely 'parochial.' Because it is poor it ought not to become narrow. And it is upon the people's *heart*, rather than upon the length of their purses, that their liberality depends. It is by no means the richest parishes that give most to great Christian causes; it is the parishes in which there is the warmest and most earnest spiritual life,—and they are often neither rich nor large, but out of their poverty their love supplies abundant gifts. I warn our friends of the laity especially against an exclusively parochial spirit. I remind them that we belong to Christ's holy Church throughout the world, and that our love and sympathy and efforts must not be narrowed into the little sphere in which we personally move. There used to be a certain kind of building and repair

upon Churches—sordid, ugly, without marks on it of refinement, taste, or knowledge—which was satirically called 'churchwardens' gothic.' It represented the ideas of those who cared more for keeping down parish rates than for making that which was dedicated to God beautiful, seemly, and suited to its noble purpose. Might there not be such a thing as 'churchwardens' charity'—a charity whose outlook is entirely bounded by the walls of the parish church and churchyard?

"I think every parish should take its part (however small a part it might necessarily be) in the general work of the Christian Church. Even though the money contribution might not be above a few shillings, yet in every parish there ought to be annual collections for a few carefully selected organisations representing the great branches of Christian effort abroad and at home. I venture to express my strong desire, as my revered predecessor did before, that on the first Sunday in Lent a collection be made in every church for the Church of Ireland Temperance Society. Though the sum collected might be very small, yet there would thus be a yearly opportunity for the clergyman to enlist the sympathies of his people in the crusade against the deadly and desolating evil of intemperance. The cause of the orphans ought, I need hardly say, to be annually pleaded in every Church. The work of Christian education should also have its yearly place. The interest of the people should be evoked in behalf of local school, the Education Board, and, if possible, that noble institution, the Church of Ireland Training College, which is doing such a great work for the whole Church. Part of the

annual work of every parish should also be to help the Clergy Superannuation Fund, to make some provision in old age for those who have spent their youth and strength in the service of the Church.

"Then there is the great field of Christian missions. No matter how hardly pressed a parish is for its own needs, it should feel itself bound by a most sacred bond to take some part, however small, in carrying out our Lord's command to have His Gospel preached throughout all the world. I hope that in all our diocese there will not be a single congregation that does not share the privilege and take part in the duty of extending the Kingdom of our Lord in the lands still darkened by heathenism.

"I bring this duty of participating in the general work of the Church before the Synod because I know that many of the clergy feel its obligation strongly, but fear that their congregations might be annoyed by having so many claims pressed upon them besides the support of their own church.

"I doubt whether any one much likes being asked to give money; but if we yielded to this dislike, what a wretched set of people we should become! Whether we like it or like it not, the poor and needy must be cared for, and the great work of evangelisation must be carried on through the world which Christ came to save. I call upon you, my brethren, thoughtful and influential laymen, who are, most of you, as your position here testifies, in some measure leaders of the laity in your parishes, to strengthen the hands of the clergy in the endeavour to waken and call forth a spirit of broader sympathy and more enlightened liberality among all 'who profess and call themselves Christians.'

"Your attention will be invited, to-day (as you may see by the agenda paper), to another subject of practical importance, on which I should like to give you a few general thoughts before it is discussed in detail. It is the endeavour to effect some further amalgamation of parishes in our diocese. This subject is, I understand, rather unpopular: and yet the logic of facts seems to show that in some way or other it must be faced and grappled with.

"There is one objection entertained by many against all further reduction in the number of our parishes which is entitled, I think, both to respect and sympathy. It might be expressed something like this: 'The Church of Ireland feels a responsibility for all the people of Ireland, and longs to reach and help them all. Just now, in the south of Ireland, she finds herself shut out, by strong religious prejudices, from the great mass of the people. But have we not a right to cherish the hope that these prejudices will not last for ever, and that at some time in the near or far future all those who name the name of Christ in this country may once more join with us in our worship, kneel with us in Holy Communion, and love to be taught and tended by our ministry? Looking forward to that time when traditional barriers shall be broken down and religious animosities and divisions shall have ceased from among us, ought we not to shrink from retiring out of any post we now occupy? ought we not to keep every church we have in full working order, ready to open its doors to receive the coming crowds?' I agree that we should cherish such a hope and maintain such an ambition. Our *hearts*, at all events, we should always keep open, ready with loving

welcome for all our fellow-countrymen. But though this objection is grounded upon so noble an aspiration, it is practically needless. Our present parochial arrangements would be utterly inadequate for such a happy state of affairs. And the same practical wisdom which would require us to expand our organisation if numbers increased, requires us to contract it when the numbers diminish.

"As a practical matter, then, I ask you to think of this subject to-day. For some years past there have been considerable deficits in the sustentation collections of several of our parishes. So much of these 'arrears' as could not be met by 'poor parish grants' and other charitable sources have been wiped off our books by a very simple process; they have been deducted from the income of the clergyman. Thus the diocese presents a clear balance sheet; but the poor clergyman finds it harder and harder to live. The parochial treasurers assure us, in these cases, that every effort has been made to meet the deficiency, but that, owing to the gradual thinning of the Church population of the parish, and the gradual impoverishment of that which remains, it is impossible to raise a larger sum for the Sustentation Fund. What is to be done under these circumstances? If the population continues to leak away as it has been doing, and if the property of the members continues to diminish, it is plain that we cannot continue as we are. We cannot, in honesty, go on offering the present incomes to our clergymen, and then failing to pay them. One of two alternatives we must evidently choose: we must either diminish the assessment of our parishes, or diminish the number of them—that is, we must either offer each clergyman a

smaller stipend, or so amalgamate parishes that there will be fewer clergy to pay. Fewer clergy or smaller incomes—this is practically the range of our choice. Do you think we can diminish the incomes of our clergy? Have they not already nearly come down to starvation point? Could we offer men who have been trained in our university, and who have been brought up with the habits and ideas of gentlemen—could we offer them only the wages of a butler? If we feel that this would be impossible, we are tied down to the other alternative. If we cannot diminish our clergy's incomes, we must economise our forces by having the work done by fewer men. And if there were fewer men, I really believe the work would be better done. Our clergy would be not the worse, but much the better, for having larger spheres of labour. Nothing is more injurious to a man than to put him down where he has not full scope for his energies. Many of our clergy are deteriorating from want of having enough to do. I think it is a sad thing to see a fine, strong man—strong both in body and mind—spending the flower of his life in some little parish where he has only a couple of dozen parishioners to look after. Fewer men, more work, better pay—in that direction I am sure our organisation should tend.

"But even without diminishing the number of clergy and the number of services, I think the same number of men could do the work both more economically and more efficiently if there were fewer incumbencies and more curacies. You cannot well offer an incumbent less than £200 and a house, whereas a young unmarried curate who could live in lodgings could get on very well with £130 to £150. Two

parishes with a rector and a curate, or three parishes with a rector and two curates, could be worked for a smaller sum than if there were an incumbent in each of them (and could afford an increased income to the rector). And, besides the economy, the system is more spiritually advantageous. It is of great use to young men to work for some years under an experienced rector. It is better for a parish to hear the joint ministrations of two men—a junior and a senior—than always to hear the one voice. It is better for the Church to have more curacies and larger and more influential rectories, than to have a dead level of small incumbencies, with hardly any change of duties and hardly any prospects of promotion for men of ability. I do not think it is necessary for us to press for immediate change ; but I certainly think the attention of our Synod, and through the Synod the attention of all our Church members, should be turned to this matter of amalgamation, so that its meaning and necessity should be known, and misunderstandings and prejudices about it removed.

"If a scheme of amalgamation were carefully prepared and thought over, it might gradually be brought into operation as the different posts fell vacant, provided the parishes concerned were consenting parties. I say, I should like the matter to be *thought over ;* for one of the difficulties experienced in making any improvements is the opposition of people who *don't think.* They have taken up some idea according to habit or tradition, and they feel a blind instinct to cling to this idea without regard to what can be said for or against it. No matter how convincing the reasons may be in another

direction, they are met by the unconsciously satiric argument, 'We have made up our minds.' The argument really means, 'Our minds have not been awakened on the matter at all. What minds we have are lying dormant. We have cherished our prejudices, and acted upon them without any mental process.'

"Is there not always this danger among uneducated people? It is true that needless changes should be avoided; but a blind conservatism, which refuses to consider reasonable and useful changes, prepares the way for that worst change of all—gradual deterioration and decay.

"Therefore, I ask the Synod to-day to face the problem presented to them by the yearly deductions made from the incomes of our clergy owing to the diminishing numbers and diminishing wealth of our people. I am confident that your discussions on this and all the subjects brought before you will be carried on in a spirit of mutual respect, sympathy, and forbearance. Keep in mind that your business here, to-day, is to forward the great work of Christ's Church on earth. God has given a grand revelation to man—a revelation so precious that He has called it His Gospel—the good news of His love and of the eternal life He gives. The work of Christ's Church is to have this revelation made known through the world, and pressed from heart to heart. We consult together for the purpose of having the Gospel of Christ's salvation, the revelation of God's glory and goodness, echoed and re-echoed in our churches, our homes, and our hearts. May our discussions, in their tone, be suitable to the object with which they are concerned. Shall we not all mentally lift

up a prayer that our consultations to-day may be guided and over-ruled by the great Head of the Church, so that His work in this portion of His wide domains may be more efficiently carried out, and so that increasing power for good may be brought to bear in the great warfare between the forces that make for righteousness and the forces that make for sin and misery."

Although Bishop Wynne was thus fully occupied with the management of the internal concerns of his diocese, he was ready to take his part in the discussion of any question affecting the welfare of the Church at large or of the country. In 1895 the Irish Education Question, which had slumbered peaceably since the establishment of national schools all over the country, was suddenly in danger of being reopened. Although the Roman Church had accepted the system of national education in the majority of her parishes, yet in certain towns she maintained independent schools for boys taught by members of the Order of Christian Brothers. In these schools an excellent secular education is provided; but the Christian Brothers maintain a protest, similar to that of the Church Education Society, against the restrictions which the National Board place upon religious instruction. Their pupils are engaged in religious exercises at various hours during the day, and religious emblems are freely displayed in the schools. Under these circumstances it is impossible for them, as it was for the Church

Education Society, to claim the State aid given to national schools. Several efforts had been made from time to time to get the rules of the Board altered so as to admit the Christian Brothers' schools. In 1895 it suddenly seemed probable that these efforts would prove successful. The government was avowedly anxious to conciliate the Irish national party; they were, moreover, pledged to assist the Church schools in England, which occupied a position to some extent analogous to that of the Church Education Society and the Christian Brothers in Ireland. The possibility of such an alteration in the rules of the National Board elicited a strong protest from the Presbyterians in the North of Ireland, who had always cordially accepted the idea of undenominational education which the National Board was supposed to realise. In process of time, however, the idea of united secular education, although still the theory of the Board, had ceased practically to be aimed at. All over Ireland separate schools are maintained side by side for the benefit of children of different denominations. Nothing is commoner than to see, within a hundred yards of each other, two schools, one under Church of Ireland and one under Roman Catholic management, both in connection with the National Board. It was therefore felt by some members of the Church of Ireland that the admission of the Christian Brothers' schools to the benefits of the Board's aid would really effect very little practical change in the condition of Irish

primary education. Already, whatever it might be in theory, practically the system was one of State-aided denominational education. When, therefore, the Standing Committee of the General Synod passed a resolution condemning the proposed alteration in the rules of the Board, a minority entered a protest against their action. At the head of this minority was Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin. Bishop Wynne was not present when the resolution was passed. He wrote and published the following letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, supporting the claim of the Christian Brothers' schools:—

"CLARISFORD HOUSE, KILLALOE.
"*December 10th*, 1895.

"MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot be present at the meeting of the Standing Committe next Thursday. I am much distressed by the resolution passed at its last meeting on the Education Question. I feel most unwilling that these resolutions and the protest suggested by the sub-committee should go abroad to the public as the deliberate voice and opinion of the Irish Church. They certainly do not represent mine.

"The Unionist Government, with its great strength, has now an opportunity of meeting in a generous spirit a continually reiterated request from the majority of the Irish people with regard to the disposal of the National Funds for Education. I believe that the conceding of this request would bring to our country real gain, with only imaginary loss.

"It is a great gain when on any important point a government is able to rule in accordance with the general wish of the governed without injustice or injury to minorities. It would be a special gain for the government of our United Kingdom to be able to remove one serious cause of friction between it and the Roman Catholic population of Ireland.

"As the 'Christian Brothers' are practically carrying on a great educational work in the country, it would be a gain to have its secular instruction both assisted and superintended by the nation at large, represented by the 'National Board.'

"The corresponding help that would be granted to many of our struggling Protestant schools, which are now excluded from State aid, would also be a substantial gain.

"The granting of a long-urged petition, the removal of a long-rankling grievance, the public assistance and supervision of a powerful educational agency, the reaching with public help long excluded Protestant schools—these would be, I believe, great and real national gains.

"The disadvantages of such a concession are, I feel sure, small in comparison to its gains. They appear to me to exist chiefly in the sensitive imagination of the objectors.

"No facilities will be given for 'proselytism,' because the exceptional relaxation of the rules will have force only in schools where none but Roman Catholics can attend.

"No injustice will be done to the taxpayers of other denominations in those districts, for the exceptions will only be permitted where there are really efficient and suitable schools supported by

the National Funds and protected by the ordinary National Board rules.

"The danger of parents concealing their religious belief in order to secure for their children the advantages of the 'Christian Brothers'' schools appears to me unworthy of serious consideration. We cannot legislate for the few who would be guilty of such treachery.

"If it be thought expedient to make this concession to opinion among Irish Roman Catholics, it does not follow that it will seem expedient to make others of a different nature. Because we yield to a demand which we consider reasonable, we are not bound to yield to others which we consider unreasonable.

"If this step is a departure from the ordinary practice of the Board, under certain special conditions and for certain important objects, it need not interfere with the normal working of the system when such conditions do not exist. It does not interfere with the general character of our national education, but enables it to extend its work partially into a field hitherto entirely closed against it.

"I should think it quite reasonable for the Standing Committee to urge the importance of great caution in taking this new step, and to suggest, if it considered it expedient, additional safeguards against its being abused. But I deprecate this defiant 'Protest,' this hard, impracticable *non possumus*, calculated to embarrass the efforts of a government anxious to do justice to all parties in Ireland, tending, I fear, to keep up the old semi-barbarous antagonism and suspicions between fellow-countrymen of different creeds, and likely to increase the danger against which our fellow-Churchmen in England are so

earnestly contending—the danger of severing the sacred bond between education and religion.

"I remain, my dear Archbishop,

"Yours most truly,

"F. R. KILLALOE."

Save for one anxiety, Bishop Wynne's life at Killaloe was singularly happy. He was happy in his work and in his home. In summer, his sons and daughters gathered home to Clarisford for their holidays. The great dining-room, designed for the performance of the episcopal duty of hospitality, saw, besides the clergy of the diocese, many a happy family party gathered in it. Mrs. Wynne was obliged to provide two nurseries for the reception of her grandchildren. The Bishop was rarely without a baby to climb on to his knee, and demand to be told the story which in old days had delighted its father or mother. He inherited the blessing of the psalmist: he beheld "his children's children," and, so far as his own diocese was concerned, "peace upon Israel."

The one anxiety which darkened the latter years of his life was the failure of Mrs. Wynne's health. Almost from the time she went to Clarisford, Mrs. Wynne's health began to fail. All her life she had been a woman of great activity. She declined to recognise the need of taking care of herself. She could not bear to sit still and have things done for her. The increased care of a large house

proved too much for her failing strength, but up to almost the end of her life she persisted in managing everything herself. She was so unselfish, and had been all her life so acustomed to taking care of others, that she never realised that she herself needed care. It was with the greatest difficulty that she could be got to recognise, even under the pressure of severe physical pain, that she was ill at all. A courageous woman, who rarely allowed any difficulty to turn her aside, she struggled resolutely against the admission of illness. In the spring of 1896 the Bishop took her, with their two youngest daughters, to the south of France, in the hope that a rest from the cares of housekeeping and a complete change of scene might restore her. In the autumn of 1896 the doctors declared that she must undergo a severe operation. The news of this great danger to Mrs. Wynne came upon the Bishop as a terrible shock. I well remember the noble manner in which he completed the work he was engaged in when the news came to him.

"My mind and my reason tell me," he said more than once, "that I may trust her in our Father's care; but we are very weak, and the terrible anxiety keeps coming back to me."

In October the operation took place in Dublin. At first it seemed to have been successful. The greatest hopes were entertained of Mrs. Wynne's complete recovery. Then there was a sudden turn for the worse on the evening of November 2nd. Bishop

Wynne had always insisted on doing everything himself, that was possible for him to do, for his wife during her illness. He went himself to summon the doctor early in the morning of November 3rd. On the way home from the doctor's house he died suddenly. Mrs. Wynne passed away a few hours afterwards.

To those who knew them, the shock of the news of their deaths was very great. For them it was an altogether beautiful thing that they should thus pass together into the presence of the Master for whom they had lived together for so many years.

None who were present are likely to forget the memorial service in S. Matthias' Church. A great crowd of people assembled to pay the last tribute of reverence to him they had loved. The chancel was crowded with clergy. The Archbishop of Dublin preached a touching and impressive sermon.

Even more impressive was the scene next day at Killaloe. The whole town and river were wrapped in a thick grey mist. The procession from the railway station was headed by a long line of clergy, stretching out into the mist until only the dim white flutter of their robes was visible. The Roman Catholic townspeople, by the special desire of their parish priest, bore the two coffins across the bridge towards the cathedral. Along the sides of the road stood peasant women and old men, many of them weeping bitterly. Almost in dead silence the procession made its way across the bridge. The

rushing of the water underneath, and now and then the moans of poor people who felt that they had lost a true friend, were the only sounds. Then through the mist sounded the solemn tolling of the cathedral bell. The grey walls of the old building loomed out clearer, until at last we entered the nave, and the organ music floated down upon us. The choir of the cathedral was filled with clergy and friends. Below the screen were gathered a great crowd of Roman Catholic peasantry. In the presence of death, in recognition of goodness, the strife of creeds was laid aside. In witness that holiness of life, like Bishop Wynne's, is the aim of every creed, Irishmen, whose worship has for centuries been divided, stood together that day in the church built by their common ancestors.

SERMONS

I

MANNERS[1]

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

Tennyson.

"Doth not behave itself unseemly."—1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5.

THERE is an old motto engraven over the door of one of our oldest English public schools. It is the motto of a very famous scholar and divine who founded the school. It runs thus:

"Manners makyth man."

The word manners in this motto means more than what we imply by it: it covers the wide sphere of man's conduct in general; it is equivalent to the modern word "morals." The motto means that not money, not pedigree, not learning, but *conduct*, is what in the truest sense makes a man—that what a man does is the measure of what he is.

What we now call manners is but a branch of what William of Wyckham meant by manners. But it is, in my opinion, a very important branch of it, and very closely connected with every other branch

[1] Preached at St. Matthias' Church, Dublin, December 1880.

of the manners that "makyth man." I mean by manners that *external behaviour* that is generally implied when we speak of a man having good manners or bad manners—gentleman-like manners or boorish manners—kind manners or hard manners —nice manners or coarse manners.

What I mean will, without any precise definition, come out pretty plainly as I go on.

I can fancy, however, at the outset, an objection made something like this: "Talk to me about my deeds,—those I can control. Talk to me about my words,—those I can govern. But why talk about my manners,—those are not within my power. I can't help my manners; they are natural to me. Just as the shape of my face is natural, just as my gait in walking is natural, so my manner is natural to me; and if I were to try to change it, I should only be affected and unreal."

Your objection has a little truth in it, but a great deal of mistake. Your gait of walking is certainly natural: and if you have the misfortune to have one leg shorter than another, you cannot help walking lame; but if you have sound and healthy limbs, you can help reeling, swaggering, or slouching. You can be drilled to walk with an erect and manly carriage. And you can also, if you have a loving heart, step gently and softly in a room of sickness. Your natural carriage can be wonderfully controlled and improved. So with your manners. If you are very stupid, you can hardly help having some-

what dull manners; at all events, you cannot be expected to have very sprightly manners. If you are naturally very shy and timid, your manners are likely always to have something reserved and self-conscious about them, though even here there may be great improvement. But whatever you are naturally, you can help being cross in your manners, or rude or coarse or selfish or unkind.

Sometimes, if you go into a shop, you will see a man behind the counter all smiles—so obliging, so delightful; nothing is any trouble to him. Follow that man to his home, where he is with his brothers and sisters, or his wife and children, and perhaps you will find him gruff and rude and peevish, with no consideration for any one's comfort but his own. Oh, what a difference between the smiling shopman and the surly husband! What makes the difference? In one case, he has an object to gain—he wants to sell his goods, so he controls his natural manners; in the other case, he has no object to achieve, so he lets his selfish nature have its way. There is a homely saying which forbids a man to hang up his fiddle behind the door. One must not make oneself charming so as to win admiration and applause, and then drop all the charm when the selfish object is not present.

You go to a professional man at his office; he is a model of propriety—so decorous, so soft-spoken, so careful. You see him among his boon companions, with coarse jests and ribald songs on his lips. Can

it be the same man?—so utterly different in manner; then, the insinuating man of business—now, the boisterous buffoon. He has changed his manners. His will has exercised its control. He let his coarse nature free in his hour of amusement; he curbed it and conquered it in his hour of business.

Is it not perfectly plain that you can help your manners? that your choice has almost as much power in that region as among words or deeds? We can control manner. Why ought we to do so?

I. Because in manner consists a great part of conduct. Manner is really a *series of little acts*, little acts in which we can either sin or conquer sin.

Some faults of manner are chiefly external—such as boorishness, roughness, shyness, awkwardness: these can be remedied by culture, education, and knowledge of the world. But others arise from internal causes; they are faults of character, and can only be remedied by spiritual means—by a sense of duty, by a change of heart, by a growth in grace. Manner is a succession of little acts, in which sin can be yielded to or conquered—*e.g.*, ill-temper. You are annoyed and angered; you don't kill people, you don't curse and swear, but you vent your anger in your manner—you are cross, surly, disagreeable. Hours have passed in that sullen mood; all that time, what have you been doing? Sinning against God. You have been tempted, and you have yielded to the temptation, not in act or word, but in *manner*.

Or, you are occupied with yourself. You chiefly

think of what the world's satire calls "Number one," because it is so continually the first thought in men's minds. You don't do any very cruel thing, but in all your little ways and movements you just consult your own convenience and comfort, and no one else's. So you yield to the mean sin of selfishness by your manner.

Or, you are conceited, thinking an immense deal of your own wisdom, your position, your powers. You have too much common sense to boast and brag, but your whole manner is an expression of what is the paramount conviction of your heart—"What a great man am I!" You show in every gesture, every tone of voice, "I consider myself a much greater personage than you; my position is more important, my opinion is much more valuable to society than yours." In a description of a London crowd by an eminent author there occurs this sentence: "Here comes a man serenely unconscious that he is a fool." Ah! of how many may it be said by the angels (God grant it may not be said of you or me!), "Here is a man serenely unconscious that he is a vain, silly, despicable despiser of others!"

It would be easy to speak of irreverence, impurity, disrespect to parents, alienation of heart from God, and to show how all these terrible heart-faults vent themselves in the *manner* almost more frequently than in word or act.

Brethren, life is chiefly made up of little acts. If what we have been speaking of makes some of us feel conscious of sin of manner, is not this sin of life?

Does not this external fault show the deep inward faults of character? Should not this consciousness bring us to the cross of Christ?—bring us to the cleansing blood?

One object I have in speaking of manner and its faults is to make the cry re-echo more really in our hearts, "I have sinned," and so to bring each soul in real penitence to Him who came to save sinners. I believe that the sound of the Gospel falls flat on many hearts because there is no actual humbling sense of sin. If the consideration of faults of manner leads any man to be dissatisfied with himself, one great barrier between him and his God is broken down: he has learnt to abhor himself and to know his need of his Saviour.

II. But manner is not only a succession of little acts; it is also a means of *expressing outwardly* what is in the heart. A flag may be a small thing, but it is used to show what nation you belong to and what sovereign you will fight for. Manner is constantly used for the same object; sadly often it is used to express sympathy with evil. The growing boy or the young man begins to make himself disagreeable in his home. He is overbearing, rough, surly in his demeanour. He puts on what is called in the nursery the "don't-care" manner. He has an object in all this. He wants to say: "I don't want to be controlled. I choose to take my own course whether you think it good or bad." And, alas! the wickedness of the man soon joins itself with the

foolishness of the boy; and the devil's banner is unfurled, and in the swaggering gait and the defiant stare and the self-asserting voice, the young man says: "I choose to be good-for-nothing. I choose to be sensual and pleasure-loving. I choose to live no better or nobler life than that of the *pig* that wallows in the mire."

Possibly some such may have come in here this evening, and then every gesture has been an unfurling of the Satanic banner. "Don't suppose that I came here to pray. Don't suppose that I came here to learn. Don't imagine that I came for any other reason than to carry out my life's leading object—to do what I like, and amuse myself and gratify my own tastes." Ah, friends! we may be too busy to notice your manners, or too dull to understand the heroism of your profession; but there is One in whose very face your banner is unfurled, One who sees it and knows what it means—and He is the God who made you, the God who is to judge you; He is the God by whose kindness and forbearance alone you can live a single instant. Ah! He is the Saviour who pities you with an unspeakable tenderness, who laid down His life for your sins, who toiled and wept and went through agonies beyond thought to do you good, who yearns this moment to receive and forgive you. Will you unfurl the banner in His face any more?

And if the evil choice of life is expressed by manner, so is the good choice. Brethren, I trust

there are many here who have come to the cross of Christ, have been forgiven by His blood, and are daily strengthened by His Spirit. You should be very humble, but you should be very decided, very firm, very brave. You should not be ashamed to show your colours. And you can often do it by your manner when there is not an opportunity to do it by your words. Don't misunderstand me. I don't want you to put on what is called a "pious manner"—a sanctimonious manner, with an oily tone of voice and a long, solemn face,—all this is detestable; it is affected, unreal, pharisaical, displeasing to God and to all men who love sincerity and hate hypocrisy. Be frank, straightforward, honest, and natural in your manner; but when anything is done in your presence that you feel God dislikes, show that you dislike it too. Your manner then will be real, because it expresses your real feeling. Let there be that, too, about your tone and ways that men may easily feel that you have been "with Jesus."

"Charity," says our text, "behaveth not herself unseemly." Here is the secret of good manners—Love. "Honour your God, love the brotherhood." Honour your God, believe in His presence, be anxious to please Him: this will exercise a certain gentle pressure on your manners; it will not be a restraint, no more than the hand of a loved master is a restraint to the steed who is proud to carry him; it will not interfere with your liberty, but it will make you exercise your liberty with watchfulness and

an ennobling sense of responsibility. And love your brethren. Try to forget self, and esteem others better than yourself. Take an interest in your brethren; be anxious to have them happy and at ease; be considerate for their feelings. All polish of manners is only an imitation of the tenderness, thoughtfulness, and respect for others that comes from Christian charity. Who is the true gentleman—courteous to all, tender to the weak, chivalrous in his honour to womanhood, respectful to his superiors, genial and cordial with his friends, sympathising with the poor and needy? Who is the true gentleman? He who loves God with all his heart and his neighbour as himself.

The face of Moses shone when he came down from the mountain where he had held communion with God. If we are much with the same Lord; if we are often in His presence, opening our hearts to Him, and listening to His voice,—as we leave that glorious presence, and come down among our brethren, will there not be for us a shining too. In the bright and happy manner, in the cheerful sympathy with our brethren, the thoughtful ways and loving consideration for the feelings of others, will there not be a sweet radiance?—a radiance reflected from the lovely character of our Master—a radiance which needs no veil to hide it, which men and women love to look on, which cheers and gladdens this sorrow-haunted world of ours—a radiance whose lustre consists in that gentle Christian charity which "never faileth?"

II

THE KEYS OF DEATH AND HELL[1]

"I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of Hell and of Death."—Rev. i. 18.

NO thoughtful person can hear that word hell without a thrill of solemn awe; for it calls to our minds the doom that, according to the teaching of the Lord Jesus, awaits impenitent sinners. It is terrible to think of this doom. The few words that are here and there spoken about it are so awful that we can hardly dare to think at all of "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." But a subject being painful to think of is no reason for hiding our eyes from it. Life's experience teaches us with clear emphasis that wrong brings after it misery in this world. God's revelation teaches us equally plainly that it brings after it misery in the next world. Death does not abolish the law that links together sin and suffering. All that God's love and mercy can possibly do is done to rescue men from the consequences of their own evil choice.

[1] Preached at S. Matthias' Church, Dublin, Easter 1886.

But when God's love is thrust aside, and His calls and invitations and loving mediation are neglected, the natural law does its necessary work, and whatsoever a man soweth, that he also reaps. And so it remains as a solemn background to the beauty and glory of the Gospel history—that there is and must be a *hell* for the ungodly and for all those who turn away from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Hell! what is its suffering? What is its horror of desolation? Oh, thank God! none of us *need* ever know. If He has the desire of His divine love, none of us ever *shall* know. For Jesus Christ has died and risen again to deliver us from that doom. Whosoever takes refuge in Him, whosoever believeth in Him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Hell! it is a real doom, and not a bugbear for children. There may be souls among us here in imminent danger of it; therefore, we are sent to hold up to you all, dear brethren, Jesus Christ and Him crucified; therefore, as ambassadors of God, we urge you to make no delay in casting yourselves in penitence and trust into the outstretched arms of His mercy.

But though there is the unknown and inconceivable doom of Hell, it is not of *it* that our text speaks. The word in the original is the word *Hades*, which is quite different from the word used for the place of punishment—*Gehenna*. Our Revised Version leaves the word untranslated—"I have the keys of Hades and of death." The word only means the mysterious

region or condition into which all human spirits pass when they leave behind "this mortal coil." It has only the same connexion with what we generally mean by Hell as a vast and spacious castle has with the dark dungeon under one of its towers.

The most intelligible interpretation of the word Hades is that which resolves it into two Greek words meaning *not seen*. We may translate it simply as "the unseen world." S. Paul roughly classifies all things into two—the seen and the unseen: "the things that are seen are temporal, the things that are not seen are eternal." Sometimes in broad daylight we are apt to feel as if this world were everything. It is all we can see. Beyond the limits of its horizon, hemmed in by the blue sky or its grey canopy of clouds, nothing is visible; but as the night comes, and darkens this world of ours, it reveals to us the countless shining worlds that crowd into infinite space; and then we know that our visible world is but as a grain of sand in comparison to the worlds that are unseen. So, amidst the bustle and excitement of every-day life we are inclined to feel as if the earthly things we see around us were everything. This life, with its ambitions and longings, and hopes and fears, and enjoyments and troubles, seems the great reality; all beyond seems hazy and visionary. But when the soul has time for quiet reflection upon the teaching of reason and revelation, we are able to recognise that there is a vast, wondrous unseen sphere beyond the perception of our bodily

senses—the sphere in which are the spirits of those who have passed away from this little world, and the multitude of the heavenly hosts, and the heavenly King Himself, and all the splendours and deep interests and glorious employment of His celestial home. This great unseen sphere is called "Hades." And it has a door of entrance—a narrow and dark door, but one which must be passed through in order to go into the wide and wondrous space beyond: this door is death. Death is the passage into Hades.

Fancy yourself (to use the illustration of a gifted writer) in a scene of midnight festivity. The room is bright with glaring lamps. It is full of the noise and whirl of the revellers. It is reeking with the heavy odours of the banquet. You pass through the door of the house into the open air. For an instant you feel as if you had passed into darkness; but soon you find that you are under the starry vault of heaven, with the fresh, pure air fanning your brow.

Or again, fancy yourself in some dingy hovel, in the presence of poverty, sickness, and suffering. Your visit is over. You open the low door of the cabin, and, stooping your head, you pass out into the sunshine. Again you are bewildered for a moment. Your eyes are dazzled by the brightness; but quickly they accommodate themselves to the light, and you see all the world around you sparkling and beautiful in that summer glow.

Even such is the passage through the door into "Hades." *From* that which is now seen into that which is now unseen. It is a passage *from* bustle and excitement and artificial glitter, perhaps into the calm repose of the eternal realities. It is a passage from suffering and disappointment and vexation of spirit (it may be) into the beauty and joy of the Paradise of God.

Of this unseen world—"Hades,"—of this door into it—"Death,"—the risen Jesus has the keys. None go through but as He opens or shuts. The solemn door and the grand realm beyond are under His absolute dominion.

Each of us, brethren, unless we are among those who are alive at Christ's Second Advent, must pass through the door. The corridors through which we may approach it may be different—sudden accidents, perhaps a day's sickness, lingering decay; but before we can emerge through the door, the Lord Jesus must pass by us in that dusky corridor and unlock the door of which He keeps the key.

And so, brethren, at one moment of your existence at least you must each have close dealings with Christ Jesus. In your mortal struggle He, the Divine Individual, will be standing beside you, the human individual. Oh, my brother! will He who is opening the door for you then be a loved and trusted Friend or an awful and dreaded Stranger? Will you be able to lay your hand quietly in His

and say: "Take me, dear Master; lead me gently through this dreaded door. Upheld by Thee, and clinging to Thee, I will go peacefully, nay, triumphantly, into Thine unseen world beyond?" Will it be thus, or will He who unlocks the door through which you must pass be One who wanted to be your Friend, but whom you treated as an enemy; One who wanted to forgive and love you, but whose kindness you rejected; One from whose presence you shrank, and whose holy will you neglected and disobeyed.

Oh, man, woman! will it be when the door of death is being unlocked that you first look straight into the face of Jesus? Is He not beside you now, wanting to forgive you, to clasp you to His heart, to be for evermore your Saviour and your Friend?

Friends of Jesus, is it not a bright Easter thought, that of the solemn door of death your Beloved has the key? It takes away the fear of death from you. Will there be pain? Will there be sorrow for those left behind? Will it be soon or late? Ah! why ask these questions? Your death will be only when your tender Saviour unlocks the door.

And for your friends, need you be anxious? Need you tremble for that life, far dearer to you than your own? It will only depart when Jesus Christ uses His key. And for those who have gone before, though there must be sorrow, need there be bitter mourning? They passed into the unseen world as the Divine Friend opened the door

for them. Must He not have done it at the best and happiest time and in the best and kindest way?

And soon this key will be used for *re*-admission into the visible world. "The graves will be opened, and those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

But not as was the unlocking for the departure will be the unlocking for the return. Then it was a narrow wicket—a dark postern door; and, one by one, in silence and solitude, His people were ushered into the unseen. Now, the great portal will be thrown open, the eternal gates will lift up their heads, and through them will pour forth the great multitude, whom no man can number. Not in silence now, nor in solitude, nor in weakness, nor accompanied by the voice of mourning, as they entered the unseen a while ago, but with shouts of joy and songs of deliverance the redeemed of the Lord shall return, with the gladness and glory of a triumphant host, with the happiness and peace of a re-united family, and led in their joyful procession by Him whose rising from the dead we this day celebrate, by Him who liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore, and has the keys of Hades and Death.

III

NEHUSHTAN [1]

"And he called it Nehushtan"—*i.e.* (margin), "a piece of brass."—2 KINGS xviii. 4.

THE reformation in the land of Judah, under King Hezekiah, required, like most reformations, strong measures. Revolutions, it has been said, are not made with rose-water, and nothing less than a moral and spiritual revolution had to be effected by this brave servant of God.

Among the objects of idolatrous worship before his reign had been the brazen serpent which Moses had made in the wilderness. It had been a means, in God's hands, of a wonderful deliverance, but it had become a snare. Kept through the centuries, with loving gratitude at first, it became after a time an object of worship to the people. The honour due to the great unseen Spirit who worked the deliverance came to be given to the piece of brass through which His power was manifested. Hezekiah, longing to bring his countrymen back

[1] Preached in S. Patrick's Cathedral, July 1887.

to the pure worship of the living God, felt it necessary to break this serpent in pieces. Besides breaking it, he called it "Nehushtan"—a piece of brass. This name helped to dispel illusions. It showed what the thing really was. The old brazen emblem had no power. It was nothing more than a piece of dead matter. It had, indeed, acquired in the eyes of the Jews an ideal sanctity. It was thought to be something in itself, something to which human hearts ought to give heart reverence. To dissipate this superstitious idolatry, to bring back love, loyalty, and gratitude to the great unseen Spirit from whom all good gifts came, it was well worth while breaking into fragments the old token and describing it by its proper unadorned name—a piece of brass. That was what it really was, and nothing more. It was better that the people should know it.

We learn, I think, from this vivid picture of ancient history the importance of calling things by their right names. The human heart is very easily deluded. There is no more common cause of delusion than popular names. A name carries with it a long train of associations. Dislike is often given to good things, approval or tolerance to bad things, on account of misleading and unfair names.

The murderer often wears a mask in carrying out his hideous work. The deed is done, but the cruel doer of it escapes detection because his face is not seen. Evil things often escape the hatred

and condemnation they deserve because they are masked under some mild name.

In the history of our moral and spiritual life we see this fallacy of names perpetually at work. How many people allow themselves foolishly and weakly to be turned back from what is right and noble by some vulgar catchword! Call earnest belief in the revelation of God, and brave determination to witness for it through evil report and good—call such a tone of mind "cant," "twaddle," "folly and nonsense," "fanaticism," and you will drive back many from it. Alas! I fear a whole herd of "dumb, driven cattle," a countless number of fashionable gentlemen and ladies, are scared by a name, even as sheep are by the unmeaning shout of the shepherd boy. Call some doctrine or way of acting by a party name; use no arguments for or against it, but just say, with a shrug of the shoulders, that it is disgustingly Low Church, that it is dangerously High Church, or sadly rationalistic, and no matter what may be said in its favour from Scripture or reason, you have raised a prejudice against it hard to overcome, because the mass of people judge rather by what things are called than by what they really are.

Let us try to free ourselves from this dominion of names; it is weakness and superstition to yield to it. I would speak on this subject specially to the young people in the congregation. Try from the first to get into the habit of judging from what things really are, and not from what they are called.

If a thing is called cant, ask yourself what cant means, and why the name is applied in that particular instance. Consider, in a careful, reasonable spirit, what are the errors and exaggerations implied in the various party names you hear. Search the Scriptures thoughtfully and prayerfully. Have some definite reason for giving approval or condemnation. Scorn to let yourself be dragged one way or another by the tyranny of a nickname.

In personal life, in the heart and conscience of the individual, even more deadly mischief is wrought by misleading names. Sins are masked from the conscience under conventional and nice-sounding titles. There are men who are ready to confess with a kind of simper that they certainly have been living a little too "fast"—that they have been rather "wild." Do they acknowledge in their hearts that their lives are foul and unclean, that they are breaking God's plain commands, that they are polluting their bodies with fornication and drunkenness, that they are spending their lives and squandering their substance in grovelling and brutal self-indulgence? Oh, no! Expressions of this kind are not fit for ears polite. Such plain speaking might frighten the conscience. "A little wild" sounds rather interesting and romantic; and so they smile and simper on. They impose upon themselves by the names they give their sins. They harden their hearts into impenitence. They rivet upon themselves chains of foul habits. They dishonour the God who made them

and the Saviour who redeemed them. They make their secret life a hideous orgy. All this is covered up and hidden as they go into respectable society with the comfortable lie embodied in such a form as "fast" or "wild." Oh, man! whoever you are, whether a polished gentleman or a poor, half-educated youth, what is the use of this lie? Does it impose upon Him with whom you have to do and to whom you have to give your account? Are ugly things made better by calling them by a pretty name? Oh, man, cease to delude yourself by these conventional names! Call your sin what it really is. Look at it in the face. Recognise its foulness, and throw yourself at the feet of Him who came to save sinners. Sinners He will save; hypocrites He cannot save. While you disguise your sin under the mask of a false name, what are you but a hypocrite? But even without going into such dark depths, can we not see the self-deceit continually carried on by false names? Here is a useless life frittered away in pleasure-seeking. The baseness of it, the cowardice of it, the mean, hard, almost cruel, selfishness of it, are they not often hidden from the conscience by calling such a life "*gay*," or a "little giddy." Ill-temper, anger, unsubdued passion, breaking out in fierce words or sullen moodiness, is being a little hasty. Covetousness, greed for money, hard indifference to the needs of others is called prudence, or at most being just a little close. Indifference to the feelings

of others is called being rather brusque. Evil-speaking, lying and slandering are called piquant conversation. Want of interest in God, want of attention to the great facts of His revelation is called free thinking or honest doubt. In a word, is there any fault in heart and life for which a nice-sounding name has not been invented, so that conscience may be drugged while the soul is being degraded and ruined?

Men and brethren, let us be brave and honest with ourselves. Let us try to tear aside all masks, and, with the illumination of God's Holy Spirit and Holy Word, know ourselves as we really are. Let us dare to call the piece of brass Nehushtan, just what it is and nothing else. And while we learn a lesson from the breaking of the brazen serpent in Hezekiah's reign, may we not at the very same time learn the precious meaning of its lifting up in the wilderness? Jesus Christ tells us that that lifting up has its antitype in Himself. As we look unto Him, as we fix our eyes on the beautiful brave, loving, frank, generous, self-sacrificing life, lived for us in Palestine, is it not easier to be honest with ourselves? Dare we call impurity only wildness? Dare we call worldliness, selfishness, wilfulness, greediness of body or soul by any softening titles while we feel that pure and holy gaze fixed upon us? Oh, Jesus! in Thy presence all our disguises drop off. In proportion as we look unto Thee in faith we know ourselves now, as we

shall know ourselves standing before Thee on our judgment day, just as we are. Oh, Jesus, the light of Thy holiness reveals to us our unholiness!

Let us carry on our self-examination always looking unto Jesus. As we look *inward* upon folly and weakness, let us look upward upon Him who is altogether lovely. If the light of that Holy One humbles us in the dust, it fills us at the same time with joy and peace, for He was lifted up that "whosoever believeth in Him should have eternal life."

We can bear to know our sins when we know, too, that we have such a salvation. Do not be afraid to call your sin by its real name. As your heart shudders at its baseness, as you lift your appealing glance to Him who was lifted up on the cross for you, your guilt is forgiven, your sin is purged. Oh, what light there shines upon our hearts from that uplifted figure! We know how weak and erring we have been, but we know how dearly we are beloved. We bow our heads in penitence, but we raise them in gratitude and glowing hope. We are sinful, but we are forgiven through His blood. We are weak, but we are made strong by His Spirit. We are mortal, but we shall never perish; for through the grace of Him who hung upon the cross we have the gift of eternal life. God grant that some penitent may even now look up with humble trust to that Saviour, and learn the glorious truth that his sins are forgiven and that he may go in peace.

IV

REST AND MOVEMENT[1]

"Help us, O Lord our God; for we rest upon Thee, and in Thy name we go against this multitude."—2 CHRON. xiv. 11.

THERE have always been in the Christian Church two currents of opinion as to the best way of living the Christian life. One relies chiefly on action, the other chiefly on contemplation. One set of thinkers has constantly said: "If you want to be good, you must try to be good. If you want to conquer the devil, you must resist him. If you want to be like Christ in holiness, you must be like Him in diligence. Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Fight the good fight of faith. Wrestle against the spiritual wickedness. Watch as well as pray. Exert your energies. Work at your own salvation. Don't stand theorising and dreaming, but busy yourselves in doing your duty."

The other school of opinion says: "No. All this talk about exertion is needless and misleading. Let your mind dwell upon God. Think of Him.

[1] Preached in the Chapel Royal, Dublin, 1887, and in S. Matthias Church, Dublin, 1887.

Hold communion with Him. Isolate yourself from outward circumstances, and just stay in His presence. Then goodness will grow in you, as the sweet violets grow in spring. Then the victory will be won without need of battles, like the Jewish triumph over the host of Sennacherib." Those who study Church history are familiar with this teaching. It comes up in all ages under various forms. We recognise it among the hermits in the Nubian deserts; among monks and nuns in secluded cloisters; among Quietists in the middle ages, mystics in Germany and France, professors of a "higher life" in our own country at the present day. The language varies according to theological views, but the tone of teaching is essentially the same. "Your strength is to sit still. You are to put yourself in the Lord's hands. Let Him undertake for you. Your part is only to trust. You have nothing to *do*. Leave yourself passive in God's hands; He will do all. Struggle and effort are as needless as are the motions of the infant's limbs when the father is carrying him to his destination. Only trust God; all else follows of itself."

Which of these views is right? Which is most like the teaching of Scripture? Which is most in accordance with reason and experience? I put these last questions together, for I believe that God's revelation in Scripture, the dictates of enlightened reason, and the findings of careful experience are generally in close harmony.

Which of these views of the Christian life are we to prefer?

Our text is one of those numerous passages in Scripture which teach us that there is no real opposition between these two apparently so different ideas; that in practice they are closely combined; that he who rests on God most quietly is just the one who will strive against evil most bravely. The men of Judah, at the time referred to in our text, had to go out in self-defence against an enormous host. They were outnumbered by more than two to one. But they rested upon God; they relied upon His protection. Resting in the Spirit, they marched in the body. As we read the story we can almost hear the martial clang of their armour, and see the calm, firm assurance in their faces, as they press on against the fearful odds to death or victory.

The servants of God in this world have continually to go against a multitude. The set of public opinion is generally against earnest religion. It has always been so; I fear it is so still. The road that leadeth to life is not the broad road, nor the crowded road. Respectability, morality, a proper deference to outward religion,—public opinion approves of these; but entire devotion, body, soul, and spirit, to God, likeness to Jesus Christ, unworldliness, humility, enthusiasm in doing good,—ah! has not he who longs for this kind of religion to go against the multitude?

Many of you here know this and feel it. You want to make everything subordinate to pleasing God and doing His will. You want to follow the Lord Jesus very closely, and bear witness to Him both in your life and conversation. You feel all around you a tacit condemnation of your desire; a cold, unsympathising opposition to it. So long as you are easy-going, not too much in earnest, satisfied to take things quietly, to seem like everybody else, you don't feel the opposition. But if your heart is really aflame with the Saviour's love, if you feel His service to be the "one thing needful" in your life, then, wherever you go, you find that you have to go against the multitude. You are a young man in business. You are a gentleman busy in your profession. You are an officer in the army. You are a student in college. You are a lady in society. You are a servant in the kitchen. You are a poor man, or a poor woman, among poor neighbours. Whatever your sphere of life may be, you have given your heart to the Lord Jesus, and desire beyond anything else to do your duty to Him. Don't you find that you have to go against a multitude? Don't you find a strong tide of public opinion openly or secretly setting against the kind of life you want to lead?

You are interested in literature, a student of the great subjects of human thought. You wish to be in touch with the intellectual movement of the age; but you wish still more to be thoroughly

loyal to your God revealed in Jesus Christ. Do you not find, with many a sharp pang, that in the world of letters as well as in the world of action the followers of Jesus must go against a multitude?

As servants of God we expect to have around us in the heavenly home "a great multitude whom no man can number"; but while we are on earth I fear we must make up our minds to a certain isolation, and not think it anything strange if the multitude be against us.

Need I say also that there is a great multitude from within arrayed against holy living? The disposition that leads to self-pleasing, evil desires, base passions, selfish instincts, tempers, vanities, jealousies, worldly longings—their name is legion.

So from within, from the old carnal nature, and from without, from a world more or less alienated from God, a great multitude is arrayed against the followers of the crucified Jesus.

We *rest* upon Thee, and in Thy name we *go* against this multitude. Rest and battle—trust and effort—with us, as well as with the army of Asa; these two will give the victory.

Quietness is our strength.

No doubt quietness may be a snare. It may mean laziness; and I believe laziness is the commonest of all spiritual snares. In our Lord's description of the Judgment, those on the left hand are all condemned for what they have left undone.

I daresay there is not one here who has deliberately chosen to go against God; yet I fear there are many who really are going against Him on account of a wrong kind of quietness. They are too lazy in mind to face the great realities of life; they are content to drift on in a kind of easy-going way. God's Spirit strives. God's call rings through the world: "Who is on the Lord's side?" "Not I" is the yawning answer. Even this moment the lazy ones are turning away from the word spoken. There is a secret feeling—"I won't listen, I won't mind, I cannot be troubled to shake myself from my habitual state of mind! No matter what is said, no matter how conscience warns, I am determined that I shall go out of church as I came into it, and go along my old easy way of life." It is the sluggard's complaint—"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." Oh, in God's name, remember the sluggard's doom!—"Thou wicked and slothful servant. Cast ye the unprofitable servant into the outer darkness."

Even real servants of God get into lax ways of living through the same snare of quietness, through taking things too easily—letting things drift along without vigilance. Christian brethren, we must sound in one another's ears the trumpet call to be up and doing for our Master. Awake! Gird up your loins. Time is short. Eternity is near. God is looking on. The account of our

stewardship must be rendered. We must be busy, diligent, taking trouble for Him who gave Himself for us. Yes, brethren, struggle is needful; battle is needful. Let no one persuade you that it is not. Thank God that He allows you the honour of marching and doing battle for Him. When laziness creeps over you, exert yourself and shake it off. When wrong desires steal in, rouse your energies and crush them. When difficult duty has to be done, go forward bravely and undertake it.

But all the time "Rest in the Lord."

Have you learned this rest? Lazy, ease-loving man or woman, hear the voice of Jesus saying, "Come unto Me and rest." Lay your burden down at His feet. Tell Him of your sloth and uselessness. Believe His word of pardon. Then He will give you rest, and that rest will be to you a spring of strength and energy. Will you be able, when you have it, to squander your life in self-pleasing? No; for there will be One calling you to work whose voice it will be your delight to hear. Will you be able to go on drawling out in your talk feeble imitations of fashionable platitudes? No; for you will have strong convictions of your own as to truth and duty, which will burn and glow within you, a holy fire, until they find some real utterance in speech and life. Will you be able to shrink from any known duty on account of trouble or self-denial? No; there will be a holy necessity laid on you to do the

right, whatever it costs. When you rest in Christ, you will go out to the battle against evil armed with the power of God's Holy Spirit, and feeling within you constantly the longing to please and obey your beloved Saviour.

Children of God, tired sometimes, discouraged sometimes, baffled often, what is to show you the deceitfulness of your own heart? What is to move you to resist temptation? Resting in the Lord. Rest on Him in the morning. Realise His love. Cast yourself upon His bosom. Remind yourself of His affection. Then, for your day's work you will be brave and strong. When the temptation comes, when the heart swells with an evil desire or an angry passion, when the tongue is eager to speak unadvisedly, when the whole self is engrossed with the longing to act according to some lower motive, then rest in the Lord; cling to His outstretched hand; stay yourself on His love. As you shelter thus behind the shield of faith, the fiery darts will fall quenched to the ground, and Apollyon will spread his wings and fly.

Some time ago, as I walked along one of our streets towards the west, I was struck by a lovely bit of sky scenery. It was a wild and windy afternoon, and there were packs of clouds, angry and lurid in the sunset light. Great masses of vapour seemed to be constantly torn away from them and driven across the sky by the storm. Through every rift in these broken and changing deeply

coloured masses you could see quiet and tender blue behind, flecked with silvery cloudlets, shining in perfect stillness and calm. So I caught the idea of power, energy, and stormy movement, and at the same instant the idea of unruffled peace. I felt it to be a picture of the union described in our text, and illustrated, I believe, in every Christian's experience—movement and rest. The battle of life was there, with its efforts and energies, its struggles and deeply interesting excitements. Underneath and behind every struggle, every toil, every sorrow, every joy, is the still calm of a heart resting upon the unchanging God—the perfect peace in which He keeps those whose minds are stayed on Him.

V

YOUTH AND AGE[1]

These words describe the Apostle Paul at the beginning of his ministry: "Confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."—Acts xiv. 22.

These are words of the same Apostle, written near the close of his ministry: "For which cause I suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."—2 Tim. i. 12.

A FEW days ago, at the conferring of university degrees in music, one of the exercises was the singing of a simple and pathetic ballad. It described an old man and his little grandchild sitting together at sunrise in a cottage porch. One of the stanzas contained these lines:

"Oh, wondrous sweet and touching
Is this meeting of young and old—
The fair young face and the withered,
The locks of silver and gold."

Such a song seems to me particularly suited for

[1] Preached at S. Matthias' Church, Dublin, on Advent Sunday, 1892.

the present season. The world's year has grown old: it is just dying; it will pass from us soon. The Church's year is young: it has just begun; it begins with the Advent season, which calls our thoughts to the event which commenced the history of the Church on earth, and to the grand event which is to close it. A bringing together in our thoughts the time of youth and the time of age may, I hope, interest and profit us to-day.

Youth and Age! Age ought to comprehend youth, but youth can hardly understand age. The young generally look upon the old as if they were a different race of beings from themselves. Their lives seem uninteresting. How old people think and feel, and what they care for and enjoy, are as foreign to the young as the lives of people lived in another planet. By degrees the years glide by. The children grow up. The young people imperceptibly become middle-aged. Upon the middle-aged steal the symptoms of old age.

"Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of grey o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life which broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning."

It is curious with what surprise these signs of advancing age are perceived. An elderly man meets a school or college companion. He had always thought of him as he was when they used to be

together; but instead of the fair-haired youth he remembers, he meets a grey, wrinkled man. It is a shock to find his friend so changed. The same change has gone on in himself, but so quietly that he had not perceived it. The face of his friend reveals to him his own transformation. In fact, the truth borne in upon those who have lived a good many years in the world is how very little the mind or the heart changes with time. The marks of age show themselves on the outward form or figure, on the spring of the step, on the surface of the brow. But the changes are not much felt because the inner self remains the same. Consciousness is the same; the mystic link of personal identity binds together the past and the present. If character have taken its set, if the resolves and purposes of life have become fixed, then time brings but little change as to the aims, desires, hopes, and efforts of life. So it was with the great poet[1] whose death we have been so lately mourning. The poems that he wrote at eighty have the same ring in them as those which he wrote fifty years before. The sense of reverence for goodness, for greatness, for God; the sense of the world's exquisite beauty, yet incomprehensible mystery; the sense of brotherhood with man, and clinging trust in Him who is revealed or half-revealed amidst the clouds,—these breathe through his last song as through the first. His latest published lines may

[1] Lord Tennyson.

be taken as expressing the creed proclaimed through all his singing:

> "The face of death is toward the sun of life.
> His shadow darkens earth: His truer name
> Is Onward. No discordance in the roll
> And march of that eternal harmony
> Whereto the world beats time, though faintly heard
> Until the great hereafter. Mourn in hope."

I brought before you for our text a passage describing S. Paul's teaching on his first missionary journey, when he was an eager, active youth; and a passage taken from a letter written near the end of his earthly career, when his head was grey and his body worn with age and hardship. You cannot fail to be struck by the identity of feeling and purpose in the utterances of the youth and the old man. There is the same faith in the crucified and risen Jesus, the same enthusiasm in His service, the same grand indifference to suffering and death in the cause of duty, the same longing to confirm and strengthen his fellow Christians. Paul the aged and Paul the early convert breathe the same spiritual atmosphere.

These observations as to unchanging character, purpose, and spirit amid outward changes suggest to us one or two important truths. We perceive, for example, the separateness of our life from its circumstances. At first we are apt to feel as if we belonged to our surroundings. The child seems to himself to be just part of the scene

around him, even as the twig is part of the tree. By degrees, as the autumn and winter follow the summer, and as the leaves are blown hither and thither, he learns that he has his own separate existence.; he comes to know the meaning of the term "I myself."

Our Lord once took a man whom he wanted to heal "aside from the multitude." Then, when He and the man were alone together, He cured him. In reality each soul is thus always alone with God; each life is distinct from all others; each human spirit has its own separate personal relation with the Divine Spirit. I and God are always in the deepest sense alone together. No outward circumstances, no surrounding crowds disturb the privacy between me and my God. This gives a great solemnity, almost an awfulness, to each human life. People are often accused of thinking too much of themselves. I suppose in a certain sense they do. Every man is naturally and necessarily the centre of his own horizon. Self love has also a flattering power. A man's own performances seem to him more important than they do to the world in general. It almost makes us smile to notice how ingenious we are in finding grounds for admiring ourselves or for despising others. It is not only in nursery rhymes that the conclusion is reached, What a great man am I! Do you not see it in the bearing of men who swagger down the street? Do you not hear it in the tones in which ladies

and gentlemen speak of those who do not happen to be in their own social set? Do you not know that it exists as much in the kitchen as in the drawing-room?—in the "high life below stairs" as well as in the high life up stairs? But constant as the temptation is to weak and foolish vanity about imaginary superiority, there is a temptation also not to recognise our true greatness. We compare ourselves with others, and think of ourselves as superior or inferior members of a multitude. But each soul has its own separate standing with God. Here is its true greatness. I am face to face with God just as if there were nothing in the universe but Himself and myself. Things change. Summer comes and winter comes. Joy comes and sorrow comes. Friends come and then go. All around is a moving panorama. But I am here. My God is here. His gaze is fixed on me. My life is a wonderful and eventful drama lived in His presence, in the blaze of His omniscience, just as if I and He were the only things in the universe. I am not lost in a crowd. I stand out a separate individual, made by God, loved by God, judged by God. In the darkness of a clear night we see the silvery brightness of a planet. It seems mixed up with other stars. It seems to wander in and out among them; but in reality it is sweeping along its own orbit, moving amidst millions of worlds, but moving according to its own great laws, pursuing its own majestic, but solitary, career through space. Such

is each life—a separate, solemn, and, in the deepest sense, a solitary course. I speak to the person here who might be supposed to be the most insignificant person, and I say: "You are a person of inconceivable importance. Every day, from morning till night, you are working out the destiny of a separate infinite human spirit. You and your God are alone together all day long."

From the distinctness there arises the responsibility of each life. Each man has his own career, his own destiny, and that destiny must be determined by each man for himself. Others may influence, may help, may hinder, but the choice cannot be taken out of his own hands. Even God Almighty does not decide for him. God says, "I put before you life and death: choose life." He commits to each the choice. Materialistic schools of philosophy and extreme schools of theology try to make out that man has no freedom, that he is only a machine; but, plainly, the message of God, in revelation as well as in conscience, declares that you are a living soul. Choose you ought, and choose you must. But it is not easy to choose aright. Circumstances are apt to seize and carry us away. There are human fashions strong and imperious. Each social *coterie* has its fashion of thinking, its fashion of religion, its fashion of morals. Workmen in their trades unions have their own fashionable code of what they think right and wrong, manly or mean. Boys in school have

theirs. Loungers in expensive clubs have theirs. Irish tenant farmers have theirs. Gentlemen in the army, politicians, ladies in "society," card-players, servants in the kitchen—all have their own fashionable ideas. If you move among one set of people, you find one set of opinions prevailing; in a different set, opinions are opposite. Thus there is great danger of each individual's life, which ought to be independent, being swept along according to the notions of the people among whom he lives. You see a great tree torn up by the roots and carried down the stream of a rapid river. You see it whirled round this way and that way, and dashed over foaming cataracts according as the current bears it. You think of it as it was meant to be, standing upright on the mountain ridge, grasping the rocks with its knotted roots, stretching out its branches and leaves to the sky. What a downfall from the life for which it was ordained, so firm, so aspiring, to the dead and passive wreck it has become! May there not be some among us here to-day whose history has been like this? They are no longer living their own lives; they have allowed themselves to be borne along by the stream of circumstances, to be carried away by the company into which they have been thrown; they act and speak, not as in their heart of hearts they believe to be right, but according to the tone of the society in which they mingle. Miserable career! Now to be whirled in a mad dance of amusement, now

sunk in some dark pool of despondency, now borne down some steep descent of moral degradation, now carried along by passion almost unresisting! "I can't help it. I must do as others do. I can't stop to think of 'ought' or 'ought not.' On I must go in the rush and bustle of my moving life." I say to each of you, in the Lord's name, you are a separate, individual soul. You have your own destiny in your own hands. Others are responsible for their lives, but you are responsible for yours. You can't shake off that responsibility. God watches the choice you have to make. He knows your difficulty in choosing aright. He knows how strong the forces are which draw you in the wrong direction. That is why He gave His only begotten Son. That is why the Lord Jesus became incarnate. He saw that the powers of evil were too strong for men.

The choice is difficult. Its issues, reaching on into the boundless future, are tremendous. The human will is so easily deceived that our Father gives us His Holy Spirit, out of weakness to make us strong. I repeat, then, man, woman, child, you must choose. I ask you, Have you chosen? Do you know what you are living for? Have you ever in your heart come to the decisive resolve, Lord Jesus, I give myself to Thee; I offer myself, body, soul, and spirit, unto Thee? Oh! if not, will you make that resolve now—this very moment—the only moment you are sure of?

Each day of life, each hour, each moment almost, this great choice must be carried out. It involves countless little choices. This word now, shall I say it? This act, shall I do it? How shall I do it? This question of conscience, how shall I answer it? Thus you live your life; thus you carry out the great decision. Be brave, then; be watchful; be careful; but at the same time, be glad and happy. You are alone; your soul is alone,—yet you are not alone. You have to make your choice; but a beloved Friend watches your choice, and in every difficulty, and in every struggle, there is One who whispers, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

VI

CURE FOR STEALING[1]

"Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."—EPH. iv. 28.

WE have in our text S. Paul's cure for dishonesty. Most of us if asked, "What is the cure for dishonesty?" would probably answer "Honesty." The Apostle does not disagree with this, for he says, "Let him that stole steal no more." But to cease from stealing would be only a superficial, not a radical, cure for stealing; it would cure a symptom, but might leave the poison of the disease still in the constitution. So S. Paul goes further, and says, not only let him steal no more, but let him "labour," let him "give."

The real cure for dishonesty lies in diligence and generosity. The cause of stealing is the wish to get and have something for oneself combined with dislike of the exertion involved in getting it honestly. The roots of the disease are selfishness and laziness; these can only be extirpated by diligence and

[1] Preached at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, February 1892.

generosity. I daresay there are few, if any, in this congregation who would actually steal; there is probably not one who could exactly be called a thief. But many of us, perhaps, feel within us the roots of the thief-spirit: greediness for our own advantage; dislike of trouble; the wish to get what we want without putting ourselves out of our way for it. Laziness and selfishness combined make poor people thieves; they make rich people luxurious idlers. I rather think it is only the accident of outward position that makes the difference between idlers and thieves. If you are selfish and lazy, you are in much the same moral position as a thief.

Mr. Ruskin, in his well-known lectures to ladies, makes the often-quoted statement that every lady who does not earn her dinner steals it. I suppose he only puts in a startling way what S. Paul teaches in the text, that labouring and giving are the only radical remedies for stealing. More and more the thought of the present day is arriving at S. Paul's conclusion.

Doubtless many of the cries levelled against what are called capitalists are but the old greediness to seize what does not belong to us. But underneath these wild and unreasonable war-cries there is a gradually rising and spreading conviction that the existence of a large class of idlers in a state is a grievous evil, that it has in it a continual menace to the stability of society, and that public opinion must more and more raise its indignant protest

against able-bodied men fattening and luxuriating on the labour of others. In a word, that, as was said in a pregnant sentence some forty years ago, "Property has its duties as well as its rights."

The cure for stealing, then, S. Paul says, is working and giving; and the object he suggests for labour is not merely that we may *have*, but that we may be able to give.

We are not to want other people to work so that they may give to us, but we are to work that we may be able to give to others. There are great numbers of busy men here, working with toil of hand or toil of brain. So much of our toil is spent in the "mere struggle for existence" that it is well that we working men should be reminded of this higher object springing from the supernatural life. Let us labour, that we may have to *give* to him that needeth.

But we have suggested to us here, I think, not merely a cure for *stealing*, but a great general principle of Christian holiness. It is, that sin is not to be conquered only by ceasing to sin, but by cultivating the opposite grace. Instead of stealing, labour and give; instead of evil-speaking, say what is good to the use of edifying; instead of being angry and bitter, be kind and tender-hearted. Don't be satisfied with pulling down the enemy's flag from the fortress; hoist the colours of your own Sovereign in its place. The verses that precede and the verses that follow our text all

breathe the same spirit. "Put off the old man, put on the new man": "put away lying, speak truth as members one of another."

Consider especially the teaching of verses 31 and 32. The Apostle speaks of bitterness, anger, and clamour; no uncommon sins—the sins of irritated temper. You are annoyed and vexed with some one. He has treated you very badly. You are tempted to resentment against him, and perhaps to sharp and hostile words; and the space grows wider between you and him, and your soul is darkened and your God dishonoured by the uncharitableness you feel to your fellow creature. What is your remedy here as a servant of God, as "faithful in Christ Jesus"? "I shan't say the angry word? I shan't punish the offender as he deserves?" Good. But does that meet the case? No more than ceasing to steal remedies dishonesty. "Be kind and tender-hearted," the Apostle says. Go and do some act of kindness, if it is in your power, to him who has offended you. Render him good for evil. Kindle the flame of Chistian love in your heart, and drive out bitterness—by what? By its opposite—by kindness and affection.

Take another example, not mentioned in this chapter, but illustrating its teaching. A very common fault in all classes is that which S. John the Baptist rebukes in soldiers—*discontent*—a grumbling spirit. It destroys the happiness of many lives; it leads to sullenness, ill-temper, unfair judg-

ments, and bitter quarrels. What can cure it? Stop grumbling? Silence your whinings and mournings over your lot? Certainly. But will such silence cure your discontent? I am sure it will not. It will reach a symptom only—the outward growl. The disease will keep on poisoning the heart Discontent can only be cured by its opposites—trust and gratitude. It is only when we trust our Father utterly, when we believe that He does all things well, when we thank Him heartily for the things He gives,—it is only then that we can be cured of murmuring about the things He withholds.

Again, worldliness of spirit, how is it to be met? By saying to the heart, "Stop your eager cravings; you must not "care so much for earthly things"? That is like trying to dam up a rushing torrent; it will soon swell over any obstruction you raise against it, and sweep it away. You must turn it into another channel. Let it rush on according to its nature, but in a course which will bring blessing and usefulness instead of danger and destruction. So S. Paul says, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth"; give your heart's love and loyalty to the Lord Himself. If you love Him above all, the love of His earthly gifts will find its due level.

Thus, too, in warning against "the sinful lusts of the flesh," the Apostle says, "flee youthful lusts, but follow righteousness, faith, love, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart." Not

only does he warn against defiling the temple of the Holy Ghost, but he urges to glorify God in body and in spirit, which are His.

And thus we are led through these minor examples to one grand conclusion. It is illustrated in the story of S. Paul's own life. He persecuted Christ: that was the fault for which he continually reproached himself. How did he remedy that fault? When he discovered who Jesus of Nazareth was, he ceased to persecute Him. Was that the cure he found for his life of injustice and fanaticism? Him whom once he persecuted now he preached. He cured his party spirit and his scepticism by the devotion of his whole life to the service of Him whom he used to despise and oppose. Here is the secret of all true victory over sin. What is sin but devotion to self? "I want my own way. I care chiefly about my own pleasure or advantage. I shall say what I like to say, and do as far as I can what I like to do." Whatever form sin may take, whether carelessness and indolence, cheating and falsehood, licentiousness and drunkenness, pride and ostentation—here is its real meaning. My reigning motive is to please myself. What is the remedy? Many of you can remember the great war between France and Germany some years ago. The French gathered their thousands and hundreds of thousands, and crossed the Rhine with the cry on every soldier' lips, "To Berlin!" Were the Germans satisfied with entrenching themselves in their forti-

fications and resisting the onslaught of their foes? No. But, led by a great military genius, they resisted the attack on their capital by marching straight over every obstacle till they besieged and captured the capital of their enemies. So it is in the great strife against sin. It is well indeed to resist this fault and that fault; this must be done. He who stole must steal no more. But not by these skirmishes at outposts will our foe be conquered. Sin is devotion to self. Only by devotion to Christ can it be overcome. When I yield my heart to my Saviour, then I cannot yield to my sins. When I bow as a penitent at His feet; when I embrace the truth that He loves me, and has given Himself for me; when I learn in my heart of hearts that I am His and He is mine; when His Holy Spirit witnesses within me to His presence and His sympathy; when it becomes the desire and purpose of my soul to give my life to His service, and to bring every thought into captivity to His obedience; —then I am strong to conquer particular faults. Each little battle is but a part of life's holy and triumphant campaign. Devotion to self is my danger and my snare. Devotion to Jesus Christ is my strength and my victory.

VII

ECONOMY OF FEELING[1]

"Now when they heard this, they were pricked to the heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?"—Acts ii. 37.

ON the day to which our text refers there had just been a wonderful and mysterious display of divine power. One of the apostles of the Lord had delivered a strong, plain, straightforward address. He had shown the assembled multitude the baseness and treachery of their conduct. As he spoke, their consciences were troubled. They thought of that Man whom they had known so well, whose thrilling words they had so often listened to; they remembered His holy life, His many deeds of kindness. All Palestine had rung with the story of the words and works of Jesus of Nazareth. The thousands to whom S. Peter spoke remembered His noble bearing before His accusers a few weeks before. They remembered well His death as He was nailed to the cross. They remembered the strange awe of that afternoon, and the hushed sorrow with which

[1] Preached at Dalkey Parish Church, 1892.

they beat their breasts and returned to Jerusalem, ashamed and terrified at what had happened. Now, as S. Peter reminded them of the prophecies of their own Scripture, of the character and life of Jesus; as he declared to them His resurrection from the grave, they were deeply moved. They were horrified at the deed they had done, and in mingled shame and fear they cried out, "What shall we do?" It was the best question they could have asked. It was the same which Paul of Tarsus asked a little while afterwards, when he was struck down on his way to persecute the Christians: "Lord, what shall I do?"

This combination of the state of feeling—"pricked to the heart"—with the practical question—"what shall we do"—is very instructive. It suggests to us some of the laws of human nature. These people, we see, were in a state of great excitement. Keen pangs of self-reproach were felt in their consciences. Now, whenever a man is in a state of strong feeling, a power is awakened within him which may do important work if used at once, but which passes away quickly, and cannot be commanded or called forth at pleasure. There are some mills worked by water-power where the supply of water is limited. It has to be economised. At certain times the supply is turned on. Then the work of the mill must be done; for when the stream has poured for some time over the wheel, it will stop. The volume of water is exhausted. Nothing can be done till the water which has been gathered from

the far-away mountain heights has filled the reservoir, and the strong rush of the millstream can be turned on once more. This limited and intermitting force is like the force of feeling in a man's heart. You have not an inexhaustible supply of feeling. You cannot make yourself feel when you choose, nor as much as you choose, nor always as long as you choose. If these men who were pricked to the heart as S. Peter spoke had gone away and done nothing, they would probably never have been converted to Christ; they could not have had their hearts pricked again when they pleased. Our emotions will not be called up to order. It is curious how little power we have to make ourselves feel. We can use or abuse our feelings, we can control them, but we cannot create them; they have their own laws, and they will neither rise nor subside at our bidding. They are meant to be spurs to action. The actions are in our power to do or forbear. The spur that pricks us on does not obey our orders.

I remember once having a very interesting conversation with a man who told me that he wished very much to be a believer in the Lord Jesus, but could not succeed. He had been educated as a Christian, but at a certain period of his life he wished to get rid of the constraint of religion. He wanted to plunge into vice, but while he believed in the presence of God he dared not do so. So he wished greatly to believe that there was no God. In

this he succeeded. He became an infidel. Now, he said, the desire had risen in him for better things: he wished to believe in God and in the Lord Jesus; but he found that he could not. The feelings of penitence and trust and prayer would not come. When he had them he had spurned them, and now they refused to come and do his bidding. Though he wished to be a religious man, his heart was cold and hard as a stone. He was in long agony and in deep danger because he had wasted the supply of energy which God had given him. He had done despite unto the Holy Spirit.

Deep feeling is a precious thing in other matters besides religion. Pity is a feeling intended to spur us to the help of the distressed. The sense of pain very soon diminishes in intensity. But if an active habit of relieving and helping is formed, we can spare the deep feeling; it has done its work. Indignation against wrong is an emotion which stirs us to resist the wrong. It soon subsides. We grow accustomed to what made our blood boil at first. Have we been roused to action? Are we taking trouble to oppose the wrong? If so, the cooling of righteous wrath is not a misfortune. When the stone building is erected, the wooden scaffolding may be taken down. Now a life of service to God, a life of self-mastery and thoughtful usefulness in the world, is the result of certain feelings. A religious life is the outcome of religious conviction. How sad it would be if the religious

feelings were aroused, and then died away, and the life was left unchanged!

I remember reading a story of some travellers who were lost in a subterranean cave. The passages through the cave were perplexing and hard to find, and men, if lost there, were likely to perish in its immeasurable recesses. The men I read of had, through some misadventure, no lights except a small supply of matches. They had to light these one by one, and while the brief glow lasted, they had to search for tracks to direct them to the distant entrance. Intense was their anxiety to make use of these moments of illumination. Each match they struck diminished their precious stock of light. One flash wasted took from them so much hope of escaping from their living tomb. Somewhat like these quickly fading lights are the religious feelings in men's hearts. By them, while they last, we decide our course, but each one as it burns away diminishes our store. Woe to us if religious emotions are exhausted, if we cease to care and feel while we are still wandering in the darkness of a worldly life! This is doubtless what is meant by those many passages of Scripture which speak to us of the "accepted time" of the "day of salvation." The limit of probation does not come from any arbitrary decree on God's part. It is not as if He said, "I am willing for a certain period; after this I do not choose to have mercy." God's love and mercy are never exhausted. It is our

own inclination to avail ourselves of them which is limited. The practical application of this law to our feelings is very important. You are trying (let us suppose) to walk with God. You wish to be good and to act on principle. Every now and then there comes a feeling of some fault to be resisted, some duty to be done. There is an awakening of conscience in the matter. You find yourself pricked in the heart. Then is the time to ask, "What shall I do?" Then you must do it. While the feeling urges you, you must make your resolution and carry it into action. To-morrow you will not feel so much; the day after you will probably forget all about it. The match was lit; it burned out; but you did not direct your course by it. That much of your precious endowment of feeling has been exhausted to no purpose. Is not this a cause of much religious failure? How many holy impulses have stirred in vain! I thought for a while of making the forward step. I thought of making the sacrifice for my Master's sake I thought of this or that effort for a brother or sister. I thought of it, but I did not do it. The thought faded out of my mind. Now I feel no more on the matter. I am satisfied to go on without the effort or improvement I wished for. What does this present calmness mean—this dull forgetfulness of half-formed purposes? Is this true peace of the conscience? No; it is the drying-up of the stream which moves the machinery; it is the darkness which

comes after the brief light is burned out. "Pricked in the heart" "What shall I do?" Let me try to bind these two very closely together. Whenever the heart thrills with the consciousness of a defect or an ambition for fresh achievement, then let me say at once, "What shall I do?" Let me obey the impulse.

Thus far I have been speaking of the daily walk of an earnest Christian. But the application of our text is even more important for one who has been forgetful of religion and now feels a drawing to God and goodness. By some means your conscience has been touched and aroused. You used to drift on through your life, doing whatever was most easy and agreeable to you. God, salvation, eternity,—these were rather names and sounds than actual realities. Now things begin to seem different. Your conscience reproaches and stings you. You feel a deep wish to be a better man than you are. With these desires and feelings you are shaken to the depths of your being. This is a very critical time with you. Everything depends on how it is used. You feel. You are pricked to the heart. Thank God for that great mercy. It is meant to be the starting-point of a heavenly career. But beware lest the precious feeling pass away unused. You are pricked in the heart. What will you do? That is the great question. Otherwise the feeling will surely subside. You will find yourself quickly in your old easy-going habit of mind. The flash of

heavenly light will flicker and die without your having found your way out of the darkness. More than this; the feeling roused and not acted on will return less easily. The great message of God has reached your soul; it has pierced to its depths. But there has been no practical resolve, no arising and going to the Father. There has been feeling, and nothing more. Brethren, when your heart feels, I warn you it is a time of great responsibility. You may be the better for it and you may be the worse for it. Your heart is pricked, but I repeat, What will you do? Oh, at once, while God enables you, cast yourself down at the feet of the Lord Jesus! Tell Him the story of your life. Open your heart to Him. Dedicate yourself with determined resolve to be His, and begin at once to act. This day begin the heavenward life. Let every day as it passes, whether you feel much or little—let every day find you busy, quietly, earnestly, watchfully doing your duty.

VIII

CHRIST'S TEACHING ON THE LABOUR QUESTION[1]

"Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you."—JOHN vi. 27.

THE first word in this sentence is a word which passing events make very familiar to us now —"Labour." The most pressing question of the present day is what is called the "labour question." All men who earnestly consider social problems are asking themselves, and each other, What is the position which the manual labourer should have in social life? How should his fair interests be secured? What should be the relation between the employer and the employed? What is the just division of profits between capital and labour—*i.e.*, between the accumulated labour of the past and the actual labour of the present? To-day, in our services, we are thanking God for His great reward to a special kind of labour—the reward that comes in the yearly harvest. Hard toil goes to secure that

[1] A Harvest Festival Sermon, preached at Killaloe, October 1893.

harvest: it could not be obtained without long-continued manual labour. Not only our comforts, but our very existence depends upon God's reward to the tiller of the soil. I propose, therefore, to consider with you, very briefly, some points of Christ's teaching upon this great labour question. In that teaching we have the germs of all larger, truer, and more liberal modern views of social life.

I. We cannot but feel, first, that the Lord's teaching helps us greatly to recognise the dignity of labour. Our Lord Himself was a labourer—a manual labourer. He worked with His own hand at a useful trade. It used to be said of Him, "Is not this the carpenter?" There is a beautiful picture, by one of the highest artists of our day, called "The Shadow of the Cross." It represents Jesus of Nazareth in the carpenter's workshop! We see the timber, and the bench, and the axe, and the saw, and divers tools, and the shavings of wood on the ground. It is towards evening. The Carpenter has been working all day. He is tired; His arms are stretched out in the attitude of the labourer's natural fatigue, and the setting sun throws behind Him a solemn shadow—the shadow of His coming toil and suffering for mankind—the shadow of the cross. The details of this picture are imaginary, but the main idea of it is real. Such a scene must have been often enacted in the carpenter's shed in Galilee, where, for long years, the gentle and lowly Jesus worked quietly in the home of Mary and Joseph.

So Christ Jesus was, in the literal sense of the word, a labourer. And He describes His great human and divine office in the world as "working." "My Father worketh, and I work." "I must work the work of God while it is day." "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." So our Lord describes God as a worker, and Himself as a worker, and in almost all His parables He pictures earthly labour—sowing, reaping, the digging in the vineyard, the shepherd's care of his sheep, the long toil of the fisherman. The pant and struggle of the hard-working world is recognised, idealised, in all these sweet and vivid pictures of human effort. He took upon Himself the form of a "servant"—a "bondservant." He girded Himself, and performed for His fellow men the lowest work a slave can do—the washing of the feet. He declared, I am among you as "He that serveth." "The Son of man came not to be ministered to, but to minister"—to serve. Thus the Christ dignified human labour. The old curse—to eat bread in the sweat of the brow—Christ turned into a rich blessing. He made labour not a degradation, but a glory; not a fetter, but a crown. This helps us greatly to take right views of social questions, and to free us from caste prejudices and traditions: from what the poet Tennyson means when he sings—

"Cursed be the social forms that sin against the strength of youth.
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth.'

You know what used to be considered in this Irish land as the description of a "real gentleman"—"one who never did a hand's turn of work in his life." I fear this description has been too often true. Many of our national miseries have resulted from this miserable social lie—that it is honourable to idle. Who can say what a blight has fallen upon the relation of the employer and the employed from the old pagan tradition as to despising him who serves? Have you ever noticed the tone in which some ladies—thank God, not many now!—speak to their domestic servants? Is it in the tone of one woman speaking to a sister? Is it in the tone of a mother in age and experience speaking to a child in youth and inexperience? No! The tone is cold, harsh, dictatorial, utterly unsympathising, without one touch of sisterly softening; directions given as if to creatures who belonged to an utterly different order of beings, who have no feelings and no hearts. And the mistress says that she must keep her "inferiors" "in their places," that they must not be "set up," that they must be taught to know their different position. And men—men who are called gentlemen—are sometimes even worse. I have heard such "gentlemen" give their orders to their grooms and their labourers in a voice which I should be ashamed to use to a dog. And they re-echo the same miserable cant about keeping the "lower classes" "in their place." In their place! What is their place? The place occupied by the

Lord Jesus in the world—the place which every one worthy of the name of man or woman should occupy in some way or another—the place of a labourer. Oh, madam! if your poor servant-girl works hard for her living, and if you spend most of your time in luxury and indolence, in dressing up your body, and visiting your acquaintances, and talking nonsense or scandal;—if your maid is a worker and you are an idler, which of you is in the highest position? Which is it highest to be, a useful servant or a useless mistress? And a man! How dares the man to speak in bullying tones to another man because that other man is busy while he is enjoying himself—idling on his toil? Oh, ignorant and insolent slave-driver, a cut of the lash on your own back may be needed to teach you your position!

And what is resulting now from this heathen idea about keeping people in "their places"? There results the dangerous gulf between what are called the classes and the masses. The tone of insolent superiority on the one side awakens fierce and sullen resentment on the other. In the surly, defiant scowl on the face of the labourer as the rich man passes by, you see what is a constant threat to social order—the popular vengeance that purse-pride is laying up for itself.

Surely the remedy for such social danger is not in more dragoons and more policemen, but in the noble teaching of the Lord Jesus! It bridges over that dreadful chasm with the holy bridge of love and

mutual sympathy. Think of the Christian ideal of society: "A new command I give you, that ye love one another. Hereby shall men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." "In Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all." "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted, and the rich in that he is made low." "Receive him" (the runaway slave), "not as a servant, but as a brother beloved."

Who dares say that God's Providence appoints his dreary chasm between classes of society when it is directly against the whole idea of our Lord's teaching and the whole spirit of His work? Man's selfishness makes the chasm. God's Providence permits it, even as it permits robbery and murder; it allows crime to work for itself its own doom.

Plainly written upon Christ's Revelation is the doctrine of the dignity of labour—that the workman is to be honoured, and that love is to knit together the classes of society which selfishness and pride always tend to separate.

II. But we see also in Christ's teaching His sympathy with the labourer's fatigue: "Come unto Me, all that labour and are heavy laden." He describes the labourer who bore the heat and burden of the day. He knew what it was to sit down weary in the midday heat. Christ tenderly pities the weariness of the toil-worn labourer. And ought not His Church do the same? Ought not the followers of Christ grieve for the weary, ill-paid work of the poor?

We have a higher law of political economy than "to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest." We think of weary hands and aching brains; we think of the poor women worked to the bone in wretched garrets, that ladies and gentlemen may have their fine clothes a few shillings cheaper. As Christians we must set our faces against such over-driving of the labourer. We must watch against the niggard tendency to grind down the poor, to drive hard bargains to cheapen their toil; we must infinitely prefer to be over-charged sometimes than to underpay ever.

But it is not only among the poor that there are the heavy-laden. In all classes there are those who are rather weary with the long march of life; there are those who at times feel the strain of toil and anxiety to be almost more than they can bear. Dear brethren, rich and poor, toiling along life's dusty road, tired and discouraged, disappointed with some whom you dearly love, feeling it hard to be cheerful and hopeful when all things seem "against you," may you not think of Him who knew what it was to be a weary labourer, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who whispers, "Come unto Me"?

III. Once more: Christ's teaching shows the true object of labour. "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." Labour which ends in the meat which perisheth is labour in vain. What does it

profit you if it makes you rich in the world's fleeting enjoyment and leaves you poor for eternity? A certain rich man determined to pull down his barns and build greater, and then to say, "Soul, take thine ease." But there was no ease for him. The divine sentence went forth, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." Man's soul is made for an eternal destiny. No labour nor striving that only brings more comfort in earthly life can ever be satisfying. But when life's aim is for the life with God, all labour is elevated by it. If your heart's desire is to please your God and do your duty, then your toil for your daily bread, your smallest endeavour, has in it something of the infinite glory. The housemaid sweeping a room for Christ's sake, as the old poet says, "makes the action fine." "Labour," says our Lord, "for the meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you."

Christ gives this everlasting gift. He gives it freely, without money and without price, and yet He says, "labour for it." The gift may be lost through indolence, may be lost through refusal to think, may be lost through careless inattention. Labour for the meat. This is the work of God—that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent. Receive Him in your soul. Open your heart and welcome His salvation. See that you do not idle in this labour for the enduring meat. Do not put off, and imagine that to-morrow will

do as well as to-day. Do not be half-hearted and undecided. Don't trifle with God's gifts. The Bread of Life is offered to you—free forgiveness of all your sins; the grand gift of the Holy Ghost, to renew your heart and stir it continually to holy desires and just works. The endless life in heaven—the reward of the inheritance—it is offered freely. But "labour for it," says the Giver; be in earnest about it; do not let it slip; do not in laziness and want of purpose drift away from it. Christ's yoke is easy and His burden light: yet He says to His people, "labour"; day by day shake off dull sloth, and here is the blessed end of your toil—"everlasting life."

IX

HUNGER OF BODY AND SOUL[1]

"He was an hungred."—MATT. iv. 2

WE have entered upon the season of Lent. Again we have to follow in thought the lonely Figure in the wilderness. We watch Him pacing to and fro among the bare hills and valleys. We see Him resting from time to time among the rocks, but we see no messenger ever coming to Him with food. During that long, lonely sojourn He had nothing to eat. Then the pangs of hunger came upon Him. And while He was an hungred the Tempter assailed Him. Amidst the bodily weakness and craving for food he whispered his evil suggestions. He asked Him to use the powers given to Him as a sacred trust for His own comfort and relief.

Here we make a digression for a moment from our main subject. What the Tempter suggested to the Lord Jesus does not seem anything very wrong, does it? It requires some thought and care to

[1] Preached at S. Flannan's Cathedral, Killaloe.

perceive wherein would have been the wrong of yielding. I believe that this is the commonest form of temptation. We are tempted to some breach of principle, but what we are drawn to does not seem any great harm. We say to ourselves, Is it really any harm at all? Some students of man's moral nature have come to the conclusion that we are so made that we *cannot* directly go against the dictates of conscience; we *cannot* say "this is very wicked, but I choose to do it." Some form of self-delusion, they think, there always is. What I want to do is not wrong: it is not very wrong, at all events; it is excusable; it is necessary. Even the murderer, they say, when he kills his victim, whispers to himself that his act is only the wild justice of revenge; that the victim deserves his fate. I doubt that we could go so far as this; but I am sure that the commonest forms of sin are those which come to be masked under the pretence that they are not sins. The heart is "deceitful above all things." The old man is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts. One part of our duty is to learn to be thoroughly honest with ourselves, and not to tolerate sin under a plausible disguise. Terrible wrecks have been caused by errors in the compasses of ships. If we let inclination tamper with our conscience, so that "I ought" and "I ought not" cease to point true, what have we to guide us over the dangerous seas of life?

But to return: the time of hunger was made to this Representative of our humanity a time of

temptation. Is that unusual? Does not Agur of old wisely pray against poverty "lest I be poor and steal." Bodily hunger brings with it fierce temptations. During the French Revolution ferocious acts of cruelty were committed; they were chiefly committed by a mob that had been driven mad by starvation. In their gaunt forms, their pinched faces, their great, eager, greedy eyes, you could read the history of men who had become like wild beasts from long years of privation and want. They were hungry, and the demon of poverty tempted them. There are people here to-day who have suffered—ah! perhaps still are suffering—from the pinch of actual want. If you are not actually hungry, brethren, yet you find it hard to get even the bare necessities of life for yourselves and your children. Some of you are just trembling in the balance between sufficiency and want. You have enough bread for to-day, but how you and yours are to be supported to-morrow or next month you know not. You are respectably dressed, not liking the world to see your destitution. But you are on the very verge of distress, and your life for years past—with the perpetual pinching of poverty, with the absence of anything beyond the bare necessities, with the joylessness and the struggle in the midst of those who have luxuries and comforts in abundance—your life altogether has been a life of long hunger. Jesus was an hungred, and then the Tempter came to Him. You are an hungred, and does not the Tempter come to you too? Is it

not hard to keep down rebellion of heart, anger, fierce murmurs, when you find this griping hunger upon you? "Lest I be poor and steal." Is it not hard sometimes to keep from dishonourable and dishonest ways of getting what you so eagerly want.? Oh! no one but He who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities" knows the various forms of sordid temptation that come upon men and women when they are *hungry*. For He, too, was an hungred, and the Tempter came to Him.

But there are other forms of hunger besides bodily want; there are natural desires of the heart which, when unfulfilled, leave the whole nature faint with a sort of starvation. Some hearts hunger for love and affection, and from various causes the longing is not satisfied, and the poor heart feels a serious void. Ordinary people might sneer at these "imaginary woes," as they would call them; but there is One who was an hungred Himself, and He was also "despised and rejected of men"—His love was returned with neglect and desertion. Is that ache of heart-hunger unperceived by Him? Is it misunderstood? Does not your heart-hunger, too, lead to temptation, bitterness of spirit, fretfulness, unfairness, and ingratitude towards ordinary companions, discontent with the bread which is left?—do not such temptations come from hunger for the bread which is unattainable?

There are many other forms of heart-hunger. Whenever a very eager desire takes possession of us

we feel its pang. Rachel felt it when she cried out in her disappointment, "Give me children, or I die!" We set our hearts on this or that; we say we want it, we can't do without it, we shall never be satisfied unless it is given. Perhaps prayer is offered for it. If so, it is prayer without our Lord's reservation: "nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done." It is prayer in which we dictate to God: "I must have my heart's desire." When there is such eager hunger the Tempter does not stay long away. I knew a man some years ago who was what is called a decided Christian. He made a very strong profession of faith in the Lord Jesus. A favourite child of his grew sick. The physicians told him the illness was fatal, that the child could not recover. The father repelled their warnings with anger. He said he had prayed to God to recover the child, and that God must and would answer his prayer. There was no Christlike "if it be possible," "if it be Thy will," in the prayer; it was, "I want this: give it to me, O God; give me the child's life." The child died. The father became an infidel. Amidst the pangs of that terrible heart-hunger, amidst the agony of disappointment when the desire was not granted, the Tempter came and overpowered him. "My wish was not satisfied, therefore there is no God." Ah! there may be among us men and women with hearts set upon some earthly object. With passionate, eager craving they long for something that has not come to them, that perhaps

never will come to them. Brethren, you are hungred —nearly famished; there is a Friend in the high heavens who knows what that means. Does He not feel with you as you long and yearn and cry out with weary aching disappointment for the food that does not come? And, brethren, you are in danger! The Tempter who assailed the Master in His hunger will be busy with you. "Curse God and die," he whispered to Job. "Curse God and die," he whispers still to the hungry heart. "Give yourself up to bitterness and rage. Turn against Him who is called "Father in Heaven." Array yourself henceforth among His enemies. Determine that you will not believe in Him because He has allowed you to be hungry."

Brethren, is it not well that our merciful Lord knows the hunger and knows the temptation that accompanies it?

And in His answer we find the only way the temptation can be met. The hunger must have what it craves for. This was the temptation. There is something else to satisfy it. This is the answer. There is another food besides that which our hunger thinks of. Not by bread alone does our wonderful nature live, but by the word of God. In this truth is the only cure for the aching of heart-hunger. In this earthly wilderness the kind of bread we want cannot always be procured. Many a desire and longing of the heart must be disappointed. It is not God's plan to interfere with natural laws

in order to give His children everything they wish for; spoilt children they soon would be if it were so. But it is not so. We have to rough it in the wilderness, and sometimes to go through long seasons of hunger. But man does not live by bread alone; his real life does not depend upon the fulfilment of his earthly wishes; he has a life deeper than the animal life of the body. All that is highest and best in him, all the noble longings of his soul, all that is his real self meets its satisfaction in what Christ calls the Word of God.

> "Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
> Is our destined end or way,
> But to *act* that each to-morrow
> Find us further than to-day."

Brethren, hungry you will be, no matter how many desires are satisfied, till you feed on the food our Saviour speaks of. Your soul is so constituted that it cannot be at rest without personal knowledge of God. Here is the secret of the hunger of many hearts. Like the Prodigal, they are trying to satisfy themselves with the husks that swine eat. There is weariness and discontent in their hearts, and peevishness in their faces and fretfulness in their voices. Oh, men and women, what is the matter with you? You are perishing with hunger. Your souls are not satisfied. Your body may be fat and well liking: but you are more than a body—you are an immortal soul; and all that is spiritual within you, that which is the very breath of God

within you, is perishing with hunger. Goodness; strength to beat down sin; the upward straining of your soul to hold communion with God;—all that marks you as a man in distinction from an animal—all this is perishing with hunger. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." Poor, hungry heart! thus only can you be satisfied. God made known to us in Christ—God Himself embraced in the heart as Saviour and King and Portion for ever—He alone can still the cravings of your human nature and give you rest. Dear brethren, when the hunger comes—the eager longing of your heart; when the sense of famine comes—I cannot have my wish, I must be disappointed—let that hunger draw you to Him who is like the manna in the wilderness, the Bread of Life. Oh, Saviour! I am disappointed; my heart aches. I turn to Thee. Thou lovest me; I love Thee. Whatever happens, I can do Thy will. My soul hungers for righteousness: feed me, fill me, according to Thy promise; give me strength to do Thy will; let me feel the calm and the rest of knowing that Thou art with me; help me through life's changing experiences to look forward to the Home where they shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and lead them to living fountains of waters.

TWO ADDRESSES GIVEN AT A QUIET DAY FOR THE CLERGY, HELD IN DOWNPATRICK.

I

I PROPOSE to bring before you, to help in your meditations to-day, some suggestions made by S. Paul in his Second Epistle to Timothy. It is a letter written by an old man to a young man, by an aged minister of Christ to a young fellow-worker. His words in this connexion will be suitable keynotes to my addresses to you to-day, dear brethren.

An old man has some advantage in speaking to such an assembly as we have gathered here. One whose eye hath "kept watch o'er man's mortality" may be trusted to know the difficulties of the work to which he has given his life; he knows well by sad experience its trials and disappointments; he knows also its deep interest, the well of joy that springs up amidst its labours, the encouragements and consolations that more

than make up for its trials. When an old man speaks of that which has been his life's occupation, he is likely to speak not from ideal speculation, but from practical acquaintance with that of which he speaks.

As one who has grown grey in the ministry of Christ's Church, I wish to re-echo in your ears, my brethren, some of the counsel the aged Paul sends to the youthful Timothy. We take first the opening passage of the Epistle (2 Tim. i. 3-7): "without ceasing I have remembrance of thee in my prayers; greatly desiring to see thee, being mindful of thy tears, that I may be filled with joy; when I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also. Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee by the putting on of my hands."

You perceive that the foundation on which the Apostle rests what he wishes to say to Timothy is his confidence in the reality of his faith. This faith he knew he had. The mother at whose knee he was taught had faith—precious faith—according to her light. She knew from the old Scriptures the eternal truths as to God's greatness, goodness, and love. In this faith in the Fatherhood of God Timothy had been educated. In later years he had received the "form of sound words" taught by the apostles of Christ. He had learned to believe in the crucified

and risen Jesus. The old Apostle lived himself on that faith. "The life that I live," he said, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." The message that with trumpet tongue he caused to resound through the world was the gospel of pardon and peace and new life through faith in the incarnate, crucified, and risen Redeemer. That faith had been the inspiration of all his teaching and his support in all his perilous adventures. Observing this, we are able to carry out further the meditation we had together just now. To be with Christ is the preparation for preaching Christ. Faith in the divine verities is the condition of ministerial efficiency.

Thence the Apostle goes on to say, "stir up"—stir into flame—"the gift that is in thee." The old sometimes smile on the young; they speak pityingly of the fresh hope and eager impetuosity of the young; they prophesy for them a sad disillusionment.

> "They are dangerous guides, the feelings;
> She had known them long ago."

Very different it is with the aged Apostle of the Lord Jesus. The fire is burning in his heart as warm as ever. He is now ready to be offered up, and is looking forward with kindling eye to the honour of dying for his Master. What he fears for his young companion is not "too much zeal," not too much fervour, not too eager

rushing to the fray; but, rather, he dreads the cooling of his enthusiasm, the gradual prevalence of commonplace prudential considerations, and an easy worldly tone of life. He urges him, therefore, to stir into flame the inner fire—to "stir up" the gift of faith and love and power which was given to him by the Holy Spirit of God. S. Paul knows it is there. He remembered the day when Timothy knelt for the imposition of his own hands. He remembers the prayers of that day, and the manifest tokens of the Spirit's presence and blessing. And now the veteran warrior, marching with undaunted step to his final conflict, says with pathetic earnestness to his young fellow-soldier, stir into flame the fire of sacred enthusiasm which has been kindled within thee.

I take, then, as our subject of thought this morning, the need of continually stirring up the fire of spiritual enthusiasm. Our work is not only the ordinary Christian man's round of duty and strife against evil: even this requires (God knows) an earnest spirit; there are so many temptations in daily life to turn and flee, that no man is likely to conquer without a fire of loyal devotion. But the ambassador of God to men has further work. His life is, in a great measure, spent in awakening the conscience of other men, in rousing them from selfish dreams, and setting before them the solemn realities of life. And no man can stir others unless he is greatly in earnest himself; he may say the correct words, and preach the orthodox truths, but he cannot rouse

the hearts of his brethren unless his own heart burns within him. Enthusiasm may take very different forms. With some it may be outwardly manifested; the heart's passion may show itself in the eager countenance and the excited speech, rapid in dash and flow, like a foaming torrent. In others it may be outwardly calm, but full and strong in its intensity.

"Quiet, but flowing deep, like the Rhine among rivers."

It may show itself more in acts than words, more in unwearied labour and unshrinking self-sacrifice than in impetuous speech; only the trembling of the voice, perhaps, or the dimming of the eye, betraying the intensity of the inward emotion. But the enthusiasm must be a reality. For it is difficult to touch or reach a human heart. Each individual stands armed with the habits and prejudices and desires of his own individual life. The counsels of other people are generally powerless to pierce this encasing shell. What we have to say is so good and true that we think it must touch the conscience and move the will of our hearer. It is listened to, assented to, with due politeness, but the life goes on just as if it had not been spoken. Something more than wisdom and good sense and sound advice is needed. There is a mysterious affinity that passes from soul to soul—a something, like the electric current that presses its ways through gates of iron and bars of steel; it is the living

enthusiasm of deep conviction. When you have it you make it pass on. You are almost surprised at the power you wield. You spoke only a few words, and they seemed to you awkward and inadequate; but your soul was aglow with desire to do your Master's work; the spirit within you burned with the sense of the preciousness and glory of God's truth; your heart longed to bring some help to the man or woman to whom you spoke. And you are struck with a kind of awe as you perceive the result of your effort. It is not only the answer trembling with deep emotion, it is not only the eye softened by the rising tears, it is not only the words of gratitude to yourself for the help and hope you have brought; but it is what you value infinitely more—the life evidently changed, an inward revolution of thought and purpose manifesting itself in sins given up and conduct elevated. Your enthusiasm has passed from your heart to your brother's.

"Stir into flame," then urges the Apostle, "the gift that is in thee."

Ordinary men can do ordinary business with careful prudence and steady determination. The winner of souls cannot do his work thus; he must have the fire of a holy enthusiasm wherewith to warm and kindle others. This is why such solemn questions are asked at our ordination: "Do you believe that you are called by the Holy Ghost to your office and ministry?" Is it not right, then, that such

earnest prayers should be offered at our ordination service, that He

> "Whose blessed unction from above
> Is comfort, life, and fire of love"

may inspire our souls and

> "Lighten with celestial fire"?

Recognise, brethren, your need of this celestial fire—this flame of holy enthusiasm. You are not like apothecaries, who, with tradesman's apron on can calmly weigh out certain ordered remedies; it is an elixir of life you have to distil, and it must come from your very heart's blood. So many sermons, so many services, so many celebrations, so many classes, so many visits—are these your medicines? They are only the vehicles through which the Life Spirit is passed on from soul to soul. God *can* bless them, even though your heart is cold as you go through them. But if it is your ambition that He should save and help through you as His ambassador, stir up the gift that is in you each time you use them. For every pastoral duty rouse into flame the celestial fire; for each address to your brethren, for each holy service, each celebration of the divine self-sacrifice, each lesson to little children in school, each visit by the bedside of the sick, stir up the spiritual energies. Do not get into the pulpit and drone out your twenty minutes' solemn commonplace: that is not a sermon. Plead with your people, for God's sake and in God's strength.

Teach them His Revelation as truth in whose preciousness and beauty you delight. If you write what you want to say, write as S. Paul wrote, in words that came throbbing from the heart. If you speak without writing, let your thoughts be wrought out beforehand in the furnace of love and prayer. Before you stand in the pulpit as the messenger of the Most High, stir into flame the gift of faith. Before you go into church to lead your people's devotions, let there be a solemn pause of thought and prayer in which you stir into flame the ministerial gift. Let every other ministerial act, as far as possible, be prepared for in the same way. How bright, then, your teaching of children will be! How cheering your visits to your parishioners! What an upward-drawing influence you will bring with you wherever you go! How tender will be your visits to the sick!—how earnest, how faithful, how close-dealing, and yet how restful, with brotherly sympathy, and touch as of nurses' hands, with thoughtful tact and care! What life and animation and hopefulness and watchful attention there will be over all your ministry if in every detail of it you stir up the enthusiasm that comes from faith in the divine presence, the divine love, the divine revelation!

II. Stir up, then, the gift. Spiritual enthusiasm is a fire that is apt to languish. Many causes tend to make it flag. Faults of character, laxity of life, besetting sins unchecked—these may bring as their result the dying-down of the inner flame. From

the very nature of our feelings and the laws of our spiritual being, enthusiasm tends to slacken. It seems as if the high tide of joy and hope and conscious devotion must necessarily have its ebbing, and leave us for a while with dry flat levels, where we can only say, "Lord, I believe, help mine unbelief"; where we can only obey our Lord in acts, though feelings towards Him are dull. And the general tone of society and ordinary literature—does it not militate continually against a high tone of thought, against enthusiasm of any kind? Part of our life's work must be the striving against this constant downward gravitation, this dissipation of the spiritual energy. We need to stir the gift into flame.

Perhaps there is some one here to-day who specially needs such stirring. He is conscientious; he wishes to do his duty; but he has no delight in his work—he has no anguish of yearning for his people's good. He goes through his parochial round with regularity; but he has no wrestling with souls, no going out of his heart to those whom he teaches: all is mechanical, perfunctory, and, alas! useless. He is doing no good; rather he brings a chill over his parish. The lukewarm pastor is worse than useless. God sends to-day a message to his soul through the word of the aged Apostle: "Stir up the gift that has been bestowed upon thee. Stir it into flame." Ah! do we not all need the message?

III. But how is the fire to be so stirred as to leap

into flame? The celestial fire is God's gift. The holy enthusiasm *comes from the Holy Spirit;* it cannot be evoked by the mere working up of the feelings.

(1) It needs *humiliation.* We must come with the consciousness of our emptiness to be filled out of the divine fulness, and confess at the foot of the cross our coldness, forgetfulness, unbelief, want of love.

(2) It needs *prayer.* We must pray that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith; that being strengthened with might by His Spirit, we may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

(3) It needs *study.* Enthusiasm flows from faith. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. Your confidence in a friend may weaken, your admiration of him may chill, if it is long since you have seen or heard him. As you come into his presence, as you look into his face once more, as you listen to his conversation, the old warmth comes back, and you would venture your life for your friend. And as you sit at the feet of Jesus, as you watch His life's work described by the evangelists, as you listen to His teaching re-echoed in the apostolic writings, as the grand revelation of God to man in Christ Jesus stands out before your gaze, you know Him in whom you believe. Increasing knowledge brings stronger faith. Strengthening faith makes the flame of enthusiasm kindle.

(4) And, once more, this flame has to be

brought to a more ardent heat by *living up to it.* Earnest thoughts and earnest deeds act and react upon each other. Each duty vigorously done for Christ's sake, each cross borne for Him, each word of faithful teaching spoken for Him, adds fuel to the inner flame. Many a time we go to our duty with heavy steps only because it is our duty; but as we go we shake off dull sloth, as we recall to our minds our message, as we speak it earnestly because we know it is true and precious, as we mingle among the poor and the young and the ignorant and the suffering and the dying—yes, and among the rich, too, in their self-satisfied ease—the sense of dulness vanishes. As we do the will of the Master we "know of the doctrine," we feel ourselves the reality and glory of what we are teaching others. Thus, day by day, we can stir into flame the divine gift, the "celestial fire," by humiliation, by prayer, by study, and by the practical energies of obedience to the divine will in the doing of daily duty.

II

"I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."—2 Tim. iv. 1, 2, 5.

THE flame of earnest enthusiasm, which we spoke of just now, proceeding from faith in the unseen realities is to issue, according to S. Paul's teaching to Timothy, in great practical duties.

(1) It is manifestly to issue in ministerial diligence and activity. One of the most besetting temptations in ministerial life is the temptation to indolence. It takes a twofold form—indolence of body and indolence of mind. The former is the more obvious: which of us does not know it? The tendency to shrink from trouble, to gravitate towards an easy, self-indulgent life. It shows itself in all kinds of ways—often little ways; making excuses to avoid exertion, leaving letters unanswered, accounts not properly kept, business matters conducted with slovenliness and carelessness. It makes a man unpunctual in his hours, unreliable with regard to his engagements. It makes the sluggard complain, "There is a lion in the way; I shall be slain in the street. I had better not go on that long walk to-day. The weather is too bad for work just now. It's no harm to leave my school without its lesson for

another day. That sick old woman in the muddy lane does not want a visit quite yet." How ready are the excuses! How ingenious the reasons for saying, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep"!

This is the more manifest form of the temptation. But indolence of the *mind* brings with it a danger more subtle, though not so apparent. It is the danger of seeming to do duty while avoiding the real difficulty and labour of it. This kind of process is not unknown among tradesmen and artisans. It has its title; it is called "scamping the work." It does it so that it looks all right outside; but the pains, the care, the time, the cost that good work requires has not been given to it: so it looks well for a while, but does not last; it won't stand the strain of practical use. Is there not a temptation to scamp our holy work? Do we not sometimes preach sermons in which we say things that sound well, things that we have said so often that the saying of them comes like a remembered rhyme; but we spend no labour, take no real trouble, either in thought or prayer, to find out the things that the people really need to have said to them. Many a showy sermon is only a specimen of "scamped" work. The preacher could turn out such sermons by the dozen without any sweat of mental toil. Nice, pious platitudes, conventional moralities, "goody-goody" sentimentalities—he could buy such articles by the thousand in penny tracts;

but for stirring men's hearts, for rousing their wills, for guiding them amidst the perplexities of life, the platitudes are as useless as they are cheap.

It is the same in visiting and in teaching. You may be most regular in your rounds of your visitation, and get to be an idler in your work. To walk a few miles and have pleasant chats with your parishioners, and to feel that they think you very kind and good for coming to see them—you cannot call this labour. If there has been no wrestling in prayer beforehand for your people, if there has been no careful watch for the expression of their spiritual condition, if there has been no grappling with their conscience, only the saying over a few religious commonplaces which from habit come to you as easily as remarks about the weather—is not such a day's visiting another specimen of scamped work? As you sit in the school hearing the children say their catechism by rote, or asking them hackneyed questions in Bible history, may not your mind be absent and idle? Is there any effort after sympathetic insight into their young hearts? Is there any thought and skill exercised to catch their attention, to lure them to interest in spiritual subjects, to make Christ's revelation of Himself or His teachings to the conscience find some lodgment in the young minds? May not your perfunctory lesson in school be only another case of scamped work? Even by the solemn bedside, where the life of a brother or sister is ebbing away, where the moorings are being

unloosed for a soul's awful voyage into the infinite—even there does not indolence tempt? To be satisfied with soothing and comforting the invalid with kind words; to make your visit easy to yourself and gratifying to the friends with the idea that the proper thing is being done for their patient, and that he has duly had the clergyman as well as the doctor to prescribe for him; no thoughtful diagnosis of the sick man's spiritual symptoms; no careful preparation of suitable portions of God's word which he could take in and appropriate without fatiguing effort; no labour in prayer beforehand, in speaking and pleading at the time; no real striving to have the short and precious opportunity of sickness made use of; only a nice friendly visit—only, perhaps, an opiate to the conscience, easy to be administered, pleasant to take, but useless, and, it may be, alas! deadly in its effects: what kind of ministerial work have we here?

But the rugged old Apostle foresaw for his friend another danger besides indolence—the danger of cowardice. If there is a lazy shrinking from trouble, there is also a timid shrinking from pain. The true pastor should indeed shrink with tender sensitiveness from *giving* any unnecessary pain. Roughness, want of thought, desire to satisfy one's own conscience rather than really to help another—through such faults clergymen often give pain to those whom it is their duty to handle with the most sensitive tenderness. But from pain to himself, Christ's minister must not shrink. If he does, he is a

coward. Therefore the Apostle says, "Be strong, endure hardness, endure afflictions. I endure all things for the elect's sake, that they may obtain eternal salvation." Continually in our ministry we have to face the temptation to shrink back as cowards from our duty. I do not speak now of such an obvious temptation as the fear of infectious diseases,—this generally passes away as soon as the clergyman, like the doctor, becomes familiar with sickness, and forgets himself in the interest of his patient's case,—but in many other ways the honest discharge of duty involves pain, and daunts the timid. To speak as an ambassador of God to the rich man as well as to the poor man; to be faithful towards those who are yielding to drunkenness or immorality; to give our counsel with perfect straightforwardness, even though we know it will be unpalatable,—these duties involve something of pain, something of what is called awkwardness. Does there not come the coward wish to evade such duties; to prophesy the smooth things, but leave the needful truth unspoken; to make ourselves pleasant and popular, but to leave the sinful man unwarned; to reprove and rebuke the poor and humble, but only to make ourselves agreeable to the great? Do we not need to have ringing in our ears the old Apostle's trumpet note, "Be strong, endure hardness, endure afflictions." "Quit yourselves like men?"

And there is no greater protection, both against

ignorance and cowardice, than the faith of which S. Paul reminds his young comrade; faith in the evidence of things not seen—the eye of the soul fixed on the realities which to bodily sight are invisible. By faith we recognise the magnitude of our work, the issues that depend upon it, and the Person at whose bidding it is carried on.

Old theologians used to speak of making an "act of faith." Whatever terms we may use, a mental and spiritual effort corresponding to this should often be carried on. Every morning it is well to remind ourselves that we have a day's work before us for the Master; that we are not our own, but His; that He employs and commissions us that day to go out and minister for Him. Every morning also it will be well, before we issue out of the quiet of the home chamber, to look by faith on the truths we have to make known; to realise in our spirits, as we hold communion with our divine Friend, His love, His sympathy, the rest of His pardon, the strength of the power with which He endues us. We preach Christ crucified. We must first look at Christ crucified, and animate our hearts by the consciousness of what He is to us.

The act of faith needs frequent renewal as we exercise our office. That effort we are inclined to avoid, that troublesome business we wish to put off for the present, that tiresome lesson in the noisy schoolroom—as we look upon it in the light of faith, how transfigured it is, how glorified! Once

we see that a thing is our duty, we see that the Lord has sent us to do it. It is the Lord's work, and it is sacred in our eyes. May we not apply to each detail of duty the words of the poet—

> "He whose heart will bound to mark
> The full bright burst of summer morn;
> Loves, too, each little dewy spark
> By leaf or floweret worn"?

Does not a light and a beauty glisten on every task of Christ's pastor? It is a work of faith and labour of love. The talk with the old woman, the charity account to be totted up, the pile of letters to be written, the sermon to be prepared, the interview with the shopman behind his counter, the conversation in the tradesman's back parlour, the prayer by the bedside in the attic, the calling from house to house in the dingy street, the tramp beside the ploughman as he turns down the furrow, each detail in parochial work—what a glory it has and what a responsibility! Our work for the Master's sake—how glad we are to do it! Our work in the Master's sight—how carefully it should be done! And all we do is, seen in the light of faith, to be done not for time, but for eternity; all is part of the divinely instituted ministry whose object is the training of good children for the endless life. Is any labour or trouble too great for such an employment?

And faith also shames away cowardice. In every duty faith hears the Master's mandate. It is a trumpet call to battle. Every nerve within us thrills

at the summons. If it costs us pain, we are proud to bear it for the sake of Him who sends us. And faith invests the men and women among whom we work with a new and truer light, and under its glow we cannot fear them. That aristocratic gentleman with the cold manner and the well-bred cynicism on his lip—that haughty lady with her scorn for the country curate hardly concealed by her chilling affability—that fashionable youth with sporting or barrack slang in his talk, and utter indifference to religion manifested in every gesture,—is it hard to speak straight to such people when you have the opportunity and know it is your duty? Is it hard? Not hard when you look at them with the gaze of faith. All their society mannerisms do not hide from you what they really are—immortal beings, precious to Christ, for Christ's sake precious to you—immortal beings on their probation for eternity—men and women surrounded by temptations, liable to sorrow and anguish, soon to stand before the great tribunal as saved or lost. Oh, what a trifling thing their earthly grandeur is! How little different to you those fashionable clothes from poorest rags! You see human brothers and sisters in perilous positions; you long to help them; you long to lead them to real happiness and true nobility. Afraid! Yes, you are afraid as a doctor may be afraid of giving a wrong medicine, as a surgeon may be afraid of cutting a wrong tissue, as a swimmer may be afraid

of not reaching the drowning man before he sinks. You are afraid of not being able to help as you long to help. All other fear vanishes in the light of faith, and forgetting self, forgetting shyness and diffidence, you pray Him who sends you to speak to give you a mouth and wisdom so that His word spoken through you may bring real assistance to those who need it so much.

In conclusion, dear brethren, to come back to what I said, this faith, which makes our work so careful and diligent, which rouses us to such fearlessness in our efforts, makes our ministry also bright and joyous. There must indeed be drudgery in daily work. There must be pain sometimes in enduring opposition, misunderstanding, and apparent failure. But faith revealing to us Him whose we are and whom we serve makes our daily duty a daily delight. To teach and preach the word which we love, to help and comfort the people whom we love, to do the bidding of the Lord whom we love—what happier portion could we ask for? And from time to time faith lifts the curtain that veils the future, and enables us to look forward to the meeting with our people above. And we see the gathering together of the dear friends to whom we have ministered, the little children whom we have taught to love the name of Jesus, the young men and maidens whom we have helped to be steadfast for the right, the sick and sorrowing whom we comforted with "the consolations of God," the seeker

for truth, the puzzled doubters whom we have led to the cross of Christ, the veterans in the Lord's service with whom we have taken sweet counsel together—by faith we see them taking their places among the shining ranks on high; and as we join with them in spirit, and mingle with their rejoicing company, and tread with them the streets of the New Jerusalem, we can truly say that "we reckon not the sufferings of the present time worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

EXTRACTS FROM CHARGES DELIVERED TO THE KILLALOE CLERGY

I

CHRISTIAN UNION

A DUTY of Christian Churches has been lately brought into great prominence, with regard to which I should be glad to suggest to you a few thoughts. It is the duty of unity one with another. A great desire for unity has been expressed in a recent and remarkable letter by the Pope of Rome. It has been expressed in many public ways by the archbishops and bishops of the Anglican Church and by men of light and leading in most of the Nonconformist sects. It seems as if the instincts of God's Church throughout the world were more and more craving and striving for mutual unity between her sadly separated members. Surely our hearts ought to thrill in sympathy with such desires! And in our remote corner of Christendom, as well as in more prominent places, efforts should be made by the servants of Christ that these growing and

deepening wishes may lead onward to some practical result. Before the practical result can be obtained there must be a great rising wave of enlightened public opinion.

In order to help in forming such public opinion, our minds should become accustomed to recognise what a real unity there is between all who "name the name of Christ" and "depart from iniquity." Whatever be the difficulties in expressing it outwardly, a deep inner unity is there. All who are truly one with the Lord Jesus are thereby one with each other. Because such a statement sounds like a truism, we must not forget that it is a truth. God's revelation has been mainly a revelation of Himself, and thereby also a revelation of righteousness. All who believe in the one God made known to us in the life of Jesus Christ, all who accept as the law of conduct the ethical system taught and illustrated in that life, have between them a great bond of union. The same God to worship, the same Saviour to trust and love, the same moral code to walk by, the same hope to gleam before them in the future—what difference in doctrinal views can neutralise the agreement as to these great essentials of spiritual life? Let us accustom ourselves, in thinking of Christians belonging to other communions, to keep vividly before our minds not so much the matters in which they differ from us as those in which they agree with us.

If this had been done more with regard to the members of the Roman Catholic Church, the history

of our country would have been saved from many of its most tragic incidents. If even now the progress of civilisation and intellectual culture, combined with a more healthy grasp of the main essence of God's revelation to man in the Gospel, could diminish the "odium theologicum" between those who, however they may differ in religious details, yet agree in believing that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that He died and rose again, what a dawn of new hope there would be for Ireland!

Living as we live in the midst of Roman Catholics, we should do what in us lies to promote such a "truce of God." In theory it is true that Roman Catholics anathematise us. That is no reason that we should anathematise them. They are hampered by human traditions inherited from ages of ignorance; their minds are cramped by passionate preconceptions as to the necessity of a mechanical unity connected with a visible earthly head. We see with a larger vision. We have been emancipated from the chains of dogma that were forged by narrow schools of philosophy and riveted by the political struggles between priestcraft and kingcraft. It would be sad if we were to remain as much bound by religious prejudice as they are. It would be sad if we should deny our Christian unity with "all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity," even though we believe that some are "sore let and hindered" by serious and dangerous mistakes.

And if it is our duty, as I am sure we recognise that it is, to try to help all who are within our reach, whether members of our Church or not, will not the best way of helping Roman Catholics be to begin by realising how deep are the bonds of union between us. Is it not fatal to our usefulness to think of them as if they were heathens? Looking upon them as fellow Christians, though in many respects going astray both in doctrine and practice, our sense of brotherhood will warm our hearts towards them. This inner feeling of brotherhood will find natural ways of expressing itself. Whenever we have an opportunity we shall try to speak to them on the great subjects of our common faith. And we may hope that even if our intercourse does not lead them to more enlightened views, it will lead them at all events to more kindly feelings.

With regard to the Protestant Nonconformists, the same duty is equally cogent and less difficult. We have more subjects of agreement, fewer of disagreement. There is no such barrier of suspicion and inherited antagonism to make us afraid of speaking freely to one another on religion. Some of us may think that the matters on which they and we diverge are important matters of faith; others may look on them as matters on which no definite revelation has been given, and with regard to which differences do not seriously affect Christian life. But whatever we think as to the differences between us and

Nonconformist sects, he must be indeed blinded by prejudice who does not recognise how vast is the treasury of precious truth which we partake of together. With the Nonconformists, too, let us lay more mental stress on our agreements than our disagreements. If we think our Church is the mother Church, we must try to show her large maternal heart. We must try to show her very tolerant to her children, even though they are sometimes wayward and prejudiced. And our ways of winning the wanderers to outward union must be, not religious scoldings, and reproaches, but earnest efforts to meet as far as possible their legitimate aspirations. They yearn often for more of personal sympathy, for more fervour, more simplicity, more freedom of worship than they find in the Church. We should try to satisfy these desires. Without doing violence to our own principles, we may satisfy them in healthy ways. We can have special services, prayer-meetings and cottage-meetings, classes, lectures of various kinds, channels in which their devotional instincts may flow more freely than in our regular liturgical services. We can give them in our Church, if we have the heart of sympathy, all they wish for; and, besides, we can give them what we believe they *need*, though they may not *wish* for it.

The calm, sweet stateliness of our Liturgy inducing reverence and "godly fear" as well as quiet trust and love; sober teaching of catechism and formularies leading to vigilance, care, and obedience in daily

walk with God; information as to the history and organisation of the Christian Church helping them to value appointed means of grace as well as direct approach of the soul to God. Positive teaching is more likely to win dissenters than negative. Fulminations as to the sin of schism are useless; the dissenters will not understand them; or, if they do understand them, they will recognise in such fulminations the very essence of schism. In him who denies membership in the Church of Christ to all outside the episcopal pale they will see the old "leaven of the Scribes and Pharisees," the human spirit of dogmatism and intolerance breaking out as it does under all forms of religion, from the inquisition tortures to the "Plymouth brethren" exclusiveness. Love must be always won, not forced. If any of your parishioners are wavering in their loyalty to the Church, their affection to her must be wooed and won; she must be shown to them in all her Christlike attractiveness. Let the Church, her ministry, and her agencies be as they ought to be, radiant with light and life and love. Let an earnest, affectionate Gospel be preached in the pulpit; let souls that are longing for comfort and help be led to rest in Him who alone can give the rest. Let individuals find sympathy in their pastor; let them see in him one who is ready to spend and be spent in their service; let them find in him one who knows by personal experience the trials and difficulties, the hopes and fears, the joys and

sorrows of a human spirit striving to press upwards to the divine ideal. Let the little children be lovingly taught; let the sick be ministered to with Christlike tenderness; let the services of the Church be as far as possible bright and attractive with hearty singing, in which the people can join their voices; let all about the Church, outside and inside, tell of care and love and holy reverence; let there be agencies in which religious laity can join in the Church's work; and then we may hope that the wavering and half-loyal, who cannot understand disquisitions about "apostolic succession," will be won by the visible arguments which they are able to appreciate. The Church herself, instituted by Christ to save souls, showing herself busy in her holy work, using the organisation that began in the apostolic age, and that has been tested through centuries of battle for goodness, and that has survived as fittest in the long struggle for the elevation of mankind—the Church herself, we may hope, with her ordered ministry, and her unchanging creed, and her living spirit adapting itself to the varying needs of humanity, will draw back to her bosom, with the magnetism of large-hearted love, those who were inclined to under-value or desert her.

II

BIBLICAL CRITICISM

I PROPOSE, my rev. brethren, to speak to you to-day with regard to the practical and spiritual aspect of your work rather than with regard to the intellectual difficulties or the important subjects of thought which are discussed so earnestly among thinking men to-day. I do not feel that the time at our disposal now would give me scope for saying the things that ought to be said and which I might like to say on such subjects; but as I find that the minds of many of our brethren are a good deal exercised as to the line of thinking and teaching they ought to take with regard to the treatment of Holy Scripture by the modern school of criticism, I should like to give you a suggestion or two which may help to reassure, and perhaps in some degree to guide you amidst the anxieties and perplexities which may seem to haunt this sphere of investigation. The theories of deeply learned students of oriental language and literature are much thought of in what we may call their *negative* aspect, as upsetting long-cherished ideas with regard to the dates and author-

ship of those ancient documents which we group together under the beautiful name of "Holy Bible." No doubt much criticism, even reverent and friendly criticism, seems to tend in this direction. It gives new views as to the composition of sacred books which are not compatible with old traditions. Sensible and thoughtful men ought not to look upon such negative criticism with anger. Attempts to see and know things exactly as they are may lead to mistake, but lovers of truth must always respect and sympathise with them. The results of investigation by experts in ancient language and history should be fairly considered—not hastily or rashly assented to, but carefully weighed, as far as we have means and opportunities to weigh them, with judgment kept in modest reserve till we are able to have before us sufficient materials for mental decision.

The subject is so important that I think all clergymen whose position is that of leaders and teachers of men ought to inform themselves upon it. They ought to read a few books at least in which the methods of modern criticism and some of its most important conclusions are defined and explained; they ought to have some more accurate information than is afforded by hearsay reports, or perhaps by passionate and ignorant denunciation in religious newspapers.

But what I am chiefly anxious to suggest to you is, that if there is a disquieting negative result achieved, or supposed to be achieved, by modern criticism,

there are positive results which are gains and not losses to the cause of religion. And it is well that the teachers of God's Revelation should dwell more on this useful positive aspect of the "higher criticism" than upon its negative aspect.

Modern researches have made it more certain than ever that the writings of the New Testament are genuine documents of the apostolic age containing the substances of the apostolic testimony. The suspicions that had been rife in intellectual circles as to the date and apostolicity of these writings have been almost entirely dispersed. The white light of searching literary investigation has been turned full upon the books through which the teaching of our Lord and His apostles is preserved; and that light has brought out into clearer prominence their glorious position as conveying to us the illumination that radiates from Him who is the Light of the world. This is one *positive* result of modern scriptural criticism.

With regard to the Old Testament, the researches of the critics have made us more thoroughly acquainted with what is called the "human element" in the writings. Never before have we had such close investigations into the circumstances under which they were written, and the social, mental, and spiritual environment of their authors. If, for example, the newest and most critical commentaries on Isaiah lead us to think that the book had two authors, and that a large space of time elapsed

between the earlier and the later portions of the collection of prophecies, yet how much have they not helped us to enter into the history of the times when those splendid spiritual teachings were first sung, and to understand the civil and moral conditions of the people to whom they were addressed.

Again, a positive result of modern criticism is to make us more careful, more reasonable, and more real in our ways of teaching Holy Scripture. It tends to discourage us from quoting it in the conventional way in which it used too often to be quoted, bringing "texts" from all parts of it to "prove" this or that doctrine with which they had not the slightest connexion in the minds of the inspired authors, using the Bible as if it were a repertory of infallible *dicta* on all kinds of subjects, whether known or unknown to the writers of it, whether relevant or irrelevant to the matters on which they wrote. This superstitious treatment of Holy Scripture lies at the root of much of the hard dogmatism, the narrow fanaticism, the morbid fears, and misplaced enthusiasms which have in all ages more or less defaced the teaching of our Saviour's Gospel.

All criticism which makes men more thoughtful in their dealing with the sacred books, less ready to re-echo every traditional idea which has gathered round them, less ready to call every human theory which is connected by arbitrary interpretation with some text of Scripture "the word of God"—all

such criticism acts as a useful drag upon theological eagerness, and so is a gain to sober and reasonable religion.

Once more, modern criticism, while it comes into conflict with many time-honoured ideas, strives to bring into special prominence the *ethical* teaching of Holy Scripture. Here it sees the inspiration of God. Not so much in the accuracy with which its histories have been compiled as in the clearness of the message of God to man's conscience, it recognises the divine teaching. Even if we consider the criticism to be often rash and needlessly destructive, here is a positive lesson from it which we teachers should utilise. In teaching Holy Scripture, we should make it our special aim to have the message to the conscience recognised, understood, and felt. Many teachers, in teaching Scripture, seem to teach everything except this. They give us Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out.

It is indeed important that our young people should be well versed in the history recorded in Holy Scripture. For Old Testament history is the history of God's providential dealings with men ; it is the history of the long preparation through the ages for Him who is called the "Desire of all nations." And New Testament history is the history of the Incarnation of the Son of God, and every event it describes is a kind of moral and spiritual era for humanity. And our Christian faith rests not upon feelings or ideas, however beautiful, but on the great and

wonderful facts related to us in the New Testament. In a certain sense we may say that knowledge of the sacred history is a knowledge of God's message to mankind. But I fear that Scripture history is often taught too much like Roman or Grecian history. And the children are prepared to answer all kinds of questions as if they were being ground for a Civil Service examination. Let us have it, then, as a kind of instinct never to teach a Scripture lesson without striving to make God's message in it to the child's soul and conscience ring out clearly. We are not, indeed, to turn teaching into preaching. We are not to "*improve*" Scripture by a forced "moral" which it was not intended to bear. But if we believe the main treasure in the Bible to be its revelation of the will and mind of God with reference to our human lives, we must not dare so to instruct in Scripture as to leave that main treasure behind. Efforts in that direction will surely make our Bible lessons more interesting as well as more useful. There will be in each study something to touch the heart and waken the spiritual consciousness, and not merely something wherewith to lade and burden the poor child's memory.

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