

---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



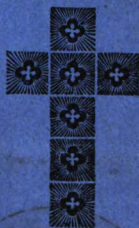
“GOOD BYE.”

A FEW LESSONS FROM THE LIFE  
OF THE LATE WARDEN,

*Addressed to*

THE BRETHREN AND SISTERS OF  
SACKVILLE COLLEGE,

*East Grinstead.*



LONDON : J. MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET.  
J. T. HAYES, LYALL PLACE.  
BRIGHTON : G. WAKELING.

1867.



1906aa  
13

# “GOOD BYE.”

A FEW LESSONS FROM THE LIFE  
OF THE LATE WARDEN,

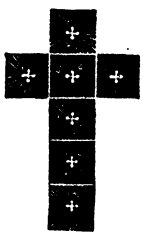
*Addressed to*

THE BRETHREN AND SISTERS OF  
SACKVILLE COLLEGE,

*East Grinstead.*

*K*

*1906aa*



LONDON: J. MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET.  
J. T. HAYES, LYALL PLACE.  
BRIGHTON: G. WAKELING,

1867.

“FORWARD, when all seems lost, when the cause looks  
“utterly hopeless ;  
“FORWARD, when brave hearts fail, and to yield is the  
“rede of the coward ;  
“FORWARD, when friends fall off, and enemies gather  
“around thee ;  
“Then, though alone with thy God, tho’ alone in thy  
“courage, GO FORWARD !  
“Nothing it is with Him to redeem or by few or by  
“many :  
“Help, though deferred, shall arrive ; ere morn, the night is  
“at darkest.”

*Seatonian Poems, p. 167.*





JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D.,

*Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead,*

*Entered into the Rest which remaineth to the people  
of God, on Tuesday, August 6th, 1866, in the  
forty-ninth year of his mortal life.*

“Oh how near  
“We tread the confines of the spirit-world!—  
“How thin the veil that hides it! Who but feels  
“Sometime, in night’s dim silence and dead noon,  
“Conscious that those we deem so far, are near,—  
“The lost are present? Who that has not heard  
“Of strange mysterious warnings, or perchance  
“The work of Guardian-Angel, or belike  
“Of friend who, having loved us, loves us still,  
“And who, now free, would guard us, captives yet?  
“—Who has not felt, in hour of need or woe,  
“Illapses more than earthly?—This be sure,  
“That, when we solve—God grant we solve it well!—  
“That last and greatest riddle, when our eyes  
“Begin to open in the spirit-land,  
“Then we shall learn how mixed and intertwined,  
“Thro’ all our course, has been that land with this.”

\* *Seatonian Poems*, p. 252.

\* Published by Bell and Daldy, London.



“He being dead yet speaketh, and is yet spoken of.”—  
*Heb. xi. 4.*

## “GOOD BYE.”

THESE two short and common words, on everybody's lips when parting with friends, contain the whole that your dear departed Warden would have said to you, if you all had been able to kneel around his dying bed, and he could have told you what he wished for you in life,—in joy, in sorrow, and in health,—in sickness and in death,—at Judgment Day,—and for ever: for,

“*Good Bye*” is only short for “*God be with you.*” We often say these words without thinking of their meaning: and yet I do not think there are any words,



or that there can be any wish which expresses a greater blessing.

If he being dead yet speaketh, can he say more to to you than "*Good Bye?*"—unless it were in the words which he, as God's Priest, has so often used in his visitation of the sick :

"Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee ;

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;

"The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be  
"gracious unto thee ;

• "The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee  
"peace ; both now and evermore. (Num. vi. 24-6).

( "*Good Bye,*"—God be with you. )

"The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Love of  
"God, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.  
"Amen." (2 Cor: xiii. 14).

Take, then, this as his last "*Good Bye*" to you ; and suffer me to say something about our dear departed Brother, from which I may show you how to remember him so as to help you to gain the blessing of having *God with you*,—"so nigh unto you as the Lord  
"our God is, and can be, in all things, that we call  
"upon him for." (Deut. ix. 7).

There are not any, so far as I am informed, now in the College, who were living there when he came as Warden in May, 1846. He was quite a young man then ; full of vigour and energy, and with a heart overflowing with kindness to the poor ; determined,

God being his helper, to make his office, both as Priest and Warden, a blessing to the souls and bodies of the "Poor Brethren," and to restore the College, as far as he could, to that condition in which its noble Founder left it.

None of you, I believe, can now imagine the disgraceful state into which many parts of your now far-famed College had been suffered to fall,—especially the Chapel.

I accompanied our Brother on his first visit; and, if ever the spirits of the dead re-visit their favorite haunts, I am sure the spirit of the Founder would have seen, in May, 1846, written upon that Chapel, "Ichabod." (1 Sam. iv. 21). God forbid that such should ever again be the fittest word to write upon it.

When we first entered that Chapel together, no words would have been fitter to describe our feelings than those of the Poet :

"What a darksome and dismal place!—

"I wonder that any man has the face

"To call such a hole the 'House of the Lord,'

"And the 'Gate of Heaven,'—yet such is the word;

"Ceiling and walls, and windows old,

"Covered with cobwebs, blackened with mould!"

And now, although much still remains to be done, yet look on that picture, and then on your present

Chapel, Hall, and Quadrangle, and see how fully our departed Brother (assisted by your noble Patron) carried out his purposes of good for you, and for those who will come after you. He was your Warden for upwards of 20 years, and I cannot find words to express to you how much he loved this last home of his and yours on earth. He had lived before in many homes, but none were to him so dear as this. *Within*, he loved that beautiful House of Prayer, and that study of his, literally clothed with books, his never-failing friends; and *without*, the never-failing beauties upon which his eye and heart feasted, as he paced up and down the Terrace, and gazed upon your lovely country,—the hills and dales, and wide expanse of wooded forest fields, with their ever-changing colors, their lights and shadows. When you think of him, it may be you may learn somewhat of his habit of seeing God in these works of His hands, and may be somewhat filled with that love which he showed in keeping up the place as he used to like to see it. But if he loved your home, did he not love *you*, and live with and labour for you; aye, and bear with many hard names and cruel trials, permitted by God indeed, yet of man's devising, for your sakes? So that if, on no other ground, yet, for all this, he fully earned the name so freely given him wherever he was known,—“The Poor Man's Friend.” Here, you know, he fed the hungry on every Sunday and every Festival of the

Church. Yes, and astonished some people, by showing that he thought our blessed Lord really meant what He said in those words,—“When thou makest a Feast, call the poor.” (S. Luke xiv. 13). Here he gave advice to the doubtful; encouraged the timid and feeble; and “whatever his hand found to do, he did it with his might.” (Eccles. ix. 10). God has given to the Poor Brethren and Sisters of this College, in such a Pastor and Friend, advantages and privileges for the past twenty years which they may never have again. Some have remembered his instructions, and listened with interest and pleasure to his Sermons,—his “Readings for the Aged,”—and some have forgotten that, “blessings despised, turn to curses.” For all these things God will bring every one of you,—(those departed this life: you who are alive this day),—into judgment. “Behold, the Lord cometh with his sanctified “ten thousands,” to welcome and reward His faithful servants; “to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly of all their ungodly deeds “which they have ungodly committed, and of all their “hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken “against Him” and His. (S. Jude 15, 16).

Is it unnatural or unbecoming that you should be bidden to REMEMBER him who had the rule over you (who was your guide), and has spoken to you the Word of God?—to follow his faith, considering attentively the end of his conversation (Heb. xiii. 7);—that

is, of his whole manner of life ; of all he said, and did, and suffered.

Now, having reminded you of our dear Brother's connection with you as your Warden, I am not going to speak much to you about his birth and childhood : what he did at school and at college : or about his sickness and sufferings ; his death and funeral. I could say a great deal upon these ; and about his being a great Scholar, and mixing with great scholars and with learned men ;—how, at one time, the Emperor of Russia sent him a handsome present in token of his gratitude to him for having written a History of the Eastern Church ; and, at another, he received a valuable book from the Archbishop of Moscow ;—how many Poems, and Hymns, and interesting Books he wrote ;—how he gained the Seatonian Prize at Cambridge for the best Poem on some Scripture subject no fewer than ten times. I could try and tell you how many great people he knew, and how he could talk with them in their own language, if they came from France or Italy, Spain or Greece, Russia or Holland ;—how, so long ago as in 1839, he helped to found the Cambridge Camden Society, which has done more towards the *proper* restoration of our Old Churches,—“ the temples of God's grace,”—in every Parish, than any other Society that ever existed ;—how he founded that Nursing Sisterhood of S. Margaret's, which has done so much to bring into

the poor man's cottage, in times of sickness, the comforts of the rich, and that loving care beside, which cannot be purchased with money;—and how, through his informing mind and ready help, more than one Parish has obtained the blessing of a Cottage Hospital. I could tell you how Clergymen, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, from all parts of the world, asked his advice, and came to see him and his little study, covered all over with books, where he wrote his Histories, Explanations of the Bible, Poems, Sermons, Story Books for Children, and his beautiful, rapturous Hymns, so many of which are sung in almost every Church in the land.

It is pleasant to think of all these things, which will no doubt be fully spoken about in the Memoir about to be published; but it is more pleasant just now, and I believe more profitable for you, to remember and think upon some other things which are perhaps greater and more precious in God's sight than even these, though they do not get so much praise in the world.

Our dear Brother was, as is well known, a great Scholar, and equal to stand before Princes; yet his *likings* were to follow the Apostle's advice, and “con-  
“descend to men of low estate,” (Rom. xii. 16);—that is, it was his chiefest pleasure to come down, as it were, from the high place to which his learning had raised him, and to talk with, and care for, and show compassion, and do acts of kindness towards the most ignorant and

the poorest: so that, while his life was lived chiefly amongst those of his own station and learning, that life was spent on behalf of those who, "in this transitory life, are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity." You know, it was his deep sympathy with distress which led to his founding S. Margaret's Nursing Sisterhood; he was ever the helper of the helpless.

If you had wished to see him what is called "at home," (besides when in the midst of his own family), it would not have been when he was visiting fine and great people, but when he could gather around him little children, whether of the rich or poor, (he was the life of their parties,—how many in East Grinstead can bear testimony to this, in those pleasant meetings in the fine Old Hall;)—or when he was going in and out of the poor cottage or sick chamber, or conversing with Friends; or what is, perhaps, more striking, when standing in the presence of such as deserved to be called his enemies.

But I do not desire, in these few words of "*Good Bye*," to lead you to think that he would for one moment wish you to remember him as some one so great, so faultless, so holy, so perfect, or so far above out of your reach, that you cannot ever hope to imitate him, and never can have the spiritual advantages and helps which fell to his lot. Your late Warden was "a man of like passions" with every one

of you,—“he knew what strong temptations mean.” He had the same conflict to maintain as we have, against “the world, the flesh, and the devil.” He did battle with, and conquered sins and infirmities, such as we suffer from. He had to mourn over negligences and ignorances, shortcomings and imperfections, such as stain our lives from day to day; he had to lay aside weights and besetting sins, and had need of long patience, just as you and I have. He had to fight the same good fight as we have, and sometimes he well-nigh gave in, as we too often do; but he felt, as we must feel, “I can do all things through Christ which “strengtheneth me,” (Phil. iv. 13); and assuredly he was “more than conqueror through Christ who loved “him.” (Rom. viii. 37).

And so God was with him; and I am sure his dying wish was, that God may be with you. But then, I am sure also he would have told you, from his own experience, that, if you would have God with you all your journey through, you must attend to such things as I will now try to show you we may learn from his life.

(1). God’s inspired Word must be “hid in your hearts.” (Ps. cxix. 11). The Bible must always be “the lamp unto your feet, and the light unto your “path,” (Ps. cxix. 105),—“dearer, better unto you, than “thousands of gold and silver.” (Ps. cxix. 72). It must not only be heard and read, but learnt, stored up in



the mind, ready for every-day use. (Ps. xvii. 4). Our dear Brother was the only son and eldest child of pious and devout parents, by whom he was early taught the Bible with much care, and made to repeat it word for word, and with reverence; so that from a child *he* knew the Holy Scriptures. (2 Tim. iii. 15). And though this Sacred Book was never used as a primer or lesson book, yet for years, when young, he had been accustomed to learn by heart one verse each day, and to say over, from week to week, all that he had learnt; and even up to the very last few months of his life, he kept up the habit of learning Scripture by heart; so that his knowledge of the Bible was almost like one of the Old Fathers of the Church. He was never at a loss for a text; and he could *repeat* many chapters as perfectly as others could *read* them. We owe much of the richness and fulness of his writings to his deep knowledge of God's Word. Nothing is more remarkable in them than his frequent use of Scripture, and the skilful way in which he brought in its very words into all his poetry. His Sermons are full of it. His Stories illustrate it. "Through patience and comfort of the Scripture he "had hope." (Rom. xv. 4). "He was mighty in the "Scriptures." (Acts xviii. 24). See what a rich blessing it was to be thus taught and watched over by a careful and devoted mother, (who was left a widow when her boy was only five years old). What a blessing

attended her desire to hide God's Word in the heart of her son. What an example she set to those who have children, to train "them up in the nurture and "admonition of the Lord." (Eph. vi. 4). God was with him by His Word, and he communed with God through His Word. May "*God be with you,*" as with him, through that same Word; but then you must do as he did, and what you are taught by the Collect for the Second Week in Advent to do, namely, "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest all Holy Scriptures."

(2). Again. Your departed Warden felt, of our dear Mother the Church of England, what the Psalmist said of Jerusalem: "God is in the midst of "her, therefore shall she not be removed; God shall "help her, and that right early," (Psalm xlvi. 5); and therefore would he bid you, if you would have "*God "with you,*" to cleave stedfastly to her Ministry, her Worship, her Faith, and her Discipline; and to value and study what may be called the Church of England's Commentary on the Bible,—the Book of Common Prayer.

It is worthy of notice here, as shewing our dear Brother's love and reverence for the Church of his Baptism, that, although he knew the Liturgies and Prayer Books of so many other Churches besides our own, yet, during his illnesses, and especially during the last, nothing soothed and satisfied him but the Collects

and that Office for the Visitation of the Sick, to be found in the Prayer Book of the Church of England. He was never tired of having read to him that beautiful passage in the Exhortation: "There should  
 "be no greater comfort to Christian persons, than to  
 "be made like unto Christ by suffering patiently  
 "adversities, troubles, and sicknesses. For He him-  
 "self went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain; He  
 "entered not into His glory, before He was crucified:  
 "so truly our way to eternal joy, is to suffer here  
 "with Christ; and our door to enter into eternal  
 "life, is gladly to die with Christ, that we may rise  
 "again from death, and dwell with Him in everlasting  
 "life."

However ill he was, and however many interrup-  
 tions there were, owing to the constant application of  
 remedies to ease his sufferings, he never neglected  
 begging his dear wife to say with him the Prayers in  
 that Office. The only other Prayer, at this time,  
 which was added to these, was the following, which  
 I copy out for you, as showing his entire submission  
 to Him in Whom alone he put all his trust: "O Lord  
 "Jesus Christ, who has created and redeemed me,  
 "and didst pre-ordain me to be what I am, Thou  
 "knowest what Thou shouldest do with me: do unto  
 "me, in mercy, according to Thy will. O Lord Jesus  
 "Christ, who alone art Wisdom, Thou knowest what  
 "befitteth me a sinner: as it pleaseth Thee, and as it

“seemeth good in the eyes of Thy Majesty, so, in “mercy, be it unto me. Amen.” And then he ended with the Prayer first learnt in childhood,—the Lord’s Prayer. Thus he found for himself, what he has so often told you in his “Readings for the Aged,” that our dear Mother Church can supply the spiritual needs of all from the cradle to the grave, and lead, by Christ and His cross, to our reconciled Father, both the “infant of days,” as well as those “well-stricken “in years;” the *sinner* who, on first “coming to himself,” determines to “arise and go unto his Father,” (S. Luke xv. 17, 18), and the *saint* who, having “passed “the time of his sojourning here in fear” (1 Pet. i. 17), and longing “to depart and be with Christ, which is “far better,” (Phil. i. 23), is ready to exclaim, “I have “fought the good fight, I have finished the course.” (2 Tim. iv. 8).

It may interest some of you to read this short extract from your late Warden’s Will, dated December 10, 1865: “I commend my soul to God the Father, “the Son, and the Holy Ghost; looking for salvation “only through the merits of our dear Lord Jesus “Christ. . . . And I desire to die in the faith “of the Church, as it was before the division of East “and West,\* and, especially, as on the whole repre- “senting that in the faith of the Church of England,

---

\* In the Ninth Century.

“in which I was baptized, in which I was ordained,  
“and in which I hope to depart.”

You see, he was a true Catholic,—that is, not a Roman Catholic, or a Greek Catholic, but an English Catholic,—one who, while he loved his dear Mother Church of England *best*, loved whatever was true and catholic, wherever he found it; and so we will say with her, whose melodies, when put to some of his sweetest Hymns of the Eastern Church, peculiarly touched his soul :

“ Rest, blessed soul ; in Jesus, rest !  
“ Until the Day-star on our night arise :  
“ Uplifter of the shadowing veil that hid  
“ Fair rays of Eastern light from Western eyes :  
“ Christ grant thy ceaseless prayers may hasten on  
“ The day when Holy Church shall be but one.”

And this leads me to remind you that, though he was so decided a Churchman, yet when he gave alms to feed the poor, or when any helpless one needed help, he knew no distinction of creed. When there was room at the table for more than the “Poor Brethren,” poor people, whose only claim was poverty, were asked out of the Town. He did not ask if they went to Church or Meeting. The aged, the sick, the infirm, Churchmen or Dissenters, all found a welcome at his board, and cheering from his large, loving heart. Two Dissenting Ministers in East Grinstead, who went to their rest, as we trust, some years before

him, deeply valued the token of his sympathy and genuine liberality. Like old John Bunyan, wherever he could discern his Lord's footprints, there was a bond of union he recognized; and yet, as you see, as he loved the Church of England *best*, he would say to you, if you would most surely have "*God be with you,*" cleave steadfastly unto her.

(3). Again. In his "*Good Bye*" he would say to you, You cannot have God with you, unless you walk humbly with Him. One true sign of our dear Brother's humility was this: he never seemed to realize or to make others feel his own greatness. Some of those he most loved, and with whom he was most intimate, were those who were not worthy, either in mind or heart, to "unloose his shoe's latchet." "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." (S. James iv. 6; 1 S. Peter v. 5). "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." (Isa. lvii. 15), One circumstance attending his last illness affords a touching illustration of that humility in him which dreaded all self-righteousness. During one season, out of many, of trials to which your late Warden refers in the preface to his 4th volume of "*Readings for the Aged,*" his dear wife had urgent need to encourage him in dark days, by reminding him of the claim, as it were, that God graciously directs and encourages

His people to put in for further supplies of strength and support,—such as, “Put me in remembrance,” &c. (Isaiah xliii. 26); “Because Thou hast been my “help, therefore under the shadow of Thy wings will “I rejoice,” (Psalm lxiii. 1); and that verse, of all verses, which he and his so often found so true, “Blessed is he “that considereth the poor and needy and sick; the “Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble, in the “day of evil.” (Psalm xli. 1, margin). She was able to convince him that they had, of God’s great goodness, inherited this gift of blessed consideration for the poor, from parents who, through life, (sometimes in narrow circumstances, and at others in prosperous ones), had set them the example of seeing Christ in His poor, and taught them to lend unto’ the Lord, by pitying the poor, and that God Himself knew their own sympathy with suffering, and readiness to be merciful after their power; and so she was able, in those dark days, to awaken in her dear husband, (whose faith and hope so often strong, were at times as weak as ours), the belief that help would come, and that He on whom they called would hear them, and deliver them out of all their trouble. But whenever, during his last illness, he asked for the 41st Psalm, he always said, “Don’t “read the first verse.” His will was to lie low; to be emptied of self,—to found no claim on any works he had done:

" Just as I am, without one plea,  
 " But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 " And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
 " O Lamb of God, I come ! "

And this spirit, he would tell you, alone enables us, as it did him, to dedicate all our talents,—even if we have but one,—to God. To lay all at the foot of the Cross of Christ,—to remember that the greatest are His *gifts*, and that, if not dedicated to Him, they do not become *graces*,—they are but as "sounding brass" and tinkling cymbals,"—they *are* nothing,—they profit nothing.

The following testimony to our dear Brother's humility and simple reliance on the prevailing sacrifice of Christ, I have had the privilege to see in a letter from a Clergyman,—a kind and valued friend of his mother,—who saw him during his short stay at Brighton near the close of his life: "It has been my  
 " privilege, from time to time, for a quarter of a century,  
 " to have intercourse with the fine mind and loving  
 " heart which have now passed from the friction of  
 " their discipline to the delights of their perfection;  
 " and I have not a memory which does not blend with  
 " the hope that, if only I am found worthy, through  
 " Him in whom we both tried to put all our trust, we  
 " shall renew our love where union will have nothing  
 " to interrupt it, because truth will have no shadow  
 " to darken it. I feel that in common with the whole



“Church, I owe to Dr. Neale a very deep debt; and  
 “of all his teachings, and all his elevating of the  
 “spiritual intellect, the most edifying to my own soul  
 “was, when I saw him in his last illness, laying in the  
 “dust all his works and all his talents, and casting  
 “himself, as a little child, only on the atoning work of  
 “Jesus Christ. . . . It is exceedingly pleasant to  
 “think how very congenial to such a spirit as his,  
 “must be the world of melody and song, and how all  
 “his lofty, poetic aspirations, have found their resting-  
 “place in the eloquence of the saints, and all the holy  
 “glories of the golden city. Meanwhile, till we meet,  
 “death can do very little to break our oneness.”

(4). Again. He would say to you, it is no use wishing you “*Good Bye*,” unless you are wishing and trying “to be in charity with all men.” God will not be with the unforgiving. “If ye forgive not men their “trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.” (S. Matt. vi. 15). Never was a truth more firmly believed and acted upon than this by our departed Brother. Was it not that he remembered more than most of us his own forgiven “ten thousand talents,” if ever he thought of his fellow-servant’s debt to him of but the “hundred pence?” (S. Matt. xviii. 32-3). Some of you know full-well what the trials of his residence amongst you have been to him, and to his dear wife and family,—how sorely they weighed him down, and would have completely done

so, had it not been for his loving family, and, above all, for his own forgiving love. One dear friend of twenty years standing says, "I have been with him "when under persecution, and most sore persecution, "from a quarter whence he certainly had no reason "to expect it; and I cannot remember ever to have "heard one unkind word: with him, 'to forgive,' was "really and at once and wholly 'to forget.' Another friend writes, "He never allowed 'the sun to go down " 'upon his wrath.' (Eph. iv. 26). I have been told by "one who knew him most intimately, that, on one "occasion, when he had received a cruel injury from "one of his own familiar friends, he spent three hours "on his knees in the College Chapel, because he "would not leave it till he could feel quite sure that "he had forgiven the person who had wronged him. "He not only never mentioned his wrongs himself, but "he would not allow others to speak of them in his "presence. Even when he spoke of one instance, "when his very life was endangered, he never spoke "angrily of those whom he knew to have stirred up "ill-will and angry passions against him."

"Through thorns to thrones," or the more common one "No cross, no crown," were his mottoes. So when the cross and the thorn were felt, he seems to have regarded the hands that pierced him with the one, and lifted him up upon the other, or laid the other on him, as only instruments in the hand of Him who thus

draweth souls nearer to Himself, and fashioneth them like unto Himself, with like sufferings to His own.

One chief effect produced upon his character by his sufferings from injurious tongues was, to quicken his sympathies with any who might be called to undergo the like discipline; and to enable him to realize for himself, and teach others to do so, how such "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope,—the hope that maketh not ashamed, —because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts "by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." (Rom. v. 3-5.) "Blessed are the merciful for they shall "obtain mercy." (S. Matt. v. 7). And you must forgive, and walk in love (Eph. v. 2), if you would walk with God, and have "*God to be with you.*" "For God "is Love," (1 S. John iv. 7), and "charity shall cover the "multitude of sins." (1 S. Peter iv. 8).

(5). You know that few have ever poured out their thoughts of God and heaven, and the Christian's joys and sorrows, hopes and longings, love and adoration, sighs and thanksgivings; or the sinner's wants and prayers, fears and hopes; in so many and such beautiful hymns, to suit us all amidst the chances and changes of this mortal life. In these the joyful, the peaceful, the faithful, and the hopeful; as well as the doubtful, the sick, the sinking, and the sorrowful, can find strains to raise them to the brightest hopes, the

joys of Paradise, the glories of the unseen world. Has it ever struck you how much of the *thoughtful* life of our dear Brother must have been spent in thinking of "Jerusalem the golden," and all its glories; of "Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn;" of the storms, and struggles and strifes of life; its weariness and woes; and the balm and cure for them; as well as the calm comfort and rest of those "Mansions of the blest;" whence no friend departeth, and into which no enemy entereth? Hymn-learning and Hymn-making seem to have been one of his chiefest means of communing with God. Never does God seem to have been with him in closer union than when "filled with the Spirit, he was speaking, teaching, and admonishing himself (and thanks be to God, the whole Christian Church), in Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs; making melody "with grace in his heart to the Lord." (Eph. v. 18, 19; Col. iii. 16). Men marvelled at his wonderful gift; but "they took knowledge of him that he had been with "Jesus" (Acts iv. 13), and that God had been with him.

And will "*God be with you,*" unless your hearts are as surely fixed where true joys are to be found?—unless you are learning to sing the Lord's songs in this strange land, and trying *now* to join with the heavenly choirs; with "angels and archangels, and all the "company of heaven," to sing the song of the Lamb, (Rev. xv. 3); to "laud and magnify His glorious Name,"

whose Name is above, yea, sweeter far than every name, the Name of Jesus?

(6). Again. Our dear departed Brother would tell you that, if you wish his "*Good Bye*" to be really "*God be with you*," you must be hopeful, trustful, prayerful, utterly purposed to attain what is utterly right. He simply, and without doubt, believed those words, "Nothing shall be impossible to you." (S. Matt. xvii. 20). He saw victory through and in the midst of defeat, or what others called failure. It is singular that the motto of the College should have so entirely suited him,—"*Aut nunquam tentes aut perfice*" ("attempt not, or accomplish.") His earnest pleading with God was constant and unceasing. He felt that prayer was the breath of faith, and hope, and charity: "that which moves the Hand that moves "the world." He "asked in faith, nothing wavering." (S. James i. 6). On the first commencement of S. Margaret's, he said to the Sisters, "Will you try to "remember never to open a letter, nor to write one, "without one little prayer for a blessing, and I will "do the same." When once he had satisfied himself that he was following the right course, nothing could make him turn to the right hand or to the left. Onward he would go; and,—he went,—until he reached the end. "Through evil report and good report" (2 Cor. vi. 8) was written in Greek over his study door. God is ever with such, and He will be with

you, if you are hopeful, prayerful, trustful, utterly purposed to attain what is utterly right. He does not bless the faithless, the prayerless, or the double-minded.

The existence and progress of S. Margaret's Sisterhood are a monument to his tenacity of purpose ; but I cannot help alluding to another fact, of interest to the Poor Brethren and Sisters of the College, which may not yet have reached your ears. Eighteen years ago,—(how much has happened elsewhere, and within your College homes since then!)—eighteen years ago, your departed Warden mentioned the pressing desire he had to leave a legacy (although it might be but a small one) to the College, for the benefit of its Brethren and Sisters ; but more than all, as a token—(“It is a very little one,” he said ; “but I am afraid I cannot make it greater”)—as a token of his love for them, and as a memorial of how his heart, and mind, and life, had been bound up with the dear *Home*, in which he had experienced so many sorrows and reaped so many joys. Well, in 1865, he made his “last Will and Testament ;” and in that he has directed that the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds shall be invested in the Government Funds in the names of the Warden and Assistant-Wardens for the time being ; and that the annual income or dividend arising from the Stock purchased with this legacy, shall go first to pay a Clergyman (to be appointed by

the Warden and Assistant-Wardens), to preach a Sermon and celebrate the Holy Communion in the College Chapel, or in the Parish Church, every year on the 26th day of May, and to pay a Clerk for that Service; and the remainder to provide a Dinner on the same day for the Brethren and Sisters of the College. This, or some such gift to the College, was in his mind almost from his first coming amongst you. You see, he fully purposed it; and what he purposed, no change of times, and no changed conduct of others, induced or tempted him to fail in doing. God measures lives by love; and you will measure the value of this gift by the continuous love which has secured it to you.

(7). Again. Your departed Warden and Friend, when he wishes you "*Good Bye*," would tell you that, if you hope that *God* may indeed *be with you* now, and that you may be with Him for ever, you must be His *saints* now; for, "without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. xii. 14). "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." (S. Matt. vi. 8). But then, he never said, nor would he ever have told you, that, to be saints in God's sight, and under His care, you must be *perfect*. He was always ready to encourage the timid and despondent,—to strengthen, as best he could, such as do in any way stand,—to comfort and help the weak-hearted,—to raise up them that had fallen,—believing that the good

Lord would, if not just when we think fit, yet, finally beat down Satan under their feet. He has often said, you must indeed be "followers, imitators, of God, as "dear children" (Eph. v. 1); you must, in some measure, have the same "mind in you which was also in Christ "Jesus" (Phil. ii. 5); you must, as a rule, be "led by the "Spirit" (Rom. viii. 14), rather than by the devices and desires of your own evil hearts; you must, however faulty, be the servants of righteousness, and not the slaves of sin (Rom. vi. 16); you must be "going on "unto perfection" (Heb. vi. 1), though you never reach it this side the grave; you must be "growing in grace" (2 Peter iii. 18), "perfecting holiness in the fear of the "Lord" (2 Cor. vii. 1); ever following after (Phil. iii. 12-14), ever *aiming* to be like HIM, who left "us an "example that we should follow His steps" (1 S. Peter ii. 21). Such he has often told you are God's saints; not yet "just men made perfect" (Heb. xii. 23); but sinners still, who, knowing that they are such, "still "hold closely to Him," who hath redeemed them with His precious blood.

Your departed Warden believed that God has many hidden saints, known to Him alone; many, many more than man's eye can see, or his ear hear of; and many greater far than the heart of man can conceive. He thought that we too often judge as Elijah did in the wilderness, and seem to say, "I, even "I only, am left," when God has His seven thousand



chosen ones in Israel (1 Kings xix. 18). He thought that we, like ignorant and unskilful lapidaries searching for precious stones on the sea-shore, often pass over the rough diamonds, the crusted agates, the dull-looking cornelians, and pick up worthless flints and spars, and treasure them up as jewels: that many, first in our opinion now, shall prove the last "in that day;" and many last, as we think now, be really first.

You know that beautiful hymn,—our dear Brother's favorite,—the last which was sung at his funeral. (Who can forget the thrilling effect of those brave, loving, tender voices of the Orphans and Sisters, when they sung that song of victory, going to and from their "Father's" grave!) It begins,

"Safe home! safe home, in port!"

Every verse in that hymn describes the saint as he is in this world, and his assurance of final victory. The whole is a history of the soul's dangers and conflicts, weaknesses and failings, temptations and deliverances, and its triumph-song at last.

If he could speak to you now, he would say, "I love that hymn. It is the history of my life. Its blessed thoughts are now the burden of my thanksgiving to Him who giveth to the Church and to her children the victory." Read it, then, Brethren and Sisters; and you will see to what the saints are there compared,

and how each verse describes the saint (as our dear Brother often told you), as he is in this world, and his assurance of final victory.

The saint is likened in the first verse to a vessel, tempest-tossed on the waves of this troublesome world; not sailing with fair breeze upon the surface of a sea of glass, but ploughing its way in the midst of stormy winds, through perils of the deep, well-nigh wrecked, but brought at last *safe* unto the haven of rest.

Verse 1. "Safe home! safe home, in port!—

"Rent cordage, shattered deck,

"Torn sails, provision short,

"And only not a wreck:

"But oh! the joy upon the shore,

"To tell our voyage-perils o'er!"

And then the saint is likened to a wrestler (*athlete* he is called); not so sturdy and so masterful that none dare try to overthrow him, and cast him down from his excellency, but one that had to do fierce battle,—to have fierce conflicts with his enemies, and was nearly overcome; and yet resisted,—struggled so manfully, that he was able to shout at last, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. xv. 57). "I have fought the good fight; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give me in that day." (2 Tim. iv. 7. 8).

Verse 2. "The prize, the prize secure!—  
 "The athlete nearly fell,  
 "Bare all he *could* endure,  
 "And bare not always well:  
 "But he may smile at troubles gone,  
 "Who sets the victor-garland on!"

Again. The saint is likened to a soldier-militant here on earth: never safe from fear of the enemy: always in need of watchfulness: never secure when slothful: in peril, if not *ready* at the trumpet's call: sometimes well-nigh overpowered by the furious and sudden onslaught of his foes: but, *at last*, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Verse 3. "No more the foe can harm:  
 "No more of leaguered camp,  
 "And cry of night-alarm,  
 "And need of ready lamp:  
 "And yet how nearly he had failed,—  
 "How nearly had that foe prevailed!"

Again. The saint is likened to a tender lamb, penned indeed within the fold of Christ's Church; but the flock still pastured in the midst of the waste howling wilderness of the world; the sheep and the lambs exposed to "the roaring lion that goeth about seeking whom he may devour" (1 Pet. v. 8): themselves too often erring and straying like lost sheep: and yet, amidst all their wanderings, sought for, fetched home and cared for, by that "Good Shep-

“herd who giveth His life for the sheep” (S. Luke xv. 4-5 ; S. John x. 11) : and so, *at last*, “in perfect safety penned.”

Verse 4. “The lamb is in the fold,  
 “In perfect safety penned :  
 “The lion once had hold,  
 “And thought to make an end :  
 “But One came by with wounded side,  
 “And for the sheep the Shepherd died.”

Again. The saint is likened to a stranger and pilgrim,—an exile : one that hath been banished far from home ; or rather, one that hath outlawed himself,—chosen to roam far away from his Father’s house : one that, as it were, has been brought back again and again, and again and again observed lying vanities, and forsaken his own mercies (Jonah ii. 8) ; living a life made up of repentings, tears, and sorrowful returnings : full of “sins, and doubts, and fears :” ever and anon crying out, “O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me ?” (Rom. vii. 24) : until, at last, brought home to stay, and go no more out, he can say, “I thank God through Christ Jesus our Lord,” “the King has wiped those tears away.”

Verse 5. “The exile is at home !—  
 “O nights and days of tears,  
 “O longings not to roam,  
 “O sins, and doubts, and fears,—  
 “What matter now, when (so men say),  
 “The King has wiped those tears away ?”

And, in the last verse, the whole Church, and so each redeemed saint, (2 Cor. xi. 2), is likened to a Bride that hath for a time lost the presence of her Lord : that has to wait long for his returning ; to live in hope ; to walk by faith, not by sight ; to rejoice, but yet with chastened and somewhat darkened joy ; knowing, indeed, that even now she is all His own, but that many widowed hours must be passed until she see him face to face.

Verse 6. “ O happy, happy Bride !  
 “ Thy widow'd hours are past ;  
 “ The Bridegroom at thy side,  
 “ Thou all His own at last !—  
 “ The sorrows of thy former cup,  
 “ In full fruition swallowed up !”

Such,—such is the life and triumph of God's saints ! And now will not you seek and strive to be such saints as these,—whose dangers, conflicts, and victory, are so truthfully described in this favorite Hymn of your dear departed Warden ? If this be your resolution, your prayer, and your struggle, then assuredly will his latter life, lived for and with you, and this his last “ *Good Bye*,” have proved a blessing ; for then, in time and in eternity, you will have,

“ GOD BE WITH YOU !”

I will close this “ *Good Bye*” with a very few remarks suggested by circumstances happening during our dear Brother's last illness.

Soon after he was first taken seriously ill, and required constant care and attention, a dear relative, who came for a short visit, could not help remarking upon the loving, tender, intelligent, thoughtful, unceasing care he received, not only from his wife and children, but with them, (and at times when it was beyond their strength and skill), from the Sisters of S. Margaret's. She said, "How privileged you are in this respect. In most cases, it is, 'one soweth 'and another reapeth;' and very seldom are we permitted to reap in this life the reward of our works of faith, and labours of love. S. Margaret's was the fruit of your love for Christ's poor; and see how, in your greatest need, those dear Sisters are the greatest blessing and comfort to you." "Well," he said, with a smile, "I never thought of it in that way; it did not so cross my mind: no words can tell the daily and hourly blessing those loving Nurses are to me; and what you say is true. I *do* reap, not what I deserve, but what His mercy gives who is not unmindful that He will forget." (Heb. vi. 10).

The last Sunday, July 22, before he kept his bed, he begged that his family would all come into the parlor, (which, with the adjoining room as his bedroom, were set apart for his use), after evening prayers, that he might once more be with them while they sang some Hymns and Sacred Music.

Hitherto he had only listened to them upstairs, and much did he enjoy those fine evenings, when, through the open windows, strains of sweetness,—Easter Carols, portions of the “Messiah,” and some of his own beautiful Hymns,—were sung by his children, at his own request. The last time he begged them to sing, was the last day of consciousness. They saw how it was with him, and the request for “Jesu, the very thought is sweet,” fell upon willing spirits, but very sore hearts. Many hymns and prayers went up those days in his hearing; and when, to outward appearance, unconscious, his fervent “Amen” and “Thank you,” showed to us how he understood and appreciated our way of helping him in his hour of need.

On Thursday, August 2nd, he was very restless, and was frequently saying, “Come! come!” And one who was constantly with him, repeated some passages of Scripture, beginning with that word,—such as, “Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,” (S. Matt. xi. 28); “And He said, Come” (S. Matt. xiv. 29); “The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely,” (Rev. xxii. 17); “Surely I come quickly;” and surely He who then was with him as he passed through the dark valley,

heard that answer, "Amen, even so, come Lord  
"Jesus." (Rev. xxii. 20).

Let me, then, give you in the last words of this  
"Good Bye" of your dear departed Warden,—his  
very own words; the concluding words of a Sermon  
on S. Matt. xiv. 28-9, which I do not think any of  
you have heard:—"Lord, if it be Thou, bid me  
"come unto Thee.' Yes, God grant that each of  
"you, when the last tempest is darkening, when the  
"last billows are beginning to rise, when the utmost  
"bound of the everlasting hills is growing clearer  
"and clearer, when that saying is true, 'ye have not  
"passed this way heretofore,'—God grant that each  
"of you, when this earth is fading away, and earthly  
"love can do no more for you, and the skill of the  
"earthly physician is at an end, may then, from the  
"bed of death, call on the victor of death, 'Lord, if it  
"be Thou,'—Thou, who Thyself didst feel the darken-  
"ing eye, and the failing sense, and the head bowed  
"down,—'Lord, if it be Thou,' who never putteth  
"forth Thine own sheep, but Thou hast gone before  
"them,—'Lord, if it be Thou,' who Thyself didst  
"know the hard, dying bed of the Cross,—'Lord, if  
"it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee.'"

"And, O most blessed words from the throne of  
"Paradise, to the chamber of agony; from the Head  
"once crowned with thorns, to the member now lying  
"in misery; from the God that died, and rose again,



“and is alive for evermore, to the soul on whom fear-  
 “fulness and trembling have fallen, and whom an  
 “horrible dread hath overwhelmed,—‘ He saith unto  
 “‘him, Come.’”

“GOOD BYE.”

E. J. B.

March, 1867.

---

“O what a sevenfold flood of glory pours  
 “In each succeeding promise, brightening still  
 “And kindling in intensesness, to the close,  
 “‘To him that overcometh!’ He shall eat,—  
 “‘Eat of the Tree of Life;’ not that which erst  
 “Bloomed in the earthly Paradise, whereof  
 “Man ate not through God’s love; lest, if he ate,  
 “He in this mortal world should live for aye;  
 “But that abiding, that enduring Life,—  
 “Life of the Blessed, Life of God Himself;  
 “Life whence the Fountain of all good things springs,—  
 “The Beatific Vision! Into that,  
 “The lost and lovely Eden, Death came in:  
 “But now no fear of death deflowers their joy,—  
 “No pining malady, no bloodless age;  
 “Yea, ‘he that overcometh shall not be  
 “‘Hurt of the Second Death.’ He treads not now  
 “The waste and howling wilderness of earth;

" As erst they trod, around whose tent, each morn,  
 " Angelic food descended with the dew :  
 " Yet hath he heavenly Manna, while he sits  
 " At that high Banquet where the Victors rest,  
 " And tell how, 'neath their Chief's protecting Arm,  
 " They went 'from strength to strength.' For war is o'er :  
 " The iron sceptre in the LORD'S Right Hand  
 " Hath dashed the Foe in pieces ; with the Chief,  
 " The followers conquer ; their long trial past,  
 " Their carnal battles over. Is there yet  
 " A higher bliss for them that overcome?—  
 " "Him will I make a pillar in GOD'S shrine :  
 " "He shall no more go out.' O joy of joys !  
 " O blest necessity of sinlessness !  
 " And ask ye more than this ? Then hear the close.  
 " "To him that overcometh will I give  
 " "To sit with Me upon My throne, as I,  
 " "The agony endured, the crown put on,  
 " "Sat down upon the Eternal Father's Throne.'  
 " O glorious rainbow, decked with sevenfold hues !—  
 " O perfect octave of eternal bliss !

" *The Seven Churches*,"—*Seatonian Poems*, p. 257.

JUST READY, PRICE 3s.,

*In Fcp. 8vo,*

SERMONS FOR CHILDREN,

*Being*

TWENTY-EIGHT READINGS

*To the Children of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead,*

BY THE LATE

REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D.

12 JU 67

*Also in the Press,*

CATECHETICAL LESSONS,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LONDON: RIVINGTONS.

BRIGHTON: G. WAKELING.

---

G. WAKELING, PRINTER, BRIGHTON.





