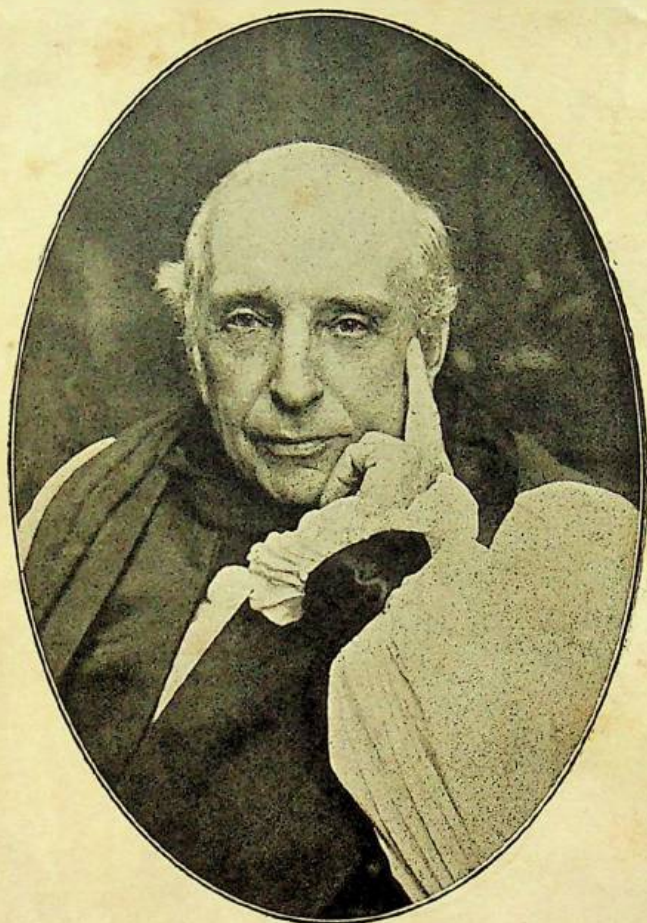


FRANCIS JAMES CHAVASSE



Photo, Russell, London.

Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, 1889–1900

Bishop of Liverpool, 1900–1923

PRICE SIXPENCE

ST. PETER'S HALL APPEAL FUND

(BISHOP CHAVASSE MEMORIAL)

J. A. CUMMING,
HON. TREASURER.

ST. PETER'S HOUSE,
OXFORD.

J.M. Ainscough Esq., J.P.,
Lindley Mount,
Parbold, Nr. Wigan.

28th April 1929

Dear Mr Ainscough,

I have just returned to Oxford and my first duty must be to write and thank you with all my heart both for your most generous cheque towards St. Peter's Hall (I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw your cheque), and also for your great kindness in giving up so much of your time in helping to think out names of those to whom the claims of St. Peter's might appeal. I shall begin to send them out Appeals with a personal letter tomorrow, and I will let you know what success we have.

I wonder if you would be good enough to accept the enclosed little sketch of my father as a very slight remembrance of our talk on Monday?

Yours sincerely,

C. M. Chavasse

CMC/CR.

AMICO
AMICI
HOC
AMORIS
REVERENTIÆ
DESIDERII
PIGNUS

FRANCIS JAMES CHAVASSE

Impressions by five of his friends on the occasion of his death, 11 March, 1928, together with a notice in *The Times*

BASIL BLACKWELL · OXFORD · MCMXXVIII

Preface.

THIS little book originated in this way. At the time of Bishop Chavasse's death five friends of his were asked, quite independently, to put on record their impression of the beautiful and lovable personality they had known. When these came to be read together it was felt that many Old Wycliffe and Hostel men, and possibly other friends of the Bishop's as well, might be glad to have them in an accessible form. It was ascertained that this would not interfere with plans for writing his life, and the members of his family welcomed the idea.

Of the contributors, Bishop Knox and Dr. Lock are life-long friends of Bishop Chavasse's, they were his contemporaries as undergraduates at Oxford, and were in Oxford when he came to Wycliffe Hall. The former knew Birmingham, which was the Bishop's home, intimately as Vicar of Aston (1891—1894) and Bishop Suffragan of Coventry and Rector of St. Philip's, Birmingham, (1894—1903) before he went to Lancashire and became his immediate neighbour from 1904—1920 as Bishop of Manchester. Dr. Lock was Warden of Keble from 1897—1920 and was Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford when Bishop Chavasse went back to live there in 1923, and he is living there still. Dr. Lang became Archbishop of York in 1909 and was Metropolitan for fourteen out of the twenty-three years of Bishop Chavasse's work in the Northern Province. Prebendary Probyn was his first Domestic Chaplain. The Bishop of Hereford was an Incumbent in his Diocese for seventeen years and his first Suffragan.

The plan had reached this stage when it was suggested that leave might be obtained to re-print the obituary notice in *The Times* as an introduction to the other five. An application to the Editor of *The Times* produced a prompt and most kindly consent.

The five notices accordingly make their appearance here together, with this Introduction. They are the impressions of men of differing outlook and different positions. They make no pretension to completeness. Such unity as they possess springs from the character they attempt to portray. They are printed in the hope that though a sketch is not a finished picture it may be felt to be a likeness.

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Introduction.

The Obituary Notice in *The Times*, March 12th, 1928.

A LAYMAN'S BISHOP.

DR. CHAVASSE, who died at Oxford yesterday at the age of 81, resigned in 1923 the Bishopric of Liverpool, which he had held for more than 23 years. His name will ever be associated with the great Cathedral overlooking the Mersey which is now being built to the designs of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A. But he will be remembered not less for his singular power of bringing together people of all creeds and conditions, who united in affectionate admiration of his straightforward single-mindedness and deep and earnest piety, combined with sound judgment and organizing capacity. His clergy regarded him with no less affection, and in Convocation he was listened to with feelings almost of veneration. But the laity regarded him as specially their Bishop.

Francis James Chavasse was a son of Mr. Thomas Chavasse, F.R.C.S., of Sutton Coldfield. The late Sir Thomas Chavasse, the eminent Birmingham surgeon, was his younger brother. He was born on September 27, 1846, and after being privately educated went up to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he took a first class in the old school of Law and Modern History with another Corpus man, E. A. Knox, afterwards his neighbour as Bishop of Manchester, and was made an Hon. Fellow of his College in 1923. In 1870 he was ordained by Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, to the curacy of St. Paul, Preston. Here he became known as "the Ministering Angel" from his constant visiting of the homes of the people during an epidemic. But his stay there was short. Those reverend seniors of the

Evangelical party who keep a careful look-out for promising young men had marked him, and in 1873 he was nominated by the trustees to the important cure of St. John, Upper Holloway, then a more prosperous district than it is now.

Five years later Mr. Chavasse was appointed by the Trustees to the Rectory of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford. He had a genius for pastoral work, and his parish became an important centre for those who preferred the simpler services and the more individual teaching of Evangelical Churchmanship. It is true that Canon Christopher had long been at St. Aldate's and was honoured as the titular leader. But he was "old Christopher" even in those days, and his familiar ear-trumpet was a sign of increasing affliction. So it happened that St. Peter-le-Bailey became the centre of work among undergraduates as well as of "town" work; it grew to be to "the men" what Holy Trinity is at Cambridge. Mr. Chavasse soon established himself as a teacher, and his Sunday evening Greek Testament class might be compared for its success with Liddon's more famous class at Christ Church.

In 1889 the Principalship of Wycliffe Hall, the analogue of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, became vacant by the resignation of its first occupant, Canon Girdleston, and Mr. Chavasse was induced to accept the appointment. He hardly had the credentials of an exact or learned theologian, whereas his predecessor was a student of high linguistic and Biblical accomplishment; but it was soon evident that no mistake had been made, and Wycliffe Hall became fuller than ever. Nor did its new Principal make it a centre of extreme Protestantism, for he was already more liberal-minded than one or two of the trustees quite liked. Most noteworthy of all was the general regard, deepening into real affection, which was felt for him by men of all views in the University. If he stood for a particular kind of doctrine, he seemed able personally to commend that doctrine in all things.

Nevertheless, few people anticipated that Mr.

Chavasse would reach the Episcopal bench before, let us say, Dr. Moule, the Principal of Ridley, who was a brilliant classic and a fine Biblical scholar as well. But in 1900 Dr. J. C. Ryle, the first Bishop of Liverpool, resigned, and Lord Salisbury found his successor in the Principal of Wycliffe Hall. The country—and Liverpool not least—was then greatly stirred on questions of ritual, and the new Bishop was warmly welcomed. The chief complaint urged against him by the little knot of High Churchmen in the diocese was that he unduly encouraged the Wycliffe Hall type of parson. Yet it was a type that had its merits from the High Churchman's point of view. It stood for bright and reverent services, for diligent visitation, and for keen interest in voluntary schools. Against the few irreconcilable extremists the Bishop manfully stood his ground, speaking his mind as freely about them as he did about the fanatical Orange orators at the other end of the scale.

But what most distinguished his tenure of the See was the way in which, as at Oxford, he won first the confidence and then the real affection of laymen of all parties and all stations of life. This appeared most clearly in his organization of the great scheme for the erection of Liverpool Cathedral. His personal charm as well as his administrative ability and sound judgment enabled him to bring the scheme through the "battle of the sites," in itself almost a harder task than that of raising the large sum required for the first portion of the Cathedral, which, as the Bishop wisely counselled, was enough for one generation. The visit of King Edward to lay the foundation stone in July 1904, and the Church Congress which followed hard upon it, showed alike, different as they were in themselves, that there were Church interests on which Liverpool, usually so contentious, could thoroughly and cordially unite. True, there was the unfortunate incident of the rejected design for the reredos offered by a wealthy layman, but here also the general assent supported the Bishop in his desire that the Cathedral and its orna-

ments should appeal, as far as possible, to the whole diocese, and, again as far as possible, alienate none.

By the summer of 1910 he was ready to invite the Archbishop of the Northern Province to the solemn inauguration of the Lady Chapel, as the brilliant beginning of the Cathedral project. Thenceforward the diocese possessed a central shrine of rare beauty, in which stately services were held and the Holy Communion was reverently and frequently administered. The balance of observance and ceremonial was quietly secured at the start, the Bishop, as Dean of the Cathedral, laying it down that, while the eastward position was permitted, those clergy who preferred to celebrate at the "north end" would continue so to do, that the cleansing of the sacred vessels would take place in the vestry, and that the candles would be lit when required for giving light. It was all felt to be quite natural, but those who realised what the Liverpool Protestant spirit had been were thankful that the tact of an Evangelical Bishop could so arrange it.

Naturally the war interrupted the work of Cathedral building, while it added in other ways to the Bishop's anxieties; indeed, very few parents in the land had more reason to be anxious than he and his wife. He was nearing 70, but the only sign of oncoming years was that he asked for a suffragan—a petition which was at first refused on the ground that the diocese, though very populous, has only some 225 benefices, but which was granted in 1918, probably out of sheer respect for the petitioner. He was still so wise and active and helpful that no one dreamt of saying that the time had come for him to resign; and many knew that at the back of his mind there was a yearning that he might officiate at the consecration of the second portion of the great Cathedral.

In July, 1923, however, Dr. Chavasse decided that a younger man was needed, and his resignation took effect in October. The regret of the whole diocese was profound, and a large sum was subscribed by people of all classes and creeds as a personal gift.

Characteristically, he wanted to devote the money to the diocese, but this was not allowed—indeed, as he humorously complained, he was “bullied into accepting it.” After the war, in 1919, he had given up £2,200, out of his official salary of £4,200, towards raising the stipends of the diocesan clergy.

The late Bishop served as examining chaplain to Dr. Bickersteth, Bishop of Exeter, from 1885 to 1900, and was several times select preacher at Oxford and Cambridge, being also selected in 1898 to give the course on pastoral theology at the latter University. Both Cambridge and Liverpool gave him their Hon. LL.D. He married in 1881 the youngest daughter of Canon Maude, Vicar of Chirk, and had four sons, who all served with distinction in the War, and three daughters. The eldest son, the Rev. C. M. Chavasse, M.C. and Croix de Guerre, is rector of St. Aldate's, Oxford. His twin brother, Captain N. G. Chavasse, R.A.M.C. (T.), like his brother, a great athlete at Oxford, won the V.C. with bar and the M.C., and died of wounds in 1917. The third son, F. B. Chavasse, M.D., also captain R.A.M.C. (T.), won the M.C. The youngest son, Aidan, lieutenant, 11th Batt. The King's (Liverpool) Regiment, was reported wounded and missing. Mrs. Chavasse died in July, 1927. In memory of her a reredos is to be set up in the Church of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford, where all her seven children were christened.

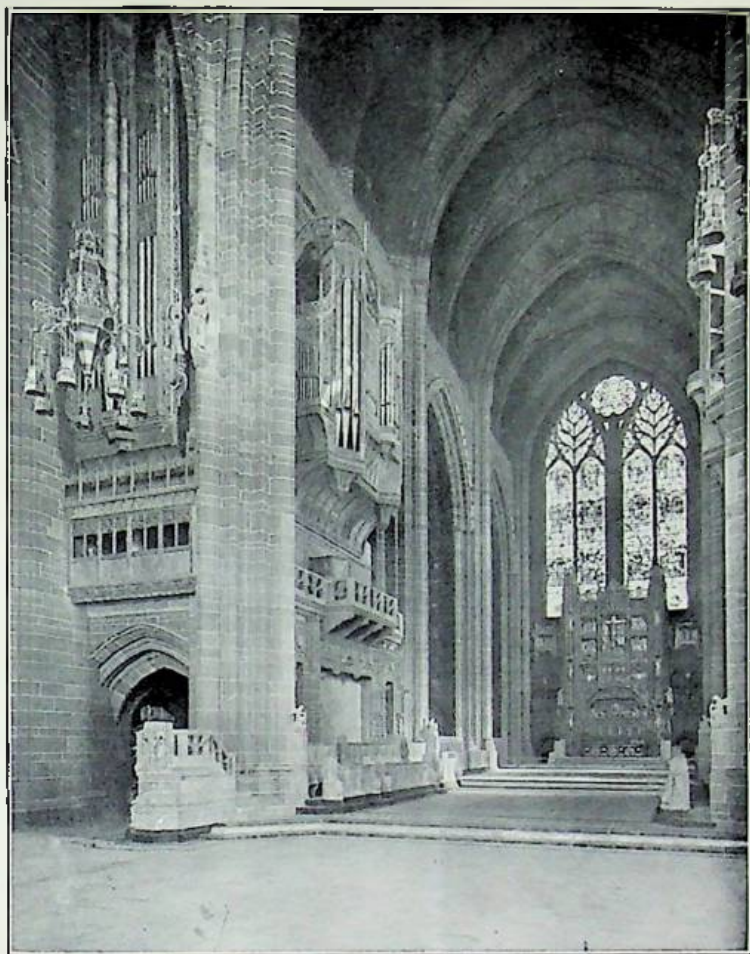
The first part of the funeral service will be at St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford, on Wednesday, at 2.15. The body will afterwards be taken to Liverpool, where it will lie in state in the Cathedral on Thursday and Friday. The interment will be in the Cathedral on Saturday, at 3 o'clock.

II.

An Article contributed to the April number of *Church and People* by The Right Reverend E. A. KNOX, D.D., formerly Bishop of Manchester.

OF what he did, let others write. I had rather try to tell, however imperfectly, what he was, having known him for more than 60 years, and having been honoured by his friendship from first to last.

The first impression made on me was that of wonderful modesty and humility. I do not suppose that when I first saw him I knew enough of character, even of my own character, to have distinguished between modesty and humility. Looking back, I see in a very small attic in a far corner of the front Quadrangle of C.C.C. Oxford, a very small man, whom I hunted out on advice of a neighbour, as likely to be congenial. We were both of us rather "not at home" in a society consisting almost entirely of public school men, and both of us had given offence by not turning to the East in the recital of the Creed. We were home-birds and shy. But shyness is not modesty. Sometimes it is a long way from it. I could not then, perhaps, have analysed my first impression of Chavasse. With Dr. Bigg's help I can do so clearly now. It was an impression of modesty and humility. "Modesty," writes Dr. Bigg, "is not the same thing as humility. Modesty is plain common sense and rightness of judgement. The modest man is one who knows what he can do and what he cannot, and therefore never boasts and never pretends. But humility is not a judgement at all. It is just willingness to serve in any way and anybody. And it flows not from self-knowledge like modesty, but from the love of Christ Who gave Himself for us and calls us in turn to give ourselves to His people. It is the spirit of sacrifice, the spirit that makes us feel that all we are and all that we have is cheerfully to be laid on God's altar—that life



Photograph by Stewart Bale.

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.

The Choir, looking East.

itself is then most valuable when it is so good that it is worth His acceptance." One might write volumes without ever coming nearer to a true description of the first, and of the abiding impression made by acquaintance with Chavasse. "He knew what he could do and what he could not do, and therefore never boasted, never pretended." There was none of the self-depreciation in search of compliment which is one of the foibles of youth. Nor was there, of course, any of the vanity of exaggerated self-importance. There was the steady clear self-knowledge, which inspired confidence in his judgement. He who has learnt to measure himself has gone a long way on the road to "a right judgement in all things." With this modesty there was the humility that is "willing to serve in any way and to serve any body." It was difficult to part from Chavasse before he had made some attempt to serve you. One service he invariably rendered. He made you feel, by a subtle magnetism of sympathy, that you were worth caring for, that you had a place in the sunshine of God's love, if only you would have the courage to step out into it.

It may seem that this account of the first impression of Chavasse is too clear and vivid for an impression that is more than 60 years old. In the case of most men it would be so. Characters are usually unformed at the age of one and twenty. With Chavasse it was not so. He had been disciplined in the school of prolonged illness. His character was already marked with attributes which time deepened but never changed. I left his room after that first visit conscious that I had been in the presence of a man of God, whose judgement could be trusted, whose willingness to serve was unbounded.

Another characteristic proved by further experience was iron self-control. It was impossible to turn him, even momentarily, from fixed principles. His life was orderly and consistent, not through the irregular guerilla warfare, that some wage against temptation, now winning and now losing, but because he had learnt

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to *order* his steps. The principle of order ran through all his life. His room was orderly. His methods of work were orderly. When the time came for him to preach, his sermons were on carefully thought out plans. More than 50 years after Chavasse left his first curacy at Preston, I was talking about him to one of my senior clergy who had known him there, and our talk fell on his sermons. My friend was able to give me the complete skeleton of a sermon that he had heard Chavasse preach more than 50 years ago. But whereas in some minds method and order stifle fire and enthusiasm, with Chavasse it was not so. There was poetry in his composition. There was oratory in his deep solemn voice. There was passion for souls in his tender pleading. For the love that Christ had to him constrained him. "All that he was, all that he had was cheerfully laid on God's altar," and he was "willing to serve in any way and any body." The same friend told me, that Chavasse, while he was still a curate in Preston, hearing of a member of the congregation threatened with financial ruin, went to him by night, and placed at his disposal a legacy which had been left to him. He could see and could seize the opportunity of service, because his well-ordered mind was at leisure from itself to think of the needs of others. He did not allow, as some do, order to dominate him, but used it to ascend, used it to assist bold flights of imagination. Because his mind was capable of lofty flights he was able to dream of Liverpool Cathedral, because it was well-ordered, Liverpool Cathedral was not a mere dream, but a realised fact.

Another marked feature in his character was spiritual mindedness. He came up to Oxford from the Birmingham of Dr. Miller, Henry Morse, Charles Marson, Dr. Dale, Charles Dawson, and politically of John Bright and Joe Chamberlain—the last as yet but a local celebrity. It was a town that had not yet grown into a city, large enough to instil local patriotism and fervent passions, small enough to make the leading

citizens commanders of powerful parties, resolute in their respective causes, good fighters, even good haters. It was a Town on which Tractarianism had made no mark, Protestant to the core, and suspicious of Church and Church influence—one of the foremost advocates of secular education. Of Chavasse's parents I cannot speak, for through my own fault I never knew his home. But I gathered that while they were devout Evangelicals they stood outside the militant circle. At all events it was the spiritual aspect of Evangelical teaching that characterised the Evangelicalism of Chavasse himself. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer, a lover of the Word of God. He loved to conclude a friend's visit to him with prayer, in which the friend was invited to lead. His Bible study was the secret of his power at St. Peter-le-Bailey and at Wycliffe Hall. Upon it rested all his pastoral influence. To our great regret he never published any volume of sermons, nor any notes of his Bible-readings. It is to be hoped that this refusal to publish will not survive his death. There must be—unless he has destroyed it—an accumulation of valuable teaching, put together in so orderly a manner, that publication would not be difficult. He never spoke to me of his reluctance to publish, nor of his reasons for it. But the time is ripe for such teaching to-day. The desire to attain holiness is not wanting, but there is a sore lack of recognition of the work of the Holy Spirit, and of His indwelling power as the true manifestation of the Real Presence of Christ on earth. The revival of true religion for which we all long can come from no other source than a fresh outpouring of the Holy Spirit in the Christian ministry.

In his earnest desire for such an outpouring must be found the secret of Chavasse's passionate love for Oxford. I do not imagine that he was insensible to the beauty of the City, or to its romantic and hallowed associations. But I cannot remember his speaking to me of these. He took his share in a quiet rather detached way as an undergraduate in the sports of the

College. He had as keen a sense of humour as any of my friends. He won his First Class in History. But all the while his heart was in what we called his mission to the undergraduates. For them were the passionate outpourings of his prayers. For them he was ready to spend and be spent. Dearer to him even than Liverpool Cathedral was the vision of an Evangelical College for undergraduates at Oxford*. He loved Oxford fervently, but he loved it chiefly as the nursing home of the Church. He longed to see it consecrated by the work of furnishing the Church with a truly spiritual ministry.

Now, after some weary waiting in a rather prolonged illness, he has sung and is singing, his *Nunc Dimittis*, leaving behind him the memory of a pure and beautiful life, consecrated to the service of his Master, rich in good works, rich in loving remembrance of souls won through his ministry. He has entered into the joy and glory of his Lord. Can we not hear him saying in Baxter's words: "I have this glory? Make me a hired servant, I am not worthy to be called a son!" But love will have it so, therefore thou must enter into His joy!

* See Note, p. 31.

III.

An Address given at the Memorial Service in St. Peter-le-Bailey Church, Oxford, on Wednesday, March 14th, 1928, by The Reverend WALTER LOCK, D.D., formerly Warden of Keble College, Canon of Christ Church and Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."—I. Cor. xv. 58.

THERE is always something splendidly uplifting to the survivors who are taking part in a funeral when they hear the trumpet-note with which St. Paul ends this great chapter. "Back, then, to your own work, be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, inasmuch as you know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." And if we feel this at any funeral, how deeply must we feel it when thinking of one who was always abounding in the work of the Lord, and our central thought, deeper than our sorrow, must be one of gratitude to the Lord that all such labour has not been in vain.

Many of you know the results of that labour far better than I do: many of you could bear fuller witness to the love of the Lord, to the intense personal devotion to a Saviour, to the eager desire to help to save others from sin, and to bind Christians together in the unity of our Church; but I have been privileged to speak to you, and must say what is within my own knowledge.

Bishop Chavasse and myself came up to Corpus Christi College in the same term; we took our degrees in the same year; we were friends the whole time; he lived a quiet, hard-working life, not taking much part in the athletic life of the College, though acting as coxwain to the boat, but winning the respect of everyone—tutors, undergraduates and scouts—by the simplicity of his goodness. He had always before him

the sense of a call to Holy Orders, and moulded his life so as to prepare for that. He taught in a Sunday School at Hinksey; he induced his friends to go with him to Evangelistic appeals such as that of Lord Radstock. One striking incident comes to my mind. I went into his room one afternoon to ask him for a walk. He said he "had work to do and could not spare the time." "But," I said, as I looked at him, "you have evidently got a bad headache." "Yes," was his answer, "but when I am ordained I shall have to work whether I have a headache or not." Such was his preparation: to the results of it in pastoral work away from Oxford "The Times" has borne striking witness.

When he returned to us, I used to hear often of the spirituality and thoroughness of the lectures on the New Testament which he gave for undergraduates in this church, and everyone knew of the loving and strong power with which he lifted and softened and deepened those who put themselves under his guidance at Wycliffe Hall. Again one incident stands out in my memory. I had called on him there and the conversation fell on the Confessional. He felt strongly against any pressure on souls to confess, against all the formalities connected with frequent confession; but he felt it mainly (though it would be the last thing that he would have admitted himself) because his own character made any pressure or formality unnecessary. "Many a time," he said, "as I have sat in my chair in this room have men come to tell me of their sorrow and their sins." Yes, he did from the bottom of his heart believe in the healing power of speaking out to another of any spiritual burden; he did believe in the right and power of a minister of Christ to bring home to another's heart the certainty of forgiveness.

When he was called to the Bishopric he was amazed and perplexed. "I am perplexed and amazed" (he wrote) "that I should be called to such a work. Never was a weaker man bidden to undertake a greater task. My one comfort is that as far as I can see, I am bidden;

and if God bids, He enables." The whole Church knows how God did enable him in that task. The noble Cathedral will stand for ever as a witness to his tact and perseverance and power of inspiring men to work together for a great cause, and I have some special ground for knowing what respect and trust was felt even by non-Christians for his work and life in Liverpool.

But it was not only by his activities that he abounded in the work of the Lord. The Lord worked on him, through him, also through suffering. I came lately on these words by that truly Christian soul, the Baron Friedrich von Hügel: "How wonderful it is that only Christianity has taught us the true peace and function of suffering . . . But Christ came. He did not really explain it. He did far more; He met it. He willed it, transformed it, and He taught us how to do all this; or rather He Himself does it within us, if we do not hinder the all-healing hands." And Bishop Chavasse did not hinder those healing hands. These are his words on the death of a noble son: "We found an anchor in the character of God. He cannot make a mistake. He will cause all things to work together for our good. Daily we praise God for such a noble and loving son, for enabling him to crown a pure, strong and beautiful life with a Christ-like death, and for the sure and certain hope that he is with Christ and we look for the Resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come." And these after the death of his wife: "The light has indeed gone out of our life and the world has become grey, but the sorrow has been wonderfully tempered by mercy . . . To murmur would be to dishonour our Lord. I can only praise and bless God for her and find my great comfort in so doing." And a month later he had occasion to write to me and said: "God is very good to me. I have still much to do; may I be able to do it in the light of immortality. Praise and service are great healers."

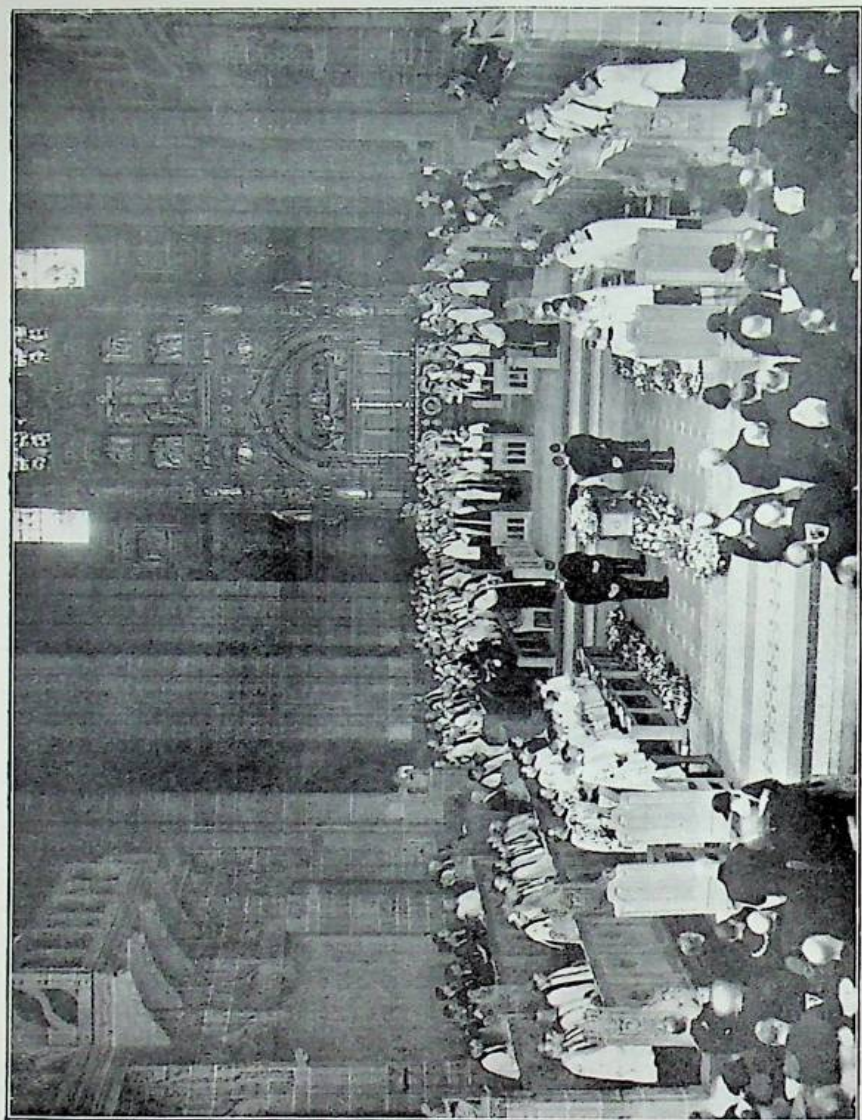
At a moment so solemn, so intimate as this is,

I think I shall not be going too far if I repeat words that he spoke to me when I saw him on his death-bed. "I have been," he said, "at death's door; I felt no fear, no dread. I only felt that life was slowly slipping away from me and that I was going somewhere." "Somewhere!" Can we doubt that the absence of all fear was due to the fact that he felt sure that that somewhere was a place where praise and service would be possible in yet fuller measure? Can we hesitate to thank God that He has taken him to that place where (in the words of St. Cyprian):

A large crowd of those dear to us are waiting
for us,
Where many and many a one is longing to see us
arrive—parents, brothers, sons,
Secure now of their own immortality
Still anxious to see us brought safely there.

It was finely said of Baron Friedrich von Hügel: "We need God to account for such a life as his," and we may say of Bishop Chavasse, "We need God to account for the simplicity, the persistence, the goodness and beauty of such a life as his." Let us, above all our sorrow, thank God now for all that He had wrought in this our friend, for all that his friendship, his teaching, his example has been to us. Let us thank God that He has now taken His servant to Himself. Let us ask Him to make us abound still more in the work of the Lord, and let us go forth to work our work and to face our sufferings with these messages from him ringing in our ears:

When God bids, He enables.
To murmur would be to dishonour our Lord.
Praise and service are great healers.



LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 17th, 1928.

Liverpool Daily Post Photograph.

IV.

Address at the Funeral of Bishop Chavasse in the Cathedral Church of Christ, Liverpool, by His Grace the Archbishop of York, The Most Reverend COSMO GORDON LANG, D.D., on Saturday, March 17th, 1928.

NOT for mourning are we assembled here, but for an act of high praise and thanksgiving to God for His gifts in the life, the work, and the example of Francis James Chavasse. I am sure that in the silence which preceded this service there came before the mind's eye of each one of you the picture of that figure, small but firm, as you were wont to see it for nearly twenty-five years in your streets and churches; and as you saw him in memory there was stirred within you a movement of affection, respect, and benediction.

What was the secret of the influence he wielded and the place he had in the hearts of this people? It was this: they perceived that this was a holy man of God who passed by them continually. He had no striking popular gifts; he never sought them, and he would have scorned the use of them. The gifts which gave him power were the gifts of the Spirit. Men instinctively felt that he was a man who, busy as he was, continually walked with God. It was this ever-present consciousness of God which made him at once so humble and strong. I have never known any man called to high station whose personality was so completely marked and controlled by humility. Yet in this humility, as you well knew, there was no weakness.

Gentle he was—so tender-hearted to the poor, the toiling, and the suffering, to the anxieties and difficulties of his clergy—yet behind this gentleness there was an iron will. The firmness of his will was due simply to the fact that it was not self-will, but a will which was always seeking and following the will of God. Considerate he was; fair and just to all men,

even when he differed from them. Yet within this tolerance there was a controlling loyalty to what he believed to be the truth of God.

I well remember an occasion, in the midst of anxious discussions, when, forsaking his usual silence, he rose and said, "I have ever sought to be a man of peace, but if this be done I shall be compelled to be a man of war"—a temper, this, in which those brave sons were trained, whom he gave and who gave themselves for their country in the cause of right.

And his courage. You felt he was one of those who had no place in their life for the fear of men because that life was filled by the fear of God, the reverent and abiding sense of God's reality and claim. Nowhere, perhaps, was his courage more clearly shown than in the great adventure of this Cathedral. It was on his knees in prayer that he saw the vision of what a great Cathedral might be in the life of Liverpool, and from his knees he rose with courage to summon you to keep that vision before your eyes. Doubtless its fulfilment has been due to the genius of the architect, the generosity of the people, and the devoted care of a band of laymen; but genius was allowed to have its way, generosity was invoked, devotion was inspired because the Bishop was trusted. Is it an exaggeration to say that this great church was built upon the confidence which he had won? Thus, truly, this Cathedral is Liverpool's abiding memorial of Bishop Chavasse. If you seek his monument, look around you.

Most fitting is it that his body should be laid to rest under the shadow of the great church. How strange, how touching the contrast between that little body, which you once saw moving in your midst, as it lies among us here to-day and these vast spaces with which it is surrounded. Yet truly that body was what we wish this great Cathedral to be—a temple of the Holy Spirit, a shrine of the ever-abiding presence of the Lord and Saviour of men, a centre of prayer from which goes forth unceasingly the service of Christ's Gospel and Kingdom. And as for his spirit, must we

not believe that he will still be associated with the prayers which are here offered? It was right that the vigil of love which has been kept for these two days and attended by some 25,000 people, should have been observed as a time of prayer for this diocese and city. In these prayers his spirit will yet speak from his heart of care for the city and people that he loved. He will be a link between the worship which rises here from the Church in earth and the perfect worship of the Church in heaven.

Finally, there are two great words which, far more perfectly than any words of mine, sum up our thoughts of this true Father in God as he once was in this city and as he is now in the City of God. The first is "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." He won the heart of this city and people. He has died worth a fortune which no material standard can measure—the love and veneration of a great community. And the other word, as we think of him now? Let us bow our hearts in reverence and praise as we hear it, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

A Sermon preached at St. Aldate's Church, Oxford, on Sunday morning, March 18th, 1928, by the Rev. H. E. H. PROBYN (Vicar of St. Andrew's, Oxford; Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral).

"A servant of Jesus Christ."—Romans i. 1.

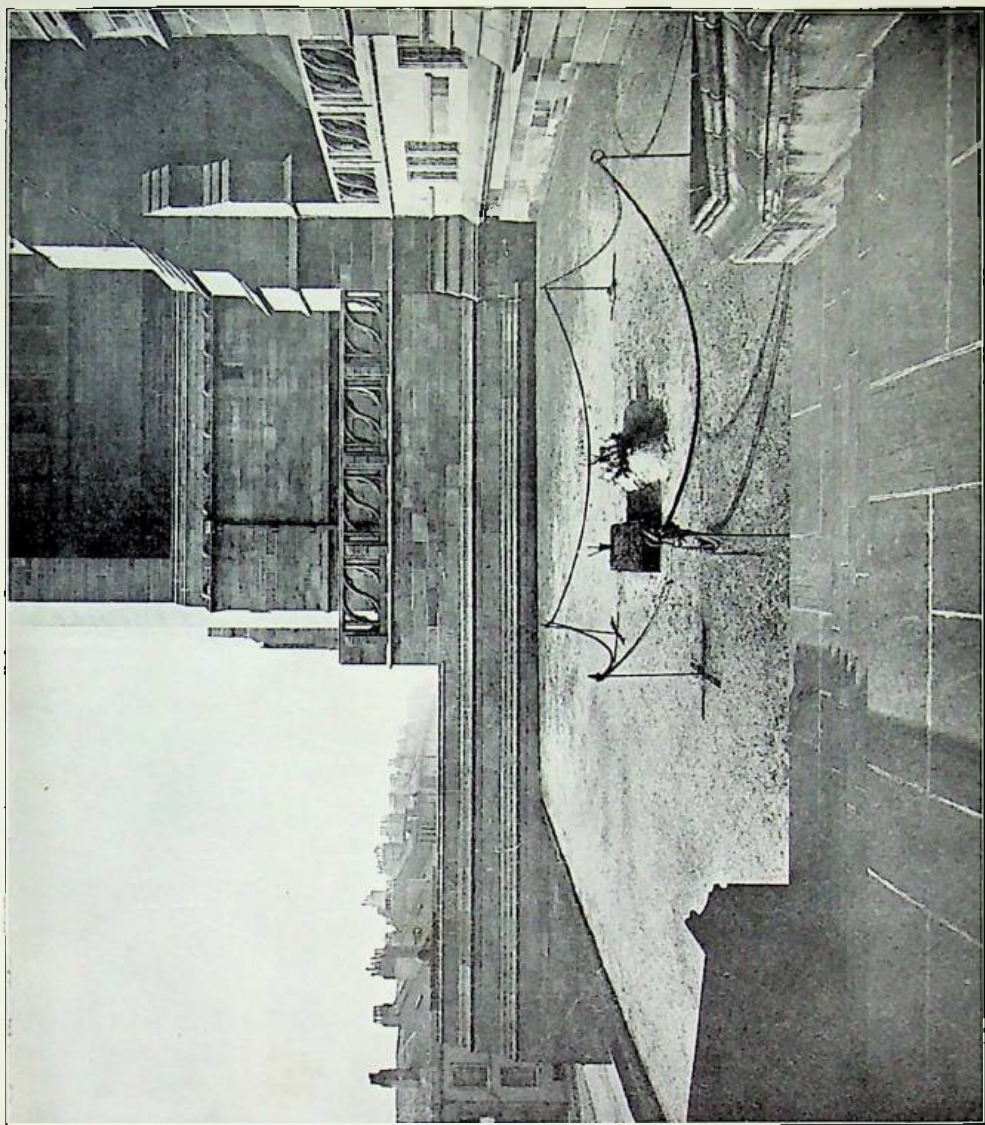
THERE are some famous words at the beginning of a book as wise and witty as it is devout—Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life"—that strike the keynote of our thoughts this morning. The words are these: "Devotion is neither private nor public prayer: but prayers, whether private or public, are particular parts or instances of devotion. Devotion signifies a life given to God."

"A life given to God!" A week ago to-day God called to Himself one whose life was an outstanding example of such devotion, Francis James Chavasse. Let me try to recall some of the impressions he left on one who knew him. I was a student under him at Wycliffe Hall, and for a short time a member of the staff. I was his Domestic Chaplain for two years when he went to Liverpool, and worked for another five or six years after that in the Diocese. Quite lately he was good enough to invite me to come to Oxford again.

As we think of him to-day we think first of a little frail figure, almost deformed, the result, I believe, of a severe illness in childhood, which meant that while other boys were in full enjoyment of boys' games, he was on his back, and school life an impossibility.

How gentle he was, how loving, how sympathetic. It was all almost woman-like. But gentle as he was, it was the gentleness of a true man. There was nothing feminine about him.

His application was immense. One great secret of his success lay there. I always imagined, of course I do not know, that his First Class was in no small measure



Photograph by Stewart Rale.
THE FOUNDER'S PLOT, LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.

due to that. It was evident in all his teaching. If you re-read his lecture notes, the care, finish, lucidity and accuracy of his work come home vividly. Or you think of him taking infinite personal individual pains with a man to whom books were very difficult. It was the reverse of a teacher who leaves the stupid man as "stupid," forgetting that it is the teacher and not the pupil who is branded by the implied condemnation.

He was understanding. I do not mean that he never made mistakes. But he was understanding, wise, sympathetic, and very open-eyed. It was not easy to take him in. It was not prudent to try.

He had the power of making each individual feel as if his personal interest was focussed upon him: as if he was a personal friend. Here lay another great secret of his power. Influence is the flowing in of one spirit upon another.

God to him was GOD. Most of us have to *make* ourselves religious. He *was* that. Bishop Knox put this with his usual force and clearness when he wrote in the *Record* last week: "Communion with God in Christ was not a duty to which he had to drag himself, or a mood which he had to work up by artificial stimulants. It was the very atmosphere in which he lived."

"A servant of the Lord Jesus Christ." In what sense precisely was he this? I should be inclined to answer the question by another sentence of St. Paul's: "Study to show thyself approved unto God a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Would you call him an artist? If by an artist you mean one whose life is governed by such a maxim as "Art for Art's sake," probably not. If you mean one who was not unwilling to make "an artistic temperament" an excuse for unpunctual or irregular ways, certainly not.

But if Religion, man's link with God, is Life, if you find it impossible to conceive of "Life," apart from this link with God, then culture must be recognised as part of Life. It follows, too, that in life so conceived

nothing but the best will serve. It is here that you begin to come upon the artist in him. He built a chapel at Wycliffe Hall. It is not a building that would strike the casual observer as outstanding. But I feel sure that, given the conditions under which it was built, you will find, even here, proof enough of his conviction that nothing but the best will serve. And when you turn to another enterprise that he led with conspicuous success and stand in the great Cathedral on the Mersey, the strength of this conviction of his will be borne in upon you with overwhelming force.

But Religion pure and simple was the province of life that he had made specially his own. It is here, and here supremely, that you come upon the artist in him. The master craftsman known always and everywhere by the power and finish of his work.

I remember well going to see him at Boar's Hill soon after his appointment to Liverpool had been announced and finding him immersed in the preparation of the papers of directions, etc., that would have to be sent out to Ordination Candidates. He had collected information from every possible quarter. He meant that this "routine" work should be as well and thoroughly done as was possible and this bit of work was, of course, only a detail.

What stands out in my own mind as something quite by itself is his Friday evening devotional addresses to students at Wycliffe Hall. Speaking for myself, I have never heard anything so profoundly moving, so searching, so humbling, so uplifting. Of course, we were receptive. We had gone to Wycliffe because we knew we needed help of this kind. We did not know till we heard it for ourselves of what rare quality and finish and power that help would be.

Let me recall a striking instance of the same thing. It so happened that many years later I became Chaplain to another Bishop. John Percival, Bishop of Hereford, was as different a man from Bishop Chavasse as can well be imagined. A fine presence. A great intellect. Two Firsts and another imminent and only hindered

by illness. The creator of Clifton College, and finally Bishop of Hereford. It was a noble personality. But reserved, quiet, not popular, and not very much at home in the Upper House of Convocation. But a truly great man and a great Christian. Every year the Bishops meet at Lambeth for a quiet day, and it falls now to one, now to another, to give the addresses. The year it fell to Bishop Chavasse, I shall never forget how Percival, on coming home to Hereford, burst right through his usual reserve as with quivering lips and tears in his eyes tried to convey his sense of what he had heard. I knew exactly what he meant and felt. It was extraordinarily moving to see a strong reserved man so deeply moved. He was always finely appreciative. I can recall no finer tribute to another man's powers.

It would be impossible to close even so cursory a review without a word about Bishop Chavasse's Churchmanship. He was an Evangelical Churchman and whole-heartedly that. He would lay equal emphasis on each word.

Was he narrow? Let me answer that question by a quotation from the life of Archbishop Temple (Vol. II., p. 707). It stands with no context, and is as follows:—

Foreigner: "It seems to me that most things in England are five to six."

Archbishop: "Yes, and the wise man is he who looks at both sides, and then goes in with all his might for the one that has the extra point in its favour."

With all his might, and without a trace of bitterness or other than love to those from whom he differed. He was an Evangelical Churchman, and his position was always clearly reasoned, firmly stated, and held with entire conviction.

His body was laid to rest under the shadow of the Cathedral Church of Christ, Liverpool. It so happened that the plot where it lies is opposite the school that belongs to the Parish where I worked for five years.

At the beautiful service I did not see the tiny coffin with its cross of Madonna lilies until it was being

carried out of the Cathedral, and with the sight of it we reached the words—in "Praise my soul the King of Heaven"—

"Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of Grace."

There flashed to mind at once the closing scenes of the Pilgrim's Progress, the great crowd "continually sounding as it went" "with melodious noise," "in notes on high." Were we not there to go in thought and prayer and praise some little part of the way on the homeward road along which he had so lately passed?

And yet this was not the deepest thought the service touched. For while his body was being laid in the grave, we in the Cathedral turned to sing "Rock of Ages," with long pauses, and lovely musical interludes on that glorious organ, between the verses, as if we might weigh well the words we were singing. Some of us had sung the same Hymn a few days before at the Memorial Service in Oxford at St. Peter-le-Bailey. In the order of Service there the Hymn was prefaced by this extract from Bishop Chavasse's Will: "Amongst the hymns used at my funeral I should like "Rock of Ages" because it expressed my sole hope for salvation and eternal life."

We think of his work and how well it was done. He approached his end not without awe. He, too, thought of his work. But, true artist that he was, his first thought was of the Master and of His verdict.

Thou art gone to the grave! But we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide:
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

VI.

An Article contributed to *The Oxford Diocesan Magazine* for April, 1928, by The Lord Bishop of Hereford, The Right Reverend MARTIN LINTON SMITH, D.S.O., D.D.

I HAVE been asked to write some account of Dr. Chavasse, more particularly in connection with his life and work at Oxford. Of the earlier days I can say little from personal experience. The Rectory bought by his predecessor at St. Peter-le-Bailey, was still occupied by former tenants, who by the terms of the sale could not be disturbed; and though he died in the house, he never lived in it during his incumbency. He settled down in a small but apparently elastic house, just opposite, and soon "36 New Inn Hall Street" became a familiar phrase, with a considerable variety of connotation in different quarters. Rumours penetrated to the public schools, through the younger masters, of Greek Testament classes on Sunday evenings, at which the men sat in all the available rooms within earshot, and up the stairs, and on the landings. This was no exaggeration; and before long the generosity of some of his friends provided an iron room on a vacant plot next door, which became the centre of his work among undergraduates. Sunday by Sunday it was packed to its utmost capacity, by some 120 men; who listened to that quiet and persuasive voice as it expounded the epistles of St. Paul. Scholarship there was as a foundation; various readings were referred to, when of importance; but it was the devotional exposition which held men; a pithy Latin comment from Bengel's Gnomon, or an illuminating translation from the Vulgate, would be quoted with evident appreciation, and there was the keen desire to understand the meaning of the apostle; but then the speaker, with that occasional slight stutter which only heightened the effectiveness of his utterances, brought the apostolic principles to bear on the daily life and needs of his

hearers, with a sympathy and insight which gripped and stirred them.

In 1890 came the move to Wycliffe Hall, which gave in some ways even greater opportunities for work in the University ; but the Hall itself felt the change at once ; a chapel was formed in one of the larger rooms ; and the Principal early conceived the idea of erecting a worthy building. And at the same time the number of students increased rapidly, soon overflowing into rooms outside the Hall.

The pressure of work at this time was overwhelming ; I well remember Mrs. Chavasse confiding to me on the river during Eights Week that she was sure her husband was heading for a break-down ; for he was working every night till 2 a.m., and insisted on rising every morning at 6 a.m. to secure a quiet time of devotion. Her anxieties were only too well founded ; for that autumn Mr. Chavasse had a serious illness, and for a while his life was in grave danger ; but he was restored to the Church for those many years of service which have just closed.

In the matter of work he was incorrigible ; not long after this he returned from his holiday during the long vacation, and disclosed the fact that in that supposed time of rest he had written 2,000 letters ! The present chapel is the fruit of that escapade.

His personal influence was unrivalled at the time ; a well-known Fellow and Tutor of Keble College remarked to me that no one in the University knew the heart of the young man like the Principal of Wycliffe Hall ; he was in constant touch with men at all stages of their career ; " a walk with Chavasse " was a terminal event with many of them, and played no small part in their spiritual development. Men who were in intellectual difficulties came to him, not so much because he could suggest the solution of their problems, as because the unfailing sympathy with which he listened to all but the pretentious gave them a confidence with which to face their troubles and find their own way out. His own independence alike of character

and of judgment made him incapable of "spoon-feeding" or of hothouse forcing. The unwavering tenacity with which he held an opinion once formed was less obvious at this period than when he held a position of administrative responsibility; and the two pieces of advice which he gave me when I was leaving Oxford, "never to call any man master," and "always to keep an open mind," would probably seem more surprising to those who had known him only in his episcopal days, than they were at the time to one who had been under his influence at Oxford. Indeed his championship of some of the younger generation who were feeling their way to positions which he could neither hold nor approve, on the question of Inspiration and the like, was one of the causes of that suspicion with which he was for a while regarded by some of the Evangelical stalwarts.

Two features stand out in his training of his students; first, his insistence on order and method in the smallest details; the extreme example of this was the five minutes' lecture which he interjected between morning chapel and breakfast, covering in one year the epistle to the Hebrews, with the intention of teaching us who were rather impatient to get to our letters how much could be done in the use of odd moments of time.

The other was his keen sense of humour, a characteristic which was been strangely overlooked in many notices of his life and work; it came out most clearly in his lectures on Pastoral Theology, in which he drew on that store of experience gained among the mill-hands of Preston, and in the suburbs of London and his city parish in Oxford. How he bubbled over with delight as he told the story of his first attempt to introduce a surpliced choir at St. Peter's: the careful canvassing of each member of his Parochial Church Council (no invention, mind you, of the Enabling Act) with the resulting promise of support in every case; the unanimous rejection of the proposal by the same people when they met formally to consider the matter!

He taught many of us to see the lighter side of life, as the best way of retaining a sense of proportion.

That sense of humour was sometimes exercised in a mischievous, and almost impish, though never malicious, way. The clearest instance in my recollection lies outside my "terms of reference," but I venture to transgress. The Bishop was making a presentation on behalf of many friends and subscribers to a High-Church clergyman, much respected and greatly beloved in the city of Liverpool; he opened his speech by declaring that the character in English history to whom he could best compare the object of their regard that day was Archbishop Cranmer! The temperature of the meeting fell perceptibly, for most of those present were not among the warmest admirers of the Reformation. But he then went on with two quotations, one from Shakespear's *King Henry VIII.*,

"Do my Lord of Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."

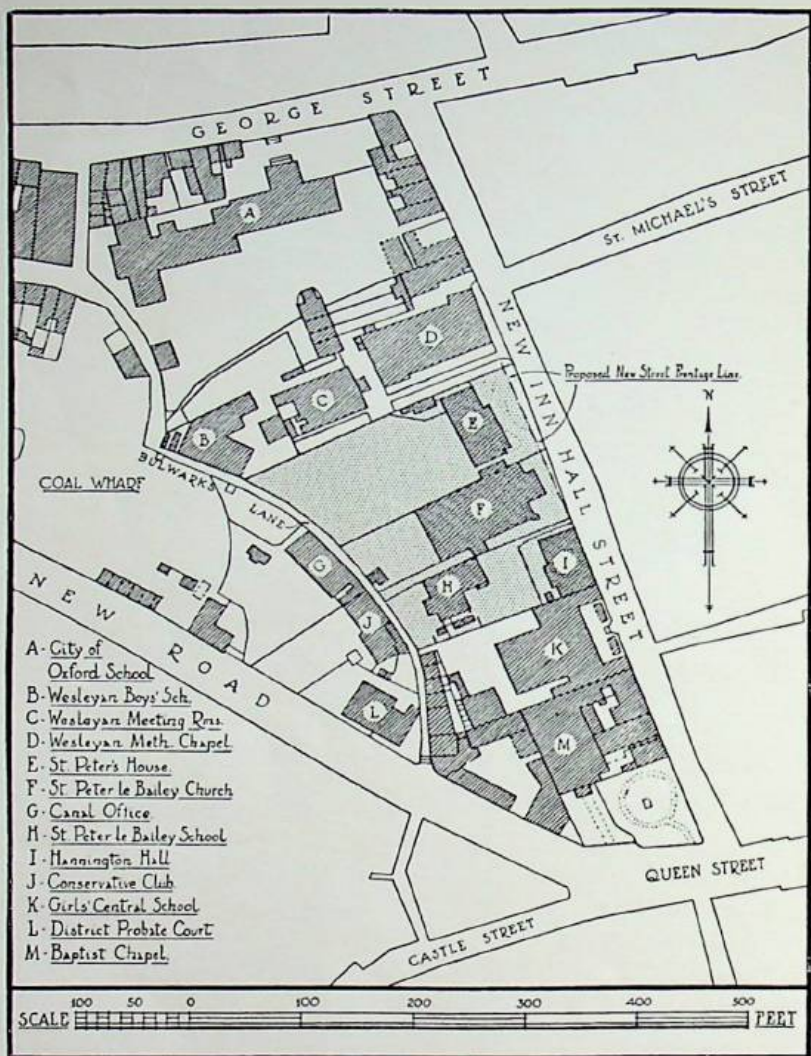
And the other in like vein from Tennyson's *Queen Mary*

"To do him any wrong was to beget

A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,
Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd therein
The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity."

No more delicate compliment, or indeed truer tribute, could have been paid to its recipient. But only one with Dr. Chavasse's sense of humour, and, be it added, wide knowledge of standard English literature, could have turned it so neatly.

The same Fellow of Keble whom I have quoted above prophesied some years before the event his elevation to the episcopate. Of his work in that position much has been written elsewhere by those with greater right to speak; I have but tried to give simply some sketch of the means by which he wielded an almost unequalled influence for good on many generations of undergraduates, and of the reasons for which many a man still looks back to his days at Oxford and thanks God that there he met one whom he can never think or speak of but under the old familiar name of "Chavasse."



BLOCK PLAN SHEWING THE PROPOSED SITE OF THE NEW HALL, OXFORD.

NOTE.

A NEW OXFORD HALL.

"In the centre of Oxford the substantial stone Church of St. Peter-le-Bailey is flanked on one side by a good Rectory House and pleasant garden; on the other by Hannington Hall, with a School that is no longer needed and playgrounds behind it. Here is the nucleus of a new Hall — with Chapel, Lecture Room, Dining Hall, Library, and Warden's House, and space to erect buildings for thirty or forty men; and additional ground attainable if needed. At present the Church and its surroundings are not fulfilling their mission in the City or University. Are we to let them go and lose a great opportunity? If some rich man or woman, moved by the Spirit of God, would give £50,000 or £100,000 in memory of the dead, or as a thanksgiving for the living, not only might the site be utilised for a College, but an Endowment Fund for a number of Bursaries might be founded for Ordinands."

(From an address by Bishop Chavasse, Jan. 12, 1926).

Since these words were written one or two steps have been taken. A very beautifully designed Reredos has been subscribed for by the friends of Mrs. Chavasse and is to be placed in the Church in memory of her, as a first step in fitting it for use as the Chapel of a Hall. Sufficient money is in hand for carrying a stage further the necessary remodelling of the interior of the Church, for redecorating Hannington Hall and adapting St. Peter's House for its new purpose. In October the Rev. C. M. Chavasse, the Bishop's son, hopes to open it, as St. Peter's Hostel, for some 20 undergraduates, and so inaugurate the scheme his father had so deeply at heart.

Mr. Van der

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