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Behind the dim unknown

Standeth God within the shadow keeping watch  
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#### The Service.

The Bible readings consisted of the 16th Psalm, "Preserve me, O God; for in Thee do I put my trust;" and Revelation 21, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," was chanted, and the hymns selected were, "O God, our Help in ages past," "Now the laborer's task is o'er," and "For all the saints who from their labors rest." The choir rendered, "Blest are the departed," from Spohr's "The Last Judgment." Prior to the pronouncement of benediction and while the congregation stood in silence, the church organist, Mr. T. H. Jones, beautifully played "Handel's "Dead March" in "Saul."

#### REFERENCES IN OTHER CHURCHES.

In most of the churches of all denominations the preachers on Sunday made reference in their sermons to the death of the Chief Justice, whose noble career and work in the interests of Christianity were dwelt upon at considerable length.

#### MASONIC MOURNING.

The Pro Grand Master of the Masonic Order (M.W. Bro. Eustace B. Grundy, K.C.) has directed that all lodges shall go into mourning for the late Grand Master (Sir Samuel Way) for four months, from January 8. A Lodge of Sorrow will be held in the Adelaide Town Hall on February 3.

The Daily Advertiser, January 17<sup>th</sup> 186

# MEMORIAL SERVICES

## LIFE OF THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE

EULOGY BY REV. HENRY HOWARD.

A memorial service in memory of the late Chief Justice (Sir Samuel Way) was conducted in the Pirie Street Methodist Church yesterday morning. The Rev. Henry Howard conducted the services. The choir chanted the Lord's Prayer and sang "God Our Help in Ages Past" and "Now the Laborer's Task is O'er," after which the Rev. Dr. Burgess led the congregation in supplication. The Rev. Henry Howard delivered an eloquent panegyric on the life and work of the late Chief Justice.

Mr. Howard said:—Last Tuesday we gathered within these walls from every social grade as citizens representing a bereaved and sorrowing State. To-day we assemble from different communions, the representatives of a bereaved and weeping church. The shadow which enfolds us has been sensibly creeping nearer for upwards of a year. Those of us who gathered 20 months ago to wish our departed friend "Godspeed" to the ordeal of the surgeon's knife, will never forget the courage and even buoyancy with which he fared forth to face the operation which, hoping against our fears, we trusted would have added years to his beloved and illustrious life. And if strength of determination, if inflexible will to live, if resolute refusal to yield an unnecessary inch to the inroads of disease, and if the throwing of all one's weight of resolve into the scale of health as against sickness could have saved him, he would have been with us still. For surely never did physician have a patient more stubborn in his refusal to accept the worst, or more persistent in assisting to bring about the best. There never was a braver fight than that which he put up against the forces of disease and death: and though his powers of physical resistance were overborne in the unequal contest, the will to live could not be vanquished, and all the honors of the conflict lie with the unyielding and unconquerable soul. What we who loved him well could have wished, both for his sake and our own, was a long and mellow eventide in which, amid sheltered repose and withdrawn tranquillity, he might have spent his well-earned leisure reviving happy memories of bench and bar, and surrounded at will by loved and trusted friends. But

"To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose"

did not suit the strenuous habits of a man whose life was work. Even had he yielded to the solicitude of his friends and sought to pull out of the multiplied activities which many of us saw were making too great a demand upon his resources of heart and brain, it is doubtful whether it would have been possible without setting up such reactions and regrets as would have even earlier ended his days.

### A Life of Work.

"An Emperor should die standing" is a saying attributed to Vespasian, and the ideal it embodies of desire to fall in harness was that to which the late Chief Justice not only aspired, but attained. Anything suggestive of lagging superfluous on the stage was abhorrent to him, and so against all the down-dragging forces of physical disintegration he fought with a courage and determination that nothing could damp or daunt. If invisible things of the spirit could be photographed, then during all the ravages that death was working in his physical system, we might have had a picture of that indomitable will towering erect and inflexible amid the bodily ruin, like some fair shaft of adamant, stately and strong, defiant of destruction and decay.

This quality has been the life-long and outstanding characteristic of the man we miss and mourn to-day. True to the traditions of the race to which he belonged he would never admit defeat. Having selected some definite object of pursuit he would bend to its achievement every force within and without that could legitimately be pressed into service. He believed in God with all his heart. But he also believed in himself. These two articles of belief, with all their implications, like two hemispheres, combined to form the full-orbed faith which became his working creed. Neither without the other could have made him the man that he became. Faith in God, with no proper and sober sense of one's own place and value in the divine system of things, has no life or achieving force, and must be as indifferent to heaven as it is to earth. While on the other side, faith in one's self alone, with no

expectation of reinforcements from above and beyond, belief which begins and ends within the circle of a man's own powers and personality, tends to induce at the first an exaggerated sense of individual self-sufficiency, and then as the forces of life become an ebbing tide, such a feeling of impotence in battling against the outrunning flood as paralyses the power to attempt and the patience to

endure. But where these two are coordinated in a man's creed, and work themselves out in his conduct, they make for an all-round and well-proportioned life—mystical enough to deliver the soul from the snare of materialism on the one hand, and practical enough to counteract the perils of fanaticism on the other. It was the thought of these mutually compensating forces meeting and mingling with such harmony of result in the life we are reviewing today that suggested the words we have selected for our text, and which, when rightly construed summarises, as do no other Scriptural words with which I am familiar, the diverse qualities which came to a unity in this truly remarkable career.

#### "A Profoundly Religious Man."

As his pastor for 14 years I have had occasion to know how the services of the sanctuary by whomsoever conducted were to him seasons of real and deep devotion. He always came devoutly prepared for them, and gave them his keenest intellectual and spiritual attention. No part of the service was of indifference to him; his mind and heart were in it all from first to last, and I doubt if there ever was a preacher to whom he listened who went away without a word of encouragement from his lips. He always used his high place as vantage ground from which to lighten the burden and brighten the path for those who were toiling to make the world a better place in which to live. Only those who had privileged access to the inner circle of his friendship knew how deeply ran the currents of his spiritual life. First and last, he was a profoundly religious man. Because of this he was a wise and more upright judge, a more sane and safe adviser, a more consistent and large-hearted philanthropist, a sounder educationist and a truer friend. It was his religion that fed and fertilised the whole round of his relations, and no one knew better than he that to neglect its culture would have been to impoverish them all. When his biography is written a considerable section will have to be devoted to this side of his life and work, for it was here in these cool, calm heights of the spirit that all the springs of his many-sided genius took their rise. The great foundation truths of the faith were held fast by him amid all the clash of contending theories and conflicting creeds. He was able to meet the aggressive doubt of the "seventies" with the calm confidence begotten of an experiential knowledge of God in Christ that nothing could shake. He knew Whom he had believed, and holding form to be quite secondary and subordinate to spirit, he could witness, without misgiving or dismay, many an ancient phrase and cherished opinion go into the melting-pot, calm in the assurance that the vital quality of truth would survive the most tormenting fires of criticism and reclothe itself in new and more effective forms. Like every thinking man, he had, of course, his periods of doubt, but perplexity in faith was never regarded by him as an excuse for laxity of life. Doubt with him was not a thing to be taken lying down. It was something to be withstood and vanquished; and so—

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,

He would not make his judgment blind;

He faced the spectres of the mind,

And laid them. Thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own,

And power was with him in the night

That makes the darkness and the light,

And dwells not in the light alone.

#### Service to His Generation.

And now I feel ashamed to have offered this brief and meagre summary of a life so full and rich and running over with such multitudinous toils. But what can one do in 40 minutes with a life of 80 strenuous years? We stand too near that life as yet rightly to assess its value or measure its meaning for the generation it so lavishly served. We shall miss him in a thousand ways as yet unguessed. Like many another precious gift of God we shall begin to value him more highly now he has been withdrawn and is no longer accessible for counsel or cheer. We knew we always had him in reserve to refer to in our times of perplexity, and all his ripened wisdom, his mature judgment, and his wide and deep experience of men and things were ever at the call of the Church he loved so well. Whatever he possessed was ours. He was always approachable, and nothing was ever able to mar the unaffected simplicity of his character. All his richly deserved distinctions garnered from every field were held by him not merely as a possession to be displayed and enjoyed, but as a great and

solemn trust of which he was the custodian, and which he felt only placed him under deeper obligations of service to his fellow-men. As one by one he realized his ambitions, the ease with which he bore his laurels proved him to be the manner born. "Wearing all that weight of learning lightly, like a flower." And every honor that he won in the kingdom of man was straightway baptised into the spirit of service, and made to do duty in the kingdom of God. And so for him to-day there are no regrets.

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The church organist (Mr. T. H. Jones, Mus. Bac.), who had charge of the musical arrangements, played Chopin's march, "Funere." The benediction was announced by the Rev. O. Lake (President of the Methodist Conference).

## WAY MEMORIAL CHURCH

### THE REV. C. E. SCHAFER'S TRIBUTE.

At the Way Memorial Church, Bowden, the Rev. C. E. Schafer conducted an "memorial" service. His text was "Behold, I will gather thee to thy fathers and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace." After alluding to the historical setting of the text, the rev. gentleman said:—Tonight we remember that a gifted life has ended—a life distinguished for its brilliance as well as its great usefulness. Not often does it fall to the lot of man to occupy the position of judge for so many years and never have one judgment reversed—a most unique record. As to his usefulness all

Methodism was the richer for his life and the poorer by his death. Sir Samuel Way never forsook the church of his father. Some people when they gain success in life fight the church of their youth. Not so with Sir Samuel, and his visit to this church was so recent that we could not forget the deep interest he manifested in the denomination to which his father belonged. This sanctuary has been wonderfully blessed in having for its first pastor the father of such an illustrious son. Some people have nothing good to say about some of the manse. Let it go down to history that one of the most illustrious men this State has ever seen was born in a parsonage.

One naturally asks what was  
The Secret of His Success.

His faith in God and his tireless energy. His life speaks to us who are younger and says, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do do it with thy might." Previous to his visit to Sydney to undergo that operation he remarked to the late Rev. John Thorne, "I am coming back again; no fear about that," and he came back, and many of us felt the last time he visited this church in October it would be the last occasion he would speak from this pulpit, it was so evident that his indomitable will alone enabled him to deliver his address. Of him it can be truly said, he died lamented by the State, admired for his integrity, esteemed for his broad sympathies, lauded for his ceaseless energy, loved for his great combination of brilliance and humility. "What wisdom sleeps with him." The friend of all men and the enemy of none. The State is the richer for his having lived, and his life should be an inspiration to thousands, and is an illustration of the Master's teaching that he is the greatest who serves the most. To rise in life is never to escape from service, but rather to increase it. There never was such a servant as Jesus Christ. He was "among us as one who served." He who only serves himself stands at the bottom of the ladder of humanity. In all service lies true greatness—and he is the least whose service is the greatest.