# MEMOIR OF A CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE. (G. A. B.)

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Memoir of a Cambridge Undergraduate. (G. A. B.) by George Adderley Bishop

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### **GEORGE ADDERLEY BISHOP**

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## MEMOIR

OF A

## CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE.

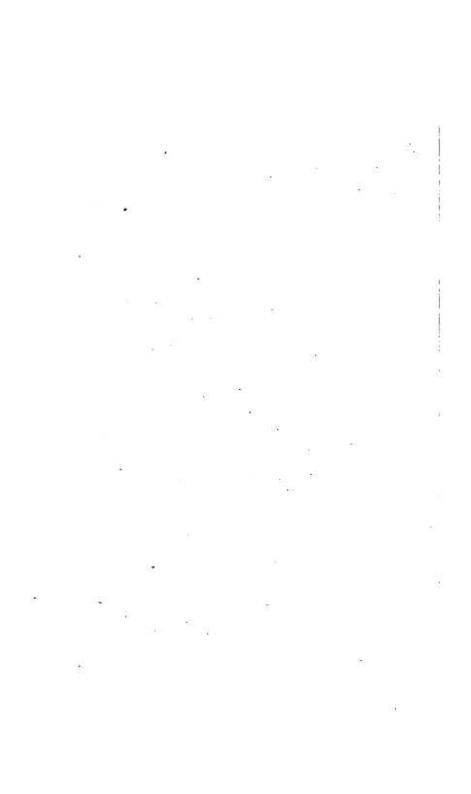
(G. A. B.)

EDITED BY THE

AUTHOR OF 'THOUGHTS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER,' ETC.



HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY.
1876.



### Dedicated

#### BY THE PARENTS OF

#### GEORGE ADDERLEY BISHOP

TO HIS .

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE FRIENDS.

'O haud ye leal and true,
Your day it's wearing thro',
And I'll welcome you
To the Land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain,
This warld's cares are vain,
We'll meet and we'll be fain
I' the Land o' the leal.

#### PREFACE.

'EARTH, with her thousand voices, praises God,'\* and if to us it is given to gather some of the many vibrations of a single voice, and binding them in one accord, offer them to the praise of the glory of God, shall we not give Him thanks? What though a minor key ever and again sends forth its longing wistfulness? What though in the most triumphant harmonies it mingle its notes of sorrow and sadness? It is not amiss, for the minor has answered to the human heart till it has been called the 'music of nature;' and, surely, no soul ever sought or found its God, but its deepest chords were sounded, and its most pathetic strains touched.

Coleridge.

To know God. All that is sorrowful and sad, all that is noble, and great, and joyful, is summed up in the knowledge of what we are, and of what He is. What depths to shrink from; what heights to scale! We cannot but welcome every voice and every sound that shall teach us something of these; and as we think thus, and remember the blessed life that is now his, we can even praise and bless our Father for the bright, grand, young life snatched away from our too sad earth-that cannot bear to part so hastily from its fairest and best-and pray Him to engraft in our hearts and memories the words, and, above all, the life of him who has been chosen to the honour of an early death. Thus may we become 'followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.'

'Through faith;' weak faith, ignorant faith, faltering faith; faith that doubted itself, that struggled and failed, that stretched forth its hands for hope and love to strengthen it, and through bitter trials was purified as gold in the

fire, shining even by such fierce light 'more and more unto the perfect day.'

'Through patience;' patience that was often tired and weary, that needed to hold self in with a strong hand, that fainted in the conflict, that dreaded, though it welcomed the fight that should make it victorious on God's side; the struggle, and then the sore, yet triumphant thrust that should overcome pride, and cast it from the heart that longed to be God's alone.

Oh, do not these things touch our spirits? Do not they awaken in us a hunger and thirst after righteousness? a longing that we were steadfastly set in our heavenly course, even as our friend; a desire that our natures, like His, should be so noble, that great pride were our worst inmost enemy, and our spirits grand enough to revolt from that pride, to despise it, to hold it mean and contemptible, and at the blessed name of Jesus, to cast it at His feet, holding the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. And if the 'reproach' of Christ is that,