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working the school *efficiently* during the year to come. The Department would examine the estimate, ascertain if the proposed staff and expenditure on books, appliances, etc., corresponded with the minimum requirements of an efficient school, and verify the balance. It would then pay over the balance of cost over local income to the treasurer of the school *before* the beginning of the year under estimate. Any over or under estimate would be rectified on the certificate of a Government auditor by carrying over the debit or credit balance to the next year's account. Such is a brief outline of Mr. Yoxall's interesting and ably-written argument.

In conclusion, I must admit that, as a manager of an elementary day-school, I do not regret the general condemnation of the system which compels teachers who wish to secure their positions, and even to earn their salary, to screw up the children to a point beyond endurance for immediate results in an examination of the least satisfactory kind. The system is cruel to teacher and scholar alike. "And we trust that this system of 'Payment by Results,' as it is rather unjustly called, is clearly doomed; and when we have got rid of that, and also found the best way to train eye and ear and hand, as well as the brain, we shall have reached a stage from which still further advance will be easy."

J. H. WHITEHEAD.

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#### ART. II.—DEAN BURGON'S "LIVES."

*Lives of Twelve Good Men.* By JOHN WILLIAM BURGON, B.D., Dean of Chichester. Two vols. London: John Murray.

**M**ANY years ago the late Dean Burgon gave to the world an admirable proof of his ability as a biographer in the pleasant memoir of Patrick Fraser Tytler, to which he gave the name of "A Portrait of a Christian Gentleman." Mr. Tytler's position in the world of letters was not, however, sufficient to secure a long life for Dean Burgon's able and loving record.

In the delightful volumes now before us a legacy has been left to all lovers of the Oxford of the last fifty years, which, we venture to think, will raise the Dean's reputation not only in the University, but in all places where the memory of good men is cherished. Dean Burgon, as all the world knows, was a hard hitter, and a resolute defender of his own opinions. In these pages the glow of enthusiasm and the warmth of heart so distinctive of the Dean are everywhere apparent. Many who have resisted the strength of his attacks on the Revised Version, and objected to the fierce tone of his polemical utterances, will

be constrained, if they peruse these "Lives," to admire the generosity and sympathy which he shows for men widely differing from himself, and often opposed to him on matters of deep importance. The Dean is at his best when he is intent on showing honour to those who have been unjustly treated. A most favourable example of this friendliness is to be found in the dedicatory preface, where he mentions the name of C. P. Golightly, and brings out with clear emphasis the practical piety and peculiar traits of a remarkable man, who was hardly treated by the men of his own generation, but who lived in an atmosphere of almost saintly self-forgetfulness. The following extract speaks for itself:

He had the reputation of belonging to a school of religious thought greatly opposed to that which I had myself early learned to revere and admire. But when, much later on in life, I came to know Golightly somewhat intimately, I found that practically there was very little—if any—difference between us. He was of the school of Hooker, a Churchman of the genuine Anglican type. I had heard him spoken of as narrow and bigoted. I will but say that when I left Oxford he was every bit as fond of the society of Edward King (the present Bishop of Lincoln) as he was of that of Mr. Christopher. He was denounced by some as harsh and bitter. Opportunities enough he had for the display of such a temperament in my society had he been so minded, but I never heard him speak cruelly or even unkindly of anyone, nor have I ever known a man who was more sincere and faithful to his friends. Earnest, practical piety had been all his life his prevailing characteristic. The Rev. T. Mozley (who is not promiscuous in his bestowal of praise) acknowledges the greatest of obligation to him. "Golightly," he says, "was the first human being to talk to me directly and plainly for my soul's good, and that is a debt that no time, no distance, no vicissitudes, no differences can efface; no, not eternity itself." On which Dean Goulburn remarks: "But this was what Golightly was always doing, and for the sake of doing which he cultivated the acquaintance of all undergraduates who were introduced to him, showed them no end of kindness, walked with them, talked with them, took them with him for a Sunday excursion to his little parish of Toot Baldon." . . . He delighted in teaching in the village school, and certainly he had the art of making his ministrations popular in the parish church. The children were required to commit to memory certain pithy proverbial sayings, which had the merit of wrapping up Divine wisdom in small and attractive parcels. "Is that one of your boys?" asked a lady with whom he was taking a drive near Oxford, pointing to a lad who passed them. "I'll tell you in a moment. Come here, my boy." The boy approached the carriage. Golightly (leaning earnestly forward), "Rather die" . . . "than tell a lie," was the instantaneous rejoinder. "Yes," turning to his companion, "it is one of my boys." . . .

Some of these memoirs have already appeared, for the most part, in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*. The first Life is that of Martin Joseph Routh, and we confess to a certain impatience at the length of the Dean's personal reminiscences of a man who can hardly be said to have made the most of his great opportunities. That the venerable president of Magdalen

was a learned divine of the ancient stamp all who knew anything about him readily confessed; but it has always seemed to us that there was a certain element of selfishness in his secluded existence, and it is difficult to forget how, during a considerable portion of his long presidency, the great revenues of the college were hardly dedicated to religion and learning. Timely reforms and an attempt to remove ancient restrictions might have prevented radical changes which some at least see reason to deplore.

In the Life of Hugh James Rose we have a full and most interesting chapter in recent Church history admirably delineated. Rose was no ordinary man, and, had he lived longer, his influence upon the course of the Oxford movement would have been felt as a controlling force. Hugh James Rose and Dr. Pusey were sharply opposed to each other on the question of the tendencies of German thought. Dean Burgon has been able to give two letters which passed between these divines shortly before Mr. Rose's death, which will be read with the greatest interest. Readers of Lord Shaftesbury's Life will remember the interesting letters which passed between him and Dr. Pusey upon the subject of the Jerusalem bishopric, and it is certainly delightful to find the spirit of forbearance and mutual respect not forgotten by controversialists of such renown. Hugh Rose struggled hard against the malady to which he fell a victim, and it is painful to think how his latter days must have been embittered by the altered tone of the *British Critic*, at that time in the hands of those who had already begun to disclose their Romeward tendencies. The conclusion of the Dean's Life of Rose is so characteristic that we must present it to our readers:

When hearts are failing, each faithful son of the Church—not separating himself from his fellows—will, on the contrary (like H. J. Rose), call upon them to take heart, and stir up the gift that is in them, and betake themselves to their true mother; resolved that, tide what tide, (God helping him) nothing shall ever shake *him* from his steadfastness in the faith of the Gospel—*him* from unflinching loyalty to the Church of his Baptism. There is no telling what great things God may be pleased to work by the instrumentality of *one*: one with neither rank, nor station, nor wealth, nor worldly influence, nor high office in the Church to support him; but, on the contrary, one weighed down (it may be) by incurable malady, and burdened with his own full share of secular anxieties. . . . Surely (I have once and again told myself, as I have slowly unravelled the history of this noble life), the method of God's providence hath ever been the same, working out "the counsel of His will" by instruments the feeblest and most unpromising—and they, having often to contend, as in the present instance, with disadvantages of the gravest and most discouraging kind. So, only, may the men of a coming generation reasonably cherish the conviction that although every human help shall fail them, yet, inasmuch as this our branch of the Church Catholic unquestionably holds God's truth, it will never be by God Him-

self forsaken, nor, indeed, seem to be by Him forgotten long. The rain may descend and the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat upon the house. But it cannot fall, because it is founded upon a rock. "And that rock is Christ."

No greater contrast could be found than in the Lives of Charles Marriott and Edward Hawkins, which follow that of H. J. Rose. Marriott (the man of saintly life) was a well-known Oxford character. He had a delightful simplicity of character, and had the power of saying deep truths in simple language, such as is given to few. The Dean has done good service in writing the Life of his admirable friend. "To me," he says, "he seemed habitually to walk with God. I first understood the meaning of that Scripture phrase by closely observing him. A brother fellow expresses my meaning exactly when he remarks that 'he seemed to move in a spiritual region, out of the reach of us ordinary mortals.'" This is indeed high praise; but to those who know anything of the inner life, or, indeed, of the public utterances of Charles Marriott, it will hardly seem exaggerated. Much of his life was spent in literary drudgery, but in everything he did there was a daily beauty, evidenced by the common acts of courtesy and his un-failing interest, especially in younger men who sought his aid and advice. The light of intellect is not lost when it sheds over the memory of this saintly man a peculiar beauty and fragrance, which will never pass away from the minds of those who knew and loved him. The description of Marriott's breakfast party is in Dean Burgon's lighter mood:

An American Bishop, for example, attended by three of his clergy, having crossed the Atlantic, would present himself at Marriott's door; who instantly asked them all four to breakfast next morning, and sent off cards by his servant to certain of his intimates, who found themselves invited to meet strangers to-morrow at nine o'clock. On his way from hall to chapel, or in the street, he would ask another, and another, and another as he happened to encounter them. Unfortunately he kept no reckoning. The result may be imagined. On entering the dear man's door next morning, whereas breakfast had been laid for ten, fifteen guests had assembled already. While we were secretly counting the tea-cups another rap was heard, and in came two University Professors. All laughed, but it was no laughing matter, for still another and another person presented himself. The bell was again and again rung: more and more tea and coffee—muffins and dry toast—butter and bread—cream and eggs—chops and steaks—were ordered; and "Richard" was begged to spread my other table-cloth on my other table. The consequence was that our host's violoncello—fiddlestrings and music books—printer's proofs and postage stamps—medicine bottles and pill boxes—respirator and veil—grey wrapper for his throat and green shade for his eyes—pamphlets and letters innumerable—all were discharged in a volley on to the huge sofa.

Hawkins, the great Provost, was a man of an entirely different type. He played a great part in the Oxford of

his day, and made his mark in his generation. We think Dean Burgon has hardly done justice to his great theological ability. Bishop Thirlwall, no mean judge, was in the habit of advising young men to read Hawkins's Bampton Lectures, which he called, "on the whole, the best exponent of Anglican divinity I know." A small volume of University sermons on the Old Testament is an admirable specimen of the great way in which the Provost of Oriel could treat a great subject. Dean Burgon was so fond—certainly, in the case of Dean Mansel, too fond—of narrating good things, that we wonder he did not find a place for one admirable specimen of the Provost's caustic vein. On one occasion, after a University sermon preached by an archdeacon who soon after joined the Church of Rome, the Provost was heard to say: "He speaks of grace as if it was fluid—could be put in a bottle and corked." He lived to a great age, and well deserved the thoughtful and discriminating praise of the Dean.

The second volume contains eight Lives. Some perhaps may deem the short sketches of the excellent Provost Cotton and Mr. Richard Greswell hardly deserving a place in the Dean's portrait-gallery. The friends of these truly excellent men, however, will peruse the pages with great interest, and some who may remember their encounter with the venerable Provost in some Alpine retreat, where, in company with his daughter, he was sometimes to be found, will recall their impressions of his delight in scenery, and his unaffected piety. We must give the Dean's own words, descriptive of the inner life of this good man :

Those who knew him most intimately concur in witnessing to the meekness and gentleness with which Dr. Cotton encountered those recent academical changes which yet were most abhorrent to his disposition and offended every instinct of his nature. Humility was, perhaps, his characteristic personal grace. But it was the humility which results from the habitual realization of God's presence. "His mind," remarks one who was always with him, "was always engaged in prayer." Few persons probably ever more literally fulfilled the Apostolic precept to "pray without ceasing." He was never known to open a letter without pausing to pray silently first. As each fresh undergraduate entered the hall at the terminal examination called "Collections" the Provost was observed to be silently offering up a special prayer for that individual. "I remember," writes one of the Society, "in the only railway journey I ever made with him, being much impressed by his standing up in the carriage and offering silent prayer before we started." This was in 1856. His servant remarked to one of the family that he had discovered the necessity of giving some intimation of his presence before opening the door of the Provost's library, so constantly did he find the Provost on his knees.

The Life of Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, is in every way admirable. Much has been written about the personality of

the many-sided prelate. Some of his frailties have been ruthlessly exposed, and undoubtedly his actions and motives have been keenly scrutinized. Those who knew him well, as Dean Burgon did, are content to forget all weakness, when they remember his unequalled persuasion, and the delightful charm of his conversation. Many anecdotes could be added to those which Dean Burgon has given to the world, of his playfulness and delight in children and their ways. But we must forbear from expatiating longer on the many remarkable features of Samuel Wilberforce's character, and express our deep thankfulness that the strong—but not too strong—words, the last the Bishop uttered, on the important subjects of Confession and Fasting Communion, have been preserved by Dean Burgon from the notes of the late Bishop Utterton. The words of the Bishop are well worthy of the deepest consideration.<sup>1</sup>

Dean Mansel was one of the great ornaments of the Oxford of his own time. As a logician and metaphysician he stood in the first rank. But we cannot help thinking that Dean Burgon formed far too high an estimate of his powers as a theologian, and we regret extremely that he has revived the recollection of the long and bitter controversy which raged over the celebrated Bampton Lectures of Dean Mansel. Some, too, will think, with us, that there are too many jokes—not always particularly good—in Dean Burgon's "Life." He has brought out, however, in strong relief, traits of character hitherto unsuspected, and has done full justice to the admirable Remains, edited by the present Bishop of Durham, which indicate the great benefit which theology would have received had Dean Mansel been spared to write the History of Gnosticism, or the Influence of Greek Philosophy upon the Early Church.

We have no words but those of hearty commendation to

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<sup>1</sup> The Bishop's words on Ritual are of permanent value. He said: "There is a growing desire to introduce novelties, such as incense, a multitude of lights in the chancel, and so on. Now, these and such things are honestly and truly alien to the Church of England. Do not hesitate to treat them as such. All this appears to me to indicate a fidgety anxiety to make everything in our churches assimilate to a foreign usage. There is a growing feeling which I can only describe as an "ashamedness" of the Anglican Church, as if our grand old Anglican community contrasted unfavourably with the Church of Rome. The habitual language held by many men sounds as if they were ashamed of our Church and its position! it is a sort of apology for the Church of England as compared with the Church of Rome. Why, I would as soon think of apologizing for the virtue of my mother to an harlot! I have no sympathy in the world with such a feeling. I abhor this fidgety desire to make everything un-Anglican. This is not a grand development, as some seem to think. It is a decrepitude. It is not something very sublime and impressive, but something very feeble and contemptible."

bestow on the Lives of Henry Coxe, William Jacobson, Charles Eden, and Charles Higgins. It is not too much to say that the large-hearted librarian, the single-minded Bishop, the earnest parish priest, and the good layman—for thus are they styled in the Dean's catalogue—live and move in these most interesting pages. The kindness and sympathy of Mr. Coxe, and his rare combination of true learning with true modesty, are charmingly portrayed. Dean Burgon is indebted to a lady who knew him well for a description which seems to us quite inimitable:

"Nature had done much for him, but grace did more. The personal religion of the man it was—the lingering dew of the morning—which kept him so fresh and green." Such a character would else have been spoiled by popularity. The humour would have degenerated into caustic wit—the courtesy into mere worldliness—the sense of beauty into æsthetic selfishness. The one only safeguard of a disposition exposed to so many and such various temptations was clearly the love of God. It was this which harmonized his character; preserved him from running into extremes; saved him from secularity; kept his faculties fresh and youthful. He really loved all God's works, because he loved their Author. Though singularly free from "clericalism," he was not easily to be surpassed as a faithful and self-sacrificing parish priest. Though beloved by men of all religious schools, and possibly by some who had little credit given them for being religious at all, he remained to the last a heartily attached orthodox Churchman.

Many similar testimonies to the character of this admirable man might be added, but we content ourselves by giving one single sentence of Dean Burgon's: "The void which the loss of Henry Octavius Coxe occasions in Oxford is simply irreparable."

Bishop Jacobson, like the poet Gray, was one of those who did not entirely "speak out." Not until he was gone from the diocese which he ruled so well was the full strength and weight of his character thoroughly known. In Oxford his habit of reserve deprived him of some influence. His thoroughness, his kindness, his patience, and his intense faith, were known only to those who enjoyed the benefit of his intimate friendship, and who felt that he was a man who could always be trusted. He saw truly into the depths of character; and on one occasion, when a great ecclesiastical personage was being freely censured, the voice of Jacobson was heard to say, "Few men live nearer to God." All present felt at once that such words from such a man were decisive. Some who listened to his public course of lectures, when they heard the last, in which he dwelt upon the practical work of the ministry, went away with an impression seldom received from any lecture.

The peculiarities of Charles Eden were known to all who knew him as Fellow of Oriel and Vicar of St. Mary's; but it



was reserved for Dean Burgon, in his first brief sketch in the *Guardian* (now much enlarged), to bring out the noble and enduring graces of his character. His sketch is, indeed, what the venerable Bishop of St. Albans calls it, "a lesson to every young—aye, and to every old clergyman." Eden's powers as a writer were very considerable. His small volume of sermons ought to be in the hands of every theological student. The sermons on "Inspiration" and "The Unity of Scripture" are of the very highest value. Dean Burgon has given an extract from a sermon unpublished on the "Intermediate State," full of suggestive and deep thought. This is, indeed, a life worthy of the affectionate and loving treatment which the Dean has bestowed upon it; and among other benefits which its perusal may confer upon careless readers, it may perhaps induce some to turn to the admirable edition of Jeremy Taylor's works on which Charles Eden bestowed so much pains.

We have hardly left ourselves space to dwell upon the Life of Charles Higgins—a link between the Olney of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin and the nineteenth century. Mr. Higgins was the Dean's brother-in-law, and his account of this faithful, well-spent life abounds in interesting passages. Higgins was the friend of an admirable band of Cambridge men, who took the neglected parish of Barnwell under their care. Some of these devoted friends went to labour in the mission-field. Charles Higgins devoted his medical skill to the relief of the poor in his native county. He was a great student and a musician. The whole account of his long life—a patient continuance in well-doing—is full of interest.

"Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends" were the rightful portion of this good man. Dean Burgon has left behind him a name as a vehement controversialist, and an earnest upholder of what he believed to be the true position of the Bible and the Church. We do not think that any of the notices which appeared at the time of his death did full justice to his noble enthusiasm and the warmth of his affections. We might sometimes be inclined to wish that he had enjoyed the power of perceiving that it is possible to be a debtor even to German theology without being a slave, and that good men may sometimes differ upon the great question of Inspiration. But those will indeed be happy whose lives are recorded by such "an honest chronicler as Griffith"; and when his fierce words on the Revision of the New Testament are forgotten, these delightful Lives, revealing the man within the man, will convey true lessons of faith and practice to those who never knew the Fellow of Oriel and Dean of Chichester.

GEORGE D. BOYLE.