

## Oxford Thirty Years Ago.—II.

“O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.”

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF BURNLEY.

**B**UT no more original men were to be met in those days than the Vicar of St. Mary's, Mr. Burgon of Oriel, afterwards Dean of Chichester, and Mr. C. P. Golightly—friends whose friendship and mutual esteem overbore some inconsiderable theologic divergences.

And here we recall two lunch parties. With mind far more conclusive than at eighteen was meet, we turn in one day with a friend to the mid-day meal of the Cowley Fathers. It is the eve of St. James, and the fare is seasonably light—macaroni and rice. The celebrant of the morrow takes only bread and water. Silence is enforced, the Brothers reading in turn “Liddon's Bampton Lectures,” recently published (it was about 1866). The meal disposed of, we climb to the little chapel for sext. It all seems a strange step back into a far past, but provocative of musings, not all of them unkindly.

Fifteen years later, and we are seated at the genial board of the Chichele Professor at All Souls', he (Burgon), Golightly, and another—all clerics save our host, the three named the best of talkers, and talking their best under such genial conditions. Anecdote of the raciest flows fast, and one special reminiscence must needs fetch Burgon up from his chair, and trot him round to Golightly's side, where he tells his story with hand on shoulder, and then seeks its support for the splitting midriff's provocation.

With these two names to the fore, the tendency to garrulosity is strong. A few touches may escape censure. “Ah, you ladies”—it is Mr. Burgon who is preaching in the University pulpit, but *not* to the University—“you are no logicians. Your premisses are always wrong, and your conclusions are always right.”

Combating the extreme evolutionists on one occasion, he delivered himself of this sentence: "Let who lists trace his descent from the Zoological Gardens; I take leave to trace mine from the Garden of Eden." After the University sermon came his own parish discourse in St. Mary's Church—a sermonette, as he called it, always judiciously short and never dull. Several, notwithstanding, were in the habit of leaving after the prayers. This impropriety disturbed him, and he requested that all should tarry till dismissed with the benediction. The next Sunday a gentleman rose, and slowly retreated down the aisle as the Vicar entered the pulpit. He leaned forward over the cushion, and the dreadful words came forth, "My remarks last Sunday had no reference to college servants."

Original throughout, his originality coloured all he touched. He read the Lessons as if pondering over every sentence in his study, and those who sat near enough might catch such an occasional sotto-voce as, "Here endeth the First, or the Second, Lesson—and a beautiful one, too."

On Easter Day he and his choristers appeared with floral button-holes fastened on the surplices. While Vicar of St. Mary's he began Hebrew, and attended Professor Gandell's elementary lectures, sitting amongst the men. His questions were sometimes not elementary, diving into the subtleties, and courting the application of a gentle closure from the teacher, solicitous of keeping his pupils to the shallows.

It was characteristic of Burgon's simple transparency that, on the Easter festival next following entrance upon this new field, there appeared over the reredos in the chancel of St. Mary's Church a text in bold Hebrew. His love of children was a strong trait. Often he might be seen in the streets with a queue of youngsters scampering after his gowned figure, until the nearest pastry-cook's explained the attraction. When installed at Chichester, he put up a notice forbidding children to play in the Cathedral. He was buoyantly accessory to the infringement, caught one day chasing small boys round the Lady Chapel pillars.

The Rev. Charles Portales Golightly has already been named. In company with Dr. Kay, of Lincoln, and Professor Robert Gandell, he finds but scanty room in the preface of Dean Burgon's "Twelve Lives," but the sketch there paints him to the life. We confess to inclination to linger at no man's door more leisurely than that of the delightful old house in Holywell. "We part"—thus the preface closes—"at our dear Golightly's door." The door itself bore its special stamp. The house, standing on the site of an ancient inn, the owner must needs register its link with the past by placing the old tavern sign, a cardinal's hat, over the entrance.

Golightly was hospitality itself, and provided frequent breakfasts for his friends amongst us younger clerics, and daily ones for his feathered protégés, the jackdaws of Magdalen Grove. Then he would take us round a charming old garden and into his vineries, productive of the best grapes in the neighbourhood, of which he took habitual care that the sick poor of the city should know. He was always doing some cause or individual a benevolent turn, whether he sent an anonymous £1,000 to found a new see, or drove out on Saturdays to a rustic parish to relieve some country parson whose health had given way, or sent his tempting parcels of well-bound volumes to some student whose shelves did not grow as fast as he thought they should.

Bishop Wilberforce called him his "gossiping friend," but his "gossip" was of that kindly sort that left no sting. A fifty years' unoccupied residence in Oxford, with ample means for sustaining a constant social intercourse, had pigeon-holed a receptive mind with all sorts of literary and biographical tit-bits, which made him a delightful companion. His notable passages of arms with Cuddeston College admits us to another side of his temperament with which we confess to having less in common than of yore.

No reference to the clerical life of Oxford in the seventies may pass by unrecognised the devoted labours of Henry Bazely. None who had the unique privilege of his friendship will be

disposed to question the propriety of the title of Canon Hicks' memoir, "The Oxford Evangelist." Though twice a seceder from the Church of England, we found it impossible to regard him as other than one of ourselves, to whom, whether theologically or ministerially, few of us could hold the candle. Until he was gone, worn out at forty-one, many of his closest friends hardly knew half he was doing. For he never spoke of his work, except when to an associate it was absolutely necessary. If ever a highly gifted and cultured man led a life of utter selfless devotion, the Brasenose Theological Coach, who lived in those narrow rooms near Folly Bridge, led one. We are not careful, in the thought of what he *did*, to analyze the movements of a shifting Church position, which found him at the last an ardent Presbyterian, drawn over, not as before by Baptismal Prayer-Book difficulties, but by admiration of Scotch discipline and administration. We arrest ourselves with the old Puritan saying, "God washes hearts here; He will wash brains hereafter."

His biographer gives us two specimen days, contributed by his widow, out of this full life—*Vixit non diu, sed totus*. Rising at 6, he repaired at 7.30 to the early morning prayer-meeting at St. Aldate's. After family worship and breakfast, the morning till 1.30 was spent with his pupils for the Honour School of Theology without a break. At 2 p.m. he usually attended the Undergraduate Mid-day Prayer-Meeting; 2.30 p.m., to a committee meeting—*e.g.*, of the College Servants' Society—or at home to receive those who came to see him. And not a few young fellows sought him in their troubles. He has been known to hurry down from Scotland in the hope of being of use to an undergraduate.

From 3 p.m. to 5 p.m., visiting the poor, or walking with his pupils to help and counsel them. In a letter he had written, "I wish and pray that I may spend the rest of my time on earth labouring for the spiritual good of undergraduates and the poor." From 5 p.m. to 6 p.m., pupils again. Much of the evenings was given up to meetings and services. From 9 p.m. to 10 p.m.

young men dropped in and joined in family worship at 10. One or another would then turn in with him for a chat in the study. This would be followed by an hour's reading, and this on certain nights in the week by rescue-work in the streets. The tramps' lodging-houses in St. Thomas's parish were visited at least once a week.

But his Sundays were a wonder of reticulated toil. Here are his employments : St. Aldate's early morning prayer-meeting ; the University sermons morning and afternoon ; his own two services ; the Undergraduates' Daily Prayer-Meeting ; a Bible Class at the Y.M.C.A. ; street-preaching (with a select band of undergraduates) at the Martyrs' Memorial in St. Giles' ;<sup>1</sup> distributing books at the porters' lodges ; receiving young men at his own house ; visiting the lowest lodging-houses to address the inmates.

Never a moment was wasted. His revision of the Scotch Metrical Version of the Psalms was done mostly (as Mrs. Bazely tells us) on the tops of omnibuses. Even when at school he had taught himself Hebrew, German, Italian, Spanish in spare moments. Of him the words carved over Durham's Chapter-house, restored as a memorial to Bishop Lightfoot, hold good : "Pro grege Christi se suaque libenter dedit."

The University pulpit was, as a rule, well filled in those days. Some of its occupants have never since been equalled. Infinite labour was bestowed on their sermons by such preachers as Liddon, Pusey, Bishop Alexander of Derry, Raphoe, and Bishop Wilberforce the Diocesan. The length of some of Canon Liddon's was portentous. With scores standing in the aisles of St. Mary's, we have listened on one occasion while the melody of voice, intensity of manner, chastened beauty of style retained attention for an hour and forty minutes. I never heard that he quite competed in length with Tatham of Lincoln, who once in the forties preached for two hours and a half on the "Three Heavenly Witnesses," contending for the authenticity

<sup>1</sup> Forty years before Mr. Bulteel lost St. Ebbe's for doing the like (see "The Life of W. E. Gladstone," vol. i., p. 58).

of his text against "all the Jarman critics," whom he politely "wished at the bottom of the Jarman Ocean."

Bishop Alexander, with his genial face and his prose-poetry,<sup>1</sup> was a great favourite. So, of course, was Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. Exceptionally tactful as he was, we recall an instance where tact failed. A Sunday service was being held in the old Town Hall for the militia. An undergraduate choir was enlisted for the occasion. We were placed on a platform behind the Bishop and clergy who were conducting the proceedings. After an admirable sermon—just such as was called for, pointed, telling, colloquial—the Bishop took his audience into his confidence, told them that he had heard Evensong in the Cathedral, and so his sermon had been taken first to enable him to leave; *they* would remain for prayers. As the Bishop passed to his carriage, he could see the whole regiment, except some twenty men, trooping out behind him. Had a hymn been started, with no announcement of this kind, the mischance would probably have been avoided. It was a singular example of the failure of a strong trait.

Among the "Heads" we have only space to name three. The stately form of Dean Liddell moves past first. Imposing he looked in his years of vice-chancellorship, walking to congregation or to church behind his beadle, a splendidly-built man. His rule at Christ Church was occasionally too strict for the temper of the men; at least two outbreaks marked his reign. The Peckwater men got into the library one night and made a bonfire of some of its contents, a priceless work of art crowning the pile. On another occasion the Dean's conservatory was swept and cleansed at the expense of its blooms. His fine Greek scholarship did not weigh with these scamps; but the best of the House were proud of their imperious and learned

<sup>1</sup> "The Leading Ideas of the Gospels" has, as the Preface states, been developed from sermons preached at Oxford in the years 1870-71, when the Bishop was Select Preacher. No student of the Gospels should be without this delightful aid.

Head. His Lexicon task was colossal, and is only eclipsed by Dr. Murray's phenomenal labours at the Scriptorium to-day.

Caught by the contrast, we look in at Worcester, where the aged Provost, Richard Lynch Cotton, sways in the green age of piety and peace. He was nearly eighty—simple, pious, humble man, if one ever lived. His life was his best sermon. Four others make up the whole of the literature he left behind, three of them funeral sermons on the death of Worcester men, and all three undergraduates, a tribute to his intense sympathy with young men, though the physical antithesis of an athlete.

At a doorway in the Turl *we* part. A scholar, and an utterly fearless and independent thinker, Mark Pattison guides the helm at Lincoln, his presence chiefly felt for its dire enmity to all superficialities and commonplaces. None was less of a convention or a figure-head than he—an idealist, dreaming the dream of unattainable collegiate ideals. His notion was to make Lincoln a college of research. With the rank and file of the undergraduates he simply bore, save when aggravated intellectual poverty provoked a sudden ebullition. To a susceptible freshman his taciturnity was nearly as appalling as the Master of Balliol's. With a view to break into it on the occasion of a first walk, a luckless freshman embarked upon the remark that the irony of Sophocles was greater than that of Euripides. At the walk's end he must have been convinced that the irony of the Rector was greater than either. "Quote," quoth the Rector, after a pause of twenty minutes. The bidding not being complied with, the two part—in time — at the college gates, the first freezing monosyllable not having been followed by a second.

He was brother to Sister Dora of Walsall. Another sister married an Evangelical Northern vicar. "High," "Low," and "Broad," in the persons of the three named, emerged from the Yorkshire home—an argument, say some, against home settlements of bias; an argument for it, say others.

Should the cons and the pros have it out in the narrow Turl, let them, say we; until the fray, having spent itself and

the combatants gone home, a lineal descendant of the historic Banting of Christ Church, knowing nothing of the incident, bears his bulk thwart the gate, as Thorpe, worthiest of Lincoln porters, rushes out and against him, shouting, "Gentlemen, disperse yourselves!"

Though in his "Reminiscences of Oxford" Tuckwell has been hard upon Pattison, it must be confessed that the Rector's own "Recollections of My Life," a title he afterwards altered to "Memoirs," is not always pleasant reading. It is only fair to him, however, to remember that he himself describes the book as "not fit to be dedicated to anyone," and directed that certain paragraphs should be cancelled as "too egotistical in character." It is, moreover, we are sure, a mistake to think he had nothing better than cynicism for parochial clerical work. We have heard him say that the work of many of the clergy is "beyond all praise," and when, as an incumbent in the city, we renewed his acquaintance in after-years, his sympathy and interest were marked. His contribution to "Essays and Reviews" calls for no extenuation. One thought of Archbishop Temple and the Exeter Bishopic agitation, and we mark where wisdom and silence kiss each other.

Justice, however, is meted out to his memory with kindlier hand by the Rev. A. Clark, late Fellow, in his "Lincoln" in the College Histories Series.

Odious negotiations were set on foot in 1877-78 with the object of merging Lincoln in Brasenose. Happily, they came to naught, and are dismissed by Mr. Clark with the apt quotation: "*Si quid nusquam arcani sanctive ad silendum in curia fuërit, id omnium maxime tegendum occulendum obliviscendum pro indicto habendum esse.*"

Two Lincoln customs will always outlive graver matters in the memories of Lincoln men: the "bell almanac" and the "sconcing." After the chapel call-bell a minute's silence; then the days of the month tolled out, resulting in as many thin chapels as new moons. For the sconcing, the two quarts of ale charged to the battels of the punster, the quoter of three



words of Latin, four of Scripture, the wearer of tweeds in Hall. As a method of drowning pedants and prigs it might have its use. But in days when the staple talk is about the boats and athletics, the giant tankards must gather the dust on the top shelves of the buttery. The man who betrays the most superficial interest in giants of another sort is summarily dismissed with the appalling monosyllable, "Shop!"



## The Deuteronomic Legislation and its Relation to the Priestly Legislation.—II.

BY THE REV. W. R. LINTON, M.A.

HAVING now dealt with the legislative element in Deuteronomy, and reviewed the main arguments for the genuineness of the addresses—*i.e.*, their Mosaic authorship—the second question remains to be considered, *viz.*, What is the bearing of the Deuteronomic addresses on the Priestly legislation? Supposing we classify this legislation under the heads of Tabernacle, Priests and Levites, Sacrifices and Offerings, Times and Seasons, Laws of Purity, Social and Civil Regulations, it will be found that a large number of laws are common to both legislations, some of the Priestly Code being directly referred to in the Deuteronomic (and this, of course, is of the utmost importance), and some being repeated not always in the same terms.

1. *Tabernacle*.—The first matter common to the two legislations relates to the ark, which is referred to in chap. x. 1-3, in accordance with the notices of it in Exod. xxv. 10-16, xxxvii. 1, xl. 20, 21. The discrepancy between the two accounts will be dealt with later on. The law of the central sanctuary (chaps. xii. 5, 11-27, xiv. 22, 23, xv. 19-23, xvi. 2). The principle of one sanctuary dates from the time when Israel, as a nation, were brought into covenant with Yahveh. In Exod. xx. 24 the truth of one God, one sanctuary, one people, is emphatically