

## DURHAM UNIVERSITY IN THE NINETIES

*A Cathedral View.*

By the Rev. EDWIN GREEN, M.A., L.Th.

THE would-be undergraduate of Durham University as he travelled, it may be, by the Great Northern Railway and its continuation the North Eastern, knew not that the last decade of the 19th century would go down to posterity as the "Naughty Nineties." The particular indiscretions of that age may not have been manifest to our young friend. In fact he may have rejoiced at his country's prosperity which was one of the causes of those follies—a prosperity so great that, only two years before, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Goschen, had carried out a remarkable conversion of the National Debt. Our student's exultation will soon appear somewhat premature, for he will discover that his Durham scholarship has suffered a diminution of a quarter per cent. through Mr. Goschen's operation. But when our undergraduate-elect, as his train slackened speed on the long, high viaduct leading into Durham railway station, caught sight of the Cathedral and Castle magnificently high on the Wear-encircled peninsula, he knew that he had reached the end of his journey: Durham University.

Durham Cathedral is closely connected with the University. Three of its canonries are, for the sake of their emoluments, attached to the University professorships. Attendance at the Cathedral service on Sunday morning is compulsory for all the students, and attendance also at a short service held in the Galilee Chapel is necessary towards making a day of the forty-five days required to keep a term.

The Sunday morning service at the Cathedral was of the usual cathedral type: designated or it may be stigmatized by some church-goers as "Glorified Matins." The question as to who was to be the preacher was always interesting, although the preacher himself sometimes failed to be so. On rare occasions the Dean preached. Dean Lake was aged; he sat on a high stool in the pulpit, and with voice quavering from old age read his manuscript. Although the Dean had never been an orator, and was now long past his prime, he was always heard with respectful attention: most notably on that occasion when he preached on the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Thomas Arnold. One recognized that when Dean Lake spoke of the famous master of Rugby School he spoke not without authority, for the Dean was contemporary and friend both of Arnold and of Arnold's biographer, Dean Stanley.

Another aged but more vigorous preacher was Canon Tristram. He was a great authority on the topography and natural features of Palestine. The worthy canon was a prominent evangelical churchman, and a fundamentalist. One Sunday morning he spoke somewhat scathingly of the scholars who doubted the unity of the book of the prophet Isaiah. It was most amusing to hear in lecture room a few days later the Professor of Theology, Canon Adam Storey Farrar, say with a chuckle : " The last twenty-seven chapters of the Book Isaiah are now usually ascribed to an unknown prophet of the Exile, although some preachers still think otherwise." Canon Farrar himself was a more popular preacher—never too abstruse or too long-winded ; and always giving food for thought. Whenever the Master of University College, Dr. Alfred Plummer, preached he was worth hearing ; but he had an unfortunate break in his voice, as if he were overcome by his emotions. The Professor of Hebrew, Canon, afterwards Archdeacon Watkins, was, as became a Welshman, an orator, and he fulminated with Celtic fire. He got louder and louder until at last he literally shrieked. Sometimes by invitation outsiders stood in the Cathedral pulpit. Among these was Dr. Moore Ede, in later years Dean of Worcester. He died in 1935. Dr. Moore Ede preached an impressive ordination sermon : admonishing the newly ordained men to stand with prayer and exhortation amongst the people to whom they ministered, as of old Aaron, when the Israelites rebelled and were plague-stricken, ran with his censer and stood between the dead and the living.

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Our undergraduate in his second year is no longer a freshman. He knows the dons and the lesser fry not only in person but also in caricature, for he must needs have purchased that amusing Varsity cartoon *Don Dunelmo* in which are portrayed most of the professors and tutors in characteristic fashion.

Picture the student as he attends daily morning service in the Galilee Chapel. From his seat he can see the tomb of the Venerable Bede, and read the well-known words :

" HAC SUNT IN FOSSA BEDAE VENERABILIS OSSA."

From his seat also he has a good view of the door, and if he is early he can watch and see who enters. Here come Dr. Pearce, Professor of Mathematics, and Dr. Kynaston, Professor of Greek. Enters now a grey-haired old man, tall, finely built, grand head, clean-shaven upper lip, but scarlike whiskers under his chin. He is Dr. Adam Storey Farrar, Professor of Divinity. Farrar is popular and in some respects the Grand Old Man of the University. He is a former Bampton Lecturer ; although he is not a great theologian he has a good all-round knowledge of divinity ; and he is a born teacher, knowing how to differentiate between essentials and particulars. The Divinity Professor is at his best in history and least efficient in pastoral theology.

With Dr. Farrar—they may have met at the door—comes Canon Watkins, the Professor of Hebrew, bearded with raven-black hair, which gives him the nickname of " Satan." In the *Don Dunelmo* cartoon

Dr. Farrar is a stalwart knight with battle-axe and crusader's shield ; whilst Dr. Watkins is distinguished by his umbrella which has a handle shaped like a bishop's crozier. The expectation or the prophecy is not fulfilled : Canon Watkins became archdeacon but he never sat on the episcopal bench. Now appear two heads of colleges : Dr. Alfred Plummer, Master of University College, and the Rev. Archibald Robertson, the Principal of Hatfield Hall and Censor of Unattached students. Dr. Alfred Plummer is a scholar of world-wide reputation, noted for his Biblical commentaries and other works. Although future bishops sit and listen to him with respect, yet Alfred Plummer is, and will be content to remain only in deacon's orders. His nickname is "Polycarp," and he figures in the cartoon as a tonsured monk. His companion, the Rev. Archibald Robertson, is also a scholar. He is a great authority on the writings of Athanasius. Dr. Robertson, as he soon will be, has a great future before him : Principal of King's College, London ; and eventually Bishop of Exeter. Among the undergraduates Robertson is called "Tiddly." He is reckoned a wit, and in *Don Dunelmo* he is drawn as a clown. A short, benevolent-looking old man, Dr. J. T. Fowler, is our next don. He is a cleric, a liturgical authority, a doctor of medicine, and well beloved. Now follow some of the lesser fry : Professor Jevons, quite a favourite with the students, future Master of Hatfield Hall and future Censor of the Unattached ; the Rev. Rushton Shorte, known as "Bulldog" ; the Rev. H. Ellershaw, one of the few dons who is a genuine Durham man : he will end his days as Dr. Ellershaw, the respected Master of University College. Not all the dons are clerics. Here is one who is not even a professor or tutor. It is "Agag," for he steps delicately as did the captive king before Samuel. He is Mr. K. Hilton, the University Bursar. Here is another layman in his M.A. gown—Mr. Herbert L. Wild, the classical tutor—a handsome young man, looking something like Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary in Mr. Baldwin's administration. Mr. Wild is clever, somewhat reserved but popular. He will go far : take holy orders, become archdeacon and finally Bishop of Newcastle (1915-1925).

Enough of dons ! Our *quondam* undergraduate, seated by the tomb of the Venerable Bede, watches with interest his fellow students, and knows enough of not a few of them to picture, as he thinks, their future. This man from Hatfield Hall : youthful, almost boyish, studious, yet exuberant with fun and humour, a convinced evangelical, and equally convinced of his missionary call. One day four years hence he will stand in Exeter Hall, and in rousing tones voice the missionary challenge, quoting the historic words of Garibaldi : "Whoever wishes to come with me, I can offer him neither money, nor lodging, nor food. I can only offer him instead hunger, thirst, forced marches, battle and death. All who have the name of Italy not only on their lips but in their heart also—let them follow me." Then after many years of strenuous work as a C.M.S. missionary, labouring among the Ainus of Japan, this one-time merry undergraduate, and sometime licentiate of theology, returns to England, and is known as a doctor of divinity, and the respected incumbent of a west of England parish.

The hour of nine approaches ; the students hurry in, and one more at least catches the eye, and deserves recollection. He too is a Hatfield man ; gifted with wisdom and learning, yet foremost in his college boat on the river ; Julius Hancock is much loved, and without any disrespect he is known by one and all as "Julia." What shall be his future—an honours pass, ordination, curacy, benefice, perhaps canonry and all that ? "Crockford" unrolls the passing show : the honours graduate, and then the call to work as a missionary of the U.M.C.A. ; and before many years the early death of the fever-stricken priest. Surely one of Durham's greatest monuments is that lonely grave by African lake. Durham University in the "Nineties" is not without its heroes.

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A MISSIONARY LOOKS AT HIS JOB. By W. J. Culshaw. S.C.M. Press. 2s.

In writing an introduction to this little book Dr. William Paton says, "The book should be of most definite value, especially to those who are considering the missionary vocation." A perusal of the book confirms this opinion. Yet Dr. Paton's verdict might be extended, for certain chapters can be read equally well in reference to all Christian ministerial activities, especially "Patience Worketh Experience" ; "Changing Motives" ; and "The Primary Task." Mr. Culshaw clearly understands what can be the Christian contribution to Indian life, and the circumstances under which it must be worked out. The last chapter—"The Way of the Cross"—goes right to the heart of the matter in its view of that path. In writing this book, Mr. Culshaw has rendered a service to the entire Christian cause, and the S.C.M. Press is to be complimented on adding it to its list.

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CURIOSITY JOE, by Montague Goodman. JILL WANTS TO KNOW, by Dorothy Dennison. *Paternoster Press*. 1s. each.

The "Wantoknow Series," while they keep up their standard, will certainly meet a need. Suitable books to put into the hands of adolescents are not produced every day. The two latest additions to this series are worthy followers of their predecessors. Among adolescents are both Jacks and Jills, so a suitable book for each has been forthcoming. For the Jacks there is *Curiosity Joe*, by Montague Goodman ; for the Jills there is *Jill Wants to Know*, by Dorothy Dennison. *Curiosity Joe* is truly the son of his father Jack Wantoknow. The truth of the Gospel is clear in every chapter, and presented with a skill that combines that of a first-rate writer with that of an earnest evangelist. The book is calculated to thrill boys of every age.

Not one whit behind the book for the Jacks is the one for the Jills. It tells of the spiritual pilgrimage of four schoolgirls beginning with the freedom of camp life up to the time when all have given their lives to their Lord.

The books can be warmly recommended. Godparents might well use them at the Confirmation periods of their spiritual charges.

E. H.