

## THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

London, Oct. 25.—Right Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., is now Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of All England.

The Bishop of London has been translated to the Primacy to succeed the late Edward White Benson, who was stricken with apoplexy while at service in the church of the Gladstones at Harwarden two weeks ago today. Once the Chaplain of the Queen, Dr. Temple has enjoyed a royal favor that is credited with having elevated him in the honors of the established church.

Archbishop Temple is already 73 years old, and it is half a century since he was ordained. He has had a distinguished career. He was a college instructor for many years, and enjoyed the distinction of having been one of the notable head masters of Rugby. About thirty-five years ago his published writings led to a religious controversy so virulent that it was renewed nearly a decade later to plague him when he was named for his first bishopric. Supported by the influences of Gladstone, who as premier had nominated him for the place as a reward for political assistance, he easily defeated the opposition and secured the elevation which led to the head of the church. He received the degree of B.A. in 1842, of M.A. in 1846 and of D.D. in 1858.

### BRIEF STORY OF HIS CAREER.

Archbishop Temple is the son of Major Octavius Temple, who was once Lieutenant Governor of Sierra Leone on the west coast of Africa. He was born November 30, 1821. He gained his early education in the grammar school at Tiverton. He then went to Oxford and became a scholar in Balliol College. He graduated in 1842 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and was elected fellow and mathematical tutor of the College. In 1846 he was ordained Deacon, and two years later was elected for the position of principal of the training college at Kneller Hall, near Twickenham. He held that position for seven years, when he resigned and accepted an inspectorship of schools. His work as an instructor has attracted attention, and when Dr. Colburn, in 1858, resigned as head master of Rugby school, he was appointed to the vacancy.

It was in 1860 while a chaplain to the Queen, that Dr. Temple attracted widespread notice in religious circles by writing the first of a series of seven "Essays and Reviews," which led to a long controversy. He took a prominent part in the political campaign preceding the general election of 1868. He made an active canvass of Warwickshire in support of Gladstone's measure for the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

The premier recognized his services by naming him for the bishopric of Exeter to succeed Dr. Philpott. The appointment caused considerable commotion in clerical circles, and the clergy unfriendly to him, determined to op-

pose the confirmation. This enmity arose from the fact that Dr. Temple had been the author of the article named before, the tenor of which had never been forgiven.

### VICTORY OVER HIS OPPONENTS.

The confirmation was to take place December 8, 1869, at the Church of St. Mary - Le - Bow., Cheapside. Bishop Trower, as the representative of the opposition to Dr. Temple, instructed counsel to oppose the election. Both sides were accordingly represented by counsel, but Dr. Temple was victorious. His consecration at Westminster December election was confirmed by the vicar general, and he received Episcopal consecration, together with the bishops-elect of Bath and Wells and of the Falkland Islands.

He was translated to the bishopric of London, to succeed Dr. Jackson, who died in January, 1835, and was succeeded at Exeter by Dr. Bickersteth.

Dr. Temple's sermons preached in the chapel of Rugby school in 1850-60, were published in 1861. In 1883 he was elected Bampton lecturer at Oxford for the ensuing year.

An interesting coincidence in today's appointment is that it was made on a Sunday to fill a vacancy caused by a death on a Sunday. Archbishop Benson was interred in Canterbury Cathedral a week ago last Friday with imposing services.

### A JUDGE WHO DID NOT BEHAVE PROPERLY IN CHURCH.

John Campbell was a Scotchman. John was at one time the head of the judicial courts of England. Campbell became Lord Chancellor. He died in 1861. This great man had a nickname. There are few men of genius who have not. There is not a notable man in this world of ours but at some time or other in his career has possessed a nickname. If one cannot do anything more original, you change Charles to Tommy, or Godfrey to Sammy in spite of godfathers or godmothers.

It is not always that a nickname is a sign of affection. Campbell's name was John. The bar of England knew him as "Jock."

A child easily absorbs, but does not so easily forget. He drinks in with avidity every stray sentence that the gray beards drop, digests it, memorises it.

It was thus that I drew my conclusions of the man "Jock" Campbell.

I was a pet of the Midland bar.

As a youngster I was taken into court, and enjoyed the prattle of the learned Q. C.'s, especially when Campbell was the subject of discussion. It is best to be plain in speech or in writing.

Candidly, then as a child, I feared the man. The austerity with which he ruled the court.

The rugged face—the overhanging grey, bushy eyebrows—the cold, grey eye—the nasty sneer. All these seemed to affect the very atmosphere of the court over which he presided.

In these days the court room would have been deemed cold storage when "Jock" sat.

Campbell was an author. His Lives of the Chancellors will live in a few libraries—very few will read it.

His pen was dipped in venom.

If the poor deceased Lord Chancellors were allowed to revisit this earth, and could read Campbell's views of their characteristics when in the flesh, they would, one and all, seize a club and hunt round for "Jock."

Now for Campbell in church.

A tumble from a big hassock, on to which elevation I had climbed without the knowledge of my superior, is mixed up in my childish memory, with Lord Chief Justice Campbell. It was in St. Mary's Church at Warwick.

The procession of the two Judges, clad in scarlet and ermine, had been preceded up the aisle by the mace bearer and other officials bearing their wands of office. "Jock" Campbell and his fellow judge had been safely placed in a big square pew, as large as an ordinary sitting room. The service, prior to the assize sermon had commenced.

I must here tell you that the previous night, a special messenger had arrived, at a late hour, to Campbell, conveying the news of the sudden dissolution of Parliament. The Chief kept his own counsel, and no one knew it in the little county town, but himself. Boys like climbing, especially after forbidden fruit.

I was a boy, and therefore loved climbing, but hassocks or stools were better within my capabilities at that time than trees. Two ancients in wigs, red gowns, gold chains of office, ermine tips. What a temptation! When the litany was ended, and the prayers following were being read—methought, I saw the usually vigilant eyes of our attendant close.

Her head nodded. Enough! A frantic scramble—two hassocks together piled by small hands. A climb to the summit of two hassocks. Joy! I look down from our seat in the gallery, on the Chief Justice. Eagerly, I note his grand costume—the rugged face. Wonder if he sleeps in his full-buttoned wig; my nose rests on the edge of our pew—when! The Rev. A. Boudier, the curate, commenced the prayer for Parliament. "Most Gracious." Shout from "Jock" Campbell, who is now on his feet, glaring over the pew at parson. "There is no Parliament sitting." The alarmed congregation woke up and stared—some on their feet—looked round for source of noise. The Reverend gazes round timidly—a pause—starts again—

"Most gracious."

Judge: "Stop, Sir. There is no Parliament."

Just lovely thought I. Aias! Campbell's voice will always be mixed up in my mind with a firm grasp of an iron hand, and a good leghold.

A jerk—disastrous fall of hassocks, small boy, bump, jerk back to seat.

The Rector, the Rev. John Boudier, said in the vestry after service: "If I had been conducting the service, Lord Chief Justice of England though he be, I would have had him turned out of church as a common brawler."

Lucky indeed for Campbell that the Father of the curate was at the altar in the East of the church, and did not know the cause of the omission of the prayer for Parliament.