

The first man of note I remember meeting was Dr. Wace, then professor of Church History at King's College. To my surprise and pleasure, I had received an invitation from him to become a contributor to the *Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Biography* then in course of issue, and I called upon him at his house in Mecklenburgh Square to receive instructions. Dr. Wace's history was somewhat exceptional. Leaving Oxford without any marked distinction he came in time to a curacy at St. James's, in Piccadilly. Here he was recommended by one of his hearers to the tutorship to a son of Baron Rothschild's, and his Jewish patron was so pleased with his intelligence that he spoke of him to Delane, the editor of the *Times*. This led to an introduction to the 'Thunderer', and finally to admission on its staff. And then, for many years, Mr. Wace had to spend several nights each week at Printing-house Square, to await the command of the chief, the brief indication of the article needed, its general scope and outline. Candid friends of the present Principal of King's College profess to see traces of the *Times's* sober and colourless style in his later personality, a result not altogether to be wondered at. But, except for those who delight in highly spiced rhetoric, in florid and gushing utterance, Dr. Wace's chastened and reasoned style has a singular charm. I spent a pleasant hour with him, and with his *fidus Achates*, Mr. Hole, a clergyman of immense learning, prevented by deafness from active work in the Church, but greatly esteemed by all theological scholars. I left with a long list of bishops of the 4th and 5th centuries on whom to make researches in the British Museum library, a labour which made pleasant and useful contrast with the work of the Parish.

The very antipodes of Dr. Wace was the man with whom I next came in contact, Canon (now Archdeacon) Farrar. The acquaintance was equally unsought and unexpected on my side. A little book of mine had been published, and a friend sent a copy to Dr. Farrar. Some time after I received a letter from him, full of kindly encouragement and appreciation, and, later still, to my even greater astonishment, came an invitation to preach in Westminster Abbey. This was indeed a difficulty, and I thought the best way would be to call upon the Canon and tell him that I had seldom preached, and dreaded to enter so august a pulpit. I walked down to Dean's Yard, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. I told him my dilemma, and begged to be excused from the too burdensome honor offered me. Canon Farrar, however, was pleased to insist, and the end of the interview was that I went home to plan a sermon for Thursday in Holy Week, the subject to be given for publication within a few days. My readers will understand if I say nothing more about the sermon and its delivery upon the appointed day. But I may record the never-to-be-forgotten meeting for the first and only time, with Dean Stanley, who was present in his stall during the service. It made the ordeal still more acute as the verger with his glittering wand escorted me from the *sacrarium* to the pulpit, to think that two of the greatest preachers in England were about to be listeners and critics. But my own experience, then and subsequently, has been that the ablest critics are ever the most

tolerant; and when Canon Farrar was called away by an engagement, Dr. Stanley invited me into the Deanery, pointing out, as we went, in his own inimitable way, various features in the noble Minster which he knew and loved so well.

Of clerical neighbors there were many men of worth and note. In St. Luke's Berwick street, the adjoining district, was Mr. Festing, whose noble and arduous work in that difficult sphere, followed by an equal success in the larger parish of Christ Church, Albany street, has recently been rewarded by his promotion to the See of St. Albans. At St. Peter's was Arthur Mozley, one of a famous kinship, rather burthened by the succession to Mr. Wilkinson, who had first made his fame there, before passing to the West end. At St. George's ruled Canon Capel Cure, an excellent representative of that courtly and scholarly olden school, rather unduly depreciated by those who think that clerical efficiency means a whirlpool of loquacious committees, and undigested and inoperative schemes. At St. Philip's there was Mr. Stanley Leathes, professor of Hebrew at King's College, remarkable as the only man who had been honored by election to both the University lectureships, the Bampton at Oxford, and Hulsean at Cambridge. This distinction has since fallen to the lot of two others, both Cambridge men, in Archdeacon Farrar and Bishop Boyd Carpenter. Many other notable clergymen were met at the monthly meetings at Burlington Schols, held under the presidency of the Rector of St. James's. It was indeed a privilege for the younger clergy to listen to discussion of topics in which such men took part as Dean Stanley, W. G. Humphry, Henry Wace, Dr. Irons, R. F. Littledale, E. A. Abbott, Llewelyn Davies, and others of equal calibre. Laymen were not excluded from the debates, and I well recollect a resolution in favour of the adoption of Edward VI's First Prayer Book, introduced by the present Lord Halifax, then Mr. Wood, President of the English Church Union. After a time Dean Stanley rose up, and to the astonishment of all declared himself a great admirer of the "First Prayer Book." Mr. Wood's delight at so unexpected a recruit was soon damped when the Dean went on to prove, with that courteous irony of which, when he pleased, he was so consummate a master, that the champions of the earlier liturgy had entirely overlooked many of its features, and especially that the Lord's Prayer stood as the real prayer of consecration. On another occasion a debate upon the work of the Salvation Army, then beginning to attract general attention, took place, and Commissioner Railton, one of General Booth's ablest lieutenants, was invited to expound the principles of the movement. Once only, and then with much fear and trembling, I remember that I spoke in the presence of these "reverend signiors." A somewhat arrogant paper had been read by a certain Mr. Horsley, advocating a (since) defunct society called the "Church and Stage Guild," and pouring forth a good deal of contempt on what he was pleased to call "Protestant bigotry" on the subject. I pointed out that not even Calvin had written more severely upon the influence of the stage than Bossuet the famous Catholic bishop; and I was rewarded, to my great satisfaction, by an