

A REMINISCENCE.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND A. CLEVELAND COXE, D.D., BISHOP OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

THE local newspapers, speaking of the gathering of the Bishops at Durham (July 31, 1888), after the Lambeth Conference, remarked as follows: "In the Cathedral, on Tuesday, was beheld one of the most interesting ecclesiastical events ever seen in the North—a procession, up the nave of sixty bishops, drawn from every quarter of the globe." In the evening of the same day, there was a banquet in the great hall of the Castle, at which 300 guests were entertained by the Bishop; the authorities of the University and dignitaries of the Cathedral animating the scene by their presence and their words of welcome to the Prelates, who had just adjourned from Lambeth to visit the chapel at Auckland and the sepulchres of St. Cuthbert and the Venerable Bede at Durham, under the hospitable invitation of Bishop Lightfoot.

It is a source of satisfaction to the writer of this reminiscence that he was present on that occasion, and had the honour of expressing, in few words his heartfelt estimate of the great and learned Bishop who had gathered about him such an assemblage, brought together, in large measure, by their common regard for such a luminary of the Church. Now that Bishop Lightfoot adorns the Militant Church on earth no longer, it may not be inappropriate to recall the tribute which the writer was then privileged to offer in his presence, more especially as the reports of what was said at the banquet were all very imperfect; while most of them, if they could be reproduced, would be read with interest at this moment, when the whole Anglican Communion is deploring the loss of so grand an ornament of the Catholic Episcopate. I annex a partial report, as follows:

The Bishop of Western New York, in returning thanks for a kind mention of his name, expressed the gratitude of the American bishops for the privilege they so greatly enjoyed (under the hospitable invitation of the Bishop) of visiting the ancient Cathedral of Durham, and of being also the guests of the University which maintained the time-honoured glories of Durham as a seat of Christian learning. Here was indeed a fitting epilogue to a history, of which the festival at Canterbury, presided over by the Primate of all England, a month ago, was the prologue. It must be owned that His Grace had not permitted them to be *players* at Lambeth; if "all the world's a play," Lambeth furnished an exception, for they have been kept at hard work ever since they were convened around the Primate's chair in that venerable palace, henceforth not England's pride alone, but "dear for its reputation through the world."

An eminent dignitary, near whom I have been happily seated, has reminded me, in a pleasant vein, of scenes of which this ancient hall has been the theatre in other days. In his opinion, our gathering to-day is the rival of a somewhat more secular assembly, in which among many more notable for titles and distinctions of the great, sat the "Border Minstrel," that delight of our early days, that inexhaustible genius, Sir Walter Scott. The mention of that name fired my imagination with thoughts of what his inventive brain must have worked up, as he sat among dukes and nobles, "the observed of all observers." No doubt, my Lord, he reproduced, in his mind's eye, those superb pictures of the Middle Ages with which he charmed our boyish fancy, and conjured up the day when one of your Lordship's predecessors might have been seen, where you now sit, wearing his rochet of dainty lawn, over a hauberk of twisted mail. About him were gathered, not the captains of the Lord's host; not, as to-day, the soldiers of the Prince of Peace, but fierce paladins of the North, a menace to Sir Walter's own "Border," and not less to

"black Pagans, Turks and Saracens," far away, about the sepulchre of Christ. I am glad that such are not the characters by whom we are here surrounded. I am glad that this delightful academic feast furnishes a remarkable contrast to those of the olden time—

"When they carved, at the meal,
In their gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine thro' the helmet barr'd."

As for them, we may yet again quote Sir Walter:

"Their bones are dust,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

And, perhaps, your Lordship will permit me to say that I am glad we are gathered here to honour the Bishop, and not "the Prince Palatine" of Durham. There are princes of another sort, princes who have the glory of being fore-known and celebrated by a great King, a thousand years before Christendom was founded by His greater Son, "the King of Kings and Lord of Lords." How strikingly we see fulfilled in this assembly, what the Psalmist prophesied: "Instead of the fathers thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands." Yes, My Lord, you will recall St. Augustine's interpretation; for he says—this means the Bishops—"the successors of the apostles." And that illustrious Bishop of an obscure See, which he made more shining than Rome or Constantinople, does not fail to remark that this prophecy does not mean that they shall be made like "the princes of this world that come to naught," but that they shall be leaders of the people, in Faith, in Hope and in Love. There are princes in the realms of intellect among Christian bishops; leaders of the people in all knowledge and wisdom; leaders to whom the educated mind of Christendom turns with homage, as to stars that shall shine forever in the firmament, because they "turn many to righteousness." Permit me to congratulate the Diocese of Durham that it still wears its princely dignities, though with a fresh and more glorious lustre; and long may it be presided over by that Prince Bishop of St. Augustine's type, whose name will never be less than that of any of his illustrious predecessors.

LUX MUNDI.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE storm which has arisen in England about the latter part of Mr. Gore's essay on *The Holy Spirit and Inspiration*, seems to be increasing in intensity. Led by Archdeacon Denison and Canon Liddon, the attack has become so fierce that a correspondent, signing himself X., writes to the *Guardian* of April 2nd, deprecating the bitterness of tone towards Mr. Gore. "From some of the criticisms," he also writes, "and brief quotations few would gather the general drift and reverent spirit of the whole essay." Few will go all the length with Archdeacon Denison in his characteristically trenchant indictment; and as Professor Sanday says, "There are many sober and cautious scholars" who cannot accept Canon Liddon's dilemma, which briefly stated is Christ or "criticism"—for they accept Christ and "criticism."

By "criticism" we mean that criticism which calling itself scientific, and professing to be free from any predilections, sets itself to work on the books of the Old Testament and endeavours to determine, as in the case of any other literature by means of methods of pure criticism, how the text which we possess came into existence and at what time and who were its authors. Now this Old Testament criticism is comparatively new. Its results are naturally received with great suspicion. For the New Testament