

those assembled by the Bishop of Nottingham, and was thereupon proposed by the Dean of Lincoln, seconded by Canon Perry, and signed by all present:—"We, the undersigned, being the Dean, Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham and Archdeacon Stow, the Canons Residentiary and Rural Deans of the Diocese of Lincoln, being now assembled at our Annual Conference, having heard of the proposed prosecution of the Bishop for certain ritual observances, desire hereby to express our earnest protest against any such prosecutions at the present time, and also to assure the Bishop of our entire confidence in his administration of the diocese, of our deep affection for himself, and of our gratitude for his self-sacrificing efforts to carry on the work of the Church amongst us."

THE PREPARATORY MEETING OF THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

(From The N. Y. Churchman.)

Four ceremonies preceded the business of the third Lambeth Conference. They were all singularly appropriate and very suggestive. The first two were at Canterbury; the last two were in London. Those in Canterbury took place on the same day, on two historic spots strongly allied, and within bow-shot of each other. Those in London on successive days, on spots equally historic, equally, but differently allied, and in sight of one another across the Thames.

If there had been design in their order nothing could have been better as a fitting preliminary to the momentous work for which nearly one hundred and fifty bishops of the Anglican Communion had come from all parts of the world to take counsel over.

The first of the four assemblages—on Saturday noon, June 30—was amid the ruins of the vast Monastery of Augustine, at Canterbury, in what is known to-day as the Missionary College of St. Augustine. It is a new building of monastic character, indeed of ancient Benedictine look, with an imposing gateway, quadrangle, cloister, hall, chapel, library, and even a crypt under the latter, all reared about forty years ago, with a fine instinct for the genius of the place, to be the headquarters of a theological school which should send out well equipped and devoted men to raise the cross and banner of Augustine in every land where the Anglo-Saxon has gained a foothold. It has risen out of the materials of its ancient predecessor, and in some parts, as in the grand gateway, it is a reproduction of the original design. In other respects it has adapted itself to the colossal remains of the building which it could not hope and did not need to rival. All around it are the crumbling wall, towers, and gateways of the famous monastery; and if the spirit of Augustine lingers anywhere on earth it is here, on the foundation he laid of the missionary work, which turned the Anglo-Saxon race to the religion it now represents, and desires to propagate in every quarter of the globe. As the living, active centre, then, whence the light which was lit here thirteen hundred years ago is borne into heathen lands, what place could have been more appropriate for the widely-scattered and home-returning Prelates of the Anglican Church to meet each other in the outset, and lock hands and hearts over the undertaking which is the uniting bond and common interest of them all?

The scene was informal, and, as it ought to have been, social. The Archbishop of Canterbury was there as the centre of the great group,—genial, courtly, with a face which in itself was a benediction. The Episcopal dress, so marked in England, was as yet the only distinctive feature which revealed the high office of those who gathered about him and received his welcome on the green lawn of the quadrangle. Only one prelate, and he an Oriental, was conspicuous for his long flowing robes. It

was Mar Gregorius, Bishop of Homo (Edessa), the representative of the Patriarch of Antioch.

The number, exclusive of the students, who sat down to lunch in the undercroft, was 130, but this included many dignitaries besides the bishops. The warden presided and several good speeches were made, one of them being by our Bishop Whipple. But these pleasant personal interchanges were only prefatory to the great occasion of the afternoon.

This was the service of welcome in the Cathedral. The Cathedral of Lanfranc and of Anselm, embracing every style of English ecclesiastical architecture since the days of Ethelbert, lends itself nobly to such a scene as was now presented. A robed procession that enters its western doors is borne higher and higher as it mounts the successive steps which lead from the nave to the choir, from the choir to the sacarium, and from the sacarium to the altar. Canterbury Cathedral is the Westminster Abbey of the Church of England. It is the place where its Archbishops have always been enthroned. It is the mausoleum where all of them, down to Cardinal Pole, were buried. It contains the rude and simple marble throne, the chair of Augustine, which, like the equally rude and simple oaken coronation chair of Westminister Abbey, has its especial assignment and auspicious use. Like the coronation chair this consecration chair is brought forward and placed conspicuously in the chancel on great and appropriate occasions. Recently the Queen sat in her own regal seat at her service of jubilee in the Abbey of Westminister. And, now, likewise, this ancient seat of the Archbishops of Canterbury had been taken from its usual place far behind in the apse, and put in front of the altar at the head of the great flight of seventeen steps leading down into the choir. It was the symbol of the spiritual office which, before the days of the Roman encroachment, was recognized on the neighboring continent as supreme in the realm of the isles—"the other world beyond the sea." And now, in the strange reversal of time, this throne of nearly 100 pontiffs, Roman and English was to be the seat of a welcome to the Church in worlds beyond many seas. The island, this time was to greet the continents of the whole earth. The Church of the English speaking race was gathered round one of the fountains of its origin, to drink a new strength, to witness to a unity that had never been broken.

The pageant was a striking one, and not easily imaginable on a very slight description. Not only had the marble chair been set in its lofty place, but the altar railings had been removed, and seats for the clergy placed upon the broad flight of steps on either hand.

Shortly before 3 o'clock, says the *Times*, the Archbishop's procession entered the choir by the north transept, and passed through the choir and down the nave to the west door in the following order: Two vergers, followed by the Crucifer, the Archbishop with his train-bearer, the Chaplains of the Archbishop, the Dean and Vice-dean, the Canon-, the honorary Canons, the six preachers, the Choir and minor Canons the Mayor and Corporation in their robes of office, the King's School masters, the King's scholars, the warden and fellows of St. Augustine's, the Rural Deans, the city Clergy. In the meanwhile the Bishops, having robed in Chapter-house, had passed through the cloisters in procession to the west door. Upon entering the nave they passed in single file to right and left of the Archbishop and those behind him, the two lines reuniting upon reaching the steps leading up to the choir.

The scene at this point from the level of the choir was an exceedingly striking one. Down the whole magnificent length of the nave, from the choir steps to the point where the Archbishop stood facing the west door, stretched a double line of Clergy and Choristers, the white of the surplice picked out with the brilliant

colors of the hoods, while the scarlet and mazarine gowns of the Corporation added further variety of color. On each side of the line of Clergy passed the Bishops in single file, the spectators lining the nave up to the inner level of the pillars. During the procession the 68th psalm, verses 1 to 19, and the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers" were sung. Entering the choir two by two, the Bishops took their seats upon the altar steps. As soon as the Bishops had passed the city clergy, who, having been last in the archbishop's procession, consequently stood nearer to the choir, the clergy turned and re-entered the choir in reverse to that in which they had entered the nave, and took their seats on the altar steps, where those of the clergy present who had not taken part in the procession—who did not wear surplices—had already taken up their position, while the Mayor and the Corporation occupied stalls in the choir stalls.

The Archbishop having seated himself the *Te Deum* was sung, after which he delivered his address of welcome from the chair:

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ALLOCUTION.

To the Bishops Assembled at the Chair of Augustine, 30 June, 1888:

Brethren most dear and to me most reverend. Few privileges of my office can surpass that which, all unworthy, I exercise to-day.

It is to bid you welcome in the name of the Lord. Happy should my soul be if it were given me to take in all that such welcome means.

Welcome from all continents and seas and shores where the English tongue is spoken.

Welcome, bearers of the Great Commission to be His witnesses unto the ends of the earth.

Welcome, disciples of the Great Determination to "refuse fables" and seek the inspiration of the Church at the Fountain-head of Inspired Reason.

Welcome to the chair which when filled least worthily most takes up to its own parable and speaks of its unknown lines of government and law and faith, and forgets not the yet earlier Christianity of the land whose own lines soon flowed into and blended with the Roman and the Gallic and the Saxon strains.

Round this chair have clustered the glorious memorials you see through ages—none more dear than his who spoke from it last, with a pathos and a courage quite his own. His simple words to you "our brethren of the Great Republic," "the particular welcome from himself," which his great sorrow and your love privileged him to give you, still shed a tender human light upon the solemn matters we are treat of, and the heavenly enterprise to which we and our successors are pledged.

He knew how dear to you is this sanctuary of our fathers and yours—yes, of "your Father and our Father."

And even because of the potency of its deep appeal to us to be holy in worship, pure in doctrine, strong in life—even for this appeal's sake, we bid you here remember the pregnant words of Gregory to Augustine himself, "Non pro locis res, sed pro bonis rebus loca amanda sunt." "Love not the things for the sake of the genius of the place but for the good things wrought there."

This he said in answer to Augustine's question "the Faith being One, are there different customs for different churches?" The answer was worthy of him who has been called the greatest of the Popes, and called the first of the Methodists. He says, you remember, "What thou hast found in any Church more pleasing to the Almighty God, that do thou solicitously choose out, and in the English Church, young in the faith, pour in with excellent instruction what thou gatherest from many churches."

For the moment, while his Church was young, Augustine stood in a strange, unique position, commissioned to represent in one person the