











THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF  
EDWARD LEE HICKS

# VIATICUM

## Or Traveller's Scrip

Chosen and arranged by  
J. H. FOWLER.

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*TIMES:*

“Mr. Fowler has the scholar's instinct for the great saying, and he knows, too, that its greatness consists in the perennial freshness of its power to lift us out of ourselves. As he says in an admirable preface his quotations are those on which the world has set the seal of its approval. . . . It is a delightful little book.”

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*Edward Lee Micks, D.D.  
Bishop of Lincoln, 1910-1919.*

THE LIFE AND LETTERS  
OF  
EDWARD LEE HICKS  
(BISHOP OF LINCOLN 1910-1919)

EDITED BY  
J. H. FOWLER



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READER, WHAT NEEDED A PANEGYRICK'S SKILL,  
A LIMMER'S PENSILL OR A POET'S QUILL,  
THEY ARE BUT MISERABLE COMFORTERS  
WHEN BADD ONES DIE THAT PAINT THEIR SEPULCHRES  
AND WHEN THE LIFE IN HOLINES IS SPENT  
THE NAKED NAME'S A MARBLE MONUMENT:  
TO KEEP FROM ROTTING PIETY AND ALMES  
DOE FARR EXCELL THE BEST EGIPTIAN BALMES;  
THEN WHATSOEVER THOU ART THIS COURSE IS SAFE,  
LIVE LIVE THY SELFE BOOTH TOOMBE AND EPITAPH.

[Copied by E. L. H. from an Inscription of 1651  
on a tomb in Ashton-under-the-Hill Church.]



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## PREFACE

**S**CHOLAR, reformer, saint, lovable human being—the union of these characters in one personality is so rare that it might be held to justify a record, even if many who knew Edward Lee Hicks had not asked that his story should be written. The fullness of detail of the old two-volume biographies has not been attempted here ; still less has there been any desire to imitate the more modern fashion of impressionistic portraiture, broad strokes and splashes of colour, or the “cleverness which never knows when it is handling something too great for it, and is always cutting capers when it had better be upon its knees.” What has been essayed is a study of the growth of a mind and character—the influence of heredity, early associations, religion, culture, friendships, the forming of a creed and the application of it to life, the practice of plain living and high thinking, of earnest praying and strenuous working, in the career of college tutor, country parson, city rector, political reformer and ecclesiastical ruler.

The biographer's function is to interpret, not to pass judgment. That his own view of every question should be identical with that of the man he is trying to represent is neither possible nor desirable.

To prevent misunderstanding, it may be right to say here that, whilst I find myself in entire sympathy with Hicks' aims, broadly stated, I have to confess that in the matter of Temperance Reform I am with those whom he, with Sir Wilfrid Lawson, would have stigmatized as "silly sheep"—the believers in a policy of "disinterested management," who think not only that "half a loaf is better than none," but even that in legislative reform "the half is more than the whole" because it does not offer the same dangerous provocation to reaction.

When Mrs. Hicks asked me to undertake the writing of the biography, I felt that I could not refuse. It was the only chance left me of repaying in part the debts of a friendship of thirty years—a friendship in which, as the younger and less able man, I had always received more than I had given. But, apart from the personal reason, the story of a man who had touched life at so many points, and touched nothing that he did not adorn, seemed to me full of inspiration; and I thought it a worthy ambition to commemorate it for those who loved him, and to win for his character, if I should have any success in my portraiture, yet other admirers.

But I could not have undertaken the task at all if I had not received much generous help from others. I have first to thank Mrs. Hicks, who has taken infinite pains to supply me with material, to put me in communication with other contributors, and to

contribute directly herself ; then Canon Peter Green, for the whole of Chapter VI, for the writing of which he had a threefold qualification as the present Rector of St. Philip's, Salford, as Canon of Manchester, and as contributor (in succession to Hicks) of the weekly letter on Church topics to the *Manchester Guardian* ; Canon W. E. Boulter, Principal of St. Paul's College, Burgh, Bishop Hicks' Chaplain at Lincoln, for the whole of Chapters IX and XI ; Sir Samuel Dill, the Rev. C. Plummer, Dr. Walter Lock, Archdeacon Stocks for Oxford reminiscences ; Mrs. Scriven, Mrs. Westacott, Mr. Philip Knight, for help with the Fenny Compton chapter ; the late W. R. Paton, Mr. H. S. Perris, the Rev. H. Stones, the Rev. C. F. Richardson, for the Hulme Hall period ; Mr. Asquith, for his kind permission to print the letter in which the offer of the Bishopric of Lincoln was conveyed ; Mr. C. P. Scott, for permission to reprint two articles of Corpus recollections contributed by Hicks to the *Manchester Guardian* ; the Rev. A. S. Cripps and his publisher, Mr. Basil Blackwell, for leave to reproduce the lines from *Lyra Evangelistica* on page 1 ; the Rev. S. Proudfoot, Dr. F. A. Bruton, Mrs. E. V. Knox and Mr. Edward Hicks for the contributions to which their names are attached ; and other relations and friends for the loan of letters and for help in various ways too numerous to mention.

J. H. FOWLER.



# THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD LEE HICKS

## CHAPTER I

OXFORD—BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS: 1843-61

“Towers and crimson heaven and a two-day moon  
Misting river meadows where the dusks are slow !  
How could I renounce you ? Life is short enow—  
Anywise our God-speed must have seemed too soon.

At your shrine-gate watching, never voice I knew,  
Never voice nor vision. Were I lingering still—  
I a withering Tithon, you with Time at will—  
Would you yet reward me for my truth to you ?

Long ago, I left you, now at last you speak  
O'er the wine-dark furrows of the estranging main.  
Mortal feet that flee you, turning not again,  
Lo your feet immortal to the world's end seek !”

A. S. CRIPPS, *Lyra Evangelistica*.

SO writes an Oxford poet, wistfully looking back to the vanished years from his voluntary exile in far Mashonaland. The chord he touches awakens poignant memories. How many sons of Oxford, even if they loved her deeply when they were still with her, feel that in the heedlessness of youth they failed to make the most of a priceless privilege !

Yet there are some few who can hardly have



felt thus ; or, at least, we cannot feel it of them. Children after her own heart, they seem to have heard her voice and seen the vision of her from the beginning, and as their life proceeds in orderly, unbroken development, their love which endures to the end is untouched by any remorse.

Of these was the subject of this memoir, Edward Lee Hicks. He was born on December 18, 1843, at 15 Ship Street, Oxford—a house no longer in existence, which abutted on the old city wall. In 1844 or 1845 the family removed to 77 High Street. This house also has long since been swept away to make room for the new Examination Schools. Here it was that Edward passed the whole of his boyhood, and the constant vision of that wonderful street, as full of history and of beauty as any highway in Europe, may have contributed to the moulding of his tastes and character, just as his contemporary, Mandell Creighton, may have owed the direction of his career to the cathedral on which his childish eyes looked out from his father's house in Carlisle.

Edward's father and mother both belonged to Oxfordshire. The father, Edward Hicks, was born at Wolvercote, where his family had lived for many generations.

“They were some of the chief farmers of the place, renting land under the Duke of Marlborough and also possessing some freehold land of their own. They were old-fashioned churchpeople, and my father's father or grandfather had greatly resented the intrusion of the Methodist preachers into the parish.”

Edward Hicks, the father, was, as his son described him from memory many years afterwards,

“ a man of middle height, fair and somewhat sandy in complexion ; volatile, excitable, full of fun, industrious but unbusinesslike, dilatory, and often irritable. But his virtues were many. He was absolutely free from affectation or vanity, punctiliously neat, endlessly kind, generous, humble, but of unshrinking truth and courage. He was very fond of all children, and they of him. He was a good Liberal, and worked hard for Edward Cardwell (afterwards Viscount Cardwell and Minister of War) and for Sir William Harcourt, successively members for Oxford. He took a vigorous part in the farmers’ election, when W. M. Thackeray put up as a Radical against the ‘ Peelite ’ Cardwell ; my father worked hard and successfully for Cardwell, who at the time was absent abroad. As a boy I remember finding among my father’s old papers a sheaf of Anti-Cornlaw League pamphlets. I remember sitting on his knee and spelling out Peel’s speeches ; and he told me that he once took me to Gloucester Green, Oxford, seated on his shoulder, when Cobden and Bright were speaking from a waggon, so that in after years I might say I had heard these orators in their campaign of agitation. He grew into a really devout and religious man. He was fond of reading, especially religious biography, and all sorts of foreign travel, which he devoured steadily. He was also passionately fond of gardening, and flowers and fruit-growing, his eye for colour being most acute. He was devoted to sacred music, and had a fine baritone voice. He loved an argument, and was full of caustic sayings. He taught me by example to admire goodness in any man, wherever found, and to be generous in praise of it.”

If the qualities that characterized Edward in later years owed not a little to his father, as we may judge from this brief description, they owed still more to

his mother's strong personality. Her maiden name was Catherine Pugh, and she was born in St. Ebbe's parish, Oxford, in 1812. After her death in 1897 her son put together for his own children his recollections of their grandmother. From this account, though it was not intended to go beyond the home-circle, some extracts may be given here.

“ Her education had been very incomplete. Of many things she seemed extraordinarily ignorant. Her simplicity on some points surprised you. The next moment you were astonished by her knowledge, her acuteness and discernment. She had a very serious mind, and always tried to rate things at their real value. She was never betrayed by sentiment, and she disliked display of feeling. She seldom jested, and she did not understand banter. She enjoyed, however, reading or hearing of humorous sayings and incidents,—provided they did not touch either herself or hers too closely. Indeed she was very sensitive and even touchy at times. She never put into my hands any fairy tales ; she had the Puritan love of matter-of-fact. When in later years she could use her time as she pleased, she made a rule of never reading anything—except her Bible and devotional books—during daylight. Daylight was devoted to plain sewing and other needlework, chiefly for the use of her children and grandchildren. Her sewing was beautiful ; as all she did was good and thorough. When candles were lit, she proceeded to read. Her favourite books were Crabbe, Cowper, Goldsmith, and a certain number of the best novels, e.g. *Silas Marner*, and the biographies of eminent men whom she had known and followed in her long life. Especially did she delight in the lives of Pusey, Stanley, and divines of every school. In her younger days, especially in Oxford, she had used every opportunity of hearing and seeing great divines. There was hardly a great preacher of any communion whom she

had not heard, and estimated for herself. She had listened habitually to Goulburn at Holywell Church, and to Newman when Vicar of St. Mary's. The latter deeply impressed her, and I know how pleased she was when I gave her the portrait of Newman, given to me by Professor J. M. Wilson of Corpus, and to him by Newman's well-known friend McMullen of Corpus.

My children were devoted to her, and she to them. For my wife she had the warmest admiration and love. As she grew older, she wished to go: 'My work is done,' she used often to say. She was anxious to get rid of all she had, before she died—books, trinkets, etc. She had always disliked hoarding, and though keenly critical of the failings of the poor, she was very generous. Everybody loved her, and respected her. She was so strong and so tender in soul; and her talk so unexpected and unconventional. She was an eager and careful student of current politics, and an ardent admirer of Mr. Gladstone, and a staunch Liberal always. When I read *Margaret Ogilvie*, I saw in J. M. Barrie's mother many features of my mother's character."

Catherine in her girlhood had been a Wesleyan, and after her marriage she continued for some time to attend the Wesleyan chapel and to take her husband with her. Those were days of great controversy within the Methodist church, when Milton's old saying about "new presbyter" being "old priest writ large" was receiving a new illustration in the claims of the Wesleyan ministers to the complete control of their churches. Mr. Hicks, with his strong Liberal instincts, warmly espoused the cause of the reforming ministers who were ejected from the Wesleyan connexion. Weariness of religious controversy, and the conviction that it

hindered rather than helped the spiritual life, were partly responsible, the son thought, for his father's return to the Church of England. The High Street house was in the parish of St. Peter's ; and both father and mother were attracted by the personality of the vicar, Edmund Hobhouse, Fellow of Merton, and afterwards Bishop of Nelson, N.Z. They became regular worshippers at St. Peter's, and the father was repeatedly churchwarden, both for the vicar and the parish.

Edward began his school life at a private school in St. John's Street, Oxford, kept by a Mr. Crapper. On his return home from his first day's lessons, his mother asked him what he had learnt. " To spell a—c—h—e, substantive, pain," was his reply. This anecdote, and a remarkably neat map of Palestine, such as would have gladdened the heart of Mr. John Smith of Harrow, executed before he was ten years of age, are perhaps the only memorials of his first school extant. From very early days it must have been obvious that he was a boy of exceptional promise. There are few survivors whose recollections go back so far as this ; but Dr. Codrington, afterwards missionary to Melanesia, was at this time an assistant-master at Magdalen College School and curate at St. Peter's-in-the-East. He still has " clearly in recollection the very intelligent and attractive boy, wise and discreet beyond his years," whom he saw in the Sunday-school and the home. Edward had a beautiful voice, but when he



was taken by his father to the organist at Magdalen it was already too late for him to try for entrance to the choir. He was very musical and learnt to play almost by himself. As an older boy he was for some years organist for Magdalen College School. A survivor from the choristers of those days, the Rev. L. S. Tuckwell, "can see him about my own age being brought to school by his mother; and we were told afterwards that her importunity had prevailed upon the headmaster to accept him as a day-scholar." This was probably in 1855. He ran a brilliant course at the school, carrying off many prizes; and many years afterwards a letter from the headmaster recalled with amusement "the day when your mother's persuasive eloquence overcame my stubborn reluctance to admit so backward a boy at so advanced an age." The "backwardness" was, of course, due to the "little Latin and less Greek" taught at the private school; and the fact that the backward boy rose to be President of the Classical Association and one of the most distinguished Greek scholars of his generation, may be taken as a welcome indication that it is not necessary for the maintenance of classical studies that boys should learn two classical languages at the preparatory school age.

The headmaster was the Rev. James Elwin Millard, Fellow of Magdalen, who afterwards wrote that Edward's career at school and college would "always be among the most pleasant of his school

reminiscences." Edward's copy of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon (1860) was given to him when he was in the sixth form by the headmaster, and bore the inscription, *Spei gregis pastor amans*. He fully returned Dr. Millard's affection, and always cherished his memory.

His younger brother, Fred, followed him to Magdalen School and afterwards became a Demy of Magdalen College. He remembers something of Edward's school life.

"Edward fought the biggest fight in the school. They fought for two or three days after chapel and before eleven o'clock school. The boy was named Payne, and Edward licked him. Edward was an excellent swimmer, and a keen and impassable back-stop at cricket, and a very good oar; but, curiously enough, I do not remember his having any pet amusement or hobby. He took play as it came, and was generally very good at it; perhaps music was most to his taste."

It may be added that Edward was a good skater; Port Meadow provided many opportunities for the exercise of this art.

Thus endowed with musical and athletic powers, and with the attractiveness revealed in his early portraits, he could not fail to make a favourable impression upon the world of school. Yet he was doomed, as the boy of exceptionally deep thought and feeling nearly always is, to plough a somewhat lonely furrow. To a boy of tender home affections there is perhaps no pain more acute than can be caused by the discovery that his schoolfellows think

slightingly, on the score of poverty or social distinctions, of those who are dearest to him in the world. And the home-life was depressed during these years, not merely by constraining poverty, but by a growing burden of debt, as the father's health fell off and his business declined with it. To the end of his days it was a cause for gratitude with Edward that his own children had been spared this particular ordeal, as it was also one of his happiest memories that his scholastic successes enabled him to discharge his father's obligations and ease his later circumstances. A sonnet written in 1861 "on my Father's 49th birthday," already breathes this pious aspiration; and the feeling is not the less deep and sincere for being expressed in an eighteenth century mould of diction and metre :

" Mine be the task thy aged frame to free  
From bustling life's unkindly harassings."

The hope was fully realized. He provided a quiet home with a garden, in which his father spent his last years in peace and the enjoyment of country pursuits. Mr. Hicks was remarkable in his love of Nature, and was quite a botanist; and it was his delight to grow beautiful fruit and rare ferns in the open in the quiet Berkshire village where he lived and died.



## CHAPTER II

BRASENOSE : 1862-6

“ Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich—  
I had a world about me—’twas my own ;  
I made it, for it only lived to me,  
And to the God Who sees into the heart.—”

WORDSWORTH, *The Prelude*, Book III.

IN 1860 Edward had reached the top of Magdalen College School, being President’s Medallist for Greek and Latin Composition, and in 1861 he was elected to an open classical scholarship at Brasenose College, Oxford, and went into residence in January, 1862.

He was placed in the First Class by the Classical Moderators in 1863, and again by the examiners in the Final School of *Literæ Humaniores* in 1866. But though he competed for university scholarships and prizes, he was not successful in any competition till after he had taken his bachelor’s degree. In 1863 he was placed sixth in the examination for the Hertford scholarship, and fifth for the Ireland. The emoluments of these scholarships are not great, but they were large enough to be of considerable importance to a scholar who found great difficulty in meeting his expenses and whose home-life was more than ever clouded by his father’s

pecuniary embarrassments. To be conscious, as he could not fail to be, of his mental powers, to feel the constraints of poverty and to be near to successes which would at once have eased them and assured his prospects for the future, and yet to miss attainment—this was the severe discipline through which he had now to pass. It all helped to deepen and strengthen his character, but for the time it must have tended to drive him in upon himself in ways that were not wholly good.

We can reconstruct the inner history of his development to some extent from two note-books of the period. The reading of Hurrell Froude's memoirs suggested to him, he tells us, the keeping of a diary; and though he did not keep one systematically for long, he "related himself" to paper from time to time with the frankness of an earnest nature that found it difficult or impossible to lay itself bare to others, but was determined upon self-knowledge.

"Quiet, gentle, reserved" are the three epithets applied to him by one who remembers him in the days of his Corpus Fellowship; and no doubt all three adjectives would be equally applicable to the Brasenose period. Behind the quiet, gentle exterior much ferment of thought was going on. Religion had been the strongest influence in the home of his childhood, and he had grown up in unquestioning faith. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by ruling himself

after thy word." In that spirit he continually disciplined himself through the years that in so many lives are years of unsettlement and unrest. When he resolved upon the life of the ministry for himself does not appear, but his younger brother thinks it may have been in his mind all along. The entries in the note-book tell no story of religious doubts, except for one unfinished sonnet to which are significantly prefixed the lines of Tennyson,

" He fought his doubts and gathered strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,"

but only disclose self-reproaches at fallings away from religious resolves. Probably he was influenced a good deal by the strong and earnest character of his fellow-scholar, Henry Bazely, whose biography he was afterwards to write. The Evangelical framework of belief in which he had been brought up, resting as it did upon the acceptance of the verbal inspiration of Scripture, must have sustained many shocks when he came to the study of " Greats " in a university where Mill and Comte were the reigning philosophical deities. We shall see as the story proceeds, how in a strongly logical mind the reconciliation between rationalism and belief was achieved. That firm foothold could not be gained by so honest a nature without inward conflict. But the conflict may well have come by gradual, almost imperceptible, stages, and the crisis, if any moment of crisis could be fixed upon, would probably belong to the days of his fellowship rather than to any earlier date.

Meanwhile, on the positive side, he was absorbing from his philosophical teachers the best they had to give. Mill and Comte were not to cast out Christianity; but their influence was to be felt throughout his life. Mill's desire to penetrate to the causes of things, his fearless love of truth, and his reforming sympathies, all attracted him; still more did Comte's enthusiasm for the service of humanity.<sup>1</sup> Another writer who naturally appealed to him was George Grote, the historian of Greece: he sympathised, of course, with Grote's radicalism, though his sense of humour was tickled by Grote's passionate attachment to Cleon, the Athenian demagogue.

Religion apart, the strongest impression we get from these fragments of diary is of a keen mind, full of eagerness for knowledge and with a wonderful determination to widen its own outlook by steady advances. "I have begun of late to read more English" is an entry in June, 1863. "I read last term Macaulay's *Essays*, *History of England*, Vol. I; Scott's *Lady of the Lake*; Shakespeare, several plays; Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*; Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* (passim: to be finished throughout) and *Vicar of Wakefield*; Ben Jonson's *New Inn* and *Volpone*." A much longer list follows of English authors read in the summer vacation.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Hicks confirms this. She writes: "I think it is absolutely true to say that he imbibed his strong sympathy with the rights of women from Mill, and his passionate desire to uplift and make happier the lives of the ignorant and poor from Comte."

Another entry, headed "The Student's Wishing-Cap, February, 1865," begins with the explanation :

"Behold, I have invented a poor man's luxury, a treat only to be enjoyed by a hater of debt and withal a moneyless wight. As this is a private memorandum, to be kept from any but the writer's eyes, I need not tell myself how light my purse is, or how I hunger for books. . . . I intend from time to time to put down those books I should like to have, describing them if necessary, saying the reason why I should like them, and perhaps the binding I think would be suitable. I am a lover of a good library ; and I love my books like a lover. . . ."

The first five items on the list are as follows :—

(1) I think I should like the works of Giordano Bruno. Opere di Giordano Bruno, ora per la prima volta raccolte e pubblicate da Adolfo Wagner. 2 vols., Leipsig, 1830.' Partly because they are a curiosity : again, they are in Italian, and from the specimens I have seen, easy Italian : and they would be interesting, and would represent a field of literature to which my library shelves hereafter will be comparatively strangers, viz. mediæval philosophy ;—I do not know altogether why, but I should like this book.

(2) I should like Aristotle's works entire ; Bekker's edition. 9 vols. I think, Oxon. I should like them bound in tree-calf : in fact, just like the copy in the Union.

(3) I should like Guizot's *Meditations sur la Christianisme*. In the French. It might perhaps do for a Hulmian [college prize at B.N.C.] : binding, red or dark purple morocco.

(4) March 19, Sunday : this morning I went to Mozley's Bampton Lecture : it was very good : on miracles : he adopts Hume's theory of Causation. I should like to have *Hume's Essays*.

(5) The whole, or at least selections from *John Locke's Works* would be a nice set."

The note-books testify to the thoroughness with which he read other works besides those which he studied for "Greats." They contain abstracts of various books, including Thackeray's *Four Georges*, and a long series of quotations from, and references to passages in, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

Interspersed among graver entries there are a few light passages that reveal the writer's sense of fun. He has written out in full the prologue which F. A. C. Hooper of Trinity, in later years headmaster of Ripon Grammar School, composed for the Magdalen College School Theatricals, November 1st, 1861, a parody of Gray's *Elegy* from which a few lines may be abstracted here :

" Save where, beside yon consecrated tower  
A moping class-man to the moon complains  
Of noisy wines, that, near his classic bower,  
Disturb the pensive ponderings of his brains.  
Beneath that graceful pile, that chapel wall,  
Where heaveth many a freshman's heart with fear ;  
Each in his narrow comfortable stall,  
The reverend Dons in scarlet hoods appear.  
Let not their grandeur mock our youthful toil,  
Our homely stage, our comedies obscure ;  
Nor proud collegians, with disdainful smile,  
Call the young efforts of the schoolboy ' poor.' "

For his Latin scholarship Hicks had the good fortune to come under the tuition of John Conington, Corpus Professor of Latin literature, so well known for his commentary and his translations of Virgil in English verse and prose. He was an apt pupil and attained great facility and felicity in the writing of Latin verse, as is indicated by the specimen



translation given later in this volume.<sup>1</sup> One entry in the note-book records his intense pleasure in some praise of Conington's which has been repeated to him—followed at once by the self-accusation that he was yielding to foolish pride !

It is to be wished that he had written down his recollections of his teachers at Oxford. Walter Pater became Fellow of Brasenose in 1864, but Hicks does not appear to have been his pupil, and Pater's air of philosophic indifference and dilettantism would not attract him. Both were Hellenists, but in such different ways. Hicks always spoke affectionately of Conington, of the Rev. Albert Watson, afterwards Principal of B.N.C. and editor of Cicero's *Letters*, and of S. H. Reynolds, the writer of an interesting commentary upon Bacon's *Essays*. I remember once mentioning to him a clerical fellow of Brasenose whom I had encountered in later years in his capacity as an official of the university, a great stickler for form, with a provocatively superior manner. "Ah!" he said, "do you know the story of the Archangel Gabriel's appearance to him?" "No." And with a twinkle in his eye and a merry chuckle, he told it thus :

"X was extraordinarily methodical in his habits, as you would guess, and he had a scout who knew his ways and was equally methodical. For many years, precisely at sixteen minutes past eight, he had come out of morning-chapel and hung up his

<sup>1</sup> Page 186.

cap and surplice on the peg inside his door ; and precisely at that moment his punctual servant had turned the handle and deferentially asked the question, ' Breakfast in, sir ? ' and been answered, ' Yes : toast and eggs.' But on this particular morning, just as the scout's lips were framing themselves to put the question, the Archangel Gabriel interposed between man and master, and represented that a supreme moment had arrived in the history of the human race, and the fortunes of millions yet unborn depended on X's foregoing for that one morning the customary breakfast of eggs and toast. X was disconcerted for an instant, but he quickly recovered his composure ; and dismissing the Archangel with a scornful wave of the hand, he answered, ' I have not time to bandy words with you ' ; then, turning to his scout, he added imperiously, ' Toast and eggs ! ' "

I was glad to be able to confirm the authenticity of the story, as far as the non-supernatural elements of it were concerned, by a recollection of my own Oxford days. A Brasenose scholar of my acquaintance had assured me that X, confronted at breakfast with an unsavoury egg, had loftily bidden his much-enduring servant to remove it : " Take it away ; you have brought me *an undergraduate egg !* "



### CHAPTER III

#### CORPUS CHRISTI: 1866-73—SOME COMMON-ROOM REMINISCENCES

“ O noctes cenæque Deum ! ”—HORACE.

“ Sow an act, reap a habit ; sow a habit, reap a character ; sow a character, reap a destiny. ”—ANON.

**I**N 1850 the first Royal Commission “ to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford ” had been appointed. Dr. Norris, who was President of Corpus from 1843-72, was a strong Conservative and was not likely to expedite any changes of constitution or customs ; but there were Liberals among the Fellows, especially the Rev. J. M. Wilson, who was to be his successor ; and when reforms had actually been resolved upon, Dr. Norris loyally carried them out. Election to scholarships and fellowships by open competitive examination, the creation of lay fellowships, and the institution of university professorships whose holders were to receive their emoluments from Corpus and to have rooms in the college, were the most important changes. They came about somewhat slowly. The first election to an open scholarship took place in 1857, and the first election to an open lay fellowship in 1866. In both cases the choice was of happy

augury. The first scholar elected in this way was Henry Nettleship, who was in after years to hold the Corpus Professorship of Latin and carry further Conington's study of Virgil ; and the first lay fellow elected by examination was Hicks of Brasenose. The new Statutes had already in 1856 brought Conington to the college as the first Corpus Professor of Latin.

These details are all of significance for our story, because they mean that in the "sixties" the Fellows' Common-Room at Corpus was the centre of a new and vigorous intellectual life. The number of undergraduates was small, so that fellows and scholars bore a much larger proportion to the total numbers than in most colleges. In the "sixties" and "seventies" the open classical scholarships at Corpus gained a prestige among Oxford scholarships second only to the prestige of Balliol. To this reputation Hicks' work as tutor contributed not a little.

The new fellow was remarkable, as Conington could bear witness, for the excellence of his Latin and Greek compositions, and was speedily placed in charge of the work for Moderations. For the next seven years he threw himself with diligence into the labours of tuition. With all his enjoyment of classical verse composition, which persisted to the end of his life, and proved a great solace in times of mental stress, he never limited his own conception of scholarship to a knack of turning out elegant

versions. He would certainly have agreed with Conington, who wrote to him two years later :

“ As you may have seen in the last scholarship election, I am never for taking a scholar unless he is really considerable of his kind. The mere power of doing better composition and better translations than one’s neighbours, unless the composition and translations are *positively* remarkable, I value very little, and certainly should not allow it to tell against deficiencies in other things.”

His interest in Comte appeared in his fellowship papers, particularly in the essay, the subject of which was, “ Compare the influence on progress and civilization of small communities as compared with great.”

What first turned his attention to Greek epigraphy, the department he was to make peculiarly his own in the next decade, does not appear. The opportunity of devoting to it a larger number of hours than would have been possible under ordinary conditions may have been afforded by a serious accident which rendered him lame and confined him much indoors for some years. When this accident befell him, or even what was its precise cause, is not certain. He had a terrific blow on the foot, which caused a dangerous bruise ; he neglected it, and walked in great pain for weeks. It was quite characteristic of him that he seldom alluded in later years to the severe discipline of pain which he underwent at this time. Mrs. Hicks writes :

“ I remember his telling me how he was advised to go up to London to a famous surgeon. This man said he must have his foot taken off ! With feelings almost of despair he went away ; and consulted Sir James Paget. Sir James said, ‘ You must be a lame man for four years,’ and he then and there sketched a crutch, and gave Edward an address where it could be made. Sir James Paget has indeed always been esteemed as a real benefactor by us all. My husband used to see him in later years from time to time. It was very difficult at first to walk : he had to kneel on the crutch to keep the foot up in a horizontal position. His friend, Mr. J. R. Illingworth, went down to Southsea and stayed with him while he learnt to walk on this crutch. It was such a trial to go about in Oxford like this ! He told me that the children in the Parks used to say ‘ poor man ’ ; this made up for the dogs who barked at him ! He suffered much pain for many months from this injury : it made him very tender-hearted always to those who suffered physical pain. But he scarcely ever spoke of those days. If a memory was painful—or if he disliked a thing—he would not speak of it. That was an invariable habit through life. And he would not allow people to dwell on the sad aspect of things or ‘ go back on them.’ He thought it morbid and unwholesome, and waste of time. He never grew old—because he was always interested more in the present and future than in the past. He cared for the past only *historically*; happy memories he would speak of and dwell upon.”

His election at Corpus in 1866 was followed by two university honours in the next two years. He won the Craven Scholarship in 1867 and the Latin Essay Prize in 1868. The subject set for the essay was “ Quænam sit mythologicæ quam vocant scientiæ utilitas ? ” (“ What is the value of the study of mythology ? ”) The theme is handled in remarkably clear Latin with logical precision and scientific

temper and an entire absence of the rhetorical or epigrammatic cleverness which is a strong temptation to the composer in a dead language. Portions of the essay had to be read at the Encoenia in the Sheldonian Theatre. It was customary for the prize-winner to take a prompter with him into the pulpit—a survival doubtless from days when the essay had been recited from memory. On this occasion Edward's younger brother Fred, then a Demy of Magdalen, performed the traditional service ; and he remembers how, for the first and last time in his life, it was incumbent upon him accordingly to rig himself out in full evening-dress at an early hour of the morning.

In the vacations we hear of reading-parties at Malvern with Professor Conington. Hicks used to tell amusing stories of the simplicity of the Professor's housekeeping. "What will you have to-day, sir?" "Mutton chops," was the reply. "You had them yesterday, sir." "*More* mutton chops to-day," said the Professor, returning to his book.

It is fortunately possible to recover a little of the life of these years at Corpus from a fragmentary diary of a few months, from recollections of a few contemporaries and pupils, and from two articles of reminiscences contributed by Canon Hicks, as he then was, to the *Manchester Guardian* in 1903. The strongest impression we get is of a mind growing, all the time, aware of its own limitations, but

also aware that some of them at all events can be transcended by effort, eager for knowledge and responding to the stimulus of the keen dialectic of the Common-Room.

What proportion of men who have won high academic honours realize, when they have taken their last university examination, that they are still not far from the starting-point? There are, of course, the true scholars who go on learning all their lives. There are others, a great number, who are carried at once by their choice of a career either into practical life, which leaves little leisure for study in the narrower sense, or into some totally different department of study from that which has occupied them hitherto, and who wisely look upon the world as a larger university and prepare to graduate successfully there. But every decade of life, and not least that between twenty and thirty, is strewn with the wrecks of those who imagine themselves to have attained, and who seem henceforward to "have learnt nothing" fresh, even if they cannot be said to "have forgotten nothing." The schoolboy and the undergraduate are plied with counsels of diligence; the new-fledged graduate is mostly left to take his own way. Such a biography as this may possibly do some service by emphasizing the preciousness of the years of early manhood when, for the mind with trained powers, "the world is all before it where to choose."

The interest and stimulus of the Common-Room



society at Corpus must have increased rapidly during these years. In 1868 Robert Laing, who afterwards took the name of Cuthbert Shields, became a member—a brilliant, though eccentric, companion. In 1869 came Samuel Dill from Lincoln College—a fastidious scholar, with fine ideals and delicate sympathies, now widely known as the historian of the social life of the Roman Empire. Conington died in 1869, and was succeeded in the Corpus Professorship of Latin by Edwin Palmer, afterwards Archdeacon of Oxford; and in the same year Henry Sumner Maine, the famous author of “Ancient Law,” became Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence. In 1871 the Common-Room welcomed a still more distinguished inmate, for John Ruskin, newly appointed Slade Professor of Fine Art, was offered and accepted an honorary fellowship and rooms in Corpus. Among the junior fellows of other colleges who were frequent guests at Corpus High Table were Mandell Creighton of Merton, Grant Allen of the same college, and W. Warde Fowler of Lincoln.

Among Hicks' pupils during these years it is of interest to note the following: E. A. Knox, afterwards Bishop of Manchester; F. J. Chavasse, afterwards Bishop of Liverpool; Walter Lock, afterwards Warden of Keble; W. Little and C. Plummer, subsequently Fellows of Corpus; J. R. Illingworth, in succession Fellow of Jesus, Tutor of Keble, Rector of Longworth; J. H. Skrine, afterwards

Warden of Glenalmond ; W. M. Furneaux, afterwards Headmaster of Repton ; T. C. Snow, afterwards Fellow of St. John's ; L. E. Upcott, afterwards of Marlborough ; and H. W. Paul, journalist, author and politician.

The fragmentary diary already spoken of belongs to the year 1870. A few of the entries are given here.

“ October 22. At 3 to Camera to meet Bywater and be introduced to the German, Dr. Schanz, who is collating the Bodleian Plato—a lovely MS., but why has no Oxford man ever edited it?—I mean, since Gaisford's apparently careless and insufficient collation. Went all three down to the marble room. The German read a German letter from his friend who, editing a new treatise on the *Marmor Parium*, desires to get an *abklatsch* of the stone as it is. Dr. Schanz is a Professor at Wurzburg, very enthusiastic, even *plus quam Germanicè*, and very pleasant. He asked me if I was going to devote my life to Epigraphie ! I told him that a man could not afford to do so in England. Which is true. I agreed to look up the *Marmor Parium* in the *Corpus Inscriptionum* and to come to the marble room again on Monday, if I could, at 3. . . .

N.B.—Heard this evening the last new joke of the author of *Alice in Wonderland* : He (Dodgson) knows a man whose feet are so large that he has to put on his trousers over his head.

October 23. . . . Hall, large party. G. A. Simcox dined with me. Came up with me to my rooms afterwards, and talked theology till 10.30, defending the Catholic system vaguely, and definitely picking holes in Protestantism. I do not know what he believes. He said one good thing, however, viz., that a Protestant Christian, especially a religious *teacher*, must continually be searching the N.T. and rediscovering for himself and for each generation the



real Gospel Message ; since it is not protected by an autocratic Church, and so is likely to be worn by the force of detrition, by controversy, so that nothing would be left of Christian faith in a few generations. Bed, and slept fairly, but dreamt of G.A.S.

October 25. . . . At 3.30 to Christ Church Library to matriculate K. : was rather early, so had time to examine the Pictures : but in truth I know nothing about pictures, beyond saying what my sensations are when I look at them : which are sometimes feelings of pleasure, but not always at the right things : but almost invariably feelings of ennuï, and disgust at my own incapacity. Statuary I can more understand. A man must draw himself to really understand drawings : the work is so complex, and therefore dependent upon perfect manual dexterity for its effects : and this manual dexterity an outsider does not apprehend or appreciate. . . . Hall : strangers' night : Creighton and several other out-college men dining. Speaking of epigrams, Percival said that in the recent Magdalen Fellowship an epigram, in any language, was asked for upon the subject, ' Multis utile bellum.' Theobald of Balliol produced the following :—

Bazeilles is burnt : how strange is fame :  
Unburnt, we had not known its name.

Upon which Creighton mentioned an epigram by a school-boy on the subject of a young lady snowballing her suitor :

O naughty miss, O naughty miss,  
To serve your lover so :  
I own I love your snowy cheek,  
But not your cheeky snow.

October 26. 10-11, prepared lecture in Sophocles, which came off 11-12. I must give more time to this lecture, *much* more.

November 4. . . . Pupils till one, then critical lecture on the characteristics of Silver Age Latinity. Could not make it go ; had notes, but was hungry and tired and quite unable to extemporize anything brilliant.

November 5. . . . Went to Library for Julian's Epistles to verify a reference, apparently a most interesting collection, which I should like to read through ; the man seems so pious and so straightforward. Then to rooms and worked hard for Antiquities Lecture No. 3, on the Greek Priesthood. Too long, and I had not prepared it carefully enough ; however the inscription, C.I. 2656, went off brilliantly.

November 6, Sunday. . . . Hall : where Laing told me that he had been in the morning to hear the Bishop of Derry, Alexander. Preached on St. Matthew and his Gospel, taking as his text the opening words, ' The book of the generation of Jesus Christ.' Speaking of St. Matthew being a publican, he said that through modesty he had omitted the parable of the Pharisee and Publican as too flattering to his own order ; that the curse of money-getting and sordid gain had clung to the Jews ever since they had betrayed their Lord for 30 pieces of silver ; a reproach that ever clung to the race, and which was repeated every time we uttered the words ' Jewel ' and ' Mosaic ' !!! He also spoke of St. Matthew as ' fond of the mountain air,' for that all the mountain scenes in our Lord's life find especial mention in this evangelist. . . .

November 20. Very pleasant party, and lively discussion on whether it is right for England to go to war against Russia : leading insensibly to other deep and grave subjects. Laing gave me an interesting account of Herrnhut and other Moravian settlements, and the Moravian views and mode of worship.

December 1. . . . Ruskin's lecture at 2 ; very pleasing, but wild (self-made man and John Dory).<sup>1</sup> . . . Finding that everybody was dining out save Laing, Wilson and myself, I got them to dine with me in my rooms at 6. Very delightful, literary discussions, so hearty : *O noctes cenæque deum !* I shall some day look back upon these evenings. . . . I sat down to strum : which brought in Russell, and

<sup>1</sup> *Aratra Pentelici*, Lecture IV.

while thus playing to him, in comes Monro at 10 to ask me to review something for *Academy* : desultory but pleasant conversation till 12. Then Monro departed, and I sat down to think what I should take for Critical Lecture to-morrow."

Sir Samuel Dill contributes the following recollections :—

September, 1919.

" I think I knew Hicks probably as intimately as any in Oxford in the early seventies. He examined me for the C.C.C. fellowship in '69. I had rooms next to his, and in '70 I became his fellow-tutor. Naturally I saw much of him till he took the living of Fenny Compton in succession to Heurtley. When I knew him first he was busy on his first volume of Greek Inscriptions. And I had daily evidence of the wide range of learning and immense industry which he brought to the task of deciphering and historical interpretation. I should say that, perhaps with the exception of Bywater, no young Oxford man of that time had anything like his erudition in Greek ; and in finished scholarship Hicks was far superior to Bywater. In fact, it was the combination of the delicate old Oxford scholarship with learning that distinguished Hicks. I have some of his compositions in Greek and Latin, which are of a singular tact and finish and a delight to read. During these years he was terribly disabled by some bad accident, and had to move painfully on crutches, with little air or exercise, and I remember wondering how a man so penned up should keep up such a sustained energy and cheerfulness. In Common-Room, along with a certain reserve, he seemed generally bright and cheerful. Of his great skill as a tutor there could not be two opinions. His men, if they had anything of scholarship in them, invariably came off. I should think his Mods. successes in those years have seldom been equalled. And it was all done with ease and with no cramming. As an examiner, as I have often seen, he was singularly quick and sure.

I saw little of Hicks after our Oxford time. I understand that in his later years his opinions, both in religion and politics, became more rigid and decided than was fashionable in Oxford in the seventies. But you will be able to hear from others, who have far more right to speak on this aspect of his life than I could possibly have. I only know that during his ministry in Manchester he gained a great reputation for earnestness and unselfish devotion in all good causes. I have often wondered regretfully that a man of such rare learning and intense earnestness was not twenty years earlier raised to the highest rank in the Church."

Dr. Walter Lock writes :

"The chief trait which I remember in him is his great kindness and willingness to put himself to any pains to help us. I was a candidate for University Scholarships, and he quite voluntarily sent for me and gave me extra teaching in some of the higher branches of classical scholarship. I was grateful to him at the time and learnt to love him afterwards. Another Corpus scholar, a little junior to me, to whom I have spoken—the Rev. Canon Skrine—says 'he was a very painstaking Tutor . . . and there was an essential kindness which we recognized in him.'"

Another old pupil, Archdeacon Stocks, writes :

"I am sure of one thing, that none who knew him at Oxford will have anything but happy and grateful recollections of him."

Two matters remain on which one would be glad to have more light—Hicks' study of Greek epigraphy and, more important still, his determination to take Holy Orders. With regard to the first, he had evidently advanced some way when Bywater introduced him to Dr. Schanz in 1870. The eagerness and

thoroughness of the learned Teuton, whose own work was the collation of manuscripts, but who wished also to investigate Greek marbles in Oxford at the request of a friend, impressed and encouraged Hicks. He was not able to visit Greece or Asia Minor till long afterwards ; but he soon began to spend his vacations largely at the British Museum, reading the stones in the cellars. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Newton, Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, had asked the Oxford authorities to recommend some clever young Greek scholar who could assist in deciphering inscriptions, and Hicks was the obvious man for the purpose. There was a mason, named Pinker, who helped him greatly. From him Hicks learnt many things, about " dressing " the stones, about cement, about building, which came in usefully in later days. He also learnt to understand and admire the intelligent artisan.

Next, as to Holy Orders. Hicks was ordained Deacon in 1870 by the Bishop of Oxford, and Priest in 1871. The diary of 1870, quoted above, throws no light on the reasons for his decision, nor are there any letters that help. It seems probable that from his schooldays he had looked forward to a clergyman's life. The atmosphere of piety in which he had grown up, the whole bias of his education at Magdalen College School, and his admiration for his old headmaster, made this natural. What is certain, however, is that he could not have taken

the step when he did as a mere matter of course, the proper fulfilment of a youthful ambition. The fellowship to which he had been elected was a lay fellowship, and it was so far from carrying with it any obligation to take Orders that he had to expect that some of his friends, Liberals in theology and politics, would regard his acceptance of Orders as a betrayal of the cause of freedom. The fierce religious struggles of the early "sixties" in Oxford, when the High Church party had tried to drive Jowett out of the Greek Professorship, were over; but they had been succeeded by a period in which, as Creighton said,<sup>1</sup> anyone who announced his intention of taking Orders was assumed to be either a fool or a knave. Mill and Comte were still the dominant influences in Oxford philosophy; or, if Mill's star was waning, it was Herbert Spencer's rather than T. H. Green's as yet, which was in the ascendant. Hicks' sympathies in both university and national politics were with the reformers, not with the reactionaries. His interest, for example, in the higher education and political emancipation of women seems to have been already awakened: it is significant that in February, 1868, he copied into a note-book Caroline Helstone's soliloquy from Chapter XXII of *Shirley*. With political and intellectual sympathies drawing him to those in the university who were either opposed to Christianity or indifferent to it, and sharply dividing him

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Mandell Creighton*, I, p. 75.



from the reactionary champions of the Church, such as Pusey, Hicks cannot have made his decision without deliberate choice. Of Creighton's ordination in this same year Canon Scott Holland spoke as follows in his memorial sermon at St. Paul's :—

“ He took his stand for God and made his great decision at the extreme hour of intellectual tension, when the panic roused by the new criticism was at its height, and when the victorious efficacy of the scientific and critical methods appeared to have swept the field. It is difficult for us now to gauge the dismay of that bad hour. At the close of the sixties it seemed to us at Oxford almost incredible that a young don of any intellectual reputation for modernity should be on the Christian side. And Creighton, by temperament, lay open to the full force of the prevailing movement. No one could be more acutely sensitive to all that the critical spirit had to say. No one lent himself more freely to the æsthetic and other non-Christian influences of that distracted time. Yet, in spite of the swirling flood in which he found himself plunged, his inner steadiness of thought and will kept the balance.”<sup>1</sup>

Hicks was never attracted, like Creighton, by the æsthetic movement ; but, with this reservation, the paragraph may be cited as applicable. He had an eminently logical mind, and the special branch of classical study to which he was giving so much of his time supplied a severe training in modern standards of historical evidence. The grounds on which he nevertheless found it possible to accept Christianity whole-heartedly will appear when we see how he dealt with the doubts of a younger generation.

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Mandell Creighton, I, p. 75.*

The last three years of Hicks' life at Corpus must have been full to overflowing with work and activity. In addition to the clerical duties which now devolved upon him, he was Tutor, Dean and Librarian. Besides all this, he served as a Moderator (i.e. examiner in Classical Moderations) for the University in 1871-3. His college work filled his days ; he often worked far into the night at his chosen study. Debarred by his accident from fresh air and exercise, he found his solace in this work and in music. He was secretary of the Oxford Philharmonic Society for some years, and sang in choruses at nearly all their concerts ; and he learnt an enormous quantity of all kinds of music. This love of music proved a great bond between him and some of his pupils at Corpus, notably Mr. Charles Plummer and Mr. (now Archdeacon) J. E. Stocks.

Many years afterwards, as I have stated already, Hicks put upon paper some of his recollections of the old Corpus days.<sup>1</sup> Though the writer speaks little of himself, they are really a valuable chapter of autobiography, for they record impressions of the older men with whom he was brought into contact—Sir Henry Maine and Ruskin, Norris, Wilson and the rest. A modest but keen observer and an eager listener, the young Corpus tutor was

<sup>1</sup> They appeared anonymously, as from the pen of " An Old Corpus Man " in *The Manchester Guardian* of June 15 and July 2, 1903. They are reprinted here by kind permission of the editor, Mr. C. P. Scott, himself " an old Corpus man."



learning, we may be sure, as well as teaching throughout these years. Ruskin exercised the strongest attraction, and his was the most enduring influence ; but Maine's gift of clear logical exposition also made its appeal, and perhaps it is permissible to trace the effect of so excellent an example in Hicks' speeches and sermons. For these reasons as well as for their own interest, these " Common-Room Reminiscences " may fitly be reproduced here.

SOME COMMON-ROOM REMINISCENCES :  
RUSKIN AT OXFORD

I

" John Ruskin was elected Slade Professor of Art at Oxford in August, 1869, being the first occupant of the Chair. Early in the next year he visited the University, with his mind full of plans of teaching and lectures. In company with one of the Fellows, himself a devoted student of art, the new Professor visited Corpus, and was delighted with its old-world peacefulness, its quaint garden abutting the old city wall, and especially the library, with its wealth of early printed books and illuminated manuscripts. As he was leaving he let fall a wish that he could have rooms in Corpus, ' between the two noble towers of Christ Church and Merton.' Soon after this the President and Fellows sent Ruskin a formal invitation to accept an Honorary Fellowship at the College, and to occupy a set of rooms in the Fellows' Buildings during his sojourns in Oxford. The invitation was at once accepted.

I have been asked many times about my recollections of

those days, and I often wish I had kept a diary. On looking back upon it all after the interval of many years I sometimes wonder how we ventured to send that invitation, which brought a new and lasting distinction to the College of Fox and Jewell, Hooker and Keble. Partly we were incited by the memories of Alfred Hunt, himself recently a Fellow of Corpus, and at that time one of the leading English landscape painters. Partly it was due to our happy experience in having Sir Henry Maine to reside among us as Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence. He left us not long after for Cambridge, to be master of his own College. But none who heard them will ever forget the brilliant lectures he delivered from time to time in our College Hall, on the history of land tenure in India and elsewhere, on the Married Women's Property Act, and on other legal and social questions—topics of real interest in themselves, and the more so as handled by the author of 'Ancient Law.' This was then a recognized text-book in the Oxford honour schools, and whetted our curiosity to hear the man who wrote it. We found Maine a delightful companion in Common-Room. We were nearly all young men, with little of experience of life; but we were earnest students and active teachers, and eager, each in his own way, about our several subjects. Maine's talk in Common-Room was original and serious; he seldom indulged in humour. But he was a man of affairs, and quite willing to talk freely with us, his juniors, out of the abundance of his large experience. Speaking once of Christian missions in India, he remarked that the effect upon a village or district of the distribution of a copy of St. John's Gospel in the vernacular could not fail to be great and even lasting; it would set the native mind in a ferment.

I think it was our success in adopting Maine that partly encouraged us to invite Ruskin, with whom we had no connexion whatever, official or personal. We were, I remember, half afraid that Christ Church would offer him rooms; for Ruskin had graduated from 'the House,' and

had long ere this, in 1858, been elected as one of the honorary students of Christ Church. And so the invitation went, and was warmly welcomed, and turned out a great success. There can be no doubt that the happy association of Robert Browning with Balliol, brought about by Jowett, had been in great part suggested by the adoption of Ruskin at Corpus. In either case the invitation meant more than distinction to a college or a compliment to a man of genius. It drew out the affectionate friendship and tenderest feelings of one of the greatest minds of the age, and brought a great thinker who was also a man of the world into close personal touch with many of the young and rising men of Oxford.

I said that our Common-Room at that time was composed chiefly of young men. The fact is the first election to an open Fellowship at Corpus had been held only in 1866, to fill a vacancy caused by the untimely death of Philip Worsley the poet, best known by his beautiful version of the *Odyssey* in Spenserian verse. Other vacancies had been similarly filled up by the election of young graduates from various colleges, so that the Common-Room was full of young men of singular independence and activity. Well do I remember poor Chadwick, young, gentle, yet ambitious; for a time he was our Bursar, until he was suddenly tempted away to take a professorship in Jamaica. There yellow fever carried him off. Our High Table was no exception to the usual hospitality of Oxford; guests were constantly coming from other colleges, and chiefly the younger tutors and graduates. Among others, Grant Allen, who had just taken his degree, and whose restless mind had not discovered how to use his versatile powers, frequently dined with Chadwick. Mr. Dill, sometime High Master of Manchester Grammar School, and still better known through his brilliant study of the last struggle of Paganism with Christianity, was one of us then. Probably the heartiest Ruskinite among us, and certainly the most accomplished artist, was he to whom we owe the beautiful account of Ruskin's sojourn at Corpus, published

in the *Pelican Record* (the College magazine), June, 1894.<sup>1</sup> It is quoted by Mr. Collingwood in his *Life of John Ruskin* (page 275).

Another frequent member of our circle was John Matthias Wilson, then Fellow, and White's Professor of Moral Philosophy, but afterwards the honoured President of the College. He was at that time a good deal away from Oxford, but no one could be a more delightful companion or more interesting and suggestive talker. Often have I wished that he had found a Boswell. Few men in his time had wielded more influence in the University at large, both among old and young. He had known everybody of mark in his day. He had read everything, but disliked the pen, and his method was Socratic—he was perpetually discussing, conversing, asking your opinion, drawing you out, and then surprising you with his stores of lightly carried learning and by his shrewd and penetrating judgment. The 'burr' of his North-country speech and the charm of his original talk ring in my memory as I write. He had been in the thick of all the University conflicts; he had fought, in season and out of season, against tests, against reaction, and for liberty, reform, enlightenment. Every forenoon he walked with Liddell (Dean of Christ Church) in the Broad Walk, discussing academic and national politics. If Wilson mentioned any matter of public interest to us later in the day, and added, as he usually did, that 'a person told him'—we knew who the person was. He kept us in touch with the outer world. Yet he shrank from publicity, he had not the slightest love of power, and was as unconscious and simple as a child. He heartily welcomed the coming of Ruskin amongst us. So did our good old President, the Rev. Dr. Norris, who belonged to the older generation, and whose best work for the College had been done before University reform had been carried. He had been Bursar, and, being fond of a horse, he had ridden and even hunted over most of the College estates. He knew the farms and

<sup>1</sup> Mr. J. W. Oddie.

the farm buildings, and their tenants ; and they knew him, and liked his country ways. He knew, without asking the agent, whether land was well farmed or rented too low, and whether new outhouses were wanted. He was, withal, a good old scholar and divine. And he united with the gracious manners of an old squire, or 'squarson,' much of the shrewdness of a man of the world. He was a keen judge of character, as of the points of a horse. His sayings frequently took a sportive tinge. He would say of a successful young competitor for a scholarship who owed much to his schoolmaster, 'The trainer wins and not the man.' To an undergraduate who was 'running it fine' in his reading for the schools he would say, 'It is never wise, you know, to take the paint off your wheels.' Good old man ; none was more jealous than he of the good name of Corpus, or gave a warmer welcome to our distinguished guest. I remember the day when he invited Ruskin to luncheon at his house to meet the ladies of his family. We were a little anxious as to how the ice would be broken, though we knew that the President and Ruskin would soon be at home in their love of country life. But Ruskin was charming. It happened to be a very wet, wintry day. 'Ah !' exclaimed Ruskin upon being introduced, 'what a dreadful day to be introduced to young ladies !' And then they began talking of the view from his rooms, which looked southward over Corpus gardens and Christ Church meadow to the Broad Walk. He gave his opinion of the beauty of the elm tree in winter, and argued that nearly all the English trees were more beautiful in the leafless winter than in their summer foliage. It was paradox of course, but very suggestive, and true perhaps only of the elm. 'In summer,' he said, 'when the leaves are on, the trees are crowded, bustling, like the streets of a busy town, but in winter there is quiet and peace again.'

It is vexing to find how little I distinctly remember of his talk in Common-Room. Its usual tone was a gentle and playful earnestness. He spoke much of social questions,



but never with that dogmatism or vehemence that sometimes marked him in his occasional writings. He told us, very simply, how he had first launched Miss Octavia Hill upon her labour of love, which has now become so famous and so fruitful of good. He told us how he had opened a little shop (I think in Paddington), where the poorest might buy any fraction of a pound of tea without abatement of quality or advance of price. He laughed with some bitterness at the absurd judgment given by the courts in the litigation about Turner's will. Ruskin was the executor, and Turner had spoken of his paintings and drawings and sketches, meaning by 'drawings' water-colours. But the lawyers and Ruskin never agreed about the definition. Like other men, he was not always at his best; much depended, of course, upon the circumstances and the company. For good talking depends a good deal on good hearing. Well do I remember Wilson's account of a little dinner he gave to Ruskin in Common-Room, to meet two of his choicest friends. It was a party of four, Jowett and Stanley being the others. Bitterly did Wilson lament to me that he had provided no junior men as hearers, no foil to his jewels. 'I thought I should never get them to talk,' he said. 'I made sure it would have gone off brilliantly, for they wanted to meet each other, but the soup came and the fish followed, and I didn't know what to do, for they wouldn't talk. At last in despair, I said some stupid thing to Stanley about—what do you think? The architecture of Westminster Abbey! To this he said something, and that drew Ruskin, and this started us off. And then all went well! But I'll never make the same mistake again.'"

## II

"J. M. Wilson was the last of the Oxford Utilitarians. For a generation young Oxford had been reared on Bentham and the Mills, and the philosophic Radicalism that breathes from the pages of Grote had possessed many a young

politician who afterwards left his mark upon the laws and history of England. But with Wilson that tradition died out. When he resigned he very cheerfully handed over his chair of moral philosophy to Thomas Hill Green, of Balliol. Thus Bentham gave way to Kant and Mill to Hegel, and a change came over Oxford which has been among the reactionary influences—religious, speculative and political—of the last thirty years. Mark Pattison in his caustic *Memoirs* puts his finger on this momentous transition (page 165) :

‘What is curious is that this new *à priori* metaphysic, whoever gave it shape in Germany, was imported into Oxford by a staunch Liberal, the late Professor Green. This anomaly can only be accounted for by a certain puzzle-headedness on the part of the Professor, who was removed from the scene before he had time to see how eagerly the Tories began to carry off his honey to their hive.’

On page 299 he speaks of J. M. Wilson, ‘who seemed to have the power of making everybody do what he wanted.’

I remember walking home with Wilson from one of Ruskin’s lectures in 1872, when we had been listening, as usual, to an exquisite harangue containing quite as much of ethics as of art. Wilson suddenly turned to me and said : ‘I wonder if he has ever read Comte ? The ethics of his lecture are identical with the *Politique Positive*. But then his mind is so wonderful that he would assimilate such ideas upon the slightest suggestion ; after all, such thoughts are in the air.’ Now that the most brilliant exponent and critic of Ruskin’s life and work, Mr. Frederic Harrison, has noted this general harmony of Ruskin’s best ethics with the humanitarianism of Comte, it is interesting to recall this remark of thirty years ago.

Profound as was the impression made upon our minds by the ethical fervour of Ruskin’s lectures—wherein his interchange of tenderness and invective and his daring felicity of illustration reminded one of nothing less than the New Testament,—what most struck us, in living and



conversing with him day by day, was the astonishing genius of the man. He seemed to have read all literature and to be at home with every author. Whatever he had read he remembered, and he remembered in no mere mechanical way, but critically and with a power of analysis wherein reason and recollection went hand in hand. He seemed to have seen almost all beautiful places, and so often as to know them by heart; he knew all galleries and pictures; he had entered into every kind of innocent pleasure, and could analyse its peculiar sources and conditions of delight. He had studied, for the joy of them, all forms and colours and variations of cloud and sky, of sunshine and storm, of woodland and greensward and ploughing. He knew the sea and the river, the cathedral and the cottage, each kind and colour of cliff and rock, and every form and tint of precious stone or of flower and leaf. His observation was immense in its range, and he entered into everything with the keenest relish. I recollect the glee with which he recalled and described in the loveliest of playful language the childish joy of shelling peas—the ‘pop’ which assures one of a successful start, the fresh colour and scent of the juicy row within, and the pleasure of skilfully scooping the bouncing peas with the thumb into the vessel by one’s side. It was the same with every beautiful thing in the world, high or low; he had seen it, he had felt it all, he could describe it with exquisite delicacy and ease. His extraordinary powers in this kind amazed us; one could only say it was ‘genius.’ The word explained nothing, but it expressed our wonder. When these marvellous powers of sympathy and observation were directed upon the facts of human life, no wonder that his language thrilled and confounded his hearers. You might complain that his method lacked coherence, that he professed to lecture on art and wandered into the tangles of economic or ethical problems; you might be stung by his sarcasm or moved by his pathos; but one thing you had to confess—that he was the most wonderful and unselfish and tender-souled Prophet of his age.

Ruskin's habits were very early and very regular ; he husbanded every hour of his time. In winter and summer alike, before I was up, I used to hear his man-servant before 6 a.m. lighting his fire and making ready his master's study, for his rooms were on the floor below mine. He told us that all his serious work and writing was done before midday. He was constant in daily attendance at College Chapel at 8 a.m., and equally regular on Sunday, when he received the sacrament with us all. Nothing could exceed his manifest devotion and reverence. Yet he was a keen critic of religion and of religious language. He disliked the frequent use of synonymous doublets in the Prayer Book (it was a trick of Cranmer's otherwise beautiful style) ; he called ' requisite and necessary ' mere ' Cockney English.' There lies before me a copy of *Fors Clavigera* for March, 1872, on which he wrote my name ' With John Ruskin's sincere regards,' and I know he gave it me because I had recently taken Orders, and because on page 5 he had defined for me the economic place of the clergy in the social organism : ' The first root of distinction between clergyman and peasant is the greater intelligence, which instinctively desires both to learn and teach, and is content to accept the smallest maintenance if it may remain so occupied (look back to Marmontel's account of his tutor) . . . the word " clergy " properly signifying persons chosen by lot, or in a manner elect, for the practice and exhibition of good behaviour ; the visionary or passionate anchorite being content to beg his bread, so only that he may have leave by undisturbed prayer or meditation to bring himself into closer union with the spiritual world ; and the peasant being always content to feed him, on condition of his becoming venerable in that higher estate, and, as a peculiarly blessed person, a communicator of blessing.' Nor am I ashamed to confess that this piece of irony has haunted me through life.

His industry was extraordinary. He seemed to find time for everything and for everybody. Yet he was never flurried, never in a hurry. His manner and bearing were

always gentle and serene. He was most careful in the preparation of his lectures. Spontaneous as they seemed to be, and discursive as they were, he told us he wrote them thrice over—first in the rough, then again upon revision, and lastly when he applied the ‘labour of the file.’ We often found his lectures most delightful of all when he turned a while from his manuscript and, casting off formality, talked to us in the playfullest way out of the abundance of his heart. But whether he was reading or talking his action as a lecturer was always significant and even dramatic. Well do I remember the inimitably delicate suggestion (no more) of *turning a handle* with his right hand while he delivered the latter part of the following passage from the third lecture of his First Course (page 95) :—

‘Almost the whole system and hope of modern life are founded on the notion that you may substitute mechanism for skill, photograph for picture, cast iron for sculpture. That is your main nineteenth-century faith, or infidelity. You think you can get everything by grinding—music, literature, and painting. You will find it grievously not so ; you can get nothing but dust by mere grinding.’

Many long hours did he spend in the Drawing School which he founded and endowed ; and far longer hours he spent in preparation of objects for the school, and of lessons to teach to his students. He found few, very few, Oxford men willing or able to find time for his teaching ; the honour men were too much engrossed in their classics and philosophy, the pass men in their boating or their cricket (football had hardly then become a man’s pastime). But no disappointment daunted him. Upon the ladies who resorted to his school he bestowed ungrudging pains.

He was never so happy as when he could unite beauty with utility. It was in this spirit that he urged the undergraduates to try road-making instead of rowing ; why not find the joy of exercise in doing something useful ? This went to the root of things. In vain did the wits of the day twit him with having made a road that led nowhere. He

had helped a number of young men to discover an ethical pathway through life. In a like spirit he once was heard to wish that the Oxford farmers would cultivate the lovely red clover, instead of the pale pepper-and-salt variety prevalent in the Oxford meadows. Probably, however, this prevalence is due to obscure causes of soil and climate which would defy interference. But Ruskin was not patient of any proposal to alter Oxford. He lamented the awful Cowley suburb, which had destroyed the unequalled approach to Oxford from the east, so famous in the old coaching days. When some new-comer to the city suggested that the town should be embellished by a new road and avenue of trees alongside the river, Ruskin ruthlessly brushed the notion aside, asking only that 'Oxford should be kept perfectly clean and its roads well swept.' What would he have said of Oxford's modern tramcars and colossal electric lamp-posts?

During the latter part of 1870 he had a dangerous illness after delivering his first (and probably his best) course of University lectures. He came back to Oxford with a heart overcast with gloom. The horrors of the Franco-Prussian War haunted his spirit. More and more his thoughts dwelt on social and economic problems. On January 1, 1871, was published the first number of *Fors Clavigera*, so characteristic of his feelings at this period. In April, 1871, he came to reside in Corpus. Of Ruskin and his *Fors* we may say what Horace wrote of Lucilius and his Satires:

'That was his friend, to whom he would confide  
The secret thoughts he hid from all beside,  
And, whether Fortune used him well or ill,  
Thither for sympathy he turned him still,  
So there, as in a votive tablet panned,  
You see the veteran's life from end to end.'

We could often, however, recognize in the discursive pages of a new *Fors* thoughts that had occurred in our conversations with Ruskin shortly before. He was often talking about this time of the frightful slaughters of the war and the

atrocities of the Commune. The spring and summer of 1871 were cold and clouded ; sunshine seemed unwilling to arrive. Ruskin often opened to us his strange feelings about it before he wrote thus :

‘ It is the 1st of July, and I sit down to write by the dimmest light that ever I wrote by—namely, the light of this midsummer morning, in Mid-England (Matlock), in the year 1871. . . . During all this spring, in London and at Oxford, through meagre March, through changelessly sullen April, through despondent May and darkened June, morning after morning has come grey-shrouded thus. And it is a new thing to me, and a very dreadful one. I am fifty years old, and more, and since I was five have gleaned the best hours of my life in the sun of spring and summer mornings ; and I never saw such as these till now. . . . I would care much and give much if I could be told where this bitter wind comes from, and what it is made of. . . . It looks more to me as if it were made of dead men’s souls—such of them as are not gone yet where they have to go, and may be flitting hither and thither, doubting themselves of the fittest place for them. You know, if there *are* such things as souls, and if ever any of them haunt places where they have been hurt, there must be many about us just now displeased enough ! ’

This is not banter, nor irony ; it is spoken in the bitterness of his spirit, with a deep feeling of nature’s sympathy with him in his horror at the wickedness of war. For his soul was one of the tenderest in the world. Sure I am that his sojourn in Corpus and his frank and free association with so many junior men of different types helped to take him out of himself and prevent his brooding overmuch upon the sorrows of that time.

He never forgot the significance of the name of our College, which witnessed to our Founder’s devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. I spent a happy hour with him one day in endeavouring to devise a Latin inscription for a set of his works which he was presenting to the College Library. We know how he loved symbolic language, and he wanted to express in Latin the thought (as he said) that ‘ he was giving these books to the Fellows and Tutors who were here ministering to the Body of Christ.’ I forget whether

we found a phrase to satisfy us. But the idea found perfect expression in his own life. If ever there was a man who lived to praise God by showing forth the glory of His handiwork and to please Him by ministering to His children, that man was John Ruskin."



## CHAPTER IV

FENNY COMPTON: 1873-86

“ He was also a lerned man, a clerk  
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche ;  
His parischens devoutly wolde he teche . . .  
He waytede after no pompe and reverence,  
Ne made him a spiced conscience,  
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
He taughte, but first he followde it himselve.”

CHAUCER, *The Prologue.*

**I**N 1870, very shortly after taking Orders, Hicks had been offered a college living, but had declined it without hesitation. However, when at the close of 1872 the living of Fenny Compton was vacated by the resignation of Dr. Heurtley, Hicks accepted it and gave up his Corpus work in the summer of 1873.

In the absence of any record of the reasons for the decision, a biographer is left to conjecture ; but it is not difficult to surmise some of the considerations that must have weighed. The change from the tutorial direction of a progressive Oxford college to the life of a country rector in a Warwickshire village was great indeed ; and from some points of view it must have seemed the exchange of a sphere of great potential influence for one of narrower influence as well as less distinction. On

the other hand, he was doubtless drawn by a desire to test his fitness for more definitely religious work. I hardly think that the offer would present itself to his mind as a direct and unmistakable call to higher service ; for whilst he could not (any more than Browning himself) have regarded Pippa's affirmation that " All service ranks the same with God " of universal applicability, he would certainly have held that a man's truest service to God and the world was to discover and perform the work for which he was best fitted. Meanwhile, in going to Fenny Compton, he was not necessarily turning his back upon an academic career, for which his brilliant scholarship might seem to have marked him out. He was not going very far from Oxford, with which he could still keep in touch by examining. In the seclusion of the country he could prosecute his special study of Greek epigraphy, in which he was already becoming distinguished, better than in the busy life of a college tutor. Moreover, a country rectory offered the prospect of a home—an alluring prospect to most young men after some years of monastic life in college, and doubly alluring to one whose health had suffered, as Hicks' had done, from some years of painful lameness. Again, I recall the advice which he gave many years afterwards to a younger friend who consulted him about an offered change of sphere : " How long have you been doing your present work ? Nine years ? Then you have learnt what this place has to teach you.

Go and learn the lessons that another place has in store." A similar feeling probably weighed with him, both in going to Fenny Compton, and again in leaving it after thirteen years. Dr. Heurtley wished to have him for a successor, and President Wilson counselled him to leave Oxford: this was the advice he commonly gave to the promising younger men. I set down all these reasons as contributory. But it is obvious that the sympathetic friend of Henry Bazely, "the Oxford Evangelist," would be powerfully attracted by the opportunity of "preaching the Gospel," if that should prove to be his true mission in life.

The traveller by the Great Western Railway from Oxford to Birmingham knows Fenny Compton as a wayside station between Banbury and Leamington. The spire of the church is visible from the train, though the village is almost hidden. It is a pleasant undulating country of rich pastures, green hedges, and fine trees. You have a consciousness of being in the heart of England, in Shakespeare's own county, with Stratford and Warwick and Kenilworth not far away; and from the Burton Dassett range close by you have wide views over hills and valleys where the armies of the Civil War marched and remarched and won and lost the decisive battles. Burton Dassett Church was used as a stable for the Parliamentary horses; and the villagers believe, or believed, that Cromwell watched the battle from the church tower and came down by

the bell-rope ! An old inhabitant of Fenny Compton told Hicks that " he had heard there had been a great battle over Edge-hill way ; he believed it was Waterloo."

The church of Fenny Compton is a simple but beautifully proportioned, late-decorated building of the local sandstone, with western tower surmounted by a low spire. It dates from the fourteenth century ; but there is evidence of a far earlier building, for when Henry I confirmed the Augustinian Canons of Kenilworth in their possessions, " Cumton " is one of the churches mentioned. The present church is dedicated to an Augustinian saint, the Blessed Clare of Monte Falco, who died August 18th, 1308. It has been much restored, but preserves interesting traces of its history, including bullet-holes on the old doors which are attributed to the Parliamentary soldiers in the Civil War. An epitaph on the monument in the church to Mary Somerville, " daughter of John Somerville, Gent " (d. April 27, 1763), has some literary merit :

" What Female Sex doth often Sever  
This Phenix hath conjoyned together.  
Vertue and Beauty seldome greeting  
In her congratulate their meeting.  
Loe then interr'd within this place  
The Virgin's Glory and the Maiden's Grace."

Of wider, if less scholarly, interest are the quaint epitaphs on the tombstone of John and Mary Boyce in the churchyard. The wife, who died November 27, 1782, is simply commemorated by the words,

“ An odd woman ” ; the husband, who survived her for thirty-two years, by the hardly less laconic rhyme :

“ Here lieth John  
Hot at by many on,  
You that read one,  
Mend one.”

Tradition tells that John explained his choice of an inscription for Mary by saying that “ whether he came home early or late, drunk or sober, she was always the same and always pleased to see him.”

The population of the village was about six hundred, and was chiefly agricultural ; a few of the men worked on the railway as platelayers ; and for part of the time the construction of a new line brought an influx of “ navvies ” into the parish.

The new Rector read himself in on July 27, 1873, and in spite of the lameness which still made exertion difficult and painful, set himself energetically to make the Church a vital centre of influence.

The first thing to be done was to make the services more attractive to the people and more uplifting to the general life of the village. Evensong had been held at half-past two in the afternoon, the time of day when most people’s faculties are least awake. Yet so revolutionary a change as the alteration of the service-hour to the evening would certainly have offended the conservative instincts of the parish. He went to work cautiously ; moved the afternoon service to three o’clock, and began a mission-like Sunday evening meeting in the schools,

to which churchgoers and non-churchgoers were alike welcomed. Later, when the evening service thus instituted had won its way into favour, he held three Sunday services in the church. Of his preaching at this time one of his hearers, Mrs. Westacott, gives the following account :

“ Although such a scholar, he was yet able to suit his sermons to a village congregation, and if more young people than usual were likely to be present, he could make them specially simple and attractive. As he spoke he made us feel that to serve God truly was indeed the one thing needful, at the same time inspiring within us the earnest desire to carry out the high ideal which he set before us. I believe that one reason why his words made such an impression was because they were so *real*. We knew they came from his heart and that he always did his best first to practise what he preached. Indeed of no one, I think, could it more truly be said that he ‘allured to brighter worlds and led the way.’ But he did more than move our feelings. In every sermon, as in every Sunday-school lesson, he evidently felt there should be some distinct moral teaching, so that even in those which were almost entirely doctrinal, there was always something which we might carry home and endeavour to put into practice ; and often too he would make use of some short pithy sentence which might be remembered long after the context was forgotten.”

He read a good deal of practical theology in these first Warwickshire years. The sermons of a Lutheran pastor, Hahms, interested him greatly, and he made much use of them in his own discourses. Among English preachers he learnt from men of very different schools : Pusey, Robertson of Brighton, Aitken.



In ritual he merely made slight changes, and these were cautiously and gradually introduced. Even so it was impossible to avoid giving offence :

“ There was one excellent old woman who assured him she could no longer partake of the Blessed Sacrament on account of two brass candlesticks which he had placed on the Communion Table. Instead of being annoyed, he surprised her by saying that if she notified to him the Sundays on which she purposed to attend she should find the two brass candlesticks standing on the floor ; and this promise he faithfully performed.”

Music, we have seen, he had found a great resource in his own life ; and from the first he sought to use it in the village to counteract the dullness and lack of healthy occupation for leisure hours which he felt to be responsible for much evil. So a village Choral Society was set on foot. He acted as conductor ; his sister, who had come to keep house for him at the Rectory, gave her services at the harmonium. Musical friends in Oxford helped from time to time : the Rev. Charles Plummer and the Rev. J. E. Stocks, who have already been mentioned, and Mr. C. B. Heberden, afterwards Principal of Brasenose. Beginning with simple glees and part-songs, the Society was soon skilful enough and bold enough to attempt part of the *Messiah*.

“ Then came the difficulty of a room for the concert. The fame of the Fenny Compton Choral Society had spread. The village school was small and low, and moreover bad for sound. But the Rector was daunted by no such

difficulty. Were there not *barns*? Mr. Thomas Reading, a well-known farmer, who cared for music, was induced to lend one, which was both large and easily accessible. This was cleared by willing hands, and the first rehearsal was held on December 16, 1873. . . . The back of the orchestra was decorated and draped with flags, and a home-manufactured silver candelabra with many candles suspended from above. On the night of the concert, when the curtains were drawn back, the singers saw the large barn packed from end to end, friends having come from all the neighbourhood round to witness the success or failure of so bold an attempt. Every one was spurred on to do his or her very best, and the whole performance, both solos and choruses, went without a hitch. . . . A second night of the performance was needed to accommodate all who wished to hear it, and this proved as successful as the first. Owing to the tiled roof, the choruses, it was recorded, were heard as well at the station (a distance of a quarter of a mile) as they were in the room."

Some one said that "If all the Rector's schemes had prospered as they deserved, Fenny Compton would have become an Earthly Paradise." Alas for human frailty! The Choral Society, thus auspiciously inaugurated, had but a short life. From one cause or another members fell away from it and from the choir which formed its foundation. On one occasion all the adult members of the choir went out on strike, and the Rector had to appeal to his congregation for volunteers to remain behind after evensong for a congregational practice. The appeal was successful, and good congregational singing remained the custom in the parish for years after a new choir had replaced the old.

The church itself needed to be made more comfortable for the parishioners. It had been improved and enlarged under the last Rector, Dr. Heurtley, by the addition of a south aisle ; but it still had high-backed pews and an ugly west gallery. In 1879 the whole church was thoroughly and carefully restored, the architect being Mr. T. G. Jackson (now Sir Thomas Jackson), who was at that time engaged upon the new Examination Schools at Oxford. The building was refloored, the walls cleaned and replastered, the windows restored, the gallery removed and the tower arch opened up, the pews replaced by open seats, the chancel provided with new choir-stalls of carved oak and a new communion table and altar rail. Those who have to take in hand similar work at the present day will learn with envious astonishment that the total cost was one thousand pounds, this sum including the repair of the chancel, which was the Rector's contribution.

Whilst this work was being carried out, through the summer of 1879, the early celebrations were held in the side-aisle, matins in the school, and in the evening the congregation trooped up to Avon Dassett Church, two and a half miles away over the hills, where Hicks and the Rector of Avon Dassett shared the service.

In this, and in all his schemes for the good of the parish, Hicks associated the churchwardens with himself. He was especially fortunate in the loyal

and enlightened assistance of the family at "the Grange"—Mr. E. P. R. Knott, Rector's Churchwarden during the whole time, Mrs. Knott, organist at the church for many years, their son and their two daughters. The Misses Knott were both students at Somerville Hall (as it was then called) at Oxford, in the early days of that institution; and therefore the more likely to understand and sympathise with the aims of a clergyman who was also a scholar. His friendship with the Knott family continued to the end of his life; and these pages owe not a little to the memories which the daughters, now Mrs. Scriven and Mrs. Westacott, cherish of his pastoral guidance and personal kindness.

In 1883, when he had been ten years at Fenny Compton, Hicks was invited to preach the Ordination Sermon in Worcester Cathedral on Trinity Sunday. Choosing for his text our Lord's words, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men" (St. Matthew iv. 19), he began by remarking, "It appears true to say that this text, and the title it enshrines, have been largely forgotten by the Church."

"The labourer in the cornfield and the vineyard, the builder at work upon the temple of God, are types that have deeply impressed the Christian consciousness. But above all it is the shepherd with his flock that has quite displaced the type of the fisherman; it has left a lasting trace in the language of Christian Europe, and shapes nearly all we say or think concerning the pastoral office."

Whilst admitting, however, that the emblem of the fisher is one-sided and incomplete, the preacher thought that the aspects of ministerial labour brought out by it were in special need of emphasis. The fisherman represented the Christian minister (1) in the element in which he works, the restless and hazardous sea ; (2) in the method of his work, the co-operation of brave and experienced hands ; (3) in the results of his work, which, though precarious, are yet immediate and tangible. Following out these three lines of thought, he first spoke of the restless sea of modern life, with the distant murmurs of coming storm which the attentive ear could catch, " sounds of socialism and anarchy, the accompanying echoes of that development of democracy, which, for good or for evil, is the marked and inevitable movement of our time." Secondly, the work of fishing for men needed help from all hands : " the Church has not yet learned enough to employ the laity for religious work." Thirdly, as evangelists, they were, in prayerful confidence, to expect results.

" There is much danger lest the established mode of speaking about ' not seeing results ' should encourage us in idleness and in routine. Brother fishermen, our calling is to catch men : and if we catch men we cannot help knowing it."

There are many other points in the discourse that cannot be reproduced here ; but enough has been quoted to give some idea of the freshness of thought and logical coherence that characterized

Hicks' sermons, and to show the twofold conception of ministerial duty that was constantly present to his mind and inspired his own practice. Let us study his methods a little in detail.

It is not necessary to speak of departments of the work common to every well-organized parish—though less common then than now—the Men's Bible Class, Mothers' Meetings, Young Women's Meetings, Confirmation Classes, Sunday-school, District Visitors, Temperance Society. But something should be said of the evangelistic work at "the Tunnel," a hamlet about two miles from the village, which got its name from the "tunnelling" done to make the canal at this point. It was a long way for the older people to come to church: so the Rector instituted weekly Prayer-Meetings. "We used to go down," writes his wife, "to find a roomful of old men and women and anyone who was free from work. We had prayers, a hymn, a short and simple address, and then a chat with the people. In this way Edward would learn about everyone in the place. He loved the children, who walked by a short way (along the canal bank) to school and were among the most regular attenders there, and also some of the healthiest children in the parish."

Finding that it was a custom of many who attended no place of worship to congregate on Sunday evenings near the railway station, he followed them there. "You will not come to visit me, so I have come to visit you," he would say; and begin to



hold a service like the one which he held at the Tunnel. He also got up similar services for the navvies employed on the new railway line.

In addition to Prayer Meetings held in the school on Saturday evenings to pray for a blessing upon the services of the next day, small Prayer Unions were formed among the more earnest parishioners, who met at each other's houses for prayer and Bible study. To keep these informal meetings at the highest possible level, the Rector drew up some rules, which included the following :—

“(2) Let men meet with men, women with women : it is better for brothers not to meet with brothers, nor sisters with sisters.

(3) Let each meeting last exactly an hour, and never longer : as soon as the hour is over, let the three friends separate, and not stay longer together for any purpose.

(4) Let no other person be present : let the whole time be taken up with (1) Prayer ; (2) Reading of Scripture and conversation upon it ; (3) Singing or reading of Hymns ; (4) Concluding Prayer.

(5) Extempore Prayer is recommended, but is not necessary : let the week's Collect from the Prayer Book be always used, together with the Lord's Prayer.

(7) Avoid argument, and aim only at God's glory, and your own advancement in practical holiness.”

As in later years, Hicks' relations with Dissenters were of the happiest. When he first came to Fenny Compton, he found it was a custom with some of them to attend the Sunday morning services at the church and even the week-day services in Lent, and this habit they continued. On Good Friday the

church was always particularly well filled, the farmers allowing their men a holiday that they might attend the morning service. When in 1877 he got Prebendary Grier to hold a Mission in Fenny Compton, he prepared for it with immense care, and especially invited the Nonconformists to come to the Mission Services and help by their sympathy and prayers. Political "Church Defence" was not at all to his mind. An old parishioner, Mr. Philip Knight, recalls a saying of his about a Church Defence League: "If the Church did her work properly, there would be no need of such a prop as that League."

The interest of the parish in Foreign Missions was stimulated by addresses on particular missions, illustrated by drawings or pictures and maps. A further object of such lectures was to raise the intellectual level of village life; and this aim was pursued in the institution of a Village Library. For this he got a grant from Rebecca Hussey's Charity; so that in much later years it was a great pleasure to him to find her portrait in Doddington Hall, near Lincoln, which had been her family home.

A Reading-room was also established for the lads and men. Round the cornice inside, in large "church text," ran one of the Rector's favourite mottoes, a sentence from Bacon's essay *Of Studies*: "Read, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

For several winters the Rector went down himself to take a night school of the village lads. They came "just as they were" from field or stable: they never changed their working clothes in those days.

During the later years of Hicks' ministry in Fenny Compton, signs of a deepening depression in English agriculture began to multiply. The farmers, even if they had been alert and enterprising, could hardly have held their own against foreign and colonial competition: wheat and other grains, eggs, butter, cheese, preserved milk, frozen meat, were now being imported in large quantities, and the prices of home products continually fell in consequence. The English farmer clung obstinately to old-fashioned methods; the labourers were ill-paid: no wonder that the village population fell off steadily, as higher wages and the chance of a less monotonous existence drew the younger portion to the towns. Among such as remained behind discontent grew worse or was only appeased by the hopes which the bestowal of the franchise in 1884 widely inspired. Hicks was a keen observer of what was happening. His own income was directly and seriously affected by the fall in rents. But his interest in the matter reached far beyond personal considerations. His sympathies went out to schemes for improving the status of the agricultural labourer by means of "small holdings." Soon after coming into the parish he set a fine example by offering

about twenty acres of glebe-land for allotments, to which, with a characteristic literary touch, he gave the name of Beulah, which fortunately still survives. To this experiment he refers in a letter written in December, 1885, to the Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Liddell, in the hope of persuading Christ Church, which owned land in the neighbourhood, to offer some of it in allotments.

“ You are aware that the County Elections in this part of the country turned almost entirely upon the question of ‘land reform.’ The enfranchised labourers marched in troops to the poll, perfectly quietly, but with a full sense of what they wanted and why they were voting, viz. to hasten the day when they might get more opportunity for cultivating the land. The farmers, I am sorry to say, as a rule either abstained from voting, or more often voted for the Conservative candidate as against the labourers. The Dis-establishment cry was hardly heard, and the land question was at the root of the whole matter. I only mention this as showing the state of feeling and the condition of things hereabouts. I am happy to say that perfect friendliness reigns between us all here, clergy, farmers and labourers.

But the fact must be faced that we have reached a critical point in agriculture, and all who are concerned in the land must face it boldly. The farmers have lost capital, and have lost heart. They do not half cultivate the land, and employ scarcely any labour. The farms are deteriorating year by year. . . . Every landowner knows that on each rent day the story of losses, and the demand for reduced rents, becomes louder and louder.

Now think of this other fact. There are numbers of labourers, thrifty, sober, intelligent and resolute men, who are the pick of the agricultural class ; and they see the land going to ruin. They hear the farmers’ endless complaints, and one after another they are sent adrift by the masters,

who say, ' I have got plenty of work for you, but no money to pay you with.' These labourers say, ' Very well : if you can neither pay rent, nor employ labour, and are leaving both landlord and labourer penniless, and the land to ruin, why may not we have a chance of trying ? ' . . . I know of some half-dozen working-men who are of superior stamp, and have saved a little money, who would be thankful if Christ Church would ask them to become tenants of small holdings, and on what conditions they would like to become so. Might I venture to suggest that Christ Church should consider the matter ? The example of Lord Tollemache in Cheshire is a proof that such things are not impossible. Lord Spencer, in my neighbour's parish at Wormleighton, is laying out considerable spade allotments for labourers. I incurred a good deal of criticism, and some odium and derision, in 1875, when I gave a number of half-acre spade allotments. But the men have made them pay admirably, and they bring their rent very gratefully. . . ."

It does not appear that Christ Church moved in the matter, though Dean Liddell acknowledged that the " information " contained in the letter was " most interesting and important " ; but Hicks' successor, Dr. Bigg, continued his policy, and Hicks contributed an account of the Fenny Compton experiment to the *Manchester Guardian* in April, 1898. He was anxious throughout to bind classes together, not to set them at variance ; and he tried to enlist the sympathy of the farmers by asking their advice and by securing their help in judging the allotments once a year when prizes were offered for the best-kept plots. The working-men also were always represented among the judges.

When the co-operative movement was begun at



Harbury, in the Fenny Compton neighbourhood, Hicks welcomed it warmly, both for its educative value and for its direct assistance in bringing good and cheap clothing and provisions to the countryside. A shop was opened in the village. He also started the plan of sending to the collieries for trucks of coal to be carted and sold by the villagers. There were good-humoured jests at the Rector's "going into the coal trade," but many were grateful for his intervention; and he was careful to abstain from buying any coals for himself in this way, lest it should be thought he had personal profit in view.

It was at Fenny Compton that Hicks first became impressed by the appalling amount of misery directly and indirectly due to intemperance in the consumption of intoxicating liquors, and convinced of the desirability of legislation to remove the constant temptations to excess from the path of the working-man. His exertions to this end became so important a part of his life-work that they require a chapter to themselves. Here it may be said that his practice refuted the common notion that an advocate of Temperance reform is always intemperate in his own language. On this point two testimonies may suffice. One of his old working-men parishioners writes: "I have heard him speak on many occasions, but never heard an intemperate speech. Many were convinced by his moderate, but by no means pointless, arguments." And similarly, a lady who heard him in his Lancashire days reports: "I heard him



only once at Chorley—the first and only really satisfactory speech on Temperance that I ever heard. It was at the time of the Licensing Bill, and I shall not soon forget the kindly and masterly way he took in hand some rowdy persons who had evidently come with the intention of breaking up the meeting. Some enthusiasts were for throwing the interrupters out, but Canon Hicks (as he then was) would not hear of it, and soon vanquished the rowdyism with his patient kindness.”

What has been said will suffice to give a general impression of Hicks' life as a parish clergyman and of his earnestness in the discharge of his duties. Meanwhile his reputation grew outside his parish, and his services as a preacher and latterly as a speaker on Temperance platforms—first for the Church of England Temperance Society, soon also for the United Kingdom Alliance—were continually more in request. In 1884 Dr. Philpott, Bishop of Worcester, appointed him to an Honorary Canonry in Worcester Cathedral; and preaching engagements in Worcester and the diocese naturally multiplied.

So full a tale of activities might seem to leave but scant time for the personal life or the private friendships and studies and recreations that are the best insurance against the gradual impoverishment of the nature by the ever-growing pressure of public duties. Happily these were years in which new joys and the cares which, because they are interwoven with the most intimate joys, build up a man's

character instead of breaking it down, came into his life, to deepen and enrich it.

From the first Fenny Compton had given him the new satisfaction of domestic life. That his sister, Katherine Jane Hicks ("Kate"), came with him to the Rectory has already been mentioned. She was exceptionally gifted—a rare musician and botanist and something of an artist: she had studied at the Taylorian Galleries in Oxford, where her drawings were criticized and praised by Ruskin.<sup>1</sup> Katherine kept her brother's house till his marriage, and was an active and efficient helper in parish, Sunday-school and choir. On September 19, 1876, at St. Giles' Church, Oxford, Hicks married Agnes Mary, daughter of the Rev. Edwin Trevelyan Smith, sometime Vicar of Cannock, Staffordshire, afterwards Edwin Trevelyan of Combe Down, Bath.<sup>2</sup> Hicks had met her at Oxford, where she was living with Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, the latter being her aunt by marriage. As Corpus Professor of Latin from 1870 onwards, the Rev. Edwin Palmer had, of course, been a member of the Corpus Common-Room and therefore in constant contact with Hicks, and a close friendship had sprung up between

<sup>1</sup> One drawing, still preserved, has the note, "very good and subtle. J. R.," written on it in Ruskin's own hand.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Smith resigned his living in 1872, upon joining the Roman Catholic Church, and later took the name of Trevelyan only. Mrs. Hicks' brother, Edmond Fauriel Trevelyan, was well known later as a Physician and Bacteriologist of the Leeds Infirmary and Medical School. He died in December, 1911 in the prime of life.

the two men, who were naturally drawn together by religious and scholarly sympathies. The marriage was an ideally happy one. Some who were among the younger women in the Oxford of that date—Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Margaret Woods—have already recorded their impressions of that stimulating society. It was a time when new developments in the future of the sex were being eagerly discussed, and the foundations of higher education for women were being laid. Mrs. Hicks was able to sympathise understandingly with her husband's scholarly tastes ; she was also in the deepest sympathy with his religious earnestness and his passionate desire for the moral and social uplifting of the people. Five children were born to them at Fenny Compton. Their eldest son, John Edward, born April 24, 1880, died on January 19, 1881, carried off by the terribly severe winter.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The other children were :

MARY, married January 15, 1908, to the Rev. H. D. Lockett, now Rector of Fallowfield, Manchester.

EDWIN THEODORE, spent some years in a shipping firm in Burma. Took a Commission in the 2/4 Lincolnshire Regiment, 1914 ; gazetted Lieutenant, February, 1915 ; Captain, August, 1915. Married Margaret Alison, daughter of James Boyd, Esq., of Altrincham, Cheshire, May 15, 1915. He saw service in Ireland and in France, where he died, May 12, 1917, of illness contracted in the trenches during the terribly wet spring of that year. He lies in the Military Cemetery at Heilly (Méricourt l'Abbé), twelve miles from Amiens.

MATTHEW BEDE, also went out to the East for a shipping firm, and was at Rangoon till December, 1916, when he sailed with a Volunteer Mobile Battery, R.F.A., for Mesopotamia. He was gazetted temporary Captain and then Major, serving

Many doubtless still remember the mid-January snowstorm of that year, when Dean Liddell, among others returning to Oxford by the Great Western Railway, was snowed-up in a railway carriage for many hours.

As at Oxford, music was still Hicks' greatest recreation. The use he made of it in the parish has already been mentioned. In his own life it was a valuable refreshment, a taste that he shared with his sister and afterwards with his wife, and a link with old Oxford friends who visited him in his rural parish. As his lameness passed away and exercise in the open air became possible, he rejoiced in country walks over the hills to visit the neighbouring clergy, or to study churches and other monuments of architectural or antiquarian interest, or to look out for rare ferns and flowers. "Our walks were made a delight," his wife says, "for there was always something to look for : he knew the haunts of the adder's tongue, wall rue, etc. He had inherited

there till June, 1919, when he was allowed to be demobilized, and to return home on account of his father's serious illness.

CHRISTINA FRANCES (M.A. of Somerville College, Oxford, with Honours in English Literature), married, September 17, 1912, to E. V. KNOX, well-known as the "Evoe" of *Punch's* staff, and eldest son of her father's old pupil and friend, Bishop of Manchester from 1903-20.

EDWARD RAWLE, born in Manchester, 1892 ; M.A., Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Enlisted in Kitchener's army, September, 1914, and later served in Gallipoli, Egypt and France ; invalided home wounded, July, 1916. Married, June 5, 1920, to Enid, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Sutton Lowe of Lincoln, formerly of Huntington, York.

his father's love of a garden ; and though he had little time for gardening he used to bud his own roses. They flourished on the clay soil ; and he planted standard rose trees in the churchyard the year before he left.

He seems to have found leisure for a good deal of general reading in these years. Not many novels, though Thackeray and George Eliot were favourites with him, and he was pleased with *John Inglesant*, by which Shorthouse leapt into fame at this time. History, biography, travels, philosophy, economics—all these interested him, as did everything in current politics. Ruskin continued to be a great influence. His mind was stored with the best poetry. Passages of Milton, Keats, Shelley, were often on his lips. Clough was a favourite. "Every year in the autumn," to quote Mrs. Hicks again, "we read his *Bothie* ; and since he has been Bishop we made a pilgrimage to Kinloch Rannoch and explored the lake to find the scenes of the poem."

But above all there were his beloved Greek inscriptions, which absorbed much spare time. The first part of *The Collection of Ancient Greek Inscriptions* in the British Museum, dealing with Attica, appeared under his editorship in 1874, the year after he came to Fenny Compton ; Part III, Section I, Priene and Iasos, appeared in 1886, the year in which he left ; Part III, Section II, Ephesus, in 1890. The first edition of his *Manual of Greek Historical Inscriptions* (Oxford Press) was published



in 1882. His visits to the British Museum, and to Mr. C. T. Newton's house in Gower Street, continued, and brought him into contact with interesting people: Mrs. Newton, the Severns, and others, including Panizzi, the strange figure who so much disconcerted Carlyle that he was compelled to finish his *French Revolution* without adequate consultation of the documents accessible in the Museum. Of special importance were the remains of the two Ephesian temples of Artemis, discovered by Dr. Wood and lately brought to England. The relics of the temple of St. Paul's time were many and in good preservation, but those of the earlier building were very fragmentary and difficult to piece together. It is easy to imagine Hicks' delight in discovering among these stones a portion of the name of ΚΡΟΙΣΟΣ (Cræsus), who had always been the reputed founder of the earlier temple. Much of the work of interpretation was done in the quiet Rectory. "I have often," writes Mrs. Hicks, "seen my husband bring out his 'little fragments,' often so small, of impressions which had been taken at the British Museum and sent down for him to decipher. He would leave them, and go off to take a prayer-meeting in a humble cottage room in the one far-off corner of the parish, or in the school near by—just as it happened. All was done with the greatest cheerfulness and quiet devotion."

On the value and importance of such specialist work only expert testimony is worth citing. I am



fortunately able to quote two letters from distinguished authorities written in 1883 in support of Hicks' candidature for the headmastership of Haileybury College. M. Waddington, at that time ambassador from the French Republic to the English Court, and eminent alike as a statesman and a scholar, wrote as follows :

PARIS, 1<sup>er</sup> November, 1883.

“ MONSIEUR,

J'apprends que vous êtes candidat au poste de proviseur du collège de Haileybury, et vous me permettez de vous adresser tous mes vœux pour votre succès. Il y a longtemps que je suis avec intérêt et avec profit vos beaux travaux sur l'épigraphie grecque, et j'attends avec impatience le volume que vous préparez sur les inscriptions de l'Asie Mineure déposées au Musée Britannique. Ayant parcouru moi-même cette portion du domaine de l'antiquité classique, j'ai été plus que personne à même d'apprécier le sûreté de votre critique, votre profonde connaissance de l'épigraphie grecque dans toutes ses branches, et le parti que vous avez su en tirer pour l'histoire, pour la philologie et pour la mythologie. Vous êtes certainement, après M. Newton, le représentant le plus autorisé en Angleterre de ces études, si pleines d'avenir, parce-que les matériaux sur lesquels elles s'exercent augmentent tous les jours. La connaissance des inscriptions et des monuments figurés est devenue le complément indispensable de l'érudition classique, puisée dans les auteurs. A ce titre personne mieux que vous ne saurait présider à la direction d'un collège où l'enseignement classique joue le principal rôle. Je vous souhaite donc de réussir dans votre candidature. Je serais heureux de votre succès, et pour vous, et pour la science.

Croyez moi, Monsieur, votre bien dévoué,

WADDINGTON.”

Dr. A. Michaelis, Professor of Archæology in Strasbourg University, wrote :

“ . . . I should scarcely ascribe any importance to my individual judgment, if I did not feel absolutely sure that my own favourable opinion is that of German scholars universally. I may refer to the honours the Berlin Academy and the German Archæological Institute have bestowed on Mr. Hicks in receiving him among their corresponding members ; I may also mention that my learned colleague, Prof. Rud. Schoell, whose special studies lie exactly in the same line with Mr. Hicks' favourite occupations, completely shares my opinion. The less epigraphical studies are actually cultivated among English scholars, the more praiseworthy is the mastery with which Mr. Hicks deals with this difficult task. In his edition of the Attic Inscriptions of the British Museum (1874), and in his articles in the *Hermes* (1870), and in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (1881), Mr. Hicks displays all the qualities required for this kind of work : a perfect knowledge of the classical authors and of Greek antiquities as well as of the modern literature, with which it is so difficult to be *au courant*, scattered as the individual contributions are in books, journals, pamphlets of every description ; besides a sure method and a happy ability in restoring half-destroyed inscriptions, and in combining their contents with notices derived from other quarters (I wish to mention specially the ingenious discovery of the name of Cræsus on the columns of the Ephesian temple) ; finally a sober judgment and a subtle sense of what is possible and likely in this intricate kind of questions, and where the *ars rescindi* begins. The *Manual of Greek Historical Inscriptions* (1882), much used with us in historical as well as epigraphical teaching, is an excellent performance, which shows all those qualities in a very happy combination. Finally, an article on Theophrastus in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (1882) gives a pleasing illustration of the way in which Mr. Hicks is

turning his epigraphical studies to the profit of purely philological questions. . . .

A. MICHAELIS."

The *Manual of Greek Historical Inscriptions from the Earliest Times to 196 B.C.*, mentioned above, is something more than a student's handbook: it is also a real contribution to epigraphy.

"Whenever the original was out of my reach," says the editor, "the copies only of the most recent and most careful editors have been followed. Sometimes I have had access to unpublished copies or impressions, through the kindness of friends. Nearly all of my texts have been edited before; nevertheless, whenever possible, I have verified the published texts by a reference to the marbles. The result is that, whenever my texts differ from the copies already published, it is because I have to offer a better and completer text."

It is amusing now to remember that this book, remarkable for its union of literary feeling, historic imagination, and sound appreciation of the value of the scientific archæology, was nearing its completion just when Jowett, in the preface to his translation of Thucydides, was penning those curiously depreciatory sentences about the inability of Greek archæologists to "add to our knowledge" more than "a few facts." We were bidden to return to the study of the literature of Greece, "finding some little pleasure by the way (like that of looking at an autograph) in deciphering the handwriting of her children amid the dust of her ruins." And this when Schliemann's discoveries at Hissarlik,

Mycenæ and Tiryns were already drawing back the curtain from whole ages of early Greek history that had been hidden from the eyes of Herodotus and Thucydides ! Hicks' feeling of reverence for great literature was not less profound than Jowett's, but there can be no doubt now that his estimate of the future importance of archæology was far truer.

In 1880 Hicks contributed, by invitation, an article on Greek Inscriptions to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* ; and in 1882 he was elected corresponding member (*socius ab epistulis*) of the German Archæological Institute.

Research work upon inscriptions was not all. He found time for other literary and classical studies, such as the charming paper on "Greek Proper Names" in the *Nineteenth Century* for March, 1882, or "Judith and Holofernes" in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (1885). But more important than these was the memoir of his friend, *Henry Bazely, the Oxford Evangelist* (London : Macmillan, 1886). The two men had been elected scholars of Brasenose on the same day in 1861, and the friendship so begun had continued unbroken till Bazely's death in March, 1883. Bazely was a man of striking individuality, whose character and career deserved the commemoration which they have received in his very moving and beautiful biography. The tribute of friendship is the more impressive because the biographer and his subject differed strongly, not only in their tastes but in some

of their deepest convictions. Bazely, though the son of an English clergyman and educated under the definitely Church influences of Radley, had been led by his sympathies and convictions to withdraw from the Church of England and attach himself to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The Scottish Established Church was not a proselytizing body, and seems, from first to last, to have given him very little encouragement. But his belief that the polity of the Scottish Church was nearest to primitive Christianity determined his career. He built a church at his own expense in Oxford, accepted no pay for his ministry, maintained himself by taking pupils in theology, and raised large sums for social work. He was a great believer in open-air preaching, and for many years the services he conducted at the Martyrs' Memorial were a well-known feature of Oxford life, and are the subject of a paragraph in Taine's *Notes on England*. But most remarkable of all was the self-sacrificing energy with which he threw himself into the most difficult philanthropic work, the rescue of the tempted and fallen. His unsparing devotion to a lofty ideal of duty was probably a main cause of his early death.

Such, in briefest outline, were the personality and career that Hicks set himself to portray in the *Memoir*. The task was not easy, for Bazely had been of a reserved disposition and had expressed himself little either in writing or in speech. His



character had revealed itself mainly in his actions. The biographer's duty was to show what the man was by the evidence of the life he lived. What strikes the reader most is the patient care with which all the evidence has been accumulated, sifted and arranged, the single-minded desire to present a truthful picture, the entire self-suppression of the biographer. The book is a work of art ; but the art is simply the perfect adaptation of means to an end. There are one or two digressions, such as the sketch of St. Giles' Fair at Oxford, or the description of the special temptations of a college servant's life, but they are strictly subsidiary to the main theme. It was impossible to write such a book, and in such a spirit, without the influence of the story reacting upon the writer's own life ; and it is not fanciful to trace the influence of Bazely's saintly example in the record of his biographer's own ministry in Salford.

Among those to whom the publisher sent copies were at least two whose opinions are still of interest. Mr. Gladstone acknowledged the gift in an appreciative letter : " It was a very lofty life indeed," he wrote, " such as we must look up to, and look a long way to reach." " I shall supply myself with copies for my friends," he added characteristically. Canon Westcott, afterwards Bishop of Durham, wrote : " It is a pleasure and a refreshment to come face to face with a man who has clear and strong convictions and who translates them into life."



Meanwhile that problem of the *res angusta domi*, which has become so painfully urgent in many parsonages during the last few years, was already in the early "eighties" beginning to be insistent at Fenny Compton. Expenses were increasing with the growth of the little family, and would soon increase still more rapidly when school bills had to be incurred. At the same time the income from glebe fell off alarmingly. The charges on the land—for mending fences, repairing gates, roofing barns and outhouses, and the like—seemed always increasing; and the farmers continually pressed for reduction of rents. Whilst at Fenny Compton the ground seemed to be thus gradually cut away from under his feet, Hicks began to feel the need for more scope than a country parish could give. His work upon the British Museum Inscriptions was drawing to a close; he had fully utilized the opportunities which rural retirement afforded for increasing his own store of knowledge; and invitations to preach and to lecture showed that there was a large public ready to listen to him. He had never broken with academic studies, and at first his thoughts turned to the career of a headmaster. Haileybury fell vacant in 1883, and he became a candidate.

It would be interesting, though perhaps unprofitable, to inquire what sort of a headmaster he would have made. A biographer, whose own fortune it has been to come in contact with the five

headmasters who have ruled one great school within living memory, and to serve under three of them, may be permitted to remark that all successful headmasters do not succeed by possession of the same qualities ; and further, that if a headmaster were found who had not the defects of his qualities, the qualities themselves would probably be somewhat colourless. Certainly Hicks would not have been everybody's headmaster. He would always have had the courage of his convictions ; and that implies that he would have taken serious risks of unpopularity. But he would assuredly have been an inspiring teacher of his sixth form, his goodness would have been an attractive and uplifting force in a school, and his sympathy and humour would have given him points of contact with many different types.

A humorist once justified the collecting of testimonials on the ground that they were "so consoling to read when one felt ill." Hicks was the last man to decline upon so dangerous a form of consolation, or it might be said that on this occasion he had provided himself with alleviations of sickness for the remainder of his days. Among those who commended his candidature were Dr. Hornby, Headmaster of Eton ; the President of Corpus ; F. W. Walker, High Master of St. Paul's School ; Dean Liddell ; Mark Pattison ; Dr. Jowett ; D. B. Monro, Provost of Oriel ; Professors H. Nettleship and R. C. Jebb ; the Rev. E. Talbot,

Warden of Keble, afterwards Bishop of Winchester ; the Rev. E. A. Knox, afterwards Bishop of Manchester. Possibly the strong testimony of the English archæologists, C. T. Newton, A. S. Murray and R. S. Poole, as well as of the foreign authorities whose letters have already been cited, may have awakened in the Governors the English distrust of experts. Even after forty years Professor Robinson Ellis' conception of the appointment to a headmastership as an appropriate opportunity for the endowment of research (" If he were appointed, I should recognize the same liberal and enlightened discernment in the Electors as has recently led to the choice of Mr. Rutherford for Westminster School ") may provoke a smile. The choice of the Electors fell upon the Rev. James Robertson, and Hicks, who came second in the election, remained at Fenny Compton for three years longer.

The agricultural depression continued, and the financial outlook grew worse. At last, in 1886, seeing in the papers that applications were invited for the Principalship of Hulme Hall, Manchester, he sent in his name, and on July 20 he was elected. Among the Electors was his old colleague at Corpus, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Dill, who was at this time High Master of Manchester Grammar School, and was able to assure the other Electors of their good fortune in securing such a candidate. So from the green Warwickshire lanes and the pleasant proximity of Oxford Mr. and Mrs. Hicks and their

family passed in the autumn to the crowded streets and grey skies of Manchester. It was indeed a plunge into the unknown. "Fresh woods and pastures new": yes, truly—but the old were real, and the new were so strictly metaphorical!

Fenny Compton could not be left without deep regret; but it was a consolation to the departing Rector to know that his successor, the Rev. Charles Bigg (Senior Student of Christ Church; Bampton Lecturer, 1886) was a man after his own heart. "I look forward to much blessing for the parish," he wrote a few months later to an old parishioner, "from Dr. Bigg's work and influence there. His patience and gentleness are conspicuous, apart from his learning and scholarship."

In the country memories keep green longer than in the towns. Nearly a quarter of a century later, when Hicks was called from Manchester to Lincoln, the villagers felt a thrill of pride. "After all, he is our Bishop," they said: "*we broke him in!*"

## CHAPTER V

HULME HALL, MANCHESTER: 1886-92

“ Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell ;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster.”—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

“ And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.”

CHAUCER, *The Prologue*.

**H**ULME HALL was a hall of residence for students of Owens College, now the University of Manchester. Dalton Hall, an undenominational hostel founded by members of the Society of Friends, had entered on its successful course some time earlier ; but there was great need of another hostel, and some Manchester Churchmen felt that there ought to be one which, without imposing denominational tests, should offer members of the Church of England coming to Owens College, a home under Church influences. The opportunity was afforded by a new scheme of the Charity Commissioners drawn up in 1881 for the administration of the property originally left by William Hulme, a Manchester clergyman who died in 1691, for the maintenance of “ four poor bachelors ” at Brasenose College,

Oxford, but now producing an income sufficient to justify much larger benefactions. A house in Plymouth Grove was bought by the Hulme Trustees, enlarged and adapted for the reception of thirty-two students, and to this, on October 1st, 1886, Canon Hicks came as principal.

When he arrived, there were only two students. The numbers, however, grew from term to term, and the Hall was soon nearly full. The problem of discipline was difficult. The students were younger on the average than Oxford or Cambridge undergraduates. Few of them had had the training in corporate life which boys get at a good boarding-school. Many had a rather exaggerated sense of "mannishness," a disposition to resent all rules and restrictions. There was no tradition to appeal to, and the scientific and medical students especially were often men, or rather boys, who had never come under the humane influences of art and letters. It was part of the Principal's duty to exercise a general supervision over the men's studies. He acted himself as classical tutor, and there were generally one or two house-tutors residing in the men's part of the hall.

The classical tuition required was mostly of an elementary kind, and there was nothing either in this or in the more general work of the Principal adequately to employ Canon Hicks' exceptional gifts. He was not the man to treat such a post as a legitimate endowment of research, to discharge the



office perfunctorily and devote his real energies to his favourite studies. On the contrary, he sought conscientiously to be as helpful as possible, religiously, morally, intellectually, to every student who came under his charge. The letters that follow show that some, at any rate, of the students responded, and that appreciation of what was done for them has only increased with the lapse of years. Not all were capable of response ; and it is arguable that some of the unresponsive might have found it easier to sympathize with, and therefore to profit by, a more ordinary man in place of one whose own standards and ideals were too lofty to be quite intelligible to them.

The Rev. H. Stones, Goodshaw Vicarage, Crawshawbooth, writes :

“ My first impression remains unchanged through all the years. He was the personification of kindness and gentleness and loveliness ; a man of great patience and insight, of strong convictions which he upheld with absolute fearlessness ; ever ready to help, no matter how busy he himself might be ; one who invited confidence by the very fact of his sympathy being unfailling. . . . No father could have taken greater interest in the well-being of those under his care ; it was manifest no less in their recreations than in their studies. In pleasures and difficulties, of whatever kind they might be, his loving interest was ever the same. The careless were never allowed to go unwarned, and the word of encouragement was never wanting.

The weekly Shakespearean readings in the drawing-room, in which at first one took part shyly, were soon looked forward to, for they gave the touch of home and made us feel all of one family. Sometimes the programme was

varied with music, when the Canon would give in characteristic style his song, 'Sally in our Alley.'

Punctual himself, the Principal required punctuality of others. He did not like chapel to be missed nor late attendance at breakfast. One delinquent was so impressed with the reproof which had been administered, that one evening, resolved not to be late next morning, he washed before going to bed, put on clean collar and tie, brushed his hair, and informed us that he intended to sleep in his clothes, so that when Soundy rang the second bell, all he would have to do would be to rush down to chapel. He forgot, however, that night leaves traces, and his dishevelled appearance required an explanation that morning. . . ."

Mr. H. S. Perris writes :

"I entered as a Scholar at Hulme Hall in October, 1887, and stayed there for five years,—during the last of these years being engaged in special historical studies after having taken the Honours Course in History at the Victoria University. My intention was, after having graduated in Arts at Owens College, to proceed to Manchester College, Oxford, and take the Theological Course there with a view to entering the Ministry of the Unitarian Churches. During the whole of my five years at Hulme Hall I was, so far as I know, the only Unitarian in the place, but I never found that this made the slightest difference to the great kindness, sympathy, and helpfulness with which Canon Hicks treated me. I remember well reading the Greek New Testament with him. When he came to passages around which theological controversy had raged, he made no effort to bias my judgment, or to prejudice me in favour of the views or renderings which he himself accepted. Instead of this he would say to me, 'Dr. Martineau or Dr. Drummond would read this in this way: Westcott and other commentators would take it thus.' This splendid and scholarly impartiality and breadth of view impressed me deeply at the time, and gave me a great love and regard for Canon Hicks

himself and an understanding of the attitude of the true scholar and gentleman. His desire always was that we should seek the truth—not that we should be forced to accept certain opinions, and this was an attitude for which I have always felt deeply grateful to him, and honoured him.

On Sunday nights we got into the habit of going to Canon Hicks' drawing-room after dinner, and reading in turn some choice little selection from the best English literature. As more than half the students at Hulme Hall were at that time reading for degrees in medicine or science, it was very necessary that we should be reminded in this way of the requirements of a really broad culture and education. I very clearly recollect one Sunday evening on which I first made acquaintance with Wordsworth's superb classical poem 'Laodamia.' Canon Hicks read this with deep feeling and appreciation, and it made a great impression on us all. He had a somewhat severe task in his Principalship at Hulme Hall, for many of the students there had little of his own fine feeling for literature and the arts, and he must sometimes have felt that he had a somewhat difficult team to drive. But we all loved and respected him, and his charming and devoted wife, and I think there is not one of us who does not look back on his Hulme Hall days under Canon Hicks with deep gratitude for the insight he gave us into the life of the Christian scholar, for his own brave advocacy of temperance and social reform, and for the high conception he inculcated of the student's life and the true purpose and value of a university education. He was like a second father to me during my five years at Hulme Hall, and I shall always think with the greatest admiration of his loving personality, fine scholarship, and broad catholicity of temperament."

The Rev. C. F. Richardson writes from Grange-over-Sands :

" Ever since my Hulme Hall days I have had the privilege of his advice whenever I needed it, and he never failed me.

I enclose a paper which I have kept, for it seems to me to reveal his character as I first knew him. It may not seem much to an outsider, but the entertainment to which he made this contribution was a delightful experience, and the whole-hearted way in which he entered into the spirit of the men in Hall is characteristic. I should be glad if I could do anything to bring out this side of his character ; for it was really very charming. While at Hulme Hall I was reading for the Honours Course in Classics, and I was lucky in having Canon Hicks as tutor. He was busy at the time preparing his book on Inscriptions, and our lessons were often interrupted by the arrival of a parcel of pressings from inscriptions. I can see him yet, eagerly opening these parcels, and, forgetting all about my shocking prose and translation, he would invite me to join him in deciphering and in supplying the missing portions where they occurred. His eager excitement over the task was like that of a schoolboy."

Another old student wrote to Mrs. Hicks :

"My only regret sometimes is that we who were at Hulme Hall were not worthy of your husband ; we might have responded more to his mind ; but he was always generous and sympathetic ; and I have nothing but gratitude for his patience with a rather raw and crude youth."

The paper referred to in Mr. Richardson's letter is a Prologue written by Canon Hicks for the Students' Entertainment at Hulme Hall, December 20, 1885. It is a dialogue between a Philosophic and a Commonplace Student, who decide to ask the Andesite Boulder,<sup>1</sup> newly placed in the quad-

<sup>1</sup> "The Boulder, estimated to weigh 30 tons, was discovered under Oxford Road, not far from Owens College, during excavations for drainage purposes in February, 1888. The nature and markings of the stone show it to have been carried thither by a glacier from the Lake district. It was presented to the College by the Corporation of Manchester, and forms a conspicuous feature in the Quadrangle."

range of Owens College, for an oracular response. The latter half of the dialogue is as follows :—

- Ph. S.* Relic of ages past ! From hills afar  
 Long since borne hither on thine icy car ;  
 To whom the grandest work of human toil  
 Seems a child's plaything, only made to spoil ;  
 Say, if thou canst—for here we see thee stand  
 Like vocal Memnon 'mid th' Egyptian sand—  
 Say to what goal, through ages dim as yet,  
 The tide of slow advance is surely set !  
 What is the future of the race ? What cheer  
 Awaits our England in the coming year ?  
 What paths will social evolution strike ? —
- Com. S.* And what are next year's cricket-prospects like ?
- Ph. S.* Our great colonial empire,—must it go ?
- Com. S.* Will Owens keep the challenge-flags or no ?
- Ph. S.* Will English parties long remain the same ?
- Com. S.* And what will be Lord Randolph's little game ?
- Ph. S.* Will Ireland ever peace and plenty win ?
- Com. S.* Will students make at lecture no more din ?
- Ph. S.* Will trade-disputes end in co-operation ?
- Com. S.* Shall I get through my next examination ?
- Ph. S.* Shall socialist or millionaire survive ?
- Com. S.* Will Rugby or Association thrive ?
- Ph. S.* Will Greek and Latin soon no more be read ?
- Com. S.* And all the world learn Volapük instead ?
- Ph. S.* What views shall Science next declare mistaken ?
- Com. S.* And poor friend Donnelly, will he save his Bacon ?
- Ph. S.* Shall war or peace engage the coming times ?
- Com. S.* Are there good songs in next week's pantomimes ?
- Ph. S.* Speak, Giant, speak, and let thy votaries hear  
 Some voice to kindle hope and banish fear.
- Com. S.* Hush ! Hush ! I hear a rumbling underground :  
 Again the monster winks ! There comes a sound !

(*The Boulder Speaks !*)

O race of men, whose kind I never saw  
 Till Whitworth's men with cable and with claw  
 Disturbed my slumbers in a bed of clay,  
 And dragged me upward to the light of day :  
 O race of men whose ways I wondering view  
 From this high vantage-ground I owe to you :  
 O men, so keen of wit and strong of will,  
 Weary so soon, yet persevering still,—



Deem not that I the coming time forecast,  
 Or can unfold the future from the past :  
 O man, of all the world the sum and crown,  
 Look not too long from self on nature down :  
 Upward the course of evolution ran,  
 Until all nature culminates in man.  
 Read, if ye may, this riddle dark and deep,  
 Why man alone can smile, alone can weep ;  
 Here find the crown and climax of the years,  
 In man's mysterious laughter and man's tears.

*Ph. S.* " Man's laughter and man's tears " : the Boulder's  
 right :

Sermons in stones indeed we've found to-night.  
 Man's tears—well, friends, they're sure to follow after.  
 To-night we'll try and do our best at laughter.

The Principal's contribution to these entertainments was not confined to Prologues. On one occasion at least he composed the bulk of an ingenious and witty charade which was acted with great success.

The first summer (1887) he found that he had more leisure than he was likely to have again ; and after taking German lessons for some months, he went to Berlin in the Vacation to attend the lectures of Professors Curtius, Hübner, Kirchoff and Köhler.

Before long the Owens College authorities, realizing that in the Principal of Hulme Hall they had within their reach a scholar of European reputation, wisely determined to make some use of him academically. He was appointed lecturer on Classical Archæology, and on October 16, 1889, he delivered his inaugural address upon the aims and methods of the study. He reviewed the gradual



advance of archæology from the time of the Renaissance, and especially the accelerated pace of discovery during the last half-century. Next, he laid down the maxim that no one can become an archæologist unless he lives continually in a museum, and trains his discernment by the perpetual arranging and describing and by the actual handling of ancient monuments, "until the faculty of discernment becomes as an instinct, and he can intuitively pronounce upon the date or upon the genuineness of an object placed before him." Of what this training meant in patience and in expenditure of time he could speak from experience :

"As an epigraphist I know what it is to spend whole days in deciphering a line or two ; or to return again and again to the stone, and look at it in every possible light and shadow, in order to recover one word or even a letter. How many hours such an one may spend in piecing together the fragments of marble that once contained perhaps a decree of Alexander or a rescript of Antoninus ! fragments which remind one most of all of a torn-up letter, only that some of the bits are lost."

This kind of original research was not possible for Manchester students : "You will be spared its labour, but you will lose its advantages ; you will wish to be made acquainted with results, rather than processes." The lecturer's candour made it necessary to end upon this anti-climax : he must "pursue an unambitious course."

More discouraging to a lecturer with memories of the Oxford Greats School, than even the absence

of a museum, must have been the paucity of students—"not many wise, nor many learned." But he set to work with energy, and spared no pains to make the lectures attractive. He collected coins and photographs and made a large number of slides. A course on Greek Religion, illustrated chiefly from the inscriptions, was followed by others on Greek Social Life, Greek Art, and the Greek Stage. Some idea of the stimulating quality of his classical lectures may be gained from papers he contributed to the *National Home Reading Union Magazine*—e.g. on Marcus Aurelius (Feb., 1895), and on Wilkins' "Roman Antiquities" (March, 1895).

His own work upon Inscriptions was continued. The volume on the Ephesian Inscriptions in the British Museum appeared in 1890. At this time too he became associated with another Greek scholar, Mr. W. R. Paton, who took up his abode in the Island of Cos and made a careful collection of the inscriptions to be found there. Hicks collaborated in the deciphering and interpretation of the inscriptions, and wrote the introduction for the *Inscriptions of Cos* (Clarendon Press, 1891). A friendship grew up between the two men, unlike as they were, the one equally at home in the practical and in the theoretical life, the other a dilettante scholar who became at last so completely "orientalized" (to use his own expression) that he was reluctant to revisit England, and who never earned

anything in his life till he was paid for his translations from the Greek Anthology in the Loeb Library. Nevertheless, he did visit England and Hulme Hall ; and he most kindly set down for this biography his impression of the visit some time before his own lamented death in May, 1921.

“ VATHY, SAMOS, GREECE.

I was deeply grieved to hear of the death of my dear master and friend, the late Bishop of Lincoln. When I first came to know him, I was more or less a novice in Greek epigraphy, a science of which he had complete command. I happened to discover some very interesting inscriptions in the island of Cos, which I communicated to him before publishing ; and as I was at the time residing there, he advised me to collect all the inscriptions of that island, and offered to join me in publishing them, as we did. Of course, that led to most cordial relations, and I fully learnt to estimate aright his skill and judgment. I also had the privilege of meeting him personally, both at my own house in Scotland, where the late Mr. Theodore Bent and Professor W. M. Ramsay were present, and I had the full advantage of the conversation of these three distinguished people, and also at his own house at Manchester, where he was then Principal of Hulme Hall, and obviously very popular with the young men there.

He was then an honorary Canon of Worcester (I think) and had a fair amount of leisure, although devoted to the cause of temperance and social reform. When he was appointed to a regular Canonry at Manchester itself, entailing the care of a large and poor parish, I confess I was sorry. He possessed unique qualifications for the study of Greek inscriptions, and such qualified epigraphists are few, whereas many others might have worked with equal zeal and devotion among the poor at Manchester. But, of course,

whatever he did, he always threw his heart into it, which is the great secret of success, when the heart is supported by an intellect like his. He had not abandoned his interest in Greek epigraphy. A few years ago a Coan stone, my copy of which I had lost, but which I mentioned in our book, saying that some one in a yacht had bought it and carried it off, and it might turn up, *did* turn up in a garden somewhere in the country in England, and luckily was acquired by the British Museum. It is a very important and interesting ritual document, and the Bishop helped them to read and edit it, and wrote to me about it.

W. R. PATON."

The doubt raised by Mr. Paton as to the comparative values of research and philanthropy recalls the old conundrum about the Sistine Madonna. If the famous picture and a living human baby were both inside a burning house, which would you feel bound to rescue first? In the dry light of reason a man might argue that the destruction of the picture would assuredly be an irreparable loss to unborn generations, whilst the loss of the baby, his future character being all unknown, was purely problematical: it might be that his premature death would save humanity from a criminal or a bore. But that is not how any of us would decide in the practical emergency. And for Canon Hicks, brought face to face with the problems of life and death in the crowded city, and hearing in his heart the call to grapple with them, there could be but one answer possible. His beloved studies should not be put aside altogether: they could still be a precious

refreshment : but they must not be allowed to determine his choice of a career.

For all this while the leaven of the Gospels, and the example of Bazely, and the teaching of Ruskin, were working upon him. All through the Hulme Hall years his days were increasingly full of social and religious service, sermons and temperance addresses and the like. Not far from his home in Plymouth Grove two remarkable experiments in the reconciliation of Art and Philanthropy were proceeding. Both of these must have interested him greatly as attempts to translate Ruskin's doctrines into practice. The one was the Ancoats Brotherhood of the late Charles Rowley, bringing the best music and pictures and the ablest lecturers in the country within reach of the slums ; the other was the Manchester Art Museum, also in Ancoats, into which Mr. T. C. Horsfall has generously thrown the labours of a happily lengthened life. In an address at the annual meeting of the Art Museum on July 6th, 1889, Canon Hicks spoke as follows of the work that was being done :

“ We think of the artist in his free, Bohemian life, or surrounded in his studio by all that ministers to his sense of beauty, far removed from sights of squalor or of pain ; for art is born of leisure and of wealth. And then we turn our thoughts to the Sister of Charity, with austere garb and gentle mien, employing her consecrated life amid the saddest scenes of want and suffering. What a contrast is here ! Can the two ideals of life be reconciled ? Can Art



learn self-sacrifice, and can the life of Christian service make the beautiful its end? Surely this Art Museum—placed as it is in the midst of dismal streets, and made the centre of kindly, loving effort to humanize and cultivate the thoughts and feelings of those who need it most—surely this is nothing less than the consecration and ennobling of Art. Religion bids us give of our best to God's poor. Our best is not wealth, nor even knowledge; but it is the capacity of noble and ennobling enjoyment. Let us endeavour to enrich others with this gift we so prize ourselves. Never in the history of mankind was there so pressing a need for it."

His own work, it was becoming clear, was to be on different lines: it was to be more and more (to borrow words from the same address) "the religious inspiration that can be given by the Christian leader"—an influence on life to which Charles Rowley, though he had absorbed so much of the Christian spirit, was inclined, in his revolt against Puritanism, to be hostile. It was also to include earnest and strenuous effort to combat the evils of the slums by direct temperance legislation: and here he parted company from Mr. Horsfall. The difference between their points of view can be best shown by a letter written by Canon Hicks to Mr. Horsfall in the following year. Both men happily recognized that the things in which they were in vital agreement were far more important than any divergencies of opinion. The reformer is often a man of strong convictions but narrow outlook. Hicks' width of sympathy may be gauged by his whole-hearted appreciation of Mr. Horsfall's efforts to bring the



message of Beauty into the ugliest and most depressing neighbourhoods.

“ HULME HALL,

MANCHESTER.

December 12, 1888.

DEAR MR. HORSFALL,

. . . I look forward to some opportunity of conversation with you on these and kindred topics. I have much that I want to learn from such an interchange of thoughts, and I believe that certain convictions of my own would become clearer and perhaps become modified if I could some day lay them before you in a very simple and frank discussion. But we are both busy men !

I cordially go with all the paper : and I enjoyed throughout, in parts extremely so, the language with which you had clothed your expression of views. Most of your points have been long-standing convictions of my own. As a Manager of an Elementary School in a village, where I almost daily taught, I perpetually said it would be far more sensible to teach *Botany* than Grammar. No less certain is it that the rustic child—even apart from school—is a far more civilized creature than the gutter-boy of the slums. The peasant lad has his thought and memory full of the facts of natural life—he has conned the book of nature and has learned to live by employment of nature. Observation, memory, skill of hand, alertness of mind and body,—all these are necessitated by the life of the peasant. I never came across a labourer in the village who could be called ‘ unskilled.’ Much of your plea might be summed up in those lines of Wordsworth’s which I am always quoting—(hackneyed as they are)—

‘ We live by Admiration, Hope and Love,  
And even as these are well and wisely fixed  
In dignity of being we ascend.’

I cannot believe,—let us never tire of asserting our belief (though we are thought madmen for it!)—that it is the future doom of humanity to live in great cities. Natural laws neglected and outraged have a way of avenging themselves, if not speedily, at least effectually. And life in great cities is an outrage on the laws of Nature.

You will not blame me—for social reformers so realize their difficulties that they are very tolerant of each other—if I think you have assigned less than its importance to the Drink question. I *deny* the poverty of the slums—at least to a very large extent. Slums that can build up the fortunes of men like Sir W—— X——, or Mr. K——, slums that support all the drinking dens in Ancoats, are *not* full of poor people. They earn, and they have, and they throw away; or rather, they employ their earnings and havings in procuring their own degradation and destruction.

We can do nothing till we have despotically bundled the Sir W—— X——s right out of the slums. In the face of this great and horrible problem of the slums, no suggestion should be branded as revolutionary, or as an infringement of liberty. We Temperance Agitators long to have men like Ruskin or yourself no longer shrink back from our cause—rough and ready though it seems. We will unite to help in any movement for the raising of the people. But we cannot place the Liquor question—as a question of morals, or of economics or of politics—second to any other.

I should like also as a Christian teacher to supplement your view (as expressed in the paper) of man and his environment. The claim of Christianity is that it can appeal to the individual and offer him *miraculous* power, through the means of grace, to break through the force of his surroundings. Such is the picture presented by the life of St. Paul, and of the other characters who were brought to believe in Christ in the New Testament story.

It is one of the great revelations of the Science of our day that environment makes or modifies the organism. But,

though this scientific idea has revolutionized social science, and though it may check the wilder dreams of some Christian reformers, yet the regeneration of society, as you have beautifully urged, depends upon the excellence of certain original and gifted individual characters. Now the gospel aims both at raising the general level, and at training the heroic few. It places (in the Passion of Christ, and His Redemption of Humanity thereby) hideous guilt and absolute goodness side by side, it expects to find men helpless and wicked, yet professes to be able to make them strong and holy; it is astonished at no vice, yet hopeful of all virtue; infinite in its pity, it is awful in its standard of purity. Even in the savagery of the slums—where neglected humanity seems to ‘revert to type’ and become uncivilized again—as in the savagery of Borneo, the Gospel is not without power. How far its professed teachers go the right way to apply it and preach it, is another question, on which we should probably find ourselves unhappily in very substantial agreement! Forgive this hasty and long letter, and believe me with best thanks,

Yours very truly,

E. L. HICKS.”

The letters of students already cited give a glimpse, though not more than a glimpse, into the very happy home life that went on in the private part of Hulme Hall. It must have been the most humanizing of all the influences brought to bear upon the undergraduates. The children were growing up (whatever might be the colour of the sky outside) in an atmosphere of warm sunshine. They were full of enjoyment in books and play, full of delightful imaginations and quaint sayings, out of which a privileged observer with the requisite literary qualifi-

cations might easily have constructed a "Golden Age." Edward ("Ned"), the youngest son, was born March 16, 1892.<sup>1</sup> Canon Hicks' mother lived with him all these years. Her portrait has been drawn already in our first chapter. She was now in the "seventies"—somewhat frail and carefully tended by son and daughter, grave, dignified, a little austere to strangers, but soon softening into humour and tenderness in the midst of her grandchildren. There was another inmate of the house, the very capable Matron of the Hall, Miss Hunt, who became as one of the family, beloved by children and grown-ups alike. Nor must it be supposed that "the dark unlovely street" offered no amenities of social life. Not many yards away was Mrs. Gaskell's old home, 84 Plymouth Grove, still inhabited at that time by her two brilliant and charming unmarried daughters, whose love of hospitality and friendship with so many of the finest spirits of the later Victorian period enabled them to maintain a *salon* that would have graced any cultivated society, and must have been almost without a parallel in a modern commercial city. Round the corner in Nelson Street, in a house since swept away to make room for the new Infirmary, lived W. T. Arnold, a journalist who was also a scholar and a historian, with standards as exacting as Hicks' own—he and his wife both with a strong inherited love of literature and a circle of friends

<sup>1</sup> See *supra*, p. 68, footnote.

like-minded with themselves. Owens College, with its academic interests, was but a stone's throw away; the homes of its professors and lecturers were dotted about the neighbourhood; Hicks' old Corpus pupil, Mr. C. P. Scott, the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, lived within an easy walk in the direction of the country. Further away, yet accessible enough and very soon in touch with so congenial and helpful a new-comer, were Bishop Moorhouse, Dean Oakley and others of the Cathedral clergy. Then there were Manchester's public men, leaders in all action for the good of the community, like Sir William Houldsworth, Mr. Thomas Ashton, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Edward Donner, Mr. E. J. Broadfield; and the friends whom association in temperance work began more and more to bring into Hicks' life, such men as Mr. Fred Smith (now Lord Colwyn), Alderman MacDougal, Mr. James Boyd. If Manchester was not Oxford, it would yet be absurd to imagine that its suburbs were solely populated by men "whose ears," in Tennyson's bitter phrase, "were crammed with their cotton and rang, even in dreams, to the chink of their pence."

And then, too, there were the holidays!—

"The early holidays with our small children," writes Mrs. Hicks, "are a joyful memory to them to this day. As soon as they were old enough to appreciate scenery, churches, flowers, ferns, shells, anything that came in their way was made a delight to them. We explored the walks and expeditions round Penmaenmawr, Colwyn Bay, Llanfair-



fechan, in their very early days. One wonderful day we were belated and had to walk down from the mountain part way in single file—my husband with the youngest child on his back and a white handkerchief put over his hat to show the way! We used to make parties with other friends who were staying near; as the children grew older, we started as a whole family with luncheon packed and spent all the day out on the mountains. Later on, Derbyshire was our happy hunting-ground, and the joys of Middleton Dale, Lathkil Dale, Monyash, the Cratcliffe Rocks, and round Bakewell, were explored year after year. The village of Youlgreave, picturesquely placed on tableland above Rowsley and Haddon, was our headquarters for several summers. There the children learnt to appreciate the old churches and villages around. Youlgreave Church itself was of special interest; Monyash, with its village Cross, the old Church, with its porch built by King John when Earl of Moreton, the old oak chest of nearly as early a date; the long ramble back through the fields and down Lathkil Dale, with perhaps a digression to find the house where John Bright found his wife. Their father's mind was stored with information upon every conceivable subject. As junior Canon he was unable to spend all the holidays with us, Cathedral residence often claiming him during August. On some days he contrived to come over by an early train. We all went forth to meet him by a certain stile in a field on the way from Bakewell. The joy of meeting 'Father' can be imagined.

His sister Katherine, for so long a Sister at St. George's Hospital, and afterwards Matron of the Hospital at Wrexham for many years, was a welcome and cherished companion in many of our holidays. She was an accomplished musician and botanist, and helped to make our expeditions the more delightful."

But these holidays were only brief breathing spaces in a strenuous life. Before he left Hulme



Hall he was already in the full tide of that Temperance work of which an account must be given in a separate chapter. And this was merely one, though the most prominent, of many activities into which he was drawn. Only those who have been brought into contact with one or other of the great cities of the North can realize the vigour and enthusiasm of their civic life, the multiplicity of educational and philanthropic schemes, the competing claims upon the time and energy of voluntary workers. There were High School Committees, Nursing Committees, Whitworth Institute Council Meetings. Nor had Canon Hicks ever rested from the more special duties of the clerical office. Shortly after coming to Manchester he had begun to give regular assistance on Sundays to Archdeacon Anson at the church of Birch-in-Rusholme, and he was always willing to take a service when he could help a friend. Bishop Moorhouse offered him the living of St. Mary's, Crumpsall, when he had been at Hulme Hall for two or three years, but Hicks felt that he had not yet had time to do his duty by the Hall, and declined the offer. In 1892, however, he felt free to accept a Canonry of Manchester Cathedral, to which was attached the parish of St. Philip's, Salford. It was a satisfaction to him in leaving Hulme Hall to know that he was handing it over to a wise, capable and genial successor, Dr. E. B. England, who had been assistant to Professor

Wilkins in the Latin Professorship at Owens College, and was already known favourably to classical scholars for the Greek studies which he has continued to prosecute uninterruptedly to a hale old age.

## CHAPTER VI

SALFORD : 1892-1910

BY CANON PETER GREEN

“ If, in the paths of the world,  
Stones might have wounded thy feet,  
Toil or dejection have tried  
Thy spirit, of that we saw  
Nothing—to us thou wast still  
Cheerful and helpful and firm !  
Therefore to thee it was given  
Many to save with thyself ;  
And, at the end of thy day,  
O faithful shepherd ! to come  
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.”

ARNOLD, *Rugby Chapel.*

EDWARD LEE HICKS was installed as Canon of Manchester, July 19th, 1892, by Dean Oakley, and was instituted to St. Philips', Salford, on July 25th, being inducted five days later. The conditions of residence at Manchester Cathedral are different from those which prevail at other English cathedrals, even where special livings are attached to special Canonries. From the time when the Warden and Fellows of the old Collegiate Church of Manchester were constituted Dean and Canons of Manchester, and the old church recognized as a Cathedral, till 1850, the four Canons of Manchester enjoyed their large

and steadily growing incomes in return for three months' duty at the Cathedral. Even this small amount of duty was carelessly performed. In 1846, the acceptance by a Canon of the headship of a college aroused so much popular indignation that a memorial, signed by four hundred parishioners of the ancient Parish of Manchester, was presented to the Cathedral Chapter, asking that the Canon should either devote his whole time to the service of the Church in Manchester, or resign his Canonry. From this agitation sprang, in the following year, the "Association for Promoting a Reform in the Ecclesiastical Provisions of the Parish of Manchester," which secured the passing of the "Manchester Parish Divisions Act" in 1850; and it cannot be doubted that the general indignation, due to a feeling that the Canons in the past had neglected their duties, was the cause of the severe conditions of service henceforward imposed. Four of the largest and poorest parishes, three in Manchester (St. George's, Hulme; St. Andrew's, Ancoats; St. Matthew's, Camp Fields) and one (St. Philip's) in Salford, were attached to the Canonries. As it was deemed undesirable to withdraw the rector of a large parish for three months at a time from his parochial duties, special arrangements were made as to "residence." At Manchester Cathedral "residence" is a purely technical term, meaning no more than attendance at the Cathedral services; for there is no house provided for the use of the

Canon in Residence, each Canon receiving a fixed allowance in lieu of house rent, and being allowed to live where he likes, within the bounds of the ancient Parish of Manchester. The conditions, then, of "residence" or service at the Cathedral, were planned with a view to withdrawing each Canon as little as possible from his parochial work. Sunday residence was treated separately from week-day residence. From the first, each Canon took one Sunday in four, being responsible for the conduct of divine service at 10.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., and either preaching or providing a preacher (in which latter case the Canon was required himself to be present to hear the sermon) at each service. For the week-day residence, each Canon took three months in the year, no two of which, however, might be consecutive; and during those months he had to be present at the services twice on every week-day. It is obvious that under this system any Sunday afternoon work undertaken by a Canon in his own parish, such as a Men's Bible Class, so popular in the North of England, or active participation in the teaching and management of the parochial Sunday-schools, would be liable to interruption every fourth Sunday; while regular parochial work, especially visiting, would be, if not suspended, at least seriously hindered, during three months in the year by week-day residence.

It was with this weight of Cathedral duty round his neck that Canon Hicks found himself confronted

with the task of evangelizing an exceptionally difficult parish of over ten thousand people. Everything tended to make the task a heavy one ; the history of the parish, the social character, the lack of adequate buildings and the old-fashioned arrangements and fittings of the church itself. The past history of the parish was one, as Canon Hicks himself said, in appealing for funds, of " perpetual change and subsequent neglect." For years the Rector, who died in 1887, had been too old to do any work, and when Canon Woodard, founder of the Woodard Schools, was appointed in his place, he was himself already disabled by age, while Canon Lloyd held the living for less than a year. The social history of the parish was such as to create every possible difficulty. The church had been built to seat two thousand people, merely because the galleries were used by the troops from the Barracks, now long demolished, on Regent Road ; and when this portion of the congregation was withdrawn, the task of filling the Church became impossible. The fine old houses in Islington Square, and the neighbouring streets, once the homes of famous Manchester families, were fallen into decay, and let in single rooms to a constantly changing stream of lodgers of the poorest type, while the rows of back-to-back houses, and wretched stone-floored cottages, flagrantly over-supplied with public-houses, made the Islington district of the parish one of the poorest in the whole of Man-



chester and Salford. Nor did the presence, on the church side of Chapel Street, the broad thoroughfare which runs right through the parish, of a number of more respectable streets, make the problem easier ; for the different types of workers could not be got to combine. To meet the needs of such a parish there was a church, of which Canon Hicks wrote, in the appeal already quoted : " Within are high pews and spacious galleries. The seats are as uncomfortable as they are ugly, and hardly anywhere in the church is the worshipper encouraged to kneel." Apart from the church and the day schools, there was no building in the parish owned by the church, no rectory or clergy house, no institute or club, no place for meetings or services. It would have been easy, nay, one may almost say it would, in the Salford of 1892, have been the natural and expected thing, for Canon Hicks to have taken a house in a pleasant suburb, performed his Cathedral duties, and left the management of the parish wholly to a curate. Or, if his conscience would not allow him to do this, he might have confined his efforts to providing suitable services and ministrations for the better-class artisans who lived in what was called the " Peru Street side " of the parish, leaving the " Islington Street side " to go its own way. But that would have been impossible for a man with Hicks' outlook upon life. He took a survey of the parish, and seeing with his accustomed clear-sightedness its actual condition and its needs, he

set himself to grapple with the problem. Nor, during the whole of his eighteen years at St. Philip's, was there any work nearer his heart than that done in the worst of the Islington area.

Necessarily, the first step was to secure a house at once suitable for his young children, and near enough to the parish to make real pastoral oversight of it possible. Canon Lloyd had lived outside the parish, and had reserved for himself one room at 6 Encombe Place, quite close to the church, which was the house hired by him for the use of the curate. But it would have been difficult for the curate, the Rev. Edmund Oldfields, to vacate the house immediately, and there was no other suitable dwelling obtainable in the parish. So Canon Hicks availed himself, somewhat reluctantly, of his privilege of living anywhere within the ancient Parish of Manchester, and took a house at 21 Leaf Square, Pendleton, with the Bishop's entire approval. The distance from St. Philip's was about three-quarters of a mile, and Pendleton was believed to be within the ancient parish of Manchester. As a matter of fact, it has since been decided that Pendleton is not in the ancient parish. Hence, in living in Leaf Square, Canon Hicks not only resided outside his own parish, as he could do with the Bishop's permission, but violated the Statutes of the Cathedral, from the provisions of which the Bishop could not dispense him ; though the new Rector might have gone three or four times as far from St. Philip's

Church in the opposite direction, and still have been within the ancient parish of Manchester, and so within his legal rights. The constant toil of going backwards and forwards, early in the morning and often late at night, between his parish and his house, and even more his desire to live among his people, and so to share their life, rendered the Leaf Square house unsatisfactory to Canon Hicks, and after eight years there he moved, in August, 1900, to 6 Encombe Place, where he remained for the rest of his time in Salford.

As soon as he was settled into his position as Rector, and had had time to estimate the needs of the parish, he set to work to meet them. Three things were prominent in his ideal of parish work : first, his belief that active evangelizing among the non-churchgoers was as much the duty of the parish priest as the care of the respectable and godly members of his flock ; second, his zeal for the care and training of the young ; and third, his faith in efforts for the temporal welfare of his people, their health, their amusement, their housing and their social conditions, as necessary aids to the more directly spiritual work among them. He would have been quite unable to understand the view that in providing a Lads' Club, a Girls' Club or a Men's Institute, or in working for cleaner streets or a better water supply, he was in any way less engaged in religious service than when preaching or administering the sacraments in church. There are, and have

been, of course, for a couple of generations or more, many clergy who shared this view of pastoral duty ; but not often, perhaps, have zeal in social service, and faith in and enthusiasm for simple evangelistic preaching, been combined to so high a degree in a single person. Many clergy who would have worked zealously with him on committees, and in municipal politics, for the uplifting of the people, would hardly have sung and preached, as he did, in the open air in Factory Lane and the near courts around it, or conducted simple evangelistic services in a mission room along with a Church Army Chaplain. On the other hand, many a fervent evangelist would have lacked Hicks' stubborn and unconquerable belief that the owner of tied houses, the slum landlord, the slack and easy sanitary officer, and all the other foes of clean living, were the parson's natural enemies, to fight whom was as essential a part of the clerical office as to preach the Gospel.

His conception of the needs of the parish is well set out in the " Summary of Wants " with which he ends the appeal, already quoted from, which he put forth in Trinity-tide, 1893, just a year after his induction. It runs :

#### SUMMARY OF WANTS

- A. For Improvement of the Church, £3,000.
- B. For an Institute, £1,500.
- C. For Temperance and Home Mission Work, £70 per annum.

- D. For an additional Curate, £130 per annum.
- E. Annual subscriptions for our schools in large or small amounts.
- F. Voluntary help of unpaid workers of all kinds.

Not all these were achieved : the Institute still remains an unrealized hope. Yet few men, it may be, have been allowed to see more fruit of their labours than Canon Hicks saw at St. Philip's. Out of the ugly and ill-arranged church which he found, he managed to get a church dignified, well adapted for all parochial purposes, and certainly not without beauty. The architect responsible was the late Mr. Medland Taylor, long connected with the Church life of Lancashire, and he made the best of the large, ungainly interior which he was asked to remodel. Specially impressive are the dignified east end and the beautiful little side chapel. One characteristic of Canon Hicks, his power of arousing enthusiasm and enlisting support, is shown in the number of special gifts in the church, such as the picture over the High Altar, the gift of Sir William Agnew, Bart. ; the fine Baptistry presented by the nieces of a former rector ; the tessellated pavement of the sanctuary and aisles, given in memory of Mrs. Margaret Clarkson by her daughters ; the Credence Table in the sanctuary, given by a lady, a member of a well-known Unitarian family, whom Canon Hicks had baptized and presented for confirmation ; the similar Credence Table in the side chapel, given in memory of another worshipper ; and the

triptych in the side chapel, from the Arundel's Society's reproduction of Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb." The Rector's whole-hearted delight in everything to which he put his hand led others to help him, often quite unasked.

While he was busy with the restoration of the church, in 1895, he was fortunate in gaining the help of one who remained a constant friend. This was Miss Ruth Chamberlain, to whom more than to anyone else, the Girls' Club in Encombe Place owed its distinctive character and its far-reaching influence. It had been opened, soon after Canon Hicks' appointment, at Encombe Place, next door to the house then occupied by the curate, and afterwards to be the Canon's own house, by Mrs. Harold Agnew and her sister Mrs. Shelmerdine. But Mrs. Agnew lived at a distance from the parish and had many other duties which interfered with her regular attendance, and chaos reigned in her absence. At the critical moment, Canon Hicks heard that Miss Chamberlain desired to offer herself for social and religious service in the diocese. He at once wrote to her explaining all the needs and the difficulties, but also all the possibilities of the parish, with the result that she took up residence in the Girls' Club. Here, for fifteen years, she carried on a work which has left a lasting impression upon the district. The Lancashire mill girl is warm-hearted, merry, witty, easily offended but quick to make friends again, lacking in reverence



for things and persons she has not learned to respect, but capable of strong attachments and deep and genuine religion. Miss Chamberlain's character and work appealed powerfully to such girls; for she was an excellent disciplinarian, firm, patient and tactful, and she thoroughly understood girl nature. The Club provided classes in cookery, needlework, elocution and household economy; games, drill and simple gymnastics; and dancing on Saturdays. Very soon the members decided, entirely on their own initiative, to attend church on Sundays, and for many years they formed a solid company of worshippers in the front seats of the church. Canon Hicks' attitude to the Club was typical of his treatment of his workers. He took a deep interest in the work, was present on all special occasions, such as the Christmas party or the New Year's Eve "Social," made the girls realize that he was their friend, and was ready with counsel when called upon. But he gave Miss Chamberlain and her helpers an absolutely free hand, and liked them to think out their own methods, rather than to apply to him at every turn. Among the many good works which gradually centred in the Girls' Club was the "Anti-Footing League," formed to break down the mischievous custom of celebrating holidays, festivals, birthdays, weddings and similar occasions in mills and factories by the consumption of wine and spirits, towards the cost of which every worker had to contribute. Canon Hicks' attention was

called to the custom by the spectacle of three girls in their 'teens brought into Salford Hospital dead-drunk as the result of indulgence in neat spirits at a mill "footing." He exposed the practice in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* of September 27, 1901 ; and though the total disappearance of the custom, at least as compulsory on all the workers, from the mills and workshops of Lancashire, has been the work of many agencies, there is no doubt that the Salford " Anti-Footing League " may claim a good deal of the credit.

It is impossible to describe in detail all the parochial activities initiated by Canon Hicks, such as the Lads' Club, with its Whit-week Camp for working lads, its swimming club and its other developments ; the extensive Band of Hope and Ragged-School work, and the work among the women, in which he had the help and support of Mrs. Hicks. But two things must be mentioned which were specially near to his heart. The first was the Children's Service and Catechism in church every Sunday morning from 9.30 to 10.15. Even when he was in residence at the Cathedral he would rather curtail this service by five minutes than leave it to a colleague ; and he knew by name every child that attended, and visited all the children in their homes. Indeed, his interest in and knowledge of the children was wonderful. When he last visited St. Philip's parish, fully eight years after leaving it, he not merely recognized all his old boys and girls,

grown in the interval into young men and women, but picked out their younger brothers and sisters. Thus he said to one choir boy : “ Now I ought to know you. Let me look at you. Your name should be So-and-so. Yes ! I thought so. Let me see if I can remember your elder brothers. Harold had curly hair and dark eyes, Albert was lighter. Ah ! you see, I don’t forget them.” If any man might make his own the words of the great Pastor of Souls, and say, “ I know my sheep, and am known of mine,” Canon Hicks might have done so. And the results of this steady, unwearying pastoral labour are visible to-day.

The other main interest in Canon Hicks’ parish life was the evangelistic work which he carried on, with the help of a Church Army Captain, at the Barrow-street Mission on the Islington side of the parish. He was always a strong believer in the value of the Church Army’s methods, and tried to induce other parishes in the rural-deanery to have short evangelistic missions conducted by a Church Army evangelist, or even to avail themselves of the permanent help of a Church Army chaplain or nurse. The late Captain Rowlands, C.A., a man of quite remarkable character and powers, and with a correspondingly remarkable history, was his chief helper ; and old residents in the district still tell stories of the Canon and the Captain conducting open-air services in the worst courts and alleys of the district, and refusing to be deterred even by physical violence.

Whilst he was thus actively employed as a parish priest, he was also performing his duties as a Residentiary Canon of the Cathedral, passing in turn through the offices of Secretary to the Chapter, and Bursar, the latter of which posts is especially arduous, owing to the extensive Chapter Estates from which the Cathedral revenue is drawn. Himself a thoroughly trained musician, with an excellent voice, he delighted in the musical services ; whilst he rightly regarded the pulpit as a great opportunity owing to the large congregations which are drawn to Manchester Cathedral. It cannot be pretended that his preaching was always popular. Indeed, the strength of his temperance principles, and his conviction that political questions were no more to be ignored by the Christian teacher than matters of individual ethics, often aroused bitter hostility. Yet the high quality of his discourses commanded respect even from those who differed most widely from him in politics and theology.

On this point the evidence of Dr. Kendrick Pyne, so long organist at Manchester Cathedral, is worth quoting. After commenting on the many famous preachers whom he had heard in the several Cathedrals he had served, and noting how some of them reserved their efforts for special occasions, he writes :

“ It was otherwise with Dr. Hicks. He was one of the most constant preachers at the Cathedral, and the most noticeable feature about his sermons was, that, whether the

occasion was a great one, specially prepared for, or an incident in his ordinary course of duty, his standard was so uniform and so high, that one was never disappointed in his message. All was so scholarly, so refined. Some classical reference aptly applied, some gem from the Fathers or great poets, some searching passage or new reading, and everything nicely adjusted to his theme."

Another testimony will be read with interest—the impression, recalled after many years, of a hearer who straightway became a disciple and afterwards a friend. It should be said, however, that the "small, black-backed note-book" almost certainly contained nothing more than the briefest outline of the discourse.

"The time was noon, and the congregation was not large, for he was never a 'popular' preacher. The sermon was read out from a small black-backed note-book, with a musical and arresting voice, a perfect articulation, intense earnestness, and free sensitive play of a wonderfully expressive countenance. He was absolutely at his ease, and master of his subject and audience. He held me from the first word to the last, and from that moment I was one of his most ardent disciples. What was the secret of his mastery? There was, first of all, the power of a compelling personality. He was alive in every pore of him, and alive with an all-embracing sympathy. He was preaching on the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and the second sentence of the sermon struck the key of *a rare humanity*: 'But as a rule, hunger is rightly regarded by us as a social scandal, as a common disgrace: it is a proof that the necessaries of life are unequally shared. For this world of God's creation and Providence is full of good things and there is abundance of them.' There was *conviction*, founded on abundant knowledge. I recognized this in every sentence of the dis-



course, and from subsequent inspiring acquaintance with him, I know my recognition was just. There was a quick and penetrating *insight*. Every stage of the economic problem was followed with masterly ease and accuracy, until I was made to feel that the parable was the revelation of all social wrong. There was *courage* : ' Science has won, do not fear science, but shape your thoughts fearlessly by the line of truth.' It is God's revelation : ' By it cleanse your cities, make healthy your bodies, train and develop the mind.' He was intensely *practical* : ' May it not be required by laws of health, as well as by laws of social economy, that we return to a simpler and more natural type of living ? ' There was manifest the full *evangelical love* of St. Paul : ' This one thing I do ' : pursue religious perfection, love of man and of God. . . ."<sup>1</sup>

His week-day lectures in the Cathedral during the Lent of 1900 were published,<sup>2</sup> but there is no other collection of his sermons and addresses, though individual sermons on topics of special importance made their appearance in print separately. Notable among such discourses was one preached on January 21st, 1900, from the text, " They that take the sword shall perish by the sword " (Matt. xxvi. 52), and published by the Manchester Transvaal Peace Committee under the title of *The Mistakes of Militarism*. Canon Hicks' opposition to the whole policy of the Boer War was open and declared, and the sermon is quite uncompromisingly outspoken. It aroused violent opposition at the time. Fewer people would be found to-day to dispute his state-

<sup>1</sup> Rev. S. Proudfoot, Article in *The Christian Church* (Oxford), October, 1919.

<sup>2</sup> *Addresses on the Temptation*. London : Macmillan, 1903.



ments, and none surely who would withhold a tribute of admiration for his courage and devotion to truth.

Closely connected with Hicks' Cathedral work was his service to the Manchester "Scholae Episcopi." The sore need for curates in many of the great industrial districts of his huge diocese led Dr. Moorhouse to found this Diocesan Clergy Training School, where men of proved ability and character, who could not afford a University Course, might receive the necessary training for Holy Orders. Lectures were given, and terminal examinations held, in a room at the Cathedral; the men who attended being for the most part engaged in lay work in the parishes of Manchester and the neighbouring districts. The lecturers, whose services were freely given, naturally varied in power and attainments, and in the time and attention they bestowed upon their duties. The preparation was hardly an ideal one, and the provision of many other facilities for Ordination Candidates led to the Scholae being finally closed by the next Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Knox, in 1913. Yet, in spite of obvious shortcomings, the school trained many men of more than average ability, and more than average value to the Church, and aroused the enthusiasm of many of the tutors. Among the latter, none was keener than Canon Hicks. He gave of his very best to his Scholae pupils, devoting to the preparation of a lecture for a class of ten or a dozen men at the

Cathedral as much care and thought as if it were to be delivered in a crowded hall at Oxford. Besides this, he strove to win the friendship of his hearers, and to help and guide them in matters outside the immediate scope of his lectures. His work as Examining Chaplain, first to Dr. Moorhouse, and afterwards to Dr. Knox, from 1893 to 1910, brought him into touch with the same men, and with others drawn from a wider field, both at their Ordination and in the parishes, and he valued greatly this opportunity of keeping in touch with his younger brethren, many of whom rewarded him with deep loyalty and affection.

One of the original band of students in the Scholae Episcopi committed to writing some reminiscences of the school, when the decision to close it was announced in 1912. His recollections of Canon Hicks' lectures may appropriately be quoted here :

“Fifteen years have gone by since I attended those lectures in South King Street, but some of them remain with me amongst the most permanent of my intellectual and spiritual possessions. The lecturers at this School were men of high scholastic distinction. . . . No student ever had a more sympathetic or brilliant tutor than Dr. Hicks. His lecture was the event of the week. Fifteen of us were students, and to a man we were wont to assemble full fifteen minutes before the time fixed for the lecture. He came precisely on time, bright, radiant, witty and alert. The most genial and most natural of greetings was extended to us, and as he took his deal chair at the head of the deal table, we realized in all he did and said and looked that his soul was in the work. The fifteen poor men before him

inspired him to his best work just as much as a brilliant company of Oxford undergraduates would have done—nay, some of us imagined that of the two he preferred to teach us. His lectures were like the man, full of vitality, thought, suggestiveness and power. Was there ever man upon whom perfect and accurate scholarship sat so lightly ! The easy mastery of scholarship was apparent as the lecturer handled his sources, but there was even more apparent the rich element which made the recondite material live and flash and glow. I can never forget a daring parallel the lecturer drew between Paul and Gladstone ; it was perfect in all its parts, and one never for a moment thought of party politics (and most of the students were Tories) as with all the precision of Plutarch, and with more than Plutarch's vivacity, he showed us Paul repeated in the ' G.O.M.'

The Bible, under treatment of this master mind, became to us a revelation indeed, but a revelation of personality. Evolution, Modernism, German Criticism, all had been assimilated by the lecturer, and these only served to illuminate that which the Bible stood for : the supreme expression of the way of life. Verbal inspiration and all other literalisms passed away from us as the mist before the sun. He made us realize that God's interest was the human interest, and we learned to love the Bible by loving Canon Hicks."<sup>1</sup>

In 1906, when the Deanery of Manchester became vacant by the death of Dr. Maclure, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman offered the post to Canon Hicks. To promote a member of a Chapter, and one who was not even the senior member, to the post of Dean, would have been an unusual step ; but there is no reason to suppose that the appoint-

<sup>1</sup> *Manchester Guardian*, August 30, 1912.

ment would have been generally unpopular, or that it would have worked ill. But there were two conditions attached to the offer : one, that what the writers of numerous letters to the Prime Minister had characterized as “ the unduly ritualistic ceremonial favoured by the late Dean ” should be “ restrained ” ; the other, that the sum of £1100 a year, derived from the lease of the site of the old Deanery in Deansgate, should be withdrawn from the Dean’s income and placed at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for other purposes, under a scheme to be formed hereafter. As a slight compensation for the loss of the £1100, the Dean was to be given his modern residence rent free. Canon Hicks felt himself unable to accept either condition. With regard to the first stipulation proposed, he wrote to the Prime Minister :

“ I have worshipped almost daily, and often several times a day, in our Cathedral as Residentiary Canon for the last fourteen years, and I have grown to love its simple and dignified services. I am sure that nothing but strife and confusion could come from any attempt, such as you suggest, to alter their character. I am a tolerant but real Churchman, in close touch with Churchmen of all complexions and views in Lancashire, and accustomed to work in hearty co-operation with all sorts of Nonconformists ; and I feel strongly that it is neither wise nor reverent to make arbitrary changes in the long-established usages of a Church, especially of a Church so much beloved, and so well frequented, as this Cathedral. Its ritual (which is quite moderate) has remained practically unaltered for many years, certainly for half a century. And some of the old

customs—like the turning to the East at all the Glorias—go back for centuries. The late Dean was no innovator, and I should be sorry to see innovations made in either direction—upward or downward. Apart from the question of my nomination, but as an average Lancashire Churchman, I would beg of you to avoid needless friction and collision in such a delicate matter as this. It would be most impolitic. I am confident that you have been seriously misinformed as to the facts of the case. I am not aware of any ritual usage connected with the Cathedral which could be accounted illegal.”

As to the second proposal, he held that such a change should not be made without an Act of Parliament.

“ You will find the Churchmen, and especially the laymen of Manchester, very jealous of any diversion of funds, without good reason, and without a definite plan which meets with their approval. . . . If such a thing is to be done at all, a definite scheme for the employment of the money should be prepared, and should be approved by the chief laymen of the city, and (so it seems to me) an Act should be passed during the life of the next Dean, to take effect upon the next vacancy.”

There can be no doubt that Canon Hicks was right as to both proposals. With regard to the reduction of income, it is now known that the Bishop of Manchester was strongly opposed to the change ; and the first Dean to be affected by it, Dr. Welldon, now Dean of Durham, would have been unable, without private means, to maintain the large house assigned to him, with the other expenses attached to the position. This was in the days before the war. At post-war prices, the situation of any



married man will be very difficult. As to the attitude of the Manchester laity, it has been made plain on many occasions. The reduction of the Dean's income was effected without opposition, simply because it was effected in almost complete silence.

The question of the ceremonial at the Cathedral is one about which it is almost impossible for anyone, not intimately acquainted with Church life in the North, to form an opinion. It is true that, broadly speaking, the Church in Lancashire is predominantly low in tone; and that even comparatively High Church congregations, who welcome advanced teaching, do not care for elaborate ceremonial. It is also true that there is still a large body of militant Low Churchmen of the Orange Lodge and Church Association type. Even among these, however, the objections to innovations in ceremonial and ritual are based rather on rigid Conservatism than on Protestant conviction. Certainly there are men at the present time who have left the particular church where they were brought up because of the introduction of a surpliced choir, the Eastward position at Communion, lights, or some similar practice, which would pass unnoticed in the South of England, and have immediately settled down at the Cathedral or some other church, where not only the particular practice they objected to, but others of a still more definite tendency, are common. They may not actually like these practices; but they are only



stirred to fury by them when they see them as innovations in old familiar surroundings. It is their conservative, not their religious instincts, that are offended. But none of these considerations had much, if indeed anything, to do with the troubles at the Cathedral. It may frankly be admitted that the public Vestry Meeting every Easter at the Cathedral was a discreditable performance. The riff-raff of Manchester turned up, attracted by the prospect of a disturbance, and the language was often really shocking. But the real protagonists, Dean Maclure and the strongly Protestant Churchwardens, while they doubtless regretted the excesses of violence, fought for the love of fighting, and with, one may suspect, very little real ill-will on either side. One thing is certain : outside a small circle, few of those who worshipped at the Cathedral ever attended the Vestry Meeting, and an even smaller proportion of those who attended it ever entered the Cathedral. Another thing too is certain : any attempt to alter the services of the Cathedral would have been ill received by the whole Church in Manchester. The view of the matter here presented is not one which would suggest itself to the Prime Minister in London, who took the violent letters of a few Protestant stalwarts at their face value. It is confirmed, however, by the facts, that from the very first, the Vestry Meetings under Dr. Welldon, Dean Maclure's successor, were decorous to the verge of dullness, and that the Protestant objector to the

Cathedral has long been as extinct as the dodo. Canon Hicks judged rightly, but his independence and devotion to principle cost him the loss of preferment already too long delayed.

In thus refusing the Deanery of Manchester on a point of principle, Hicks made no small sacrifice. Before the equalization of the income of the Canons, his financial position as fourth Canon had been a difficult one. He felt that, as Dean of Manchester, he would have the change of work he sorely needed. As a married man, with a family and a large and very poor parish, he had found it necessary to supplement his income by literary work. The Canonry and Rectory in the last few years yielded about £1100. Out of this had to be found the stipends of one, and at times, two curates. The rent and upkeep of Barrow Street Mission were wholly met by the Rector, besides many other parish charges to which he gave generously. It was a question whether, if he had accepted the Deanery with its reduced income, he would have been free from financial anxiety. But the change of position with its wider opportunities would have been at the time a very welcome one. The offer was declined, and the matter dismissed without a murmur, and parish and other work pursued with even increased vigour.

Besides a great deal of reviewing, and the writing of obituary and other notices of prominent Churchmen, for the *Manchester Guardian*, he contributed to that journal, from November 2nd, 1904, till his

appointment to the Bishopric of Lincoln, a weekly article under the pseudonym of *Quartus*. The name was selected from Romans xvi. 23, "Quartus, a brother," not merely because he was at the time the fourth Canon on the Chapter, but, we may safely assume, because the description of Quartus as a "brother" appealed to him. Space does not allow of any attempt to give an idea of the wide range of topics treated week by week. Few men, even among professional journalists, no other man, perhaps, amid the constant pressure of other work, could have poured out a stream of comment of such varied character and uniformly high level of quality. Now it would be a notice of some recent piece of classical scholarship, now an important point of temperance reform, or some detail of the foreign mission field, or a matter touching the needs of slum-dwellers at our doors. The column was a reflection of the writer's own vivid and many-coloured mind, and quickly made its mark in Manchester, and, indeed, in the North of England generally. He also contributed to the Magazine of the *Home Reading Union*, popular articles on Old Roman Life, Pliny, Marcus Aurelius, Ancient History, Crocodile Mummies, and other topics; and, to the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, more important articles on Greek epigraphy. He never lost touch with the world of scholarship, as is amply proved by the letters he received from leading scholars, both English and continental. The story is told that some Manchester tourists in

Scandinavia, wandering off the beaten track and chancing somewhere upon a company of scholars, found their city known to fame, not for its textile products, but as the residence of the epigraphist Hicks ! How wide was the range of his interests, and how natural it was for people at a distance to turn to him in any matter connected with Manchester, is illustrated by a letter from Mr. H. W. Paul, author of the *Life of Froude*, seeking details about books in the library of Owens College ; by another from Mr. Sidney Webb, asking for precise facts about townships and their officials in the eighteenth century for his *History of Local Government*, and by many similar letters from scholars and literary men, to whom his was the name that first came to mind in connexion with Manchester. One application, this time from a fellow-citizen of Manchester, Canon Hicks refused with real regret, and only from the conviction that he could not accept the offered task without giving up temperance, social and religious work which he felt had stronger claims upon him. The late James Hope Moulton, whose death in 1917, from exposure at sea following the torpedoing of the boat in which he was returning from India, was so great a loss to scholarship, wrote in December, 1906, inviting Canon Hicks to join him in the preparation of a New Testament Lexicon of Hellenistic Greek. Dr. Moulton had for some time been engaged on the Greek of the *papyri* which have thrown such light on the real nature of New

Testament language, but he felt that the labour necessary for the production of his edition of *Winer's Grammar* would not permit him to tackle the *Lexicon* single-handed. No man would have been better fitted for the task than Canon Hicks. What Dr. Moulton felt is shown in the closing words of the letter in which he accepts Hicks' refusal :

“ I must not press you : I feel too strong a sympathy for the kind of work in the interests of which you have made a sacrifice only a fellow-student can understand. But while my Temperance, Citizen and Christian sympathies wholly agree with you, the student part of me insists on rebelling against the loss of expert knowledge which no one in England can rival. Meanwhile I must try to find some other helper, though he cannot be the epigraphist whom I wanted or the neighbour and friend I wanted more.”

Many people will share the regret expressed in this letter ; yet Canon Hicks was probably right. For if it was difficult to find an epigraphist to do the work he could have done in Hellenistic Greek, it would have been impossible to find anyone to do, day-in, day-out, for years, what he did, not merely in his own parish but in the whole north-west of England, for Temperance and Ragged School work. He regarded Temperance work as the necessary preliminary to all other social efforts, and he realized that much of the Church's Sunday-school work lacks the results that might be hoped for because it fails to touch just those boys and girls, the very poorest, who need it most. These twin convictions



gave special value, in his eyes, to Ragged Schools<sup>1</sup> and Bands of Hope. He was the first President of the Salford Band of Hope Union, a post he retained for two years after going to Lincoln ; Chairman of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union ; and an active worker for the U.K.A., at the annual meeting of which he was a regular speaker, for the British Women's Temperance Association, for the C.E.T.S., especially in connection with the Police-court Mission work, the Rechabites, the Sons of Temperance, and the Manchester and Salford Temperance Union. All these activities brought him into close contact with Nonconformists, with whom he worked on the happiest terms. Partly owing to the strong line taken in Lancashire on the Day-school question, and partly to a survival of the old belief that to be " Church " is to be a Conservative, and to be " Chapel " is to be a Radical—a belief that survives in Lancashire more strongly than anywhere in England—relations between Churchpeople and Dissenters were, five-and-twenty years ago, less friendly in Manchester than in almost any part of England ; and not the least valuable part of Canon Hicks' life-work was his steady efforts to draw all believers in Christ more closely together, efforts which were rewarded by the most cordial and sincere esteem and trust on the part of Nonconformists. It is not possible to describe in detail

<sup>1</sup> He disliked the term " Ragged School," and changed it, as soon as he could, to " Church Army School."



here Canon Hicks' policy in regard to Church Day-schools, or his efforts towards some solution which might secure vital religious teaching for all the children in Elementary Schools. His attitude is perhaps made sufficiently clear by a letter he wrote in December, 1905, to one of the stalwarts of the Church party :

“ I am convinced that the safe and solid ground on which we ought to take our stand is the right of all parents, however poor, to have their children taught religion according to the creed which they profess. I am not careful to specify the methods by which this claim would best be satisfied. Let the Government see to that. I observe that the President of the Board of Education<sup>1</sup> starts from the same point, and has repeatedly and explicitly declared himself in favour of an honourable compromise on these lines.

I therefore think it unwise to hasten a conflict with the new Government, or to hold public meetings. I believe far more in private approaches. I fear the only outcome of this sort of conflict—if continued—is strictly secular education. Moreover, I do not want our Churchmen and Clergy, who have been the trusted and impartial administrators of the various Education Acts, to be so committed by a premature agitation to a partisan attitude, as to be disqualified from serving the Church under a new or amended Act.”

Here again it is easy to recognize Canon Hicks' wise and far-sighted statesmanship. The resistance to Mr. Birrell, dramatically represented by the famous “ Lancashire Walk ” in London and the Protest Meeting at the Albert Hall, and the similar opposition to Mr. McKenna, seemed triumphantly successful. Yet its only result was to leave the

<sup>1</sup> Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell.

Church in a position in which it was daily more and more difficult to maintain Church Day-schools ; so that, in 1914, they were being closed at the rate of two a week the year round, without anything being gained in exchange.

The bare recital of all this literary, social and temperance activity can hardly fail to leave on the minds of those who do not know how much work Canon Hicks could pack into a day, the impression of one who was more of an organizer and speaker than a parish priest, more at home on committees than at the bedsides of the sick poor. No impression could be further from the truth, and it will be well to end this narrative by reiterating the conviction that the pastor, the evangelist, the parish priest, was the most fully developed factor in Hicks' character. His pastoral attitude would be abundantly displayed if it were possible to print extracts from his many letters of spiritual counsel. One short letter to a valued friend may be inserted here :

“ How bitter, and also how commonplace the workman's letter is ! Dear soul : how little he knows, and how much he can hate ! You will be patient with him, and get him into a better mood ; for his spirit is bad—turned to gall and wormwood.”

Brief as it is, this letter illustrates the writer's clear-sightedness in diagnosing a soul's complaint, and at the same time his refusal to be angry, shocked, or surprised. This same humanity made him an ever welcome visitor in Salford Royal Hospital. It

seems incredible that in such a busy life he should have found time for regular bed-to-bed visitation in the large General Hospital which stands close to St. Philip's Church. Yet there is ample evidence to show that he not merely preached in the wards on Sundays, but paid regular and systematic bed-to-bed visits on week-days, delighting especially in the opportunity which the men's wards afforded of getting a word on spiritual things with men too often out of touch with all forms of religion.

One more example of the essentially pastoral cast of his mind. When Canon Scott left Salford for the living of St. Andrew's, Ancoats, in 1904, Canon Hicks succeeded him as Rural Dean of Salford. On one occasion one of the clergy was somewhat seriously ill : not dangerously ill, but ill enough to be in bed for two or three weeks, and to suffer a good deal of pain. Canon Hicks visited him, making the visit no mere social call, but a real piece of pastoral visitation ending with prayer at the bedside. When the sick clergyman thanked him cordially, he seemed rather surprised : " But you visit your parishioners when they are sick, I know ! You pray with them ! They are your flock ! Well, the clergy of my Rural Deanery are my flock : I shall have to give account for them." The incident is in keeping with his whole character, and many people who knew him only as an ardent reformer, an outspoken assailant of social ills and injustice, were astonished when they first met him and found,

not the fiery prophet and stern moralist, but the gentle, kindly, tolerant, humorous man, the faithful shepherd of souls.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In E. L. H.'s own copy of the *Daily Service Book*, the following words from the prayer in the Service for the Consecration of Bishops were found underlined: "Grant, we beseech Thee, to this Thy servant such grace, that he may evermore be ready to spread abroad Thy Gospel, the glad tidings of reconciliation with Thee."

## CHAPTER VII

SALFORD: 1892-1910

### HOME LIFE, STUDIES AND HOLIDAYS

“ Love gilds the hours,  
Unfolds the flowers  
Of passing days :  
Where Love is all  
No shadows fall,  
The sunshine stays.”<sup>1</sup>—ANON.

**O**N March 31, 1910, Mr. Asquith, who had succeeded Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister, wrote to Canon Hicks, offering him the Bishopric of Lincoln, vacant by the death of Dr. King.

“ *Confidential.* ”

10, DOWNING STREET,  
WHITEHALL, S.W.  
31 March, 1910.

MY DEAR CANON HICKS,

I wish to propose to you that I should submit your name to the King for the vacant Bishopric of Lincoln.

I need not say—for you know it better than I do—that the succession to Dr. King is in many ways a peculiarly arduous and responsible duty.

I think I ought to tell you that, in the first instance, I offered the post to the Bishop of Southwark. But he, for

<sup>1</sup> Lines copied by E. L. H. from a sundial at Walls, near Ravenglass.

reasons which do him honour, and the cogency of which I feel bound to recognize, does not think it right to leave his present sphere of duty.

The diocese of Lincoln, with its great historic traditions, containing a large Nonconformist population, presents difficult problems, which I rely on your large and broad-minded conception of the true functions of a chief pastor of the Church under democratic conditions worthily and adequately to face. This is, I need not say, a strictly confidential communication, and is referable to the King's pleasure.

Yours most faithfully,

H. H. ASQUITH."

A letter, if the comment may be permitted, worthy to be remembered—a model, both in what it says and in what it refrains from saying, of what such letters should be. This is not the place to attack or defend the system under which the highest ecclesiastical appointments are made. The preceding chapter has illustrated its defects; the present may prompt the remark that, if Prime Ministers always acted in the spirit of Mr. Asquith's letter, few lovers of the Church of England would feel any eagerness to exchange the existing system for another. Canon Hicks replied as follows :—

“ DEAR MR. ASQUITH,

In common with many other Churchmen, I had hoped that the Bishopric of Lincoln might be offered to my old friend the Bishop of Southwark, and that (if so) he would accept it. I am sure that, in declining it, he has been moved, as always, by the noblest considerations.

I am sensible of the honour you have done me in proposing to submit my name to the King for the vacant see; and yet more do I feel the great responsibility involved in



accepting so great a charge and in following so remarkable a predecessor. But I am willing, if called upon, to undertake the task, and do my best. Perhaps a long and varied experience of Church work and life, and a deepening sympathy with Christians of every name, may embolden me to hope, by God's help, to do something more in a position of influence to promote religious peace as well as to further social progress and individual piety.

I am keeping your kind communication, for which I heartily thank you, strictly secret, and shall await your own intimation of His Majesty's pleasure.

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

EDWARD LEE HICKS.

6, ENCOMBE PLACE, SALFORD.

April 1, 1910."

He preached his farewell sermon in Manchester Cathedral on Sunday, June 19, 1910, taking as his subject, "The Church: Her Heritage and Her Opportunity." In clear and simple language he set forth his idea of what the Church of England stood for in the life of the nation: (1) the principle of religious continuity; (2) freedom of thought, as against Rome; (3) the sense of beauty in religion—art and beauty and "a certain austerity withal"; (4) a sober type of religion, "quiet worship and the steady discharge of common duties." Then, passing on to the defects of these qualities, he expressed his anxiety lest his beloved Church should be wanting in a time of vast upheaval. Would she rise to the height of her great opportunity in the social revolution that had already begun?

“ In the desire for equal opportunity, for a fuller life, for better education, for a lessening of the power of wealth, for a larger recognition of the value of man as man—in all this we may see the working-out of the principles of Christ. Those are wrong—I think, strangely wrong—who claim our Saviour as a Socialist. But unquestionably He taught, by word and deed, by His life and by His death, the preciousness of every man in the sight of God ; pity for the stranger, the foreigner, the outcast, yes, and for the enemy. As these profound and revolutionary ideas leaven the enlightened democracies of our day, making against privilege, against plutocracy, against despotism, making for liberty and equality, for peace and international brotherhood, how far will the Church of England take sides with the newer movements ? Will she understand, and so guide the democracy ? Will she interpret, first to herself in the light of the Gospel, and then to the people by an intelligent sympathy, the aspirations of our time ? Or will she (as the Roman communion seems bent on doing) shrink into herself, afraid, and even antagonistic, seeking in her alarm once more the protection of the wealthier, the more aristocratic, the more privileged classes ? ”

Again, the Prophetic element in religion was inadequately represented in the Prayer Book and the Anglican system—the element “ which is least tied down to regular routine, for it is the result of a direct impact of the Spirit of God upon the spirit of man.”

“ By all means retain the sober but moving beauty of the Anglican Prayer Book ; make much—as did Keble—of its ‘soothing influence.’ But remember that callous minds need awakening, and dead souls need calling aloud from their spiritual tomb, and less cultured ears and tongues like plain speech.”

Of himself, finally, the preacher spoke in a few sentences that keep all their beauty and strength and depth of restrained feeling unimpaired as one re-reads them after the lapse of years.

“ It has been my privilege to work for many good causes in Manchester and Salford with strenuous colleagues, Churchmen and Nonconformists alike, who loved God and loved their kind. I have learned from them the meaning of friendship, of self-sacrifice, of mutual trust. I have come to feel the pulsation of great social forces, the currents of great political movements. I have been brought to learn—better than I could have learned elsewhere—lessons of co-operation in good work, of organization for the help of others. I have acquired an idea of brotherhood, of toleration, of charity, that I hope I may never lose. If aught of blessing and of happy result comes to me in my new labours, I shall owe it largely, under God, to the discipline of my Manchester and Salford life. To all my friends, known and unknown, whose love has helped me these long years, I tender my heartfelt thanks, and pray God that the work of grace which we can see in this great centre, and not least within these venerable walls, may be more and more fruitful of blessing in the days to come.”

Before we accompany the newly appointed Bishop to his diocese, we may conveniently break the course of the narrative to dwell on sides of his life and character to which we have not yet done anything like justice. We have seen that the multifarious and absorbing work of his parish and canonry and social activities made inevitable the abandonment, in great part, of his special archæological studies. He was not, however, prevented from rendering a great service to the cause of classical scholarship by serving

as President of the Manchester branch of the Classical Association. Most men in his position, if they had accepted the office, would have treated it as purely honorary ; but it was characteristic that he preferred to regard it as making a real claim upon his time and energies. The story has been written for this biography by a member of the branch who desires to remain anonymous :

“ The Manchester Branch of the Classical Association was the first to be founded ; and at its inception in 1904 Canon Hicks pleaded that it should take as part of its work some definite archæological study. The suggestion was a happy one, for in 1904 there were still in existence in the neighbourhood a number of sites covering valuable remains of the Roman period which had never been studied with care ; and several others also where investigations had been carried just far enough to prove the Roman character of the remains but without any approach to scientific completeness. Under Canon Hicks' guidance an Excavation Committee was formed, and in 1906 was published the record of its work at 'Melandra Castle,' a volume to which he contributed a characteristic introduction. After briefly indicating the actual additions to historical knowledge obtained by the excavation, he continued :

‘ These pages have also a value as showing what classical study really means. It is not chiefly concerned with books but with humanity—with the doings and feelings of man. The spade as well as the pen must be called into play, if we would reproduce the history of the past and fill up some of the huge gaps left by the literary evidence.

It will also be seen that researches like these are an important instrument of education. Much of our knowledge we are obliged to receive almost passively upon the authority of others. But it is essential that on some points we should

sift the evidence to the bottom, and base our beliefs upon foundations we have built for ourselves. One genuine experience, however small, of really original enquiry, makes all the difference between progressive and unprogressive study. Discovery is the test of the scholar in whatever field he may be working. *Est aliquid quocumque loco quocumque recessu*, to have made one's self proprietor of a simple fact. The exploration of a single Roman fort, which has apparently been spoiled in ancient times of most of its relics, can be made a precious object-lesson of classical method.

There is a human touch in these researches which brings the men of that early date into close contact with ourselves. In the patient exploration of an ancient site, in the scientific study of the results of that research, the scholar of our time experiences the same feelings which prompted Dr. Johnson's famous rapture about his visit to Iona: 'to abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.' We feel the same as he, though we might nowadays put it differently. Manchester itself, though a great industrial and commercial centre, has never been wholly given to the idolatry of wealth. It is not the slave of materialism, nor are its sons and daughters mere drudges of the mill, the market or the forge. The Muses have not yet deserted us, in spite of the smoke and din. Clio and Euterpe make willing and welcome sojourn. *Non tam aversus equos nostra sol jungit ab urbe.*'

"Thanks to the popular interest which Canon Hicks had done so much to stimulate, the volume ran out of print in six months. In 1905, on the lamented death of Professor A. S. Wilkins, Canon Hicks had become President of the Branch, and his generous encouragement was of unique value in its next and more formidable undertaking.



In the autumn of 1906, Mr. F. A. Bruton, who was their Honorary Secretary of the Excavation Committee, discovered that part of the site of Roman Manchester was still open, but was to be built upon almost immediately. Excavations were begun in December, and the lessees of the land generously delayed their building to allow the digging to proceed. So soon as the actual Roman remains were struck, on the initiative of Canon Hicks and others, a Town's Fund was raised amounting in the end to some £450, and the whole site was systematically explored. In this work, which lasted for over four months, the Committee was continually indebted to the wise and devoted help of its President.

The task of recording the results was not light, and of course was wholly unpaid, but it was more than doubled by the need of making for the first time an adequate record of the multitude of Roman remains (for instance, 2000 coins) which had been discovered at earlier dates on the Manchester site, and widely scattered in a number of different collections, large and small, in Lancashire and elsewhere. One of the monuments was a Mithraic relief: this drew from Canon Hicks a learned but delightful contribution on the worship of Mithras in the Roman Empire, entitled 'Mithras-Worship in Roman Manchester.' The whole volume, entitled *The Roman Fort at Manchester*, which appeared in 1909, is a monument, not merely of the labour and skill of contributors and its editor, Mr. (now Dr.) Bruton, but also, to all those who were associated with it, of the high-minded and generous guidance by which some unlucky misunderstandings which had impeded the Committee's work were most happily transcended. Canon Hicks himself undertook a large part of the labour of some three hundred and fifty closely printed and often highly technical pages. The incident was most typical of the combination in him of two things not always, or even often, united,—an eager enthusiasm for some high purpose with the most patient, good-humoured and warm-hearted



consideration for everyone whom the enterprise could affect. The volume stands as the foundation of the history of Manchester ; the misunderstandings have long since been healed ; and it is difficult to say which of the two fruits of his generous efforts gave Canon Hicks the deeper pleasure.

Beside the many greater tributes of regard which he received on leaving Manchester, he set some special store, as he told us, by a modest gift of books from Members of the Classical Association. Everyone felt him to be the friend, not merely of classical studies, but of all who were interested in such studies in Manchester ; and even among the cares and controversies of his new charge, he found time to entertain a large party from the Association who made an excursion to Lincoln.

It is not easy to put into words the indefinable but ineffaceable impression of enlightenment, courage and gentleness which Canon Hicks left among all those who saw even this fraction of his work. On this, no less than on other sides of his wonderful personality, he was one whom to know was to revere and to love.

April 9, 1920."

C.

To this account may be added a few words from one of the Manchester excavators :

" He took a keen interest in the excavations carried out on the sites of the Roman forts at Manchester, Melandra and elsewhere ; his visits were always helpful and inspiring for the excavators ; and he would sometimes humorously compare the meagre results obtained after months of labour on these sites with what would be produced by a few hours' digging on the Acropolis. He was extremely keen on genuine spade-work and the accurate planning of actual remains, and not much interested in the speculative side of archæology. ' In excavation,' he would say, and some of us found the maxim to be not only true but useful, ' it is

always *the unexpected* that happens.' He sometimes even found time to attend the meetings of the Excavation Committee, when his overflowing humour and buoyancy, and the broad view he would take of a situation, were most refreshing."

This seems the natural place in which to insert Dr. F. A. Bruton's reminiscences of the archæological tours which he planned for Bishop Hicks and shared with him. They belong mostly to the later years of the episcopate ; but the friendship between the two men grew out of their association in antiquarian studies in the Salford days. To those days, too, belongs a holiday I spent in E. L. Hicks' company at Robin Hood's Bay, in September, 1893—a week of long trampings on the Yorkshire moors and cliffs. Looking back across the mists of thirty years, I recall my eager delight in his vivid, inspiring conversation. He seemed continually to be thinking out some problem of social life or politics or philosophy or history ; and many a chance remark that he dropped was to prove a fruitful seed of thought long afterwards. At intervals there would be humorous stories about the old Corpus days or the new city parish ; but even these conveyed for the listener an unintended moral, as I reflected upon the scholar and man-of-letters going about on his humble round of duty among slum-dwellers to whom he was only the successor of "the last curate." I had with me Sir Stephen de Vere's translations, then newly published, of the *Odes of*

*Horace*, and he shared my admiration of the translator's poetic feeling ; but it was typical of his mental energy that he set himself to compose alternative verses in the same rhymed metres wherever we found Sir Stephen's renderings inadequate. Dr. Bruton writes as follows :—

“ When I was superintending the excavation of the Roman forts at Castleshaw, on the south-west border of Yorkshire, Canon Hicks came and stayed with me at the farmhouse near the site, and keenly enjoyed part of his holiday in watching the development of the work from day to day ; he afterwards brought Mrs. Hicks to see the sight on the anniversary of their wedding-day. In acknowledging (from Lincoln) the receipt of the printed Report, he spoke with pleasure of ‘ dear far-off Castleshaw illustrating all sorts of matters belonging to the general subject.’ We afterwards had a tour along the Roman Wall, he and Mrs. Hicks joining me at York, and I shall not forget two drives, the first to Blanchlands (again in celebration of the wedding-day) and the second to Houseteads, where we sat and took our lunch in the Prætorium of the Roman Fort. Unfortunately, the tour was cut short by the death of the Dean of Lincoln, Dr. E. C. Wickham.

Some years later we had several more extended archaeological tours together. In April, 1916, he wrote from Lincoln : ‘ In the midst of Zeppelin raids on the coast and after the awful weather of last week (when I was on a round of official visits from parish to parish), I have some pleasant dreams of a summer holiday in England. The lovely sunshine of the last two days has encouraged these pleasant thoughts, and I have wondered whether you would like to have me as a companion for a week in August, when we might visit (say) some sites in Wales or the West of England. Roman sites would perhaps please me the best. Are you averse from the idea ? Are you against such delights in

this lurid time? I should not wonder if you are. For myself, I need more open-air exercise than I get in my official life. . . . I cannot walk as I once did: for I am 72 and three months. . . . As I grow older I find myself very well, and much the same as ever, but I cannot walk so fast or so far: that is all. But I am not a crock. . . . I am wonderfully happy in my ecclesiastical work and endeavours. But I should enjoy immersing my thoughts for a time in things wholly different—archæology, scenery, and the fresh air. The secret of mental rest is change. So I come to you to ask for such mental medicines, which you are peculiarly able to administer—if your leisure and convenience permit.’ Three months later he wrote: ‘I don’t want you to endanger or spoil our tramp by coddling me. I am not a Sybarite, nor am I a crock. I love simplicity and frugality. Do not hurry or worry.’

To these excursions he looked forward with all the zest and eagerness of a schoolboy. ‘As July is slipping by, I count the weeks and days that intervene before my holidays. . . . If you want to reconsider the programme, or cancel it, then for friendship’s sake tell me, and I shall know it is right. But I do greatly look forward to the tramp.’

We spent a glorious fortnight visiting the Roman sites in North Wales—at Caerhun, Carnarvon, Caergai, and Tommery Muir; and in spite of his seventy-two years, he walked gaily up the Rivals to inspect the great British Camp known as Tre’r Ceiri, and was quite excited over our efforts to trace the famous Roman highway, Sarnttelen; indeed, the difficulty was to restrain him. When I reproached him for running up the steps of Conway Castle, he replied: ‘Oh, you don’t know how strong my heart is!’ I suggested that there was all the more reason to conserve his strength. ‘Ah! now I will repeat that to my wife, and then she will allow me to come out with you again.’ Of course inscriptions were always a great attraction, and during this tour we drove out to Penmachro to examine the Christian inscriptions in the Church there.

He was always anxious that archæological finds should be placed on record (he never lost an opportunity of impressing this on clergy whose churches we visited) and wished that they should be kept as near the parent site as possible. I remember his indignation when we had, with some difficulty, traced a unique inscription to a local museum, only to find that the museum committee, in want of funds, had actually *sold* the stone to the British Museum. I see him now, as I have often seen him, shading the letters of an inscription with his hands, as, thinking aloud, he gradually deciphered it.

In June, 1917, he wrote again: 'I wonder if our dream of a tramp among the Scottish forts is capable of coming true. . . . I think I should be able, and indeed delighted, to spend the last fortnight of August in such a quest in your company, if you will have me.' Accordingly, we met at Ambleside, on August 20 of that year, and after a tour of the Lake District Forts—Waterhead, Kendal, Hard Knott, Ravenglass, Moresby and Maryport—and an inspection of the noble Senhouse Collection and the treasures of Tullie House, Carlisle, we ran on to Glasgow, and made that our headquarters while we tramped along the wall of Antonine. Then, moving on to Perth, we visited the great legionary camp at Inchbut Hill, the Bishop rather enjoying turning out at 5.30 in the morning to catch the Highland train. On our way South, we stayed first at Ardoch, where the boldness of the fortifications delighted him, and then at Lockerbie, to visit the earthworks which are attributed to Agricola, and are said to resemble those of Cæsar at Alesia. His delight may be imagined at finding that the tenant of a farm where we enquired the way had come from Fenny Compton, his first parish. He insisted on climbing the steep face of Birrenswark, right to the top, and greatly enjoyed the sight of the entrenchments, and we descended the Southern side of the hill to Ecclefechan: I could not, however, work him up to any enthusiasm for Carlyle. 'I have carried home with me,' he wrote a few days later,



'memories that will last, and points to look up on every conceivable subject.'

At intervals I sent him detailed plans of the sites he had visited. 'Let me write and thank you for your beautiful drawing and plan. It is a splendid souvenir of a tramp that I am not likely to forget. What a noble wind-up of our jaunt! and how fortunate we were in our weather! I am reading again the Siege of Alesia, which once I knew well. The little plan which illustrates it in my edition reminds me at once of Birrenswark. Agricola must have often thought of Cæsar's description. But how striking a lesson we have here of the inadequacy of written (or surviving) records for the compiling of history! . . . I am now well immersed in Diocesan work, visiting parishes, cheering up lonely vicars, preaching to their people, and trying to get some folk who cannot be civil to each other to behave like Christians.' Again: 'How can I thank you enough for the sketch-plan of Ardoch? I shall never forget our visit to the Camp on that summer evening, with the long shadows.'

He once showed me with great pride the strip of Roman Wall that runs through the garden at the Old Palace, Lincoln, and the remains of the pillars of the Colonnade of the Forum, which are to be seen in the cellar of a house in the main street, and I remember how eager he was that we should some day set on foot the excavation of certain Roman sites in Lincolnshire. I once conveyed to him a request from Dr. Haverfield that he would endeavour to decipher a very difficult Roman inscription in the Greyfriars Museum; he paid a number of visits to the stone, and his conjectural restoration was afterwards published.

He greatly enjoyed the flowers we met with on our excursions, and had no small knowledge of their names. Once, as we were descending Hardknott, after exploring the Roman Fort there, I happened to point out the blood-red colour of the *sphagnum*, and I told him of a fancied derivation of the name from a Greek word meaning slaughter.



Then I mentioned that the dried moss was being used for absorbent pads in the Military Hospitals. 'Delightful!' he exclaimed, as he took out his pocket-book, 'what a charming point for a sermon! *So that which was named from wounding becomes itself the healer of wounds!*'

Knowing that I was working at the History of Manchester, he tried to help me with details, and it was he who told me of Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett's residence in Salford as described by her in 'The one I knew best of all.' 'This week I am on duty in the House of Lords daily, and read Prayers. It is a sort of retreat for me. . . . I enjoy the enforced idleness! Thanks many for your letter, and your opinion of Mrs. Burnett's book. . . . I often stared at the *Lamp-post* in Islington Square that she was so fond of as a child. Those nice old houses in the Square are now let out as 'one room tenements' for families. It was sad work visiting among them. Yet, by insisting on teetotal, we got at least two families out of their one room into houses of their own tenure. It was hard work for them, and for us: but we did it! . . . Why not a forage in Wales (D.V.) in August, 1918?'

That, however, was not to be. In June, 1918, he sent to say, 'I dare not hope for a holiday with you this year. I am hardly in walking trim, and I feel rather older'; and later, he wrote to tell me of a 'lovely holiday in Devon and Cornwall' with Mrs. Hicks; during which, nevertheless, 'I often sighed for the excitements and adventures of our Scottish and Welsh tramps together.' But the letter concludes, 'My heart shows signs of weakness, and I have to take more care, which is irksome.'

Of course the shadow of the war was always present, apart from the fact that his three sons and one son-in-law were on active service. 'The war is a nightmare. We are really in some danger here from the Zeppelins, for Lincoln is full of munition works, especially aircraft works, and the Cathedral is a glorious target. . . . I have written a letter to the *Times* about the way in which the Tribunals are apt

to handle the Conscientious Objectors.' 'Our Ned is wounded. . . . I am thankful he is alive . . . it is an awful time.' 'We are here (at Whitby) closely reminded of the war. The West Front of St. Hilda's noble ruin is now ruinous indeed!' 'It is much to have Peace in sight! Can the men who made War *make Peace*?'

During the tour in Scotland (in 1917) he told me of pressure that was being brought to bear upon him, especially by one very eminent man, to induce him to give a lead in what might perhaps be termed a phase of Pacifist opinion. I told him that I hoped he would not add to the number of sections already existing. To this he seemed inclined to assent, and a few weeks later he wrote: 'I hope and believe that I have groped my way to a right view of the war; it was the easy and obvious view—which made me doubt it; neither do I trust our British militarists. I do not think Peace is now so very far off: when it comes, we shall have some lively conflicts at home.'

We had planned, and were eagerly looking forward to, several other archæological tours, at home and abroad, and early in 1919 I had arranged to meet him at Rotherham, in order that he might examine the inscribed stones recently unearthed from the Roman site at Templeborough. His last letter to me refers to this project, which attracted him much, but our plans never came to fruition. A few months later, the strong elastic frame,—once so brimming with joyous, buoyant life, and the symbol to many of us of an indomitable belief in the ultimate triumph of good,—was smitten down, and one of the last things we heard of him was, that as he lay helpless and blinded, he was overheard passing the slowly-moving hours by repeating aloud his favourite passages from Keats."

In the spring of 1895 there came, all unexpectedly, the opportunity of realizing a dream of many years. Some kind and constant friends, Mr. John Barlow, of Bolton, and his sisters, arranged a tour in Greece,

and invited Hicks to join them free of all expenses. His delight may be imagined : he had often wished himself born a generation later that he might have had the chance of a Research Fellowship at Oxford and a visit to Greece. So he made arrangements for the care of his parish, and the party left Dover on March 22. They saw a good deal of the Morea, the ancient Peloponnese. Starting from Patras, they went to Bourgas, taking the temple of Bassae on the way (a veritable pilgrimage—such rough riding) ; then to Kalamata and Mount Ithome with its monastery, where they slept, and the ruins of Messene. “ We spent the morning on the summit of Ithome, the wonderful Acropolis of old Messene. An annual festival and fair in honour of the Blessed Virgin, on August 15, is held on the summit, 2700 feet high, where of old a similar worship was paid to Zeus Ithomatas. . . .” “ But the queerest thing I have seen was the silk-buying in a Greek convent at Kalamata ; the chatter of those Nuns, their ignorance and their dirt ; and the wonderful Evensong of theirs, which we witnessed. It was like a scene from the *Eumenides*.” Thence by steamer to Gytheum, the old Port of Sparta—“ the ancient Kranë to which Paris brought Helen when they eloped from Sparta, and here he took ship for Troy.” They drove to Sparta. “ Such a rich and glorious valley, with the great Taygetos running all along the west side (to our left) for miles and miles and miles, a gigantic rampart, crowned with snow. Orange

trees everywhere. . . . Sparta, on the site of the older city, is itself quite modern, built since the era of independence ; clean, bright, full of life and bustle ; everybody in comfortable circumstances, and all at work. The gardens the chief source of wealth." From Sparta they proceeded to Tripolitza by carriage, and on to Nauplia by rail. "The Bay of Nauplia is perfectly lovely. The town is full of old Venetian memories, Venetian girls, and the Lion of St. Mark everywhere. It is now a garrison town of the Greeks : but very quiet and homely, though full of people and business. It gives us quite the idea of an ancient Greek city." From Nauplia they visited Mycenae, Tiryns and Argos. "The whole history of those primitive times becomes clear at a glance, when you see the plain of Argos. As you leave Nauplia and the port, and near Tiryns and Argos, the plain narrows, and gradually becomes a defile at Mycenae. Thence the mule-track across the mountains and passes leads to Corinth. The plain is as flat as a table, and loses itself in the sea ; the hills and mountains rise all about it in the most beautiful, though sudden, way. On every side, and at every point, you get exquisite views of sea, mountains, and plain. The plain is very rich in corn and fruit. But it is clear that there is only room for *one* dominant city. Tiryns, nearest the sea, was the first to be mistress—commanding the port, the rich plain, and, what was chiefest in value, the trade route from Nauplia to Corinth, with

all the tolls and profits it involved. Next Mycenae made herself supreme. Then Argos, in the fifth century, finally destroyed both. The fortifications of Tiryns, and the tombs at Mycenae, are wonderful." Next day was spent at Epidaurus, where they had the good fortune to meet Dr. Jackson, the Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, and Dr. Monro, the Provost of Oriel, and Dr. Jackson recited Greek to them in the beautiful open-air theatre and demonstrated the perfection of Greek acoustics. Below the theatre is the precinct of Asklepios, and it was a delight to linger among the inscriptions, largely dedications, that "tell the tale of grateful worshippers who had been healed by the god." A never-to-be-forgotten visit of eleven days to Athens came next, and on one morning at least Hicks spent two hours alone on the Acropolis before breakfast, "trying to take it all in." Athens was followed by Delphi, when the French excavators courteously showed the party everything. Finally the travellers crossed the Gulf of Corinth by starlight, in a little boat with a lateen sail, and so got back to Patras, and reached home on April 19. This tour was a possession and a joy to Hicks for the remainder of his life.

Twelve years later, in April, 1907, the same kind friends gave Canon and Mrs. Hicks a glorious cruise in the *Argonaut*. Athens, Constantinople, Troy, Mount Athos and Eretria were among the places visited; and Ajaccio, Arles, Nismes and Avignon were taken on the way home. /



Most valuable of all for the completion of the portrait which this biography has attempted to draw are the impressions of their father recorded by his younger daughter and youngest son. They deal so much with the life in the Salford home that it seems better to give them here rather than later on. Mrs. E. V. Knox, writes :

“ The first thing that I realized about my father in our home life, when I was old enough to think of him as anything but a source of kindness, was that (though we could not be companions to him for many years later) we were all treated by him with real consideration. Our raw opinions and uninstructed thoughts never seemed to be dull to him. We were never snubbed, and always encouraged to talk as to an equal in mind.

After that came, I think, his accessibility. We used to grumble during our Manchester life that any beggar, any poor woman, any broken-down man, who arrived on the doorstep during our meal-times, was always seen at once. Between meal-times, it is true, my father was rarely at home. But no one was ever kept waiting or sent away, and we seldom had an uninterrupted meal. This willingness to hear was just the same with us. We used my father as a complete encyclopædia, dictionary and well of knowledge. He never failed us, never laughed at us, always contrived to make us feel that we had asked something really interesting.



In return, he told us all the things that interested him. We failed him much oftener. But this opening of his mind to us on the things he had seen, noticed and thought during the day was a liberal education. We learnt to know quotations; we learnt to hunt for derivations of words, to know how to add to the interest of things by tracing out all connecting details in queer places—for example, my father's books are usually stuffed full of letters, pamphlets, cuttings, etc., all relating to the author of the book, or to facts or subjects raised in the text. And we learnt, or ought to have learnt, to laugh at people without being unkind. My father was a first-rate mimic. I know the manner of speech of old people in his Fenny Compton parish, of dons and other friends connected with his Oxford life, of oddities in Manchester, most of whom I had never seen. Many are the people that I know whom I have seen him mimic too, inimitably. He seldom, if ever, recalled those people whom he did not like—often those he liked, or even loved. He often said he was Jack-of-all-trades, and master of none, tempted, perhaps, to regret that life of scholarship upon which he had so bravely turned his back. But I have never heard him say that he regretted it, or make great reference to it, except that he was a scholar in all his words and ways. He hated anything slovenly, dirty or untidy, or in bad taste. He liked things perfectly simple, but they must be good of their kind, and suitable to their purpose :

a book well printed, and bound, for instance, that didn't crack when it was opened.

We imbibed from him the knowledge of the richness that lay in music and pictures as well as books. He had no time to keep up-to-date in these things, or to teach us about them deliberately, but he loved them, appreciated them, and talked about them, and played when he could, went to concerts when he could, saw pictures, and bought them when he could, and enjoyed them deeply when he had got them. When pictures were on a wall, my father looked at them. They were not to him as part of the wall-paper, though he saw them every day.

His humour was a rich gift to us. He told us all the funny things he knew and saw, and they were many. He loved all our funny stories too, and liked them over and over again, but we could not tell them as he could.

It was long before I learnt that the world was not all a place of enthusiasms—my father was full of it. Unless he was ill, I have never seen him bored, and very rarely then—or perhaps I may make exception to the Chairmen's speeches at temperance meetings.

We never had to go to temperance meetings ; indeed we were never forced to do unpleasant duties, it seems to me ;—but at those I have attended I have seen my father sitting with closed eyes and a carefully cheerful countenance, waiting for the end of some long-winded remarks—' I tried to look bland,' he would say, if we taxed him with it.

When anything very dull or trying happened, bad singing in church or meetings, for example, that harassed him especially, he would comfort himself by taking part in it—generally with his eyes closed if he were suffering much. But he really put all his heart into whatever was on hand, so that it could not be dull—if there were any scrap of interest in it, it would be extracted.

This way of treating things glorified our summer holidays. Those of us who were old enough always went walks with my father to every place of interest around. We visited the churches, heard of their history, looked at their architecture, enquired into the celebrities who had lived there, found out a thousand things, at least my father did, and we through him. One special very wet Yorkshire holiday I remember, when very little in the way of exploration offered itself, we made a study of bridges, and had a verse competition—the subject being a suitable inscription for the bridge spanning the stream in the nearest dale to our lodging. And all this, not for instruction, but because it was all so intensely interesting, and we all felt it so.

(He was always endlessly busy, and we saw, in point of time, little of him. But in that little time he shared with us all he did, as far as he could divulge it, or we understand it : and wanted to know all we were doing. He was always to us inspiration, zest of life.

His love of children was proverbial. He was always buying fruit or 'lollipops' or some little pleasure to surprise his small Salford friends. I have helped him many times to get ready the gifts for his children's Catechism Class—a piece of drudgery, writing the names on scores of books. But he loved each child as I read its name. 'Poor little Mary—she comes from a dirty public-house—let's give her something nice to look at.' 'He's a rough lad : but he'll do. . . .'

He hated ugliness everywhere—in word, or thought, or dress, or shape, or look—and never failed to see beauty. There was a hay merchant at a busy street corner in his Salford parish, and many a little clover blossom he brought home in his button-hole just to comfort himself, picked up as he passed by. We always recognized 'Father's blossom.' . . .

His belief in the necessity of equal opportunity for boys and girls came out strongly in his treatment of us. We were always all to follow our bent, to cultivate it to enable us to earn our living, if it proved necessary. And so convinced was he of the right of independence due to children that he and my mother, on their going to Lincoln, offered me the choice of going away to make a career for myself or of being 'home-daughter,' whichever I pleased ; they never thought of taking this last for granted as a right. I have never known another daughter so treated, and I have asked many.

The idea of religion I learnt to know from my

father was not in the least dogmatic. Later, I learnt that certain principles and beliefs, which were his, gave to his whole faith its enormous strength ; also that prayer and knowledge of scripture were the great weapons in his armoury.

But first I somehow imbibed, once and for all, that Christianity was the great reforming movement of the world, that a belief in it impelled one to do things to make conditions better for others, and give them better chances : and that if in doing this one came up against the powers of evil, then there must be a battle whatever it cost.

He was not like an Irishman, a fighter for fighting's sake. He always found it hard to work in an atmosphere of disapproval and disagreement. He so loved to be merry and happy and in a loving atmosphere. But his principles came first always, because his love of God and faith in God impelled him to help make the world as God would have it. At least that was how it seemed to me. Christ came to set us *free*. ' I believe in *freedom*,' he said to me countless times ; and the sight of a tyranny, either of an individual, a class, or a trade, never failed to rouse him.

I often marvelled, as I grew older, not only at his perseverance but at his patience. Ignorance was the only thing that ever made him impatient, especially if it seemed to him deliberate ignorance. Stupidity he bore with, slowness he bore with, though he was quick himself. He always let people

do things their own way, if they came to a good result in the end.

It is vain to try and convey in these snatches the personality and inspiration of my father ; he was so full of life and knowledge, of simplicity, of enthusiasm, and above all, of love ; always so hopeful and buoyant, so interested, so forgiving, so full of welcome. He saw and knew and fought so many bad and wicked things, and never shirked them anywhere.

But he formed his own character, and taught us to try and do the same, according to St. Paul : ‘ Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report—*think on these things.*’ Dean Maclure used to say he had never known a man so like St. Paul in character as my father ; and I have often thought of this since I have been able to understand it.”

Exactly what Dean Maclure meant in finding so close a likeness in Hicks to St. Paul—beyond the devotion of both to their Master and their faithfulness to the splendid maxim quoted by Mrs. Knox—may best be shown by recalling two striking passages of description in Hicks’ published writings. They state for us very clearly his conception of St. Paul, and the ideal of the Christian teacher which he made his own. The first passage occurs in his Presidential Address to the Classical Association :



“ St. Paul the Hellenist was a champion of liberty, as against tradition and authority ; of the freedom of the spirit as against the obedience of the law ; religion, with St. Paul, must be spontaneous, or it is nothing. We may be confident that as long as St. Paul is read and wherever he is understood, revolt against ecclesiastical tyranny or religious formalism will assert itself. Indeed the New Testament is a highly revolutionary book, from the Magnificat onwards ; but the assertion of moral freedom reaches its highest in the Epistles of St. Paul.”

The other passage forms the conclusion of an address on “ St. Paul and Hellenism,” given as one of the Oxford Long Vacation Lectures for the Clergy in July, 1893 :

“ Perhaps one of the greatest needs of the Church in our day is, that its teachers should learn the method of St. Paul ; should learn how to enunciate the Gospel in the phrase and ideas of modern life. For the educated this has been endeavoured by many, and by none with more wonderful freshness and depth than by Robert Browning : witness his *Death in the Desert*, his *Easter Day*, and very much beside. For the industrial classes it certainly has not been done, save very partially, and chiefly outside the Church. But it must be done, and can best be done by men of learning and thought. For scholarship need not lessen their sympathy with others, and culture should give them an imaginative insight into conditions not their own. The Gospel needs translating into the language of the masses ; it must be brought within their range of ideas, must at least understand their prepossessions, must be recommended by illustrations taken boldly from their manner of life. This was St. Paul’s method ; it is worth adoption to-day : ‘ I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some ’ (1 Cor. ix. 22).”

Mr. Edward Hicks contributes the following notes :—

*His Public Work.*

“ It is true to say that in the Manchester days—1892–1910, my father was at the zenith of his powers both physical and mental, and for this reason alone it was the greatest pity that he was not promoted to a Bishopric ten or twelve years before 1910. He used to say of himself that in mind and character he developed late—that he owed more than he could say to the experience of men and affairs that he gained in Manchester. I think his powers must have developed very quickly as soon as he came into contact with great social movements and large bodies of men differing widely in religious and political creeds. It must be remembered that, until he left Fenny Compton, he had lived a comparatively quiet and sheltered life. He had leisure then to write and study, and his name was already famous as that of a scholar. As a cleric he had made his mark within the diocese of Worcester, but he was almost unknown beyond these bounds except to contemporaries at Oxford. At Fenny Compton he first gained an interest in social problems, and for this reason he was glad to move to the North on his appointment to Hulme Hall in 1886. It was not long before Bishop Moorhouse singled him out for a Residentiary Canonry of the Cathedral. In Manchester he soon won the esteem of all with whom he worked, and it is safe to say that, when he left in

1910, there was no one to take his place ; no one else exercised so wide an influence, which was won as much by his simplicity of life as by his words and writings.

As a preacher he was far more impressive in his extempore sermons and addresses than in those which were written beforehand. His sermons, delivered in the Cathedral at Lincoln when he was Bishop seemed sometimes to be rather long and almost stilted. One felt he needed complete freedom of action in order to express his true self. He was always worth hearing, but he was not really happy either in set speeches or sermons. There were, of course, exceptions to this, notably his sermon at Somersby on the occasion of the Tennyson celebrations. I remember his saying once that, when preaching in a Cathedral as a Bishop, he must, as it were, deliver a considered judgment and that careful preparation was necessary. I know he felt very keenly the responsibility of guiding his people.

Never shall I forget his beautiful little Catechism addresses (some of which I hope will be published) which were given every Sunday morning at St. Philip's. As an instructor he was in his element : he was equally happy in teaching classes of small children as in lecturing to grown-up educated people. After those Catechism instructions I used to go down with him to the Cathedral for Service on Sundays at 10.30, and delighted to carry his bag for him. I would often question him about

Scripture as we walked, especially on what he had been teaching us. His answers and explanations were extraordinarily clear and simple. He never talked over the heads of children. Those were the days when he used to walk with that unforgettable spring in his step—he looked so vigorous in mind and body, as indeed he was.

Perhaps he was at his very best on a public platform: there he showed to advantage his courage of conviction—his remarkable quickness of thought and ready wit. How he held those great audiences in Salford! At great Temperance meetings he was not the least afraid of brewers' hecklers—in fact he rather enjoyed a scrap of words with a noisy interrupter, and he rarely failed to get the better of the argument. He never played to the gallery or hit below the belt; everyone knew this in Manchester, and he was respected for his fairness and strong sense of justice among friends and foes alike. He was also an admirable chairman, and his gift of guiding discussions, and of avoiding mere controversy on some heated point, stood him in good stead when he was made Bishop.

### *Religion.*

Of my father's religious views I must needs speak with some diffidence, but it will not be out of place to record a few strong impressions which I believe are just and true. First, his extraordinary tolerance, of which there could be no better illustration than

the loving sympathy and kindness he gave to me when I became a Catholic four years ago. When, after my return to England, in 1916, I told him that there might be a possibility of my becoming a priest, he actually expressed the hope that I should choose the priesthood. There was no limit to his confidence and sympathy at a time when I most needed it, and I shall treasure the memory of it as long as I live. There will be many others who, in different ways, can bear witness to his personal sympathy and trust, which was given without any sacrifice of his own strong religious convictions. No one was more faithful and loyal to the principles of his own Church than he.

My father's interest in history and respect for tradition deepened very strikingly in late years, especially after he came to Lincoln. No doubt some were surprised at the readiness with which he followed the 'King Tradition' of Churchmanship. He was, indeed, scrupulously careful from the first not to drop any threads of his predecessors' work. Though he belonged to quite a different school, his respect for the Oxford Movement led him to value the teaching of Bishop King. All the historic associations and traditions of the Cathedral and Diocese made the strongest appeal to his learning and imagination. He pored over the *Magna Vita* of St. Hugh with the most loving interest, and Grosse-teste was his ideal Bishop. It is a singularly happy thought that my father's earthly remains lie so near



to those of the great predecessor whom he always wished most of all to imitate.

Latterly my father read more and more history, both civil and ecclesiastical. When recovering from his illness in 1911 he read Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* with an almost consuming interest. He would refer to it over again during the years that followed. But Church History he found equally absorbing, and I remember his saying with what pleasure he read A. L. Smith's *Church and State in the Middle Ages*, and what a great deal he learnt from it. I have his copy now in my possession.

I think it was his increasing historical sense that led my father to view the Church of Rome with rather less hostility than in his earlier years. He was professedly anti-Roman (as he called it), but he had far more sympathy with the mind of the Middle Ages than might be supposed. The Church's vast store of learning appealed to him enormously, and he loved the natural and easy happiness of religion to be brought into every-day life. He was by no means wholly un-Catholic in mind and temperament, though he dreaded the Papal power as it clashed with his conception of human freedom. He was almost obsessed with the fear of individual liberty being hampered or oppressed, and this made him appear to be far more latitudinarian in theology than he really was. I remember so well his kindness and sympathy towards my friend J. M. Thompson of Magdalen, who wrote some startling books about



Miracles, and, in consequence, almost rent the Church of England in twain. And later, he showed his sympathy with Bishop Hensley Henson in the latter's appointment to Hereford. He admired Henson's ability, and often said how much he enjoyed reading his books.

My father had little interest, if any, in theological controversy. He often said that he was no theologian. Nor did he ever aim at, or succeed in becoming, a great "ecclesiastic." That was not his line. What was most striking in his religious life and teaching was his gift of true Christian charity, of which virtue he has left us a most precious example.

*Private Life—Habits of Mind.*

Of his love and kindness as a father it would be impossible to speak. Our closest friends must know what an ideal he represented to us, his children. He taught us always to put God first, and to love our mother with something of his own tender admiration.

As a boy, I remember regarding my father almost with a sense of fear. I saw little of him in the Leaf Square days, and I think it was only in the summer holidays that I was ever with him alone. I was really frightened when he tried to teach me Latin : he knew so much and seemed so disappointed at my blunderings. And the childish awe with which I regarded him then never quite left me, even when I was grown up. I always felt such a tremendous

respect for his mind and character that I found it difficult to be really at my ease with him. I confess that, even at Lincoln, I was shy of walking and talking alone with him. I record this only to show that he was to me, and I think to my brothers too, an almost overwhelming personality. I know of the warm sympathy he had always with our thoughts and doings, but it was not easy to overcome the barrier of shyness when in his presence. He, too, was rather shy and reserved with us—I think he was the same with all young people. Only in the last two years did I find it easier to talk freely with him. The truth is that he had little power of small talk. He was so much absorbed in things that mattered that he always wanted to talk about them rather than make conversation merely to pass the time away.

He was very fond of recounting the little incidents of the day's work—especially the humorous ones, which he described quite delightfully. His sense of humour carried him through the most tedious conversations and interviews. He was always extraordinarily kind and gentle and extremely courteous in manner, and with stupid men and women he was patience itself. I can almost hear him say after some tiresome interview, '*Oh, that dear man is a duffer.*' He had a good memory of little incidents ; he never failed to notice people's manners and general appearance—he could always say whether the country vicar was well-shaved or not, or if his wife

was neat and tidy. He greatly admired a well-kept house, but he never could go into details as to how a person was dressed. We used to chaff him about this, and it became a regular family jest.

He had a scrupulous sense of honour and obligation, and was most sensitive to fairness and justice in things both great and small. He was always very keen on sticking to business and was particularly punctilious in money matters. When there was some question in the spring of last year of my taking up work with a private individual who carried on some business in connexion with discharged soldiers, I remember his saying emphatically, 'Never mix up business with charity. It doesn't work.' And surely this was the shrewdest possible advice.

He had no truck with sloppy methods of generosity, and he hated going back upon any kind of contract or agreement. He had, I believe, a considerable knowledge of legal matters, so far as a man's ordinary liabilities are concerned. He always wished things to be done "decently and in order," and would frequently quote the well-known Scriptural text. It was this sense of dignity and decorum that came out perhaps most strikingly in his views of public religious worship. Though he loved simplicity in all things, he disliked the bareness and lack of taste which amount almost to ugliness.

He taught us to love books and music and to pay regard to everything in life that is beautiful and of

good report. He longed for us to be happy. How well I remember him expressing the joy he had in my having so many friends. Often he said how anxious he was for me to enjoy life and to see people and places, and occasionally he added that he had never had the chance himself as a young man. This made him all the more anxious for me to have a happy time and to cultivate wide interests.

*Music.*

My father was a devoted lover of music. It was the greatest joy to him that I became a Chorister at Magdalen. He himself could play beautifully from ear ; but he rarely sat down to the piano, and when he did, it was only for a moment, to play over some tune that was in his head. At Fenny Compton he used to play duets a good deal with my Aunt Kate, his sister, but the only time I myself remember seeing him play a duet was with Archdeacon Jeudwine, in the big drawing-room at Lincoln. I think that was in the year 1918. His knowledge of Church music was wide and accurate. He loved Bach and Mozart best of all. Modern music did not really appeal to him, though he was greatly impressed with Elgar's *Gerontius*. Granville Bantock, and the most modern school, he would say he was 'too stupid to understand, it was beyond him!' and often he used to ask one of us to play or sing 'a real tune' in contrast to some very modern performance we had been giving. However, he really

enjoyed many of my contemporary songs—Vaughan Williams' work especially, and above all John Ireland's setting of Masfield's "Sea-fever," a beautiful song which always thrilled him, as he said, with 'the wonder of the sea.'

My father was never so happy as in his home life with all its peace and quietness. 'O, I am so glad to be at home,' was a favourite expression of his. And I think that those who knew him in his home must have understood better than others the peculiar longing he had for peace and quiet to reign amongst the nations. His great efforts to promote international goodwill were mainly inspired by his great love of a peaceful and well-ordered home. And, as with the home, so with the nation. War he dreaded above all things. It meant the upsetting of homes, the break-up of family ties, the breeding of suspicion and mistrust, as well as the inevitable bloodshed and cruelty which he never ceased to denounce. I cannot forget his horror, at Burford, in early August of 1914, when we were on the brink of declaring war. His hopes seemed to be shattered, a great deal of his life-work brought to nothing, his ideals forsaken. I never saw him so beset with anxiety as he was then. At first he couldn't believe that we should join in : 'Those who wanted war were the rich,' he said, 'but we must take the side of the poor.' But his optimism never really failed, and as the meaning of the war became clearer, and our aims were more and more justified by events, his first

doubts of our being right to intervene were soon dispelled.

With his love of peace and quiet at home one must recall his joy in country life, in crops and birds and trees. Of all these he knew a good deal, but when we asked him any rather more difficult question, he would often refer us to our mother, adding that she was sure to know. They must indeed have been wonderfully happy together at Fenny Compton. My father loved walking; he had been used to it from boyhood, and he delighted in our expeditions during the summer holidays. But it was characteristic of him to keep always to the roads, wherever he could. He had no faith in cross-country routes and short cuts across fields. 'Find me a good path,' he used to say; and if we couldn't find one, he would insist on keeping to the road despite all our protests.

He had extraordinarily little sense of geography, and always found difficulty in finding his way indoors as well as out, where he was a stranger. And there is no doubt this difficulty increased latterly as his eyes began to fail. And there are other little characteristics which I will not omit to write down, trivial though they may appear; for instance, his fear of fire, and of any risk of fire through carelessness. He loved candles because they were so safe. We were brought up to take the utmost care; so much so, that even at Christmas the pudding was never lit as it was carried to the



table. And this was not so much from the desire to avoid using brandy, as from his instinctive dislike of seeing the pudding catch fire ! Then there was his habit of never cutting string : he always undid a knot, even if it took him some little time. He could not bear to see any of us seize a knife in a fit of impatience. Nor did he ever allow us to point a stick at each other for fear of accident.

When he was writing letters, as he sealed up each one and stamped it, he would throw it with a splendid spin into the middle of his study, and one would go in to see him and find a large pile of letters lying on the floor. He loved to do this : he said it was so handy there as he could see how many he'd done, and this was a great joke with us all. (I remember seeing him spinning his letters into the middle of the great study floor at Lincoln only last April. He was doing it quite unconsciously, and I smiled to my mother and pointed to the pile on the floor ; and she, smiling back, whispered, ' He always does that.')

I have so far touched only on my father's love of music, but he also took a lively interest in art generally. He loved the best poetry as well as the best prose, and his literary knowledge was extraordinarily wide. He could always quote so aptly, and if he was not sure of the quotation or of the author, he would not be content until he had hunted it up. ' I must *verify*,' he used to say jestingly, and like the true scholar that he was, he found

delight in verifying. He always knew a good picture—especially in water-colours—and was fond of bringing home any little painting that he'd come across and liked. He was still more fond of presenting it as a surprise to my mother, or to one of us children. Of his generosity and sheer joy in giving, there was no end. He was generous far beyond his means ; if an appeal came for any deserving cause, he would never refuse. Both in public and private, he denied himself to make others happy. Wherever he went up and down the Diocese, he was always doing little acts of personal kindness, and it was the way he did them that was so specially delightful.

His capacity for hard work deserves special mention. He was an amazingly quick reader and thinker—everything he did was done with his whole energy, and perhaps his power of concentration was one of his most outstanding gifts. He would never waste time ; any odd bit of leisure he would spend in reading. In the early mornings, when he lay awake before getting up, he used to compose Latin and Greek verses out of his head, or recite prayers and hymns, often those of Bishop Ken. He used to read a great deal while travelling—so long as his eyesight allowed him. He was a wonderfully good reviewer : he could grasp the aim and meaning of a book in no time. I have often seen him start a book in the middle and read on for a chapter or two ; then he would jump nearly to the end and finish it. After that he would glance at the beginning, and

by then he would be ready to write a review, after little more than three-quarters of an hour's reading.

He loved reading the Classics whenever he could spare the time, and on his holidays he would invariably take with him a text of some Latin or Greek author, generally Horace or a Greek tragedian. He had Euripides' *Hecuba* at Worthing—it was the last book he ever read.

Latterly, at Lincoln, he was unable to read in the evening, owing to his eyesight, unless there was a strong light set over him. And I know that during his last illness it grieved him not to be able to read himself, though he loved to be read to. All his life he had lived among books; reading was his recreation as well as part of his work. He was so much of a scholar that misquotation or mispronunciation, especially in Latin or Greek, offended him. Sometimes, when he would hear of a 'howler,' he would laugh, but it was always laughter mixed with shame.

This brings me to the end of my notes. I have tried merely to sketch in rough outline the ideals he kept before him, and to describe very simply and briefly his character and personality as they appeared to me. I have also attempted to convey something of the beauty of his home life, and of those qualities which made him so dear to us who loved him."

To these notes from a son and daughter I append here a few lines from Mrs. Hicks, which add one or

two charming touches to the picture of the home life.

“ My husband delighted in the children’s games, Dumb Crambo, charades, dance music—he could play anything—recitations, and, later on, in their songs, which he accompanied. He would collect riddles, make acrostics, rhymes, anything to amuse and interest them. Gleees were another pleasure: we had a little glee-society among friends. He would turn from his work of whatever kind with the greatest ease. ‘ Change of work is holiday,’ he would say. And he never seemed tired—until the last years! In looking through the pocket-book diaries which begin in 1876, the output of work revealed is enormous and seems to grow from year to year. The diaries are full of scraps of inscriptions, epitaphs, notes on books and on all kinds of subjects.”

The words that a man uses to describe his friend are sometimes the best expression of the ideals he cherishes for himself. Let me borrow, to end this chapter, a sentence which Hicks wrote in commemoration of one of his Manchester friends, the late Mr. James Boyd: “ He was the gentlest of husbands and fathers, delighting not in the exercise of his own will, but in seeing others grow up and develop strong and tender characters like his own.”

## APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VII

Two letters to an old Fenny Compton parishioner, who had written to consult him on difficulties of faith.

HULME HALL,  
MANCHESTER.

December 15, 1889.

Do not call your difficulties "childish." They are real, and very thoughtful questions, which go to the root of some of the great problems of life and human nature.

The difficulty about the moral teaching of the Scriptures is easily felt, but happily, may as easily be met. Morality is progressive, because man is progressive. The Jewish code of morals, the Psalmist's way of thinking and speaking of things, are not suited for us. It is enough for us that the Jewish Law and the Psalmists' views of man, and of God, were all far ahead of the moral and spiritual attainment of contemporary literature in other nations. But we have outgrown much of all this. Look at Hebrews i. 1. It tells us that God spoke *πολυμερῶς*—i.e. partially, gradually, by degrees, piecemeal—in a word, by development of moral and spiritual ideals. Also *πολυτρόπως*—by vision, by dream, by prose, by poetry, by priest, by prophet, by peace, by war—and so on.

The history of the Jews was the evolution of the moral and religious history of a family, of a tribe, and then of a nation, to be then absorbed in the revelation of the Messianic Kingdom, and the society of the Christian Church. Viewed thus relatively, Jael's cruelty, and the praise of it, and Rahab's lie and its reward, do not shock me.

Mankind, even a chosen people, must grow. Even in the Church there is an analogous development. St. Paul writes to Philemon about the runaway Onesimus : but he says no word about emancipation. St. Paul scarcely gives *woman* her due in the Church, and so on. But for woman, and

for the slave, the Gospel, and St. Paul who preached it, have done all that was needed. The Gospel *went behind* slavery by proclaiming that the slave and his master were equally members of the mystical body of Christ. So with the equality of the sexes. It was impossible for St. Paul to institute a revolution in the way of treating women, a revolution in social habits and customs. But he laid the sure basis of progressive and enduring improvement by declaring that in the Church, "in Christ" there is "neither male nor female."

To mind this *fact* of the development of Christian ideas—the evolving of the implied meaning and inevitable consequences of Christian doctrine—is one of the most interesting subjects connected with Holy Scripture and the New Testament. For instance, who can fail to see an advance in the Acts in respect of the language used of our Lord's work and person, between the beginning and the end of the book? And in view of this fact of development, see what a powerful argument arises for the divine character of the Gospel. It is a perilous thing to preach a moral standard, to utter moral judgments, and live a Life of Example. Man changes, and times change, and the ideal of one age is not the ideal of the next. But we have not outlived the Gospel. Its morality was never so dear to the world as now: we seem beginning to enter into the Doctrine of the Cross, the principle of Christian service for others, etc.

HULME HALL,  
MANCHESTER.

January 26, 1890.

I owe you humble apology for my bad writing. I have looked over the copy of my letter, which you have so kindly sent, and I have made one or two corrections. I am not sure that the words I have put in were the words of my first letter; but the argument and the general sense are quite right. I feel convinced that this view of Holy Scripture is the only true view. There are additions to be made to the



very brief outline I have suggested ; but you need not fear to adopt all I have said.

You speak of the danger of the misuse of the Bible. Do not let us exaggerate the harm done. Yet one great example of the danger of this immoral literalism is historical ; I mean American slavery, and the way it was justified by American and other Christians, out of Holy Scripture. So again the various immoral sects who plead for polygamy. So with the Puritans and King-killing. In fact I attribute not a little of this misuse of Holy Scripture, and the system of misinterpretation on which it rests, to Puritan literalism. I am not a Christian because of the Bible : the Church was before the Bible. The Church is the keeper and the interpreter of Scripture. The Gospel was first *preached*, and *lived*, and then written. God, Christ, the Spirit, faith, work, prayer, sacramental grace and sacramental worship, Christian fellowship, all these come first. The New Testament grew out of them. I do not mean to depreciate Holy Scripture. *You* will not suspect *me* of that. But I do protest against the style of theology which finds expression in the famous saying of Chillingworth's : " The Bible, and the Bible only, the religion of Protestants." It seems to me that a young Christian child, brought up to a high Christian morality, and habituated to holy Christian ways of life, of work, of sentiment, and of worship, might safely be trusted with the whole Bible,—with this simple caution given quite frankly, as I should give to anyone, my own children for example : " Remember that we Christians have a higher morality than the Jews."

We have our Lord's own authority for this view. He told the Jews that they must not plead Moses' permission for divorce as ruling the Christian conscience. It was " for the hardness of your hearts," i.e. a temporizing concession, a minimum of requirement in the direction of righteousness and ideal purity. " From the beginning it was not so "—i.e. the human ideal, and therefore the Divine purpose for man, is *monogamy without divorce*.

In this spirit I protest against pleading the possible permission of the Levitical Law (though this supposed permission rests entirely on a clear misinterpretation) in favour of the marriage of a sister-in-law. And in this spirit also Matthew Arnold urged the same argument. I mention these examples *currente calamo* to show how far-reaching and how valuable the principle is which I ask you to adopt. I say it needs—not qualification—but addition and supplement. Thus, I do not make out the Old Testament to be so merely human, and merely temporary, that we may set it aside like an old Almanac.

On the contrary, the very conception of the divine evolution of sacred history from Abraham to Christ compels us to find a new interest in the Old Testament story. As in the lower forms of animal life there are anticipations of higher forms, as the lower stages were indispensable to the development of the higher, as much in the higher is a recapitulation of much in the lower, and cannot be understood without reference to them, so with human and sacred and religious history. The story of an Abraham is an "object lesson" in which God teaches you and me, Christians, what *faith* is like. The same lesson we learn in Moses' life. In the latter again and in Jacob we learn how God disciplines character. In David—*inter alia*—the sure result of sin. So without end. *To a Christianized conscience* the Old Testament is a delightful book: only we must get our religious PERSPECTIVE right, or else (as with a view of a landscape) all is jumbled, unintelligible, and even unsightly and ugly. So again with the "prearranged harmony between type and fulfilment."

Much of the other difficulties you named to me in a former letter, really rests upon the fact that *evil exists*. The argument is an obvious one: "If God exists and is almighty, and permits evil, then He is not good: if He is good and permits evil, He is not almighty: or perhaps, it is simpler to say, the world is certainly as we find it, and God is not."

Now, surely, we are accustomed in this perplexed world in which we live, to do without mathematical certainty on most points, not only of practice, but also of moral speculation. In most cases, whether the problem before us is what course of action to decide upon, or what was the character and the motive of this or that historical personality or movement, we have to be content not with absolute certainty, but with that hypothesis which involves fewest difficulties. Now to my mind atheism involves greater perplexities than theism. I am, above all else, morally desolated, if this world, in which so much is simply hideous and detestable, is simply to go on as it is, if my reason, sensibility and conscience, and my human life and character, are merely the almost accidental outcome of this material universe, if—in a word—I may not gather myself up into my own reflection and consciousness, and uniting myself (so to speak) with the reflection and consciousness of unnumbered other men, be allowed to look at nature, and criticize the world, and declare myself—in many things—opposed to, because superior to nature. To the biologist man is but a development of nature, perhaps a “sport” of nature, and will (probably) be superseded by other forms. For all things change. But to the moralist, to the believer, man is the centre of things. I look round on all, I am master of all. Though nature crush me, though my power is feather-light in comparison of the awful forces amid which I live, yet I am more wonderful than all else—for I can think, I can reflect, I can make a moral judgment. Goodness being what it is, I deify it, and hold by it, and defy wind, and lightning, and wave, and disease, and pain, and death. Is this a dream, or irrational? Surely it is but looking at facts. The biologist ignores the greater half of man. I look at both. Is not this philosophy? And as I do so, I learn that such a view receives support from the word, and work, and person of Jesus Christ. I cannot explain, nor can I deny, the evil that exists. But I gladly embrace a form of belief which, at least, helps me to rise

above that evil, and to hope for a condition of things in which that evil will be at an end. It seems to me the *least difficult* hypothesis, to say the least.

Now Holy Scripture and Christianity take as their point of view man's moral nature : from this ground Christianity looks at everything. It is "anthropocentric." No wonder Christianity seems to jar with science. It is simply incommensurable. Christianity looks at things at one end of a telescope, and Science through the other. One is primarily and fundamentally material ; the other from beginning to end moral, i.e. spiritual.

I should like you to read two books, quite short ones, which I hope to get myself and can lend you if you like (I have already read them), Bishop Moorhouse's *Christ and His Surroundings*, and Mr. A. J. Balfour's paper on "Positivism" at the Manchester Church Congress, 1887.

Excuse the haste with which this is penned. I hope you will be able to follow the line of thought suggested.

The letters that follow will be read for their own sakes, and for the light they throw upon the writer's mind and character—his love of truth and confidence in its ultimate victory, his openness and alertness of mind, his wide sympathy and the human reasons for his interest in politics.

February 21, 1904.

ST. PHILIP'S, SALFORD.

If religion is to be the guide of the world at all, it must come and work among us a Spirit of Liberty. It is a very serious thought that the Catholic Revival of the last half-century has throughout Europe tended to become, or to be engineered by others, as a force for reaction. When I reflect upon this, I am really afraid, at times. Reformers of all kinds seldom dare look to the Church—i.e. the Roman Catholic or the Anglican—for real, devoted, active help. They are thankful if they meet with no opposition.

[On "Inspiration and the Old Testament," to C. T. Campion.]

May 17, 1907.

SALFORD.

. . . As for the large question involved,—we need not fear that the truth will not prevail. The fact is, the controversy is in the hands of the finest and ablest scholars of Europe and of the world, and their movement nobody can resist, though many may try to ignore it. Even this they cannot do for long.

June 16, 1906.

MY DEAR CHRISTINA,

SALFORD.

Before you start upon your first journey to the Continent, I must give myself the pleasure of writing you a few words to wish you God-speed.

You have had a busy term crowned with a delightful Prize, and now with what I hope and believe will be a delightful holiday. I do not know what opportunity you will have, but try to use all chances that come to you of learning about the habits and condition of the people. Switzerland is peculiar among all the countries of Europe in having *no army*, and its being a Federated Republic of Cantons—analogue (I suppose) to the United States. It has also made bold experiments in town government, in education, in Temperance Legislation, and a great many other things. I do not suppose many of them would bear transferring to England—where the social and political conditions are so different. But it is always wise to get to know about these things, when one can. Tourists usually come and go without knowing anything about the real life and interests of the people. Don't worry yourself about such things. Enjoy the air and the scenery, and the *flowers*. And forgive my plea for the study of human life! Much love and all good wishes from your aff. Father.

EDWARD LEE HICKS.



January 23, 1908.

MY DEAREST CHRISTINA,

Many thanks for a most interesting, newsy letter. As to τὰ θεολογούμενα,<sup>1</sup> I have little to say. *Here we are*, and we have duties to do, to self, and to others of every degree and kind. So much is clear,—universal suicide being out of the question! If (as we cannot forbear doing) we go on to ask, why we are here? who or what put us here? the answer is not easy. Ultimately all attempts at an answer resolve themselves into two—the pessimist, and the optimist. The Pessimist says, “I can see universal law operating; I can see the forces of natural order; I can see how everything is slowly evolved, man included—with his body and soul and all that he involves and implies. But I can see no ultimate end. I can see no love in it at all. I can see force, law, order: irresistible, universal, inexorable. One has to obey and get out of life the best one can. On the whole one gets the best by purity, kindness, loyalty, friendship. Possibly one may make things better for future generations. But security even for that we have none. The individual is born, lives, dies. But the universal order works on without pity, without remorse. There is no feeling, i.e. spiritual feeling or sympathy outside of man.” There is Pessimism—Schopenhauer, Nietzsche—in brief.

There is a great deal of truth in it. Indeed it is all true: but does it contain *all the truth*?

Thus, is it not odd that out of blind necessity, orderly evolution of unthinking nature, man should have been developed, with reason, reflection, sympathy, aspirations, and the tenderest affections? Is it not at least a rational supposition that order, evolution, humanity, sympathy, aspiration, are all evolved out of the thought of a Being in Whom all these great qualities inhere? Or, to put the difficulty another way; is it not a terrible pity man should have been evolved at all, if his future is to hope, and love,

<sup>1</sup> Speculations about God.



and strive, and aspire, and then to be in reality the mere sport of relentless forces—blind and unfeeling as dead brute matter? Of course, you will say, “Yes: ’tis true ’tis pity; but pity is *’tis true*.” But is it true? Humanity has never believed it so. Only a few philosophers in their studies have cherished the view. It has never been the belief of great bodies of organized workers for their kind. Such a belief has never built up nations or churches. The probabilities—not more—are in favour of Optimism, and therefore in favour of Christianity, which is the best optimist solution. Mark this however. The sound Christian is largely an agnostic. He sees enormous difficulties, gaps in his knowledge, clouds on the intellectual horizon. But on the whole the balance goes more on his side. Now probability is the guide of life. You must not expect more than this. Note also how the life of Christ lays stress on the sadness, and sin, and horrors of life. Only, Love is supreme there. Have I made myself intelligible?

#### VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

[Few Latin hymns are so well known as the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, of unknown authorship, though variously attributed to Charles the Great, S. Ambrose, and Gregory the Great. It is used in the Roman Church on the most solemn occasions, as at the Consecration of Popes, and in the English Church in the Ordination Service and at the Consecration of Bishops. Of the two versions in the English Prayer Book, the first, by Bishop Cosin, “Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,” is a beautiful hymn, but it is a shortened paraphrase, not a translation, whilst the second version is both feeble and long-winded. The translation that follows, made by E. L. H. in 1901, keeps as close to the original as is possible for rhyme and metre. In sending a copy to a friend for criticism he wrote: “The old Latin is so austere in form and sentiment, that it is hard to make an English hymn out of it in the twentieth century. I have endeavoured to convey the impression of restrained feeling.”]

## EDWARD LEE HICKS

Come, Holy Ghost : our spirits wait ;  
 Visit our hearts, for we are Thine ;  
 And fill each soul with grace divine,  
 Renewing what Thou didst create.

Thou art the Comforter, the Spring  
 Of living water, Fire and Love ;  
 The awful Gift of God above ;  
 The anointing Oil of priest and king.

A sevenfold work to Thee belongs ;  
 The Finger Thou of God's right hand ;  
 The Promise of the Father, plann'd  
 To give new speech to mortal tongues.

Thy light upon our darkness pour,  
 And make our hearts with love to burn,  
 The weakness of our nature turn  
 To strength and courage evermore.

Keep far removed our ghostly foe ;  
 Grant us Thy peace from day to day,  
 That, with Thyself to point the way,  
 In safety we may heavenward go.

Let us by faith the Father see ;  
 Teach us His only Son to know ;  
 Spirit of both, Thyself bestow,  
 Our Guide into all truth to be.

“ WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS ”

Dum contemplor miram crucem  
 Qua ad usque mortem truce[m]  
 Rex obediit gloriæ ;

Pretiosum omne sordet,  
Fastus omnis me remordet,  
Displicent deliciae.

Absit mihi gloriari  
Nisi cruce salutari  
Iesu nostri Domini :  
Quidquid vanum arridebat,  
Quod praecipue placebat,  
Dedo Eius Sanguini.

Ecce plantis palmis ore  
Charitatis cum dolore  
Mixta stillant flumina.  
Quantus dolor, amor qualis  
Osculantur ! quam regalis  
Tu corona spinea !

Si totam naturam rerum  
Possem dare donum merum,  
Parca esset ratio.  
Charitas stupenda Dei !  
Vita, mens, pars omnis mei,  
Ipse sim oblatio.

E. L. H. convalescens reddidit.

February 28, 1876.

### THREE TRANSLATIONS

#### I. A CAP TO FIT THE KAISER

“ Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Iura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.”

HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, 121-2.

Eager, implacable, untired,  
By pride and anger quickly fired,  
He laughs at laws and plighted word,  
His sole arbitrament the sword.

## 2. A DEDICATION TO THE MUSES

[From a Greek Inscription quoted by Plutarch at the end of his  
Treatise *De Liberis Educandis*.]<sup>1</sup>

Eurydice the alien reared this stone,  
She who with love of knowledge nobly burned :  
To teach her sons, well-nigh to manhood grown,  
She took her grammar-book, and bravely learned.

3. FAIR ROSAMUND'S EPITAPH AT GODSTOW<sup>2</sup>

“ Hic iacet in tumba rosa mundi non Rosamunda :  
Non redolet sed olet quae redolere solet.”

Fair Rose o' th' world lies withered 'neath our feet,  
Not sweet but rank that used to rank so sweet.

<sup>1</sup> The translation of this inscription in Philemon Holland's Plutarch is amusingly quaint. Two lines of it run :

“ For when her children were well grown, good ancient Lady she,  
And careful mother, took the paines to learn the A B C.”

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* Percy's Reliques.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE REFORMER

“ When God commands to take the Trumpet and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man’s Will what he shall say or what he shall conceal.”

MILTON, *Reason of Church Government*.

“ The trumpet lies in the dust.

The wind is weary, the light is dead.

Ah, the evil day !

Come, fighters, carrying your flags, and singers, with your war-songs !

Come, pilgrims of the march, hurrying on your journey !

The trumpet lies in the dust waiting for us.”

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, *Fruit-Gathering*.

“ **I**T is not the primary function of the Church,” it has been said, “ to diffuse an elevating influence over the world ; its primary function is to make saints.” Against this one-sided view of religion the whole of Hicks’ life was a protest. He would have agreed with the maxim that “ Conduct is three parts of life,” and with the still older saying that “ Man is a political animal ” ; and Christianity was emphatically for him the religion of the brotherhood of man. He even went so far as to say : “ If any class of men may seem more than any other to have kinship with the spirit of Christ and His Gospel, it is those who

have at heart the interests of Labour, who champion the claims of the unenfranchised, the unrepresented, the unemployed, the unprivileged.”<sup>1</sup>

Ought a clergyman to hold himself aloof from politics? To one who took Hicks' view of the teaching of Christ, and the function of the Church in the world, there could only be one answer to the question. When it was urged that the New Testament had nothing to say about civic duties, beyond the duty of submission to rightful authority, he answered by pointing to the political conditions under which the infant Church grew up—a Church of slaves or freed men without political liberty, with a few Roman citizens whose citizenship conveyed nothing of political responsibility. “The ethical teaching of the New Testament is limited in its precepts (not in its principles) by the range of circumstances with which it deals.”<sup>2</sup> The most recent studies of the infant Church, we may add, have emphasized still more the contrast between the first century and our own by bringing into stronger relief the expectancy which the early Christians entertained of a speedy end of the world.

“But to-day you and I are members of a Christian democracy. We have, or shall have, the power of voting on all sorts of issues, and thereby shall bear a part in governing not only ourselves but also a large portion of mankind. It would seem that no small part of the duty of a Christian gathers round his status as a free citizen of a

<sup>1</sup> Farewell Sermon, Manchester Cathedral, June 19, 1910.

<sup>2</sup> E. L. Hicks, *Christianity and the Drink Trade*.



Christian democracy. . . . It is clear that the area of moral obligation has been vastly widened by this enfranchisement.”<sup>1</sup>

In the Charge delivered to his clergy of the Lincoln Diocese at his Primary Visitation in 1912, he enumerated some of the problems that confront the Christianity of to-day :

“ How are we to maintain peace and prevent war between the Christian nations of the West, now that the horrors and the wastefulness of war are so much more serious and so much better understood than ever before ?

What changes are to be made in the social order, now that Feudal England is gone for ever, and we find ourselves become a great and growing Industrial Democracy ?

How are we as Christians, as Churchmen, to feel and act in respect of the enfranchisement of women, the restriction and suppression of the liquor traffic, the prevention of the State-regulation of vice, the peace movement, and other forms of social and moral agitation ?

In particular, seeing that liberty is no longer seriously menaced by the claims of aristocracy of birth, how are we to prevent the domination of the plutocrat, and the corrupting influence of the millionaire ?

How can we make human and ethical considerations prevail in matters of business and manufacture ? Can capital be moralized ? If it cannot, then how to re-Christianize the economic and social order ? ”<sup>2</sup>

Of such questions as these he said :

“ They haunt the conscience of Christian reformers ; they harass the minds of statesmen ; they fire the imagination of thousands of the best working-men ; they are seldom out of the thoughts of the more serious of our younger divines. Unless we can discover, and that soon, some

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>2</sup> *Building in Troublous Times*, pp. 18-19.

practical answer, it is clear that our traditional Christianity will be open to serious criticism, and will experience tremendous shocks. Men are asking, with more and more insistent demand, Has the Church, has the Prayer Book, has the New Testament, any guidance to give us? Does the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth afford us an answer? Is there any one to give us a really Christian lead? Is Christianity at fault? Are we to be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ?"<sup>1</sup>

Politics, then, for Hicks, national and municipal, were simply applied Christianity; and he could never accept the view that the Church should content itself with laying down abstract principles and abstain from applying them. Under the conditions of modern democracy and plutocracy he felt strongly the forces that were organized on the side of evil and the necessity of combating them by organizing the forces of the Churches on the side of good. Yet, in spite of his hereditary bias towards Liberalism, and his personal admiration for Gladstone, he preserved his independence and refrained from joining any political party, in the ordinary sense of the term. It is to be feared, however, that there are many who still deny to a clergyman the right of holding and expressing political opinions, even in private conversation, unless those opinions happen to coincide with their own.

How Hicks' attention was first drawn to the Temperance movement, to which he gave so large a part of his time and energy, is best told in the

<sup>1</sup> *Building in Troublous Times*, pp. 18-19.

following fragment of autobiography. This was written as an explanatory note for insertion in a collection of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's (autograph) letters to him, which he bound together in the year following Sir Wilfrid's death.

“ These letters of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and other papers relating to him, I sent to be bound about Christmas, 1907. It is now matter of regret that I destroyed so many of his letters, for my correspondence with him was considerable, and extended over many years.

My interest in the Temperance question began at Fenny Compton, where I was Rector from 1873-1886. A number of the working-men and labourers of the village were forming a Temperance Society and taking the pledge, and they began to interest me in the subject. In the Advent of 1877 (I think) the Rev. R. M. Grier, Vicar of Rugely and Prebendary of Lichfield, a family friend of my wife, came to preach a ten days' Mission at my request at our church. He was a leading member of the United Kingdom Alliance. Under his tuition, during those happy ten days, I became a decided abstainer (I was more than half convinced before) and a Prohibitionist, and joined the U.K.A., of which I have remained a working member ever since. From the first I read diligently the articles in the *Alliance News*, and especially the clear, humorous, but always argumentative speeches of Sir Wilfrid himself. In reading these I was often annoyed by the sarcasms and jokes that he loved to hurl at the Bishops and the Clergy. Very soon I found myself so much vexed, that I wrote from my country rectory to remonstrate with him : ‘ Why make enemies of the Church and the Clergy, who might perhaps be converted into valuable friends ? ’ etc., etc. His reply was highly characteristic. I wish now I had kept it. I remember its purport. He assured me that he had the deepest respect for the Church : indeed, he added, unless

the Church had been under some signal and supernatural protection, it must long ago have come to naught through the stupidity and blindness of its clergy. This was his way of conciliating a clerical convert ! I remained quite steadfast, and went on working and reading in connection with the movement.

When, in 1886, I came to Manchester to make a new home at Hulme Hall (then in Plymouth Grove), I soon became acquainted with the Manchester Alliance friends. In due time I was elected a member of the Executive Council and took an active part in the work both of committees and of public meetings. I also shared in the labours of the *Alliance News* and publishing committee, which meets every Monday afternoon. About the year 1906 I was further appointed Honorary Secretary of the U.K. Alliance. From about the year 1890, as the older friends and colleagues of Sir Wilfrid were called away by death, he began to lean more and more upon his younger adherents. His habit had always been to confer with his Alliance friends very frequently and fully by letter ; his letters to me became very frequent from about 1890-5. I wish I had kept them all. For few ever came from his pen without containing some wise thought well expressed, some spontaneous jest or humorous allusion to the politics of the hour. By degrees I got too fond of his correspondence to destroy it. Upon his death (July 1, 1906) I got together all the letters of his that I could find in my possession and had them bound in this volume. They give a vivid impression of the man.

In January, 1906, I accepted his invitation to Brayton, that I might render him some help in his election campaign. I stayed with him in his beautiful home the best part of a week. Lady Lawson took the most excellent care of us at home ; Sir Wilfrid went off to meetings in various parts of his constituency. He was supported and helped by his son (now Sir Wilfrid Lawson), his daughter, Miss Josephine Lawson, and others. I spoke for him and with him at Maryport, Workington, and elsewhere. One of these

meetings was very noisy; a knot of Sir John Randles' supporters (not quite sober, I thought) kept up a continuous fire of insensate interruptions. However, Sir Wilfrid was successful, and he died the representative of his old Cumberland constituency, that he loved so dearly."

For nearly half a century—from his first speech in the House of Commons in 1862 to his death in 1906—Sir Wilfrid Lawson had been the most striking personality in the Temperance movement in England; and the special point of view characteristic of him dictated the policy of "Local Option" with which his name is identified and which became the platform of the "United Kingdom Alliance for the Total Suppression of the Liquor Traffic."

"He always approached the question from the point of view of the people, and their right to improve their own social condition. He never varied from this clear political conviction, that no brewer, no syndicate, nor bench of magistrates, nor committee, nor board,—however wise or benevolent,—ought to be able to place liquor shops in any locality where the inhabitants by a decided vote expressed their wish to be without them."<sup>1</sup>

This method of approach naturally appealed to Hicks, who had first been drawn to total abstinence, as we have seen, by the influence of some of the working-men in his Warwickshire parish. He was also attracted by Sir Wilfrid's love of his fellow-men, his humanitarian love of peace, and the geniality which made him for many years the privileged jester of the House of Commons.

<sup>1</sup> E. L. Hicks, *The Optimist*, October, 1906.

“ It was clear to me that he found in his wit a kind of shield for his sensitive spirit. For he felt keenly the sin and sorrow of the world, and was pained above all by the folly of his fellows, who, when they had the power of bettering their own condition by political action, remained so often blind to their best interests.”<sup>1</sup>

So the two men drew to each other, and Sir Wilfrid poured out upon Hicks a stream of letters and notes and humorous verses. One specimen of the verses, and a brief quotation or two from the letters, are all that can be given here.

December 4, 1898.

“ Two things at once few men can do,  
 And that, in Harcourt’s case, is true ;  
 Against the Priest he now gives tongue,  
 And so he can’t attend to Bung.  
 But I agree with what you say  
 And wish he’d take another way.  
 Priests may be wrong in what they do  
 (Of course I don’t allude to you)—  
 Wrong in their ritual or their rules,  
 Wrong in supporting different ‘ schools,’  
 Wrong in their vestments or their feasts,  
 But still they don’t turn men to beasts,  
 Nor fill the workhouses and jails,  
 With fellow men ‘ run off the rails.’  
 No, murder, robbery and arson,  
 Don’t come directly from the parson.  
 Harcourt would then do well, I think,  
 To leave the Church and take to Drink,  
 And smite with his keen powerful blade,  
 The devilish and destructive trade,  
 Yes, lay the hidden monster low,  
 And ‘ let the simple parson go.’ ”

“ BRAYTON, CARLISLE, November 2, 1900.—I will come to Manchester on Tuesday night. . . . I shall be glad to

<sup>1</sup> E. L. Hicks, *The Optimist*, October, 1906.



talk over anything which is desired, but I am not seeking to 'arrive at a solid basis of policy,' for I have not advocated the doctrine of the U.K.A. for a generation or more without being well convinced of the soundness and solidity of the basis on which it was founded. What has filled me with a surprise quite beyond my expression is, that so many of my best friends should have left the 'solid basis' and taken their stand on something else. I have read, I think, almost everything which they have sent on the subject, and 'still the wonder grows.'"

"April 30th, 1906.—It is the 'wise men' who are the plague of my life—the men who want to go round instead of to go straight. . . . The moral of all this is 'Fight not with small or great, turn neither to the right nor to the left,' but go 'full steam ahead,' for Local Veto. Never was the course so clear, never was the goal so visible, never were the forces so ready to our hand."

"May 1, 1906.—If you would agree to become Honorary Secretary we believe it would strengthen our position in some ways; besides, the acceptance of this post by yourself would give an opportunity to many of your old friends and fellow-workers to show how much we appreciate your work and honour yourself. . . .

. . . I have heard Mr. Cobden—the prince of agitators—declare that the first essential of an agitation was that it should go for one thing. . . . I am doubtful whether you will agree with all that I have written and I am pretty sure that it will be too strong meat for many of our dear 'respectables.' But do not discard it without thought. We never were in such a favourable position. It remains to be seen whether we have the sense and courage to take occasion by the hand."

"May 10, 1906.—Best thanks for yours with sensible observations on the minor aspects, etc., of the situation. I find no fault therewith, but retain a strong opinion that the time has arrived when we must direct all our forces to Veto and must lead our flocks straight in that direction. Did not

Napoleon win his battles by concentrating his blow at one spot in the opposing armies? There are scores and scores of our excellent, but silly sheep, who would be delighted to browse on Sunday closing, barmaids, or 'reversal.' They don't know that Scotland and Wales, which have Sunday closing, send up the strongest demand for Veto. They don't see that the way to get rid of barmaids is to abolish the bars. When John Knox wanted to dispose of the monks, he said the way was to destroy the monasteries: '*Bring down the nests and the rooks will fly away.*'"

The sanguine expectations of success expressed in the three last letters were not to be realized, and within a very few weeks the writer was himself removed from the arena of political combat. He died on July 1st, 1906, and his body was laid to rest in Aspatria churchyard, Cumberland, on July 5th. In his book of Lawson Letters, Canon Hicks wrote as follows :

"Thursday, July 5, 1906.—A vast throng followed the remains of Sir Wilfrid from Brayton (his house) to the Church at Aspatria. We of the U.K.A. were to follow first after his family. We walked in loose order for a mile or so through the fields. It was a wonderful sight. All sorts and conditions of men were there—the highest and the lowliest, from near and far, neighbouring squires and Temperance allies from the town; but all perfectly reverent and full of tender awe."

Three years later—on July 20, 1909—a statue of Sir Wilfrid was unveiled in the Victoria Embankment Gardens. In his speech upon the occasion, Canon Hicks summed up his friend's life-work in words that are equally applicable to himself :

“ He was one who loved the people, who desired to bring light and purity and happiness into their homes ; and all his life and work bore testimony to his belief that the foundation of a prosperous people would be pure and happy homes, and that the hope of our country lay in a sober and free democracy.”

It has been necessary to glance at Sir Wilfrid Lawson's character and his career as a temperance reformer, because they help us to understand the importance which the temperance question assumed in Hicks' own view of life. He accepted in full Cobden's statement, “ Temperance reform lies at the foundation of all social and political progress,” and the equally emphatic pronouncement once made by Lord Morley, “ I don't care what kind of unpopularity it may attract, but the first stage in social reform is temperance.” He was not indeed accustomed to take personal popularity into reckoning when he had convinced himself of the rightness of a particular course. The man who thinks for himself, and acts in accordance with his conclusions, instead of following the line of least resistance in the society in which he is placed, must expect, if those conclusions run counter to any vested interest, to be criticized as “ extreme ” and “ narrow-minded,” as a “ bigot ” and a “ fanatic.” The subject of this biography was not the kind of “ extremist ” who holds obstinately to one point of view out of sheer inability to understand any other. Such a man, whatever his virtues may be, is never remarkable for humour. But a sense of humour

was one of Hicks' strong characteristics, as all who knew him intimately will testify, and as was occasionally made manifest to public audiences. It was sympathetic humour, and not merely intellectual quickness of wit, that made his repartees so often effective. An interrupter at a Temperance meeting, who charged him with "trying to rob the poor man of his beer" received the prompt reply, "No, trying to prevent beer robbing the poor man." Still better was his rejoinder at a grammar school prize-giving in Lincolnshire, when a local brewer, who resented the Bishop's temperance principles, asked him to present a watch to a schoolboy for an act of heroism performed on the preceding day. The horse drawing the brewer's dray had taken fright, and the boy had swiftly dismounted his bicycle, jumped on to the dray, seized the reins and stopped the horse just before it ran into a shop. The brewer attended the prize distribution, read a carefully prepared speech replete with sarcastic allusions to the Bishop's teetotalism, and ended by asking the Bishop to present the watch. The Bishop listened smilingly, and then immediately made the presentation with these words: "I congratulate you on having the singular good fortune to prevent a brewer's dray from doing harm." The whole audience took the point, and cheered enthusiastically.

Temperance reformers fall definitely into two classes. First, there are those who believe that excessive drinking is a great national evil, and an

unregulated traffic in strong drink a national curse, but who are not prepared to say that the consumption of intoxicating liquors is wholly a bad thing, and who in any case feel scruples about any interference with the large masses of their fellow-countrymen who habitually take such drinks in moderation. To this class belong many members of the Church of England Temperance Society. The second class, to which Hicks and Sir Wilfrid Lawson belonged, "is convinced that man is better in body and mind for total abstinence and that even small doses of alcohol are *pro tanto* injurious to body and mind."<sup>1</sup> Even so, it may be thought strange that one so passionately attached as was Hicks to the idea of freedom in politics and in religion should not have been deterred by dislike of compulsion from making "the total suppression of the liquor traffic" his aim. The explanation seems to be that the compulsion always present in his mind in this connection was the compulsion exercised in the opposite direction—the public-house forced upon an unwilling neighbourhood by property owners or brewers or magistrates. What he desired, on the other hand, presented itself to him as an "option" or "permission"—permission to the people of any locality to expel the drink traffic from their midst, as it is expelled from some areas already by the will of the landlord. It is matter for deep regret that the

<sup>1</sup> E. L. Hicks, "The Licensing Bill" in the *Optimist*, January, 1908.

cleavage in the ranks of Temperance reformers has, time and again, weakened their chance of securing reforms. The liquor interest is an organized force in English politics of which the average citizen rarely dreams. Those who seek to carry through any reforms, national or municipal, become aware of its sinister influence. It was knowledge of this, as he saw its workings in practical politics, that stirred in Hicks an ever-deepening passion of resentment.

On this subject Mr. Edward Hicks writes to me as follows :—

“ My father was at heart a social reformer, and like all true reformers, he was a confirmed idealist. His idealism, however, had its practical side, and no progressive cause failed to enlist his active support, even though some persons might denounce such efforts as ‘ half measures ’ or inopportune. He has often been described as a fanatic, especially in the Temperance cause. I would not attempt to deny that there may have been some degree of truth in the charge, but what so many critics failed to realize was that, with all his so-called impetuosity and ‘ ferocious Teetotalism,’ his zeal was ‘ according to knowledge.’ His views were extreme because he knew intimately the extreme dangers involved. Any form of evil, moral or social, was abhorrent to him. Without a trace of personal bitterness he fought against the election of a Brewer Lord Mayor. When roused by a cynical speech—and cynicism he hated perhaps more than anything else—he poured scorn on those who played with politics without going to the root of social evils. And so it was with all sin and wickedness. He dreaded it : though so strong and self-controlled himself, he had the most tender sympathy with the weak and tempted. He understood the conditions of human life amongst the poor as



clearly as anyone I have met, and he knew the power of the drink traffic and its terrible havoc in the slums. It must also be remembered that he had a first-hand knowledge of the licensing laws, and possessed all the facts and figures at his finger-ends. I am sure it is of great importance that my father's point of view should be truly and faithfully represented on this question. It was with him more than a moral question—I might almost say it was a religious question. But my father was always a shrewd observer of public affairs, and he was a practical politician of the best sort and could play 'a waiting game' if the cause for which he fought could be truly served by it. He would always press for local option rather than total Prohibition."

In the U.K.A., the organization of Temperance stalwarts, Hicks was to some extent a moderating force, as after the Peel Report in 1899, when he restrained Sir Wilfrid Lawson's intractability. On the other hand, in the C.E.T.S. he continually pressed for a bolder line : he believed the dual basis of the society to be a weakness, and he disliked the unmistakable reluctance of a section to co-operate with Nonconformists. The grounds on which he championed total abstinence are made clear, partly in the letter to Dr. Kelynack, printed below, and partly in the following sentences from his Episcopal Charge of 1912 :—

" It is difficult to rescue the drunkard without abstaining one's self. I have often heard it said that total abstinence stands on a lower moral plane than moderate drinking. I am not concerned to argue the point except by saying that the higher or lower place in the Kingdom of Christ is measured solely by the service of others. The Good Samaritan occupied a higher place, in this sense, when he

lifted the poor Jew on to his ass and trudged lovingly by his side, than when he was riding in ease and comfort on his way."<sup>1</sup>

" OLD PALACE, LINCOLN,  
December, 31, 1910.

DEAR DR. KELYNACK,

I cannot leave home for the meeting on the 10th. Nor have I any special knowledge of the question of hereditary alcoholism. While scientific men are arguing and defining, practical experience proves several important facts :

(1) That drink is always a danger, and often a horrible curse.

(2) That nobody is the better for using it, nor the worse for abstaining from it.

(3) That where a family is all brought up without it, there is a better chance of good health, good food, moral conduct, and wholesome habits.

(4) That alcoholics do tend to narcotize the finer qualities.

(5) That the evidence of Insurance Societies, of Temperance Benefit Societies, and of experienced workers in the slums, all points the same way.

(6) That it is common sense in the individual, and in the community, to discourage as far as possible the use of alcoholics, and to oppose the mercenary aggressiveness of the liquor trade.

This is my philosophy of the question, and I think it is past controversy. I wish you a Happy New Year, and remain,

Yours very truly,

EDWARD LINCOLN."

A few extracts from the diary which Hicks kept during his episcopal life will be of interest as illustrating and supplementing the narrative :

<sup>1</sup> *Building in Troublous Times*, p. 100.

“ July 23, 1914.—At 10.45 to Mablethorpe, where Proudfoot met me. To Vicar for luncheon. At 3 addressed a rally of the Lincolnshire Labourers' Temperance Union. I left at 4 for the train and they proceeded to confer as to the Winter's campaign. This League, begun at Heckington in 1906, has a large nominal membership in various parts of the country, but is in imminent danger of collapse and disappearance. Its headquarters are at Boston. . . . We hope to recover, vivify and extend it. O that the clergy would help in this movement ! It would be right and wise, and nothing more *expedient* for the Church could be imagined ; for to do right with a disinterested desire of helping what is good, is always the most *expedient* and advantageous policy ! But the Church is wonderfully blind—alas ! ”

“ December 18, 1914.—My birthday—I am 71. I do not feel it. It makes no great mark in my life. The birthday letters of several old and new friends and the greetings in Lincoln from friends who knew of it, were touching and very kind. I can only thank God for preserving my health and strength so long to me, and pray him (if it is right) that I may be able to spend some years in this See to render some service to the Church and to mankind. At 8 H.C. in Chapel. Mattins at 10.30. Then to the Chancery, where a C.E.T.S. Committee, to try and arrange a meeting in Lincoln—anti-treating, etc. Very slow progress, strong antipathy to *teetotal* and still more to any co-operation with Nonconformists.”

“ April 12, 1915.—[Short holiday : in the morning he had visited Dean Church's grave at Whatley, Somerset.] In the afternoon to London with A. M. H. to Thackeray Hotel. I to the Treasury to see Lloyd George at 6. His private secretary is Hamilton, an old Hertford man, College friend of John Harding's. They remain devoted friends, so I felt at home, and sent a message to E. J. H. Lloyd George was very frank and friendly. He wants to suppress all sale of spirits and to buy up the beer trade. This the

Brewers themselves had suggested to him in their interview last week. I asked him if he thought he could carry such large measures through the House. He thought he could. 'Did I object, as a Temperance man, to such measures?' I said, these were Emergency and War measures, not Temperance reforms. As such I did not venture to criticize them. As a Temperance Reformer my only question would be, How far do these measures help or hinder what I, as a Temperance Reformer, really want? I could not see that National Purchase, as things are, could do other than facilitate the obtaining of Local Veto. This was the sum and substance of our talk. . . ."

"October 21, 1916 (at Grantham).—The drink Tory element seems everywhere predominant, and it is to be feared that many who would like to be with us, dare not declare themselves for fear of all sorts of influences! Therefore we must the more lift up our voice."

The diary for September, 1917, contains a letter which he sent to a Wesleyan Circuit Gathering at Nottingham, in response to a request for a message on the two subjects of the Drink Traffic and the Union of Churches.

"(1) *The Drink*. Everyone feels and knows that something must be done. Let us take care that the wrong thing is not done. Let us keep two principles in mind. (a) The less drink consumed, the better for the nation; and best of all if we could get rid of it altogether. (b) Let us not allow the great, or the influential, or rich, to dictate to us in this matter. Be democratic, and permit the people themselves, by a direct vote, to limit to any extent, or to extinguish altogether, the sale of intoxicating liquors in their own locality. This is the method tried long ago in the United States and in our colonies. It is a method which in Great Britain has been opposed by the influence of the liquor trade and by the reactionary forces (political and social)

allied with the 'trade.' But the Scottish Act has placed it already on the Statute Book, and we must insist in demanding it for Wales also.

(2) *Union*. I cannot doubt that Union is the will and purpose of God. It will come. Reason demands it. Brotherly love welcomes it. All the noblest forces in human nature are working for it. And let me add, that as regards Methodism and the Ch. of E., the more Methodism reverts to its own standards of belief and practice, the nearer will it draw to its own spiritual mother. God forgive us of the Church for any thought, or word, or deed, that has bred division or prolonged alienation.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD LINCOLN."

To these quotations from the diary may be added an extract from a private letter, which, though it deals merely with the political situation at one moment of the war, is worth preserving as a footnote to history. It will be seen that though the Bishop had expressed to Mr. Lloyd George in 1915 the opinion that State Purchase might assist Local Option, his judgment was, on economic grounds, decidedly against the step.

"Lady Day, 1917,

at THACKERAY HOTEL, LONDON, W.C.

. . . The Drink Question has reached a curious crisis in Parliament. Lord Milner, in his speech in the Lords, confessed to it. You know how the Cabinet gaily cut down the output of Beer from 36 millions of barrels (the present output) to 10 millions for the year beginning April 1st, 1917—a day of sinister omen for *wise* enactment! That is settled and fixed. But Lloyd George and his colleagues

had never worked out the results and the figures of this change. At once the brewers met and tried to work it out. The ten million barrels had to be distributed among all the brewers, and their agents, the publicans. But, if so, what of the 'Free-Houses' that are not 'tied' to any brewer? And another puzzle. You can only make your ten million barrels 'go round' by much dilution, or (what is the same thing) by greatly reducing the strength of the beer. And it must be uniformly and universally reduced, or else some brewers will be able to sell better beer and stronger than other brewers. But there are some brewers, and these among the richest and most influential, whose whole prestige and success are bound up in the production of beer of a certain peculiar strength and quality, such as Bass, Guinness and others. To compel these to make and sell the uniformly diluted liquor would *ruin* their concerns: what shall be done with them? Well, of course the vast wealth and influence of 'The Trade' make this Government quite alarmed at their difficulties. And these puzzles were never foreseen by the Cabinet, who so gaily and airily decided to cut down the 36 millions to 10. It is a curious situation. The brewers are urging the Government to let them know what to do; and the Government are dumbfounded. Of course, people like Lord Milner say at once, —'Purchase the Trade.' And from all accounts a considerable element of the Government would like to see this done, —first, to enable them to deal with this puzzle, and secondly, as a measure of social reform. But the economists in the House do not like to launch a new debt of, say, £200,000,000 upon the country, when money is so scarce, and the war not yet over. This last is the view, not only of severe Temperance men like me, but of the *Morning Post*. We shall see in a day or two what happens! It is exciting. Of course, you and I would say, '*Prohibit altogether.*' And I am by no means sure that this will not happen. Food is getting really scarce: bread is up to a shilling, as I remember it to have been when I was a boy (about 1855-6).



The Food Controller is anxious. The country is beginning to see and feel, and share his anxiety. Anything may happen."

Two more extracts from the diary must be given, entries made in the month that followed the Armistice, days which for all thoughtful men were darkened by the discovery that the sudden relaxation of the long tension of war had revealed an England incapable of entering upon the better era to which peace offered an opening—a prey, out of sheer weariness, to reaction and sloth and materialism. They were dark days indeed for a reformer, and the Bishop had need of all his faith to live through them undesperingly.

"December 18, 1918.—My 75th birthday. . . . I have found the turn of political events of late very galling. Lloyd George is in the hands of Reaction, and his success will be theirs. We are in for a bad time, for Great Britain and for the Empire, as regards liberty, sobriety, and progress. The chief whip, Sir George Younger—the ablest and most influential brewer in the House: I know not how many more liquor men will not be elected. Of Temperance reformers, scarcely any are likely to survive. I fear a stormy session, and turbulence in the country, for Labour is furious; and at the back of the Tory mind is a *fear* of Labour. I have faith, however, in Principles, and in God; faith in the good sense and right feeling of the British people, and faith in the idealism and stern resolution of President Wilson. We shall see!"

"Sunday, December 29, 1918.—We must begin all over again, and build up some party of Reform in the country. They will stick in five years if they can. Drink and Tariff Reformers are behind it all. We are in for all sorts of

Reaction. There is likely to be Bolshevism in the country. But we must make a programme and a challenge, very definite, courageous, simple and sane. . . . At 6.30 I preached in the Nave from the Epistle, Gal. iv. 6, 7. . . . I pleaded for the *necessity* for a League of Nations, if European civilization is not to collapse with hopeless ruin.

The turn-over of the General Election on December 14, as was seen on the 28th, and following, when the polls were made known, shows that the national mind was still occupied with memories of the war, the baseness of 'Pacifists,' who failed in 'Patriotism,' based on fear, joy to be free from war, fear of all sorts of dangers, and a determination to stick only to 'Patriots.' The national mind had clearly not turned to thoughts of Peace, or the terms of a lasting settlement. This immense majority will fall into groups, and will crumble with decay. Three obvious issues will demand immediate attention: (A) Ireland, (B) Conscription, (C) Demobilization and Unemployment. All movements for real *Progress* will have to find their course *outside* the House in the country."

Both as Canon and as Bishop, Hicks worked for and with many other Temperance organizations besides the U.K.A. and the C.E.T.S. Among these mention should be made of the Rechabites, the Sons of Temperance, the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, the Lincoln Temperance Society, the Wesleyan Temperance Convocation, the Workman's Temperance League, the Lincolnshire Total Abstinence Union, and the Strength of Britain movement. With his strong democratic sympathies, and his vivid remembrance of the little group of working-men reformers at Fenny Compton, Bishop Hicks was speedily attracted, on his arrival

in his diocese, by a movement that had arisen in 1906 in the Lincolnshire village of Heckington and had spread to many other villages in the neighbourhood. It was out of this movement, which had begun among the working people themselves, when in a sudden wave of enthusiasm 112 labourers in a single village had taken the pledge for twelve months, that the Lincolnshire Total Abstinence Union was formed with his active support. Its first great gathering met at Louth, on July 1st, 1916, when 1746 took tea at various schoolrooms in the town and the Bishop addressed huge crowds at two demonstrations.

As Bishop of Lincoln he became, *ex officio*, President of the diocesan branch of the C.E.T.S. His position was a difficult one, for many members of the society disapproved of total abstinence propaganda, and though he did his best to be conciliatory and to welcome help from those who were not prepared to go as far as he himself wished, the like friendliness was not always shown to him, and his adherence to the principle laid down in the Lambeth Encyclical of 1908, that Churchmen<sup>1</sup> should embrace all opportunities of co-operation with dissenters in social work, was perversely stigmatized as "disloyalty" to the Church. His relations with the organizing secretaries of the society in the diocese were of the happiest. The Rev.

<sup>1</sup> Lambeth Encyclical, 1908: Report of the Committee of the Lambeth Conference, p. 185.

Courtenay C. Weeks, M.D., was a man of the Bishop's own largeness of heart and mind, and all the better an advocate because he had given up a good medical practice for the work, and because he was equally prepared to give lantern lectures on Babylon or on drink. The Bishop much enjoyed his little joke that he went about the diocese *on spirits*—i.e. on a motor cycle. Mr. Weeks has put on record his impression of the Bishop's steadily growing influence with the people of his diocese :

“ They came to recognize his yearning desire to serve Christ and the people committed to his care, and it was remarkable in my later months to realize how completely in many quarters it was recognized that he was indeed ‘ a man sent from God.’ My impression when I left Lincolnshire was, that he had by sheer force of character, courage and consistency, carved out for himself a great place in the life of the diocese. I need hardly say that, in my own work as Secretary, he was unfailing in his support, sympathy, advice and encouragement.”

Equally emphatic is the testimony of the Rev. T. C. Meurig-Davies, who succeeded Mr. Weeks as Secretary, when the latter joined the R.A.M.C. during the war. He believes that,

“ if the Bishop's tenure of office had lasted for nineteen years instead of nine, he would have won the vast majority of the clergy and very many of the laity for Total Abstinence, for his influence was growing rapidly, every year adding to his following.”

Space fails to give account of the Bishop's manifold labours for other Temperance Societies. To

all he gave of his best, to the humblest and the smallest audience as to the largest and the most inspiring. Nor can anything be said here about his addresses to children—a part of the work to which he attached immense importance, and which he often emphasized in his counsels to his clergy—except that he loved giving them and could always gain and hold the attention of a youthful audience.

It was in a dark hour of the battle, as we have seen, that the summons came to the fighter to lay down his sword. There had been moments, not so long ago, when an idealist might have dreamed that England, purified by the fiery ordeal of war and uplifted in spirit, stood on the top of golden hours; moments when “anything might happen.” But the brief exaltation was over: and for those elderly men and women who, with their own strength ebbing, watched the tide of reaction sweep over all the works of their hands, was there only the consolation offered by the Oxford poet to the stroke of a beaten boat?—

“Lad, every mother’s son that lives  
Rows ever in a losing race,  
Where not a single boat arrives  
And all the world ‘goes down a place.’”<sup>1</sup>

Such a voice we all hear as our life draws to its ending, and the more earnestly a man has striven, the louder will sound the voice. Is this all that remains to be said?—that a true son of Oxford, for

<sup>1</sup> H. W. Garrod, *Oxford Poems*.

all his "progressive" fervour, had fought for "a lost cause, an impossible loyalty," and had failed? It is not quite all. The slowness of the English nation to respond to ideals, though it scarcely deserves the panegyrics we sometimes lavish upon it (and upon ourselves) as if it was an enlightened sanity of self-mastery, has its real value as making for stability: the public conscience is like the cloud in Wordsworth's poem of the Leech-gatherer,

"That heareth not the loud winds when they call,  
And moveth altogether, if it move at all."

On such a people the prophets seem to make little impression. But that appearance is deceptive. It is still true that "Where there is no vision the people perish," and the prophets keep alive the vision. Even when their teaching seems most fruitless, it is all the while permeating the ranks through the few who give heed, and it is the salt which keeps the body politic wholesome. Without the saving presence of the prophets in our midst, the historian's grim verdict upon the England of Walpole—"Soul extinct"—would be the verdict also upon each successive generation.

Other matters in which Hicks' view of the duty of applying Christianity to the affairs of daily life compelled him to form certain convictions, and to affirm them, may be more briefly dismissed. He had an intense horror of war, and in the South African War he was one of those unpopular people unfairly, but not unnaturally, called "Pro-Boers"



by their fellow-citizens because they did not follow the maxim of "My country, right or wrong!" Asked by the *Daily Dispatch* for a "New Century Message" for publication on January 1, 1901, he sent the following:—

"My prayer for my countrymen as we enter upon a new Century is, that we may learn to love peace rather than war, to think more of duty than of interests, more of men than of money; that we may prefer plain living and high thinking to high living and low thinking; that we may love liberty passionately for ourselves, and delight in the liberty of others, allowing always ample room for the claims of nationality: and finally, that we may recognize that the greatness of our Empire can only flow from the pure and happy homes of a sober, righteous, and godly people."

In 1910 he became President of the Church of England Peace League, which has for its objects "(1) to keep prominently before the members of the Church of England the duty of combating the war-spirit as contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and of working actively for peace as part of the divine ideal of human society; (2) to promote universal and permanent peace among nations—(a) by encouraging the growth of international friendship, and (b) by working for the adoption of arbitration and conciliation in the place of war and for other peaceful means of settling international disputes." Of this society he remained—in the words of the Honorary Secretary, Miss Huntsman—"the beloved and revered President" till the time of his death. That the aims of such a society are not only

sanctioned but even demanded by the principles of Christianity could hardly be contested. But the outbreak of the great European War in 1914 cast not a little discredit upon those who had applied their principles to politics, on the ground that they had encouraged in Germany the false notion that England would not fight and so had tempted German aggression. They might have retaliated upon their accusers, if there is any virtue in a *tu quoque*, that Imperialist utterances in England had been equally misunderstood or misrepresented in Germany: they had been repeatedly cited by militarists over there to alarm the German nation into regarding England as their natural and inevitable and determined enemy. But the true defence of the seekers after Peace lies in the fact, patent by this time to all thoughtful men, that the only hope for civilization rests in the adoption by the world of these very principles so often ridiculed as impracticable. The frightful rapidity with which modern science can multiply death-dealing inventions brings us within measurable distance of a time when humanity may by its own insane action be reduced to the condition of the cave-men. The Great War has demonstrated that competition in armaments is simply the piling-up of combustible fuel and that regulations for chivalric warfare are scraps of paper when passions are let loose. The signing of the Armistice and the formation of the League of Nations brought the application of Christian principles to international relations

within practical politics again ; and the last speech which Bishop Hicks delivered in London was his speech as chairman of a public meeting convened by the Church of England Peace League at the Church House, Westminster, on January 22, 1919. He was ably supported by Dr. Gore and Canon J. H. B. Masterman, and a resolution welcoming the League of Nations was carried with enthusiasm. Hicks had written home on the preceding day " I am hopeful about the League of Nations. It is more and more clearly seen (I judge by *all sorts* of newspapers) that without the formation of such a League as a valid working machine, the war has been fought in vain ! "

That Hicks was interested, as early as Oxford days, in movements leading to the higher education and political enfranchisement of women, we have already seen. His sympathy with the women's cause deepened as he grew older. In this matter I gladly avail myself of the testimony of Miss Maude Royden :

" The Churches as a whole, and the Church of England in particular, have stood aloof from the Women's Movement, but there have always been some individuals who saw both its ethical and religious significance, and were not alarmed either by the bitterness of its opponents, or by the eccentricities of some of its supporters. The Bishop of Lincoln was, in the Church of England, the first and the boldest of these. I well remember our—rather faint!—hope that the Church League for Women Suffrage might, when it was founded, secure a Bishop for its President. We

asked Dr. Hicks, and he consented. I doubt if there was another Bishop on the bench who would have done so, though there were some who sympathized. They felt, for the most part, that they ought not to commit themselves officially to a highly controversial movement. One can understand their difficulty, without ceasing to wish that the representatives of so revolutionary a religion as that of Jesus Christ might have overcome it: without ceasing either to feel passionate gratitude to Dr. Hicks, who carried his accustomed boldness of spirit into so controversial a movement as ours.

I think Dr. Hicks hoped for an accession of strength to other causes that he loved—the Temperance Cause above all, no doubt—from the coming of women into politics. He realized, almost more than any man I know, the bitterness of *waste* which we Suffragists felt so keenly, the waste of our time and energy and money, not so much in *doing work*, as in agitating to be *allowed* to work. He looked forward to our release from the work of getting political power to our full and deliberate use of it. But he was not a Suffragist at second hand, so to speak; he did not want to set us free only because he believed we should be with the causes he cared for. He believed in freedom for its own sake, and for those who were not with him as well as those who were on his side.

Perhaps I may be forgiven the pleasure of one personal reminiscence. It was a meeting in a garden in Lincoln, on a summer evening, and the Bishop was in the chair. He came, he told us, when he had not really time to come, for he had only recently become Bishop of Lincoln and was overwhelmed with the business of his new work, because he was determined to make clear at once in his own diocese and in his own city, where he stood in regard to the Women's Movement. He could not, he said, stay to do more than open the meeting, but that he was bent on doing.

At the end of my speech, I found him still sitting on the platform. He had, he hurriedly explained, 'forgotten to

go.' And he fled. But Suffragists, and all speakers, suffrage or other, will appreciate my glee !

The Women's Movement has entered on a new phase now, and the centre of interest has shifted. It is agitating the world of economics in industries and professions. And it is moving forward in the religious and even in the ecclesiastical world also. Here again, Dr. Hicks was, though not wholly, still with us. He desired to see women on the same footing as laymen in the Church, with the same opportunities of service and the same rights. He did not agree with those who, like myself, desired to see them on an equality throughout, even in the priestly office, and he resigned the Presidency of the Church League for Women Suffrage when the question was raised. I cannot quite abandon the belief that he would have come, had he lived, to this also ; but our gratitude to him for all he did is independent of any conjecture as to what he might have done. We miss him sorely now that the battle of the Lambeth resolutions has to be won."

Two practical ways in which Hicks aided general education were by his admirable contributions to the Magazine of the National Home Reading Union, and by delivering popular lectures, illustrated by numerous specially prepared lantern-slides, on Greek archæology and history.

Very characteristic, finally, of Hicks as a reformer, was his whole-hearted support of Cremation. Writing in the *Manchester Guardian* of January 2, 1908, over his pseudonym of "Quartus," he expressed himself as follows :—

"To turn to a more serious theme. I note that the Manchester Crematorium has been more used than ever before. The growth of common sense, the pressure of

large urban populations, and certain obvious considerations of space and health, have compelled reasonable people to look at the problem of burial with open minds. Undoubtedly the sentiment of the Christian Church has always been for burial and against cremation. It is also natural to shrink from doing an apparent violence to the helpless dead. But there is nothing in cremation which violates Christian beliefs, and sentiment may well be reminded that the process of destruction involved in earth-burial is identical in character, though not in speed, with that of cremation. In a single Salford cemetery there lie buried beneath the ground as many persons as are alive to-day within the borough area. This is true of many another large town, and it is a simple condemnation of the system. On behalf of cremation I heard a good Christian use these words: 'I have tried always so to live as to cause my fellow-men the least possible harm or inconvenience; I want to follow the same rule in my death.' I thought it effectually Christianized cremation."

On the day of the funeral at Lincoln, a friend of the Bishop's youngest son, discussing with him this question of cremation, remarked: "How extraordinary it is! Even in death your father was ahead of his generation."



## CHAPTER IX

LINCOLN: 1910-19

BY CANON W. E. BOULTER

“ Whose singular praise it is to have done the best things in the worst times and hoped them in the most calamitous.” (Inscription in Staunton Church, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in memory of Sir Robert Shirley, Bart., who founded the Church “ in the year 1653 when all things sacred were throughout the nation either demolisht or profaned.”)

“ *Torpentes semper excutiens a desidia, ferventes spiritu cogebat ad requiem* ”—“ He was always arousing the sluggards from their sloth, and compelling his zealous workers to take due rest.” (Said originally of St. Honoratus of Arles ; adopted by St. Hugh as a maxim ; quoted in *Building in Troublous Times*.)

**B**ISHOP KING died on the 8th of March, 1910. Rumour was busy with various names of possible successors, notably J. A. Kempthorne, then Bishop of Hull, and A. J. Mason, Canon of Canterbury. On the 8th of April it was announced that King Edward had been pleased to recommend Edward Lee Hicks, Canon of Manchester, for election to the vacant See. He was duly elected on the 9th of May, each member of the greater Chapter severally repeating the ancient Latin formula, under the presidency of Dean Wickham, a personal friend of the Bishop-elect ; and was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on the feast

of St. John the Baptist, together with the Bishop of Nyassaland (T. C. Fisher) and Sierra Leone (J. Walmsley). The day appealed strongly to him as one of good augury both for an enemy of strong drink, and for a successor of St. Hugh, who was buried by his own request in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist. The sermon was preached by Bishop Welldon, a former Canon of the Abbey, and afterwards the second Dean under whom Dr. Hicks had served at Manchester. He was presented by the Bishops of Manchester (E. A. Knox) and Birmingham (Charles Gore), the latter taking the place of the Bishop of Southwark (E. S. Talbot), who was in Edinburgh for the consecration of its Bishop. Having done homage to the King on 25th June, he was enthroned at Lincoln on the 30th. Attended by his domestic chaplain, the Rev. W. R. Rhys, and the Rev. A. S. Duncan Jones, Fellow of Caius College, one of his Examining Chaplains, he knocked seven times at the West Door of the Cathedral with the butt-end of the large and beautiful staff presented to Bishop Wordsworth ; then followed the customary prayers, shaking of hands, etc. The Bishop's address emphasized the beauty and dignity of religion, its place in social and civic life, and its practical outcome in democratic reform. He received a welcome from the Mayor and Council of Lincoln,<sup>1</sup> and other municipalities ; and some friends from Manchester, not all Churchpeople,

<sup>1</sup> Shouted in his ear while the Bells were ringing.

were also present. The rubbing of shoulders at the subsequent reception in the Castle grounds, given by the Dean and Chapter, was packed by the rain into the close quarters of a tent.

The diocese hardly knew what to make of its new Bishop. So little was he known that in some quarters he was confused with Canon Walter Hicks, a genial and peripatetic missionary, one of whose utterances, a short time before, had compelled the Canon of Manchester to explain publicly that he was not a Socialist, and had no fortune to give away. Bishop King, who had held the See for a quarter of a century, had rendered familiar, far and wide, a particularly charming type of personal saintliness, fatherly care, tender loving-kindness, angelic grace, unaffected dignity, simple courtesy and quiet humour; moving easily among all sorts and conditions of his people and delighting all; together with the Tractarian thoroughness of life, faith, and devotion, the old Oxford scholarship linking Aristotle with the Fathers, and the glory of a fearless leader in the Catholic revival, and a confessor in that cause. To succeed such a man was no easy task. There was a nervous apprehension in many minds that any ordinary Bishop would be a painful contrast to the departed saint; and many forgot how much more desirable was a strong personality, possessing many of these qualities in a different guise with others peculiar to itself, than a pale copy, however beautiful, of Bishop King. Political feeling

ran high in those days before the war, and the threatened spoliation of the Welsh Church increased the animosity of unbending Tories against a Liberal Bishop. The whole teaching and attitude of Bishop King should have taught the diocese to distinguish between the Church in its spiritual capacity and the establishment ; and to respect the loyalty of a Churchman, even if his view were not accepted, who would maintain the former and surrender the latter to a Parliamentary demand. But many otherwise intelligent persons assumed that he could not be a good Churchman ; and expressed surprise, for example, at his zeal for daily service—as though this were inconsistent with Liberal views in politics ! His popularity with the Dissenters, through no fault of his own, increased his initial difficulties. Unlike his own people, they had long known and honoured him as he deserved ; so great was their joy at the promotion of so doughty a champion of Temperance, that wherever he went the chapels were closed, and their congregations flocked to hear a Bishop after their own heart. Orthodox Church-people, on hearing these acclamations from those whom they had always considered bitter and unscrupulous enemies of the Church, grew more suspicious than ever : if the new Bishop were the friend of such people, he could be no leader of theirs. It took them some time to grasp the great advantage accruing to the Church from this friendship. The Bishop never watered down his teaching

to please his Methodist allies : if they came to church they heard the whole truth, including the clearest sacramental teaching, from a preacher whom they admired and were predisposed to receive with attention and respect. On the other hand, the Bishop felt very strongly that the Church had much to learn from them in zeal for moral and social reform ; and was anxious, without any compromise of principle, to bring together all Christian workers as comrades in all such matters. Perhaps he was too ready to identify the influence of the normal village chapel with that of his able, enlightened, and enthusiastic friends in Manchester ; and to regard a total abstainer as a pattern of Christian virtue in general.

Here we touch a large subject belonging to another chapter. Suffice it to say here that a number of reasonable and earnest Churchpeople, desirous of reform, were genuinely afraid of extreme ideas and methods ; that much public opinion, of the country-house and market-day class, was formed by churchwardens and church-goers whose own habits did not incline them to look favourably on a reforming Bishop ; and that the most fantastic stories were afloat as to the inhuman severity of his gloomy and fanatical zeal. The retailers of such anecdotes would have been startled, could they have seen the beautiful courtesy and dexterity with which he opened a troublesome bottle of beer at a vicarage ! His unfailing patience and good humour stood him

in good stead ; and he delighted in the story that he was considered by some critics to be “ a decent Bishop, if he could only be kept off the drink.”

To all this add the natural reserve and sensitive pride of the county, its shrinking from plain speech or prompt verdicts, its jealous reluctance to admire new ideas, or to submit to instruction from such a place as Manchester : and it will be seen what a formidable array of obstacles confronted the new Bishop. Infinite patience, industry, tact, devotion and no little time, would be required to overcome them. Only a great man could commend such notions and ideals to such people ; only a man of true genius could begin in his sixty-seventh year, and hope to succeed. Why was he not made a Bishop twenty years sooner ? A writer in the *Church Times*, urging the need for younger Bishops, suggests that Westcott should have succeeded Woodford at Ely, and Hicks should have gone to Durham in 1890. His main contention is certainly sound.

But the Bishop, with his age and so much else against him, won his way through precisely because he was so great, and in mind and heart so young. He had a horror of becoming old, petrified, or merely reminiscent, and would beg his friends to tell him if they saw any signs of it, for it would be time to resign. His readiness to absorb new ideas, and to tolerate them when he did not altogether agree with them, surprised and sometimes dismayed his friends. The septuagenarian Bishop was quicker



than the youngest of his clergy to discern the needs of the age, the line that progress might be expected to take in the near future, and the best way of accommodating old systems thereto. If he sometimes went to the verge of accepting what seemed inevitable, as though it must therefore be right, it was by way of reaction from the reluctance of so many clergy to consider new conditions and points of view. Though he remained a Liberal to the end, he had always the keenest sympathy with the aspirations of Labour, desiring that we should understand, educate, and in every legitimate way befriend "our masters."

But while he was staunchest of Liberals in politics, and not only a supporter but a personal friend and strong admirer of Mr. C. H. Roberts, the Liberal Member for Lincoln, he was in many respects, by instinct, a lifelong Conservative like Mr. Gladstone. The old fashions of gentility, the old scholarly tastes, the old Oxford ways and sayings and points of view, above all, the simple and beautiful old piety which linked together all that was best in the Wesleyan and Tractarian characters, these were often in sharp and amusing contrast with his progressive sympathies; and no one was more conscious than himself of the humour inseparable from such a contradiction. He delighted in describing himself ironically as a victim of ancient prejudice. "Pitch the rest of the stuff away, and give me the Latin prose," was an Oxonian dictum which he

would often quote if he had to deal with examinations. He would cry out upon the prevalence of the spellings "delapidations" and "privelege" among his clergy, and assuming the utmost solemnity of manner would say to his chaplain, "My dear fellow, other people may think lightly of this, but you and I know that it is a serious matter: the man who would spell 'privilege' with an *e* would pick your pocket!" These delinquencies, and the kindred but more venial "hinderance," gave rise to the epigram—

"How hard is our vigorous Bishop to please,  
Whose troubles arise from a surfeit of *e*'s!"

It was characteristic of him that when the Diocesan Litany, after careful compilation and revision by others, was submitted to him for his approval, the two emendations which he made were the correction of a comma, where a heavier stop was required, before the response "Spare us, good Lord," and the insertion of "virtue" by the side of "Thy truth" in the familiar prayer for a parish. The exact scholarship, which in a smaller man might have become a narrow and inhuman pedantry, was in him united with so wide and deep a passion for true religion on the largest scale, that it fell into its right place, and served only to enhance his manifold greatness.

For he was more than a great man; he was several great men rolled into one. "There was nothing about him that was not great," said one of his clergy

who had many opportunities of observing him. But he was greatest of all in that he was so intensely human ; so modest, friendly, patient, ready to listen, and to take a keen and active interest in the smallest affairs and troubles of other people. " He was the only Bishop," said a remote country priest, " who took a personal interest in me." Similar testimony was given by the eminent son of another priest, a man of wide experience, "*qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*": " he was the only Bishop that I ever knew who made you forget, while he was talking to you, that he was a Bishop." More than one person has remarked, after an interview with him, on the generous patience with which he listened to opinions, or the modesty with which he invited them, on subjects which he was himself so far better able to expound. Critics and supplants, friends and admirers, were apt to be deceived by this simplicity, and to forget for the moment his greatness. But it told in the end, and men knew that there had been a prophet among them. A classical scholar, recognized throughout Europe as an authority on Greek inscriptions ; a successful teacher, with a brilliant career at Oxford ; a painstaking country parson, with a genius for throwing himself into the needs and problems of rural life ; a trainer of young men at Manchester, and a strong leader there in all matters concerning the health and well-being of the city, canon and bursar of the Cathedral, the capable and untiring rector of a large

and difficult slum parish, rural dean, and examining chaplain ; a most vigorous advocate of social purity, progress and reform, in many different ways ; always pleading for the union of religious people to oppose vice and to promote moral and spiritual enlightenment as well as intellectual advance ; a master of good, strong, clear English, and a lover of good literature and music ; a splendid organizer, not dictating but inspiring and helping others to work with him for the good of the community, and to make for honesty and efficiency in every department of life ; able to champion an unpopular cause if he thought it right, indignant if he thought that low motives or crooked ways were at the back of any policy, and yet never seeking a quarrel, never bearing malice, and never losing his sense of proportion : here is a great man, with mind and heart equally great, and never greater than in concealing his greatness, and impressing his people with his humble and sincere desire to do his best for them.

His most conspicuous achievement was the high ideal of pastoral care and fatherly oversight which he carried throughout the Diocese. Until 1837, the Bishops of Lincoln had to travel from the Humber to the Thames, visiting and confirming triennially at a limited number of centres. When the other counties were taken away, Nottingham, detached from the diocese of York, was added to Lincoln, and so continued until 1884. Bishop King was thus practically the first who could confine his energies

within a single county. The population, about half a million, was small enough; but the area was beyond any one man's capacity for effective oversight, especially with a poor train service. No Bishop can be as familiar as he should be with the life of 580 parishes; and in this matter the size of the parishes makes no difference. Clear as it is, however, that the diocese, even when reduced to the one county, remains too large, it is very difficult to make a satisfactory division; for the present a Bishop must do what he can to cover the ground, and be content. Bishop Hicks was the first who set himself to do this; for his saintly predecessor, widely as he was known and dearly loved, had not as a rule penetrated where Confirmations or other local events did not call for his presence. One quiet parish, on the very edge of the diocese, obviously not a centre for Confirmations, had not seen a Bishop since its church was restored in July, 1879. Its aged and faithful priest was far too retiring to ask for another episcopal visit; and was delighted when it came, entirely unasked. This is only one of many instances. The Bishop used to tell how he began to think, early in his time, that he was getting round fairly well; and on venturing this remark to his chaplain, was dismayed at the reply, "Not bad; at this rate you will have finished in twelve years." He had almost finished in less than nine. "Have you an hour to spare?" he would call out to the chaplain in the adjoining



room. "Bring your Calendar, and let us see what places I must visit next." Then groups would be chosen, and assigned to vacant spaces in his pocket-diary. He chiefly liked to put himself in the hands of the rural dean for Saturday and Monday trips, with a full Sunday between ; but sometimes a day or two in the middle of the week would be filled with brief visits. His keen eye would soon pick out the points of interest and beauty in the church, or note anything that called for inquiry or comment ; if time allowed, there would be a hasty but friendly call at the vicarage, or at least a pleasant chat with vicar and churchwardens. What was most appreciated was the extempore prayer at the altar rails, followed by the blessing of the parish priest by his Father in God. It is given to few men to express their petitions so promptly, naturally, and earnestly, in clear, concise, and rhythmical English ; but what the struggling pastor felt was not so much the Bishop's masterly style as his warm heart and real devotion. Here was a man who could hold large audiences in Manchester and Grimsby, indoors or out, or lecture to intellectual people on various themes, not merely responding to the call of country parishes, but taking the trouble to visit them of his own accord, showing that he understood and cared, and transparently enjoying his journeys. The vicarage families found him a charming guest ; he loved the children especially, often buying them chocolate on the way (at the Louth station or else-



where), remembering their names and histories, and always glad to advise on the choice of a school. More than once he has helped with school bills. Even at the end, when travelling was an effort, he would rather have the children in the room than be left alone for necessary rest. The following letter will serve to show what the Bishop's visit meant to a country parish :—

“ 16th June, 1919.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,

I feel that I must write to say how deeply grieved I was to hear of your recent illness, and still more to know that in consequence you are resigning. It is sad news indeed for us. You may remember that last July you came to visit the church, when after some persuasion I induced the churchwardens to meet you here. May I say that, under God, that day has been the turning-point in our little parish? The churchwardens were so touched and impressed by what you said, and in particular by the prayers we had together and the blessing you gave us before the altar, that they are changed men. They often speak of your visit with thankfulness, but more than that, they have infected many others, and a wave of earnestness and devotion has spread through the parish which is as wonderful as it is encouraging. Men have come forward in such numbers, e.g. for a place in the choir, that we are full to overflowing. The worshippers have quite doubled in numbers; particularly is this noticeable at our Sung Eucharist, when the church is almost as full as for Evensong. The churchwardens have begged me to ask you to come in the autumn if possible for a Sunday, or if not, to dedicate our new Rood in the church, and village Cross, but alas! I fear that cannot be now.

I felt that I should like to tell you how wonderfully your visit has been blessed, and those prayers answered, for I think it right that you should know.

With every good wish for a happy and peaceful evening of life in your retirement, in which the churchwardens wish to join me,

Believe me, my Lord,

Yours affectly."

Sometimes, on the other hand, there were failings and defects of which some notice must be taken ; a church locked from Sunday to Sunday ; spouts, churchyard and garden, neglected and overgrown ; or, more troublesome, quarrels and scandals paralysing the work of the Church. In such cases he had a genius for tempering judgment with mercy, preferring a kindly hint to a severe censure, and keeping the spiritual and pastoral aspect of his office uppermost. It was agony to him to have to deprive one incumbent, and send another out of the country ; and he felt keenly the dishonour to the English clergy in the person of one who had delayed to pay a confiding innkeeper abroad. Most remarkable of all was the long-suffering tenderness with which he treated the victims of intemperance, a sin towards which he might have been expected to show great severity. His addresses to the groups of clergy whom he instituted or licensed from time to time, were little masterpieces of simple fatherly guidance, covering a wide range of subjects, spiritual, historical, pastoral and practical. He would begin with the contrast between the portentous declaration against simony and the actual state of things in which few benefices would tempt a man to such

intrigue. This he considered, on the whole, a change for the better : so, too, he often pointed out that the decline in public worship was in one respect a healthy symptom, implying greater reality on the part of the faithful remnant. He generally had to impress upon new-comers the need for infinite constancy and forbearance in dealing with Lincolnshire people : " You must be content to feel for years as if you had a dead wall of reserve and suspicion against you, but if you are faithful, you will find that all the time a shrewd and kindly estimate is in process of formation. It becomes articulate, alas, in many cases only when you are leaving ; and then surprises you by the amount of quiet affection revealed." Needless to say, he insisted upon prayer and study as the great safeguards against spiritual depression and decay. How many parsonage studies, he asked, contain books of poetry ? Ruskin he recommended as a valuable introduction to the study of social problems. Sympathy and reality were qualities inculcated rather than even loyalty or obedience. In the National Mission he often begged the clergy to do something unusual in order to get out of the rut : if you generally sing your service, read it for a change, and *vice versa*. Like Dr. Johnson,<sup>1</sup> he set himself sternly against the idea that a country clergyman has an easy life, and described most vividly the difference between a parish where everything revolves more or less of

<sup>1</sup> *Boswell*, c. xxxix, *sub anno* 1778.

its own accord and one where all depends upon the priest's personality. He had found Lincolnshire peasantry in a great hospital at Manchester, and used this fact as an incentive to diligence in pastoral work. How largely the slums, the colonies, the army, are fed from country parishes ! Above all, he was never weary of proclaiming the joy as well as the duty of regularly reciting the divine office, a matter in which he was himself most punctilious. He spoke with authority, because what he said came so transparently from his own heart and life : he could draw from his own experience in town and country alike, and this won him not only the attention, but the love of his clergy. If he could speak to them plainly for their good, he made them feel none the less the width of his knowledge and the depth of his sympathy with them in their trials. No Bishop, perhaps, was ever under a stronger temptation to throw over the clergy as narrow-minded bigots and to cater for the admiration of the laity : no Bishop ever resisted that temptation more firmly. True, he was on fire with zeal for a number of causes in which the majority of the clergy took little or no interest on his lines ; he often felt that he had to look elsewhere for the backing which he would rather have had from them ; he was sometimes grieved by the parochial limitations of the very best, or by the needless alienation of good lay-folk or Dissenters. Yet he stood by his clergy in every possible way,

and was as proud of them as they learnt to be of him.<sup>1</sup>

It is perhaps only fair to add that, if they sometimes tried his forbearance, he sometimes tried theirs. A great man, whose heart is set on a great work, may be forgiven if he counts too eagerly on the unanimous support of all who are in general agreement with him. The Bishop could quite reasonably urge that a direct forward policy against this or that evil was the only practical course, and that nothing short of the full programme would satisfy him. He could equally well plead that Christian public opinion ought to be thoroughly with him in attacking the evil. But he was apt to forget that the former line must diminish the following, while the latter must equally involve a restricted aim. The unintentional result of combining the two was, that good men were afraid of being lured on to a platform where they would look foolish. Sometimes, too, in unguarded moments, he would say more than he meant. A random but quite innocent remark in a railway carriage set him off declaiming against the domination of the Church by the Tory party, and of the party by the brewers—to the amazement of a country clergyman and his wife, who were reduced to silence for the rest of the journey. Sometimes he would speak as

<sup>1</sup> “Your letter,” he wrote to a notorious *delator*, “reads more like the report of a spy than the complaint of an aggrieved parishioner.”



though the very name Empire were of sinister import ; in a letter to a fellow-reformer he put the *Daily Mail* along with Napoleon, Bismarck and Nietzsche, as heralds of anti-Christ ; and he hesitated whether to join even Scott Holland in a protest against the outrages of militant women, fearing lest any condemnation of reforming zeal might be taken for weakness. But such lapses were rare, and did not mislead any who knew him. He was singularly level-headed and far-seeing, tolerant and statesmanlike, in his utterances and actions. An absurd storm in a tea-cup was raised, in his early days, about his use of some official statistics on certain forms of crime in the county. No one could deny the facts, but the Bishop was roundly abused for slandering the county ! The fact was, that some of the critics regarded a new Bishop as under some kind of probation, and resented any independent action on his part. As soon as people recovered their breath and had a chance to think, they saw that he was right, and the incident did good in the end.

His primary visitation charges have been published under the title *Building in Troublous Times*,<sup>1</sup> and deserve to be better known. They form a luminous and stimulating account of the chief problems of modern Church life, combining a firm grasp of the historic faith with a penetrating insight into the needs and conditions of the present day. Carrying

<sup>1</sup> Daniel ix. 25. Longmans, 1912, price 2s.



on his predecessor's custom, he issued two pastoral letters every spring: one on the observance of Lent, and one in support of the Diocesan Fund. It was also his practice to write monthly in the Diocesan Magazine, not only his official notices but his comments on current events. The pastoral genius, practical sagacity, and literary charm of these little essays deserve a better fate than that of magazine articles. He had long written for the *Manchester Guardian*, and continued to do so after he came to Lincoln, though at longer intervals. He occasionally reviewed books for the *Optimist*, whose editor, the Rev. S. Proudfoot, had followed him from Manchester to Lincolnshire. He had the skill of a practised journalist, and a keen eye to detect the quest of "cheap copy" under the guise of an appeal for an episcopal "message."

The annual Diocesan Retreat for the clergy, established by Bishop King, was supplemented under his auspices by two Spiritual Conventions of great power, held in the Cathedral, Lord Hugh Cecil being included among the speakers on the latter occasion. He took the greatest interest in all the arrangements for both Conventions, though he was stricken with his last illness before the second was held. A prelude to it was a meeting in the Chapter House on reunion, addressed by Dr. A. J. Mason and Dr. Workman, for the Church and the Wesleyans respectively, which he would have greatly enjoyed. Mention must also be made of

the addresses on various subjects given from time to time in the Chapter-House, the Bishop contributing one on the working of the Holy Spirit. Dr. Macneile gave an exposition of modern theology from the orthodox standpoint, sometimes startling to some of his audience, but always reverent. But what pleased the Bishop more than any others were Dr. Beeching's two lectures on Shakespeare and on war poetry. He presided annually at the S.P.G. and C.M.S. meetings in Lincoln and at those held in different centres by the Diocesan Board of Missions. This was a subject in which he was no less enthusiastic than he was about Temperance. He was particularly proud of the honourable part taken by Lincolnshire in the extension of the Church overseas, and was always a good friend to the missionary college at Burgh in his diocese. On one occasion, as the pianist was not at hand when the hymn was to be sung, the Bishop promptly left the chair for the stool and played the tune himself. He did all in his power to encourage Dr. Bennett's musical enterprises, and would sometimes introduce an oratorio with a few words of his own.

The Cathedral he loved, and would often take off his hat in passing it on his return from a journey, to express his admiration of its beauty. It was typical, however, of the two elements blended together in him, that when a visitor criticized the new pulpit in the nave (given by Mr. Arthur

Benson from a dismantled church in Rotterdam) as out of keeping with a Gothic Cathedral, "Well," said he, "neither am I a Gothic Bishop." He made a careful study of the life of St. Hugh, whose character he naturally admired, together with that of the illustrious scholar and reformer Grosseteste. He continued the custom of celebrating in the Cathedral on great festivals, and preaching in the nave on the last Sunday evening in the month. This privilege he greatly valued, and was with difficulty dissuaded from using it at the end of March, 1919, when he was manifestly unequal to the strain. Before the last Sunday in April he had left Lincoln for the last time.

An Ordination was always a very happy time, a glorious spectacle, and an inspiring solemnity. The candidates met for examination a few weeks before, enjoying both the delightful family life of the Old Palace, something of College atmosphere, with daily Eucharist, Mattins and Evensong, Sext and Compline, and the stimulus of conversation with a first-rate band of examining chaplains. On the retirement of the saintly Chancellor Crowfoot in 1913, the Bishop, after sounding his old friend Dr. Lock, offered the post to Canon J. O. Johnston, known far and wide as Principal of Cuddesdon and Liddon's biographer. The old rule "*Cancellarius examinabit transmittendos ad ordines*"<sup>1</sup> had been made by Bishop Wordsworth, on the arrival of

<sup>1</sup> The Chancellor is to examine candidates for Orders.

Dr. Benson, to apply to the diocese at large, and not to the Cathedral body alone. At Lincoln, consequently, the Chancellor is chief examiner, and occupies the place assigned in the Prayer Book to the Archdeacon. Dr. Johnston's presence as a spiritual power in Lincoln is not the least of the many benefits due to Bishop Hicks. The Chancellor is suzerain of the Hostel, or " *Scholae Cancellarii* " as Wordsworth and Benson called their Theological College ; and the Bishop entered enthusiastically into his predecessor's joy in the possession of such a school of the prophets at his door. Canon Du Buisson, the Warden, was an old pupil and close friend of the new Chancellor's ; and the two wisely took counsel with the Bishop to get the constitution codified, for the avoidance of any further friction in the relations between Chancellor and Warden. Canon du Buisson joined the examiners, and was ready at hand for advice ; Dr. Simpson came over from St. Paul's ; the Rev. A. S. Duncan Jones from Cambridge, and later, after a few months in the diocese, from Primrose Hill ; the Rev. Harold Anson from Manchester ; and Dr. R. M. Woolley, one of the most learned priests in the diocese, was afterwards added. These names speak for themselves, and testify to the good fortune of any who were ordained under such auspices. The greatest care was taken in the selection of the Conductor of the Embertide Retreat, who also preached the sermon at the Ordination, the Bishop himself speak-

ing to the candidates on the Saturday evening. On the Sunday morning, after Mattins in the Chapel, the candidates and chaplains moved forward with the Bishop to the Cathedral in a stately little procession. When asked what happened if it rained, he was able to answer that it never did, and the record was unbroken. The torrent that had symbolized at his enthronement the labours and sorrows of a purifying episcopate, waited to weep at its close. The angel choir knew itself better at an Ordination than at any other time. Not only was the service sung by the choir with beauty and dignity, and with the accompaniment of Catholic ceremonial, simple and stately, but the Bishop sang his own part as to the manner born; it was only in his latter years that he was induced reluctantly to surrender the bulk of the Litany to a Priest-Vicar. The *Veni Creator* he sang as directed in the Prayer Book, taking the alternate lines, facing the candidates, with his chaplains round him. In such matters the presence of two masters of ceremonial among the examining chaplains was a great help. Bishop King left marginal notes such as *mitra deposita, accipiens mitram*, which were added to as occasion required. The best mitre, gloves, staff, cope, alb, etc., were always used at such times: the Bishop would humorously explain, lest any should think him too fond of external pomp, that it was a good thing to bring out these properties, that their existence should be kept in mind! He followed his



predecessor's practice <sup>1</sup> of using the full Eucharistic vestments in his own Chapel, substituting the cope for the chasuble when he celebrated in the Cathedral. (He had a plainer cope and mitre for travelling, and used these at Confirmations and all festive occasions, except in the three or four churches where they were not welcome.) On the Sunday afternoon the candidates again formed up, and accompanied the Bishop to Evensong as a bodyguard. On Trinity Sunday he always appreciated Stainer's anthem from Isaiah vi., though he was dimly conscious that Stainer was not entirely to be admired according to modern opinion.

Dr. E. C. Wickham, an old friend whom he had hoped to meet again as a neighbour, died in Switzerland a few weeks after his Consecration, and was succeeded as Dean by Dr. T. C. Fry, Head Master of Berkhamsted, a good Churchman, scholar, administrator and reformer, whom the Bishop was equally glad to have at his side. The two men were by no means cast in the same mould, and it was curious to observe how the one seemed here and the other there the more advanced in his views. But they thoroughly understood and trusted one another, and it was a satisfaction to the Bishop to be able to count on intelligent sympathy and unfailing support from the Dean and the Cathedral

<sup>1</sup> One of several surprising mistakes in Richmond's statue of Bishop King is a girded rochet ; which does at least indicate his use of alb and girdle.



body. In his last illness the Bishop was able to say that he had so many good and loyal helpers in Lincoln that he had no anxiety about his prolonged absence.

The Archdeaconry of Lincoln had been held for half a century by the Ven. W. F. J. Kaye, son of one Bishop and son-in-law of another, a courteous and generous old gentleman to whom 1846 was the golden age. When one of the four vanes on the Cathedral tower became immovable, the local wits called it the Archdeacon. He had not always worked in harmony with Bishop King, but was prepared to tolerate the new Bishop, and their relations were always friendly. It was natural, however, that in beginning his work, the Bishop should be chiefly guided by the Archdeacon of Stow (the northern half of the diocese), the Ven. John Bond, whose kindly heart, practical wisdom, and long experience rendered him an invaluable counsellor. On his death, in 1912, the Bishop promoted the Secretary of the Diocesan Conference, Canon G. W. Jeudwine, a man of the same qualifications, known and respected throughout the diocese, but also (as it happened) an old Oxford acquaintance; they had been drawn together by their love of music in the days when one was a Fellow and the other an undergraduate of Corpus. The new Archdeacon was, in his quiet way, a tower of strength and a model of efficiency, gently and tactfully raising the standard of Church work within

his jurisdiction ; and when Archdeacon Kaye died in the next year, the Bishop gladly seized the opportunity of transferring his colleague, so as to have him in Lincoln. Thereupon John Wakeford, who had already been made Canon and Precentor, was set over the Archdeaconry of Stow, and things began to move. This remarkable man, who had become so great a power in the diocese of Liverpool, was desired by the Bishop to use his striking gifts as a mission preacher for the benefit of the Church in Lincolnshire. His powers of physical endurance, of memory and observation, of spiritual instruction and mystical exposition, his wide and varied knowledge of all things sacred and many things secular, from canon law down to the humblest details of archidiaconal inspection, made his term of double office an outstanding epoch in the history of the diocese and the Cathedral. Sparing neither himself nor others, he sometimes caused the Bishop anxiety by his occasional want of tact and gentleness, and by his peremptory handling of what he thought laxity among the clergy<sup>1</sup> : but, whatever his mistakes, he was a great man, with a great conception of his offices and all belonging to them. This narrative is not concerned with the later scandal attached to his name. Whatever views be taken of it, the fact remains that his administration was a

<sup>1</sup> The Bishop had to intervene during his last illness on behalf of a priest who was accused of breaking the law by inviting a lady to preach at Evensong on a Sunday.

great asset to the diocese, and a great credit to the Bishop who appointed him.

After the Diocesan Conference and Retreat, two of the most important and most delightful events were the gatherings of Archdeacons and Rural Deans, and of Inspectors, for conference with the Bishop at midsummer. He took the keenest interest in all departments of their work, and the debates never flagged. On many points he was able to quote his own experience ; e.g. as to the business relations between a clergyman and his tenants. He was particularly anxious for the fullest use of the Church Schools by the clergy, and himself wrote to those who declined inspection, urging them to come into line. At the same time he deprecated a policy of concentration on bricks and mortar, and would rather have the Church teaching more children even at the price of losing her schools. Once the inspectors had a long discussion on the reasons why so many labourers in the county changed their abodes every year. A great variety of causes having been alleged, one speaker stated that the real trouble was the mistaken kindness of the farmers in lending them their waggons for the purpose. "That," said the Bishop, "reminds me of an answer which I once received from my nurse. I asked her why the bells were ringing, and she told me that it was because the men were pulling the ropes."

The Cathedral choir boys came for a tea and a romp twice a year, playing hide-and-seek among

the ruins of the Old Palace in the summer, and indoors in the winter. The Mayor and Corporation came to dinner at the New Year until the war. The Bishop took turns with the Dean in a ceremonial banquet given to the Judge of Assize, who came in robes, with the high sheriff in velvet and sword, and his chaplain in silk cassock, gown and bands. An evening which gave the Bishop special pleasure was a gathering of the devotees of Natural History to meet Dr. Warde Fowler. But the hospitality of the Old Palace was a continual joy. The strangest assortments of people, big and little, military and civilian, would come together for special Confirmations, would be held enthralled by the Bishop's simple address, always so fresh and human and earnest, and would stay to a jolly tea. On Fridays, when there were meetings galore, in the Chapter-House or elsewhere, and everything had to be done between 12 and 3 p.m., with a narrow interval for lunch, the family was always prepared for a haphazard luncheon party of clergy brought in by the Bishop. Sometimes events and guests were a trifle mixed ; and the face of the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, attending a Temperance Meeting, was a study, when the Bishop came in to breakfast from pontificating in the Cathedral, with the cheerful greeting, " Here I am, you see, in my Babylonish garments ! "

The day began normally with Mattins in the Chapel at eight for the Bishop and his chaplain. He religiously said the whole office, omitting nothing

but the Exhortation, although he generally used one of the Lessons again at family prayers. He recited the Psalms by half verses, thus observing the colon (as the title-page of the Prayer Book directs); and strongly supported the new punctuation of the Lord's Prayer and the proper division of the *Te Deum*. As Bishop, he was bound to say daily the first Psalm, the Chapter reciting the rest between them; and this he inserted after the *Venite*.<sup>1</sup> He either celebrated in Chapel or communicated in the Cathedral on all Sundays and Holy Days when he was at home, and went to Evensong at 4 p.m., when nothing hindered. After breakfast he would discuss correspondence with his chaplain and secretary, the latter an invaluable treasure, infallible, punctilious, and cautious, with whom the Bishop's more rapidly moving mind learnt to be patient from sheer admiration of his unrivalled knowledge, experience gained under four Bishops, and unflinching courtesy. Interviews followed, leaving more or less margin for reading and writing; a walk or a few calls after lunch, and business after tea. At dinner, his conservative instincts retained wine-glasses, and the strange custom of saying grace before dessert.<sup>2</sup> Music after dinner was a great delight: friends would play, a son or a daughter would sing. The Bishop was all attention, even if

<sup>1</sup> He prefixed, after robing, the private prayer "Aperi os nostrum," and used the corresponding sequel afterwards.

<sup>2</sup> Originally to make sure, as is said, that the company was sober enough for it.



after a hard day's work he was filling in his great diary at the other end of the room. Talking was, of course, discouraged during the music : and the Bishop's "hush" caused some dismay one year, when the clergy who took the "conversazione" after the Diocesan Conference at its face value were thus reminded of an additional attraction. Games had little attraction for him, though his family converted the ancient crypt, over which Bishop King built his Chapel, into a badminton court. On one occasion he went to an agricultural show : where, finding some races in progress, and wishing to discover the point reached in the programme, he asked a spectator, "What are these?" and received the grave reply, "'Orses."

The war was indeed a fiery trial for a Bishop who had so long laboured to ensure peace, and was a leading member of the Church of England Peace Society. So strongly did he feel on the subject that he hesitated, in 1913, about the hallowing of regimental colours. War was to him the sport of a corrupt gang of financiers, armament-makers and imperial filibusters, made popular through an equally corrupt Press. He rejoiced to find that the roll of Lincolnshire worthies, always a source of pride to him, contained the name of Norman Angell. On Sunday, 2 August, 1914, he was still loudly protesting, in a sermon at Cleethorpes, against the embroiling of Great Britain in European complications. This most honourable utterance was after-



wards brought up against him in reproach by those who should have known better. But, though he never wavered in his hatred of war, he accepted most loyally the necessity of this war when he saw what was involved ; read his newspaper most seriously,<sup>1</sup> and was as eager as anyone to get on with the horrid business and have done with it. He was proud of his sons' share in it, and when he lost one in France, he set up the triumphant epitaph—

HE FOUGHT FOR PEACE AND FOUND IT.

A second son came from Burma to command an attractive "gang of scoundrels" in Mesopotamia ; a third was invalided from Gallipoli and wounded in France. Nor was he less proud of his clergy, whose manifold varieties of national service he loved to recount with the keenest satisfaction. He was convinced that combatant service was wrong for them, and that so drastic a "combing out" was a mistaken policy : but he would not hinder any man from serving his country, nor even (like some Bishops) counsel those who went abroad to resign their benefices. But he longed to turn all this energy into nobler channels, and one of his most effective Confirmation addresses was based on the "panoply of God" in Ephesians vi.

His theological position is hard to classify concisely. He had all the convictions of a devout

<sup>1</sup> He was always serious about the news, and would rebuke any random remark about the weather which ignored the needs of the country.

Tractarian, the natural and fervent piety of the best type of Evangelical, and a passionate yearning for liberty which made him the champion of Broad Churchmen, though he was far from accepting their position. He refused to join in the censure pronounced upon them by Convocation, and he surprised and grieved many of his friends by his readiness to lay hands on Dr. Hensley Henson. But he was no Latitudinarian ; and his Confirmation addresses were full of old-fashioned orthodoxy no less than of robust common sense. His paraphrases of Jacob's blessing, and of the boy, in St. Luke xi., asking his father for bread, were masterpieces ; sometimes he would give an account of Warren Hastings to illustrate the soul's desire for its fatherland ; and the savings-bank book, opened for his own infant daughter, was a telling illustration of baptismal grace. So, too, in consecrating churchyards, he taught most clearly the resurrection of the body, with no trace of modern half-denials or evasions. (In one parish, after an eloquent sermon on the text " Let the dead bury their own dead," he was congratulated on his appropriate choice, for it had been found impossible to procure a sexton !) While he had no love of ceremonial for its own sake, he liked things decently and carefully done <sup>1</sup> ; and was much annoyed if he thought the marshalling of candidates badly managed.

<sup>1</sup> " Wordsworth introduced the cope, and King the mitre, but I introduced a cassock at Grainthorpe."

With all his orthodox belief and reverent practices, he had an almost morbid horror of Rome, for which there were personal reasons even before one of his sons seceded. At one time he shrank from the crucifix, and even in later years he trembled when he heard one called a "calvary." He scented danger in the title, "Mother of God." He sometimes appeared to hesitate about prayers for the departed, which in fact he regularly used. He strongly denounced the wish expressed in an educational debate that Churchpeople might learn from the firmness and cohesion of the Romanists. "No," he cried, "the National Church must have a national and not a sectarian policy." He was intensely nervous about incense and reservation, though in other matters he was "all for liberty." But these scruples only set in the greater relief his amazing capacity for assimilating and appreciating new ideas, and his tolerance of those with whom he did not wholly agree. He twice appointed as his chaplain a man whose views he knew to be at variance with his own on some points, and was to them the tenderest, most considerate, and most indulgent of fathers, constantly surprising them, like everyone else, with his beautiful humility, long-suffering charity, and youthfulness of heart. He astonished the diocese by nominating as rural dean a priest who had attacked him some time before on political grounds.

With regard to Disestablishment, which he thought

right in Wales (though even there he would have preferred it without disendowment), his position was extremely anomalous ; for he had no sympathy with the view represented by Bishop Gore, that the Church should become smaller in numbers in order to gain in power and in reality of membership. He desired a strong national Church, as comprehensive as possible, definite though his own teaching was ; and he considered priests to be the worst of rulers. But he was a great believer in Parliament, and the Welsh demand there expressed seemed to him conclusive. On the question of Bishops' houses, on which he was Convener of a Committee of Convocation, he took and carried a moderate Conservative view, holding that a Bishop should have space and comfort enough to do justice to the exacting physical, mental, and spiritual labours imposed upon him, and not be reduced to a mere bustling organizer, occupying a small villa, and unable to house his Ordination candidates. Nor could he agree with the suggestion that a Bishop's charities should come from a separate fund, as he felt that the personal element was essential to the grace of the gift.

He took great pains to get the right man for every benefice in his gift,<sup>1</sup> and sometimes did violence to his natural diffidence by making suggestions to

<sup>1</sup> A firm of solicitors, being instructed by a patron to leave to "the Bishop" the nomination to a benefice in Bucks, approached the Bishop of Lincoln, having found, from a gazetteer of 1827, that the county was in his diocese.

other patrons. But, though he took pains, he generally acted without delay, and was tempted to become impatient if the answer was long in coming. He held himself free to bring in good men where he thought they could be especially useful, and was always glad when he could recognize overseas' service, e.g. by the appointment of the Rev. W. I. Carr Smith to Grantham, of Canon Cooper to St. Botolph's, Lincoln, and of Bishop Hine to be his assistant. Sometimes he would amuse himself by drawing up "sequences," using one vacancy as an opportunity of making several changes ; but this, alas, was easier done on paper than in fact.

He had the historical sense keenly developed, and kept up his antiquarian studies. In London he used the "Thackeray" Hotel, which had been convenient for the British Museum : returning thither on one occasion, he received the gratifying news that a missing fragment of an Asiatic inscription, discovered in Buckinghamshire, had confirmed his conjecture, supplying the gap. He rejoiced when the Museum declared the inscription on a pillar at Old Clee Church, recording its reconsecration by St. Hugh in 1192, to be contemporary ; and it was a pleasure to him to retrace the still visible consecration cross in Kirkstead Church, on its reconciliation seven hundred years after its foundation. He went down on his knees to read the brass of the great canonist's family in Lynwode Church. He took the keenest interest in the recovery from the Society of Antiquaries of a



sanctus bell belonging to Bottesford, and now again in use there : assuring Bishop Browne that he could trust Lincolnshire to take good care of its heirlooms. He persuaded a priest, who had immured some Church plate in his bedroom wall, to adopt a wiser method of guarding it. He was never tired of begging his clergy to keep records of all matters of parochial and ecclesiastical interest. His visit to Ropsley, the birthplace of Bishop Fox, founder of his own college, was a great joy to him ; and so was his inspection of Buckden, for many years the chief residence of his predecessors. He was a most welcome visitor of Lincoln and Brasenose Colleges at Oxford, King's at Cambridge, and Eton. Brasenose gladly welcomed him back as a former undergraduate. At Lincoln he had the privilege of appointing a Fellow, the Rev. R. H. Lightfoot. At King's, accompanied by Dr. Woolley, he personally installed Sir W. Durnford as Provost, a ceremonial unique since the Reformation, on St. Hugh's Day, 1918. At Eton, he found as Head Master the son of one of his own clergy ; and was so delighted with all that he saw, that he insisted on preaching to the Lower School at the risk of tiring himself. It was a joy, too, to go back to his beloved Oxford as special preacher. He encouraged historical studies in every possible way, and gave a substantial proportion of canonries in recognition of them. He bought for the See the portrait of Benjamin Laney, Bishop 1663-7 : and took pains to have some letters,



written by Bishop Gardiner (1695-1705) to his secretary, deciphered and published in the *Diocesan Magazine*.

It need hardly be said that his reading was wide and varied. His copy of Scrivener's Greek Testament shows how diligently and minutely he had studied it while he was at Salford. He reviewed Frazer's *Folklore* for the *Manchester Guardian* not long before his death. He would take an odd volume of Lucan or Motley to read on a holiday. Some of his tramps in search of Roman antiquities were taken in company with his old friend F. A. Bruton, of Manchester Grammar School. He preferred a short, but full, to a long holiday. If he woke early in the morning he would set himself to translate the Canticles into Latin verse. He once found the younger son of Dr. Bennett, by way of preparation for Charterhouse, trying his hand at the translation of a nursery rhyme, and himself produced a version of that and others.

He could make himself at home in any kind of company, constantly charmed his fellow-travellers by his pleasant manner, and won the hearts of children everywhere. One who knew him well thinks that his "straight sincerity" and his "infectious laugh" are the two qualities which a memoir should especially bring out.

Little can be said here about the merry, gifted, and singularly united family circle in which he lived: but it meant so much to him that mention

must be made of his domestic felicity. Mrs. Hicks entered whole-heartedly, though unobtrusively, into his labours and ideals, constantly helping him in a hundred ways, and making the Old Palace an object of affectionate gratitude in every part of the diocese. She and her faithful secretary, Miss Agnes Codrington, took the leading part in organizing the women's pilgrimages of prayer, whose influence in the diocese was most beneficial. It was a pleasure to the Bishop and Mrs. Hicks when the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson were able to pay a visit to Lincoln and enjoy the hospitality of the Old Palace. During the war the King and Queen visited the City and Cathedral, and much impressed the Bishop by their lively interest in the latter after a tiring day in the foundries, and by their readiness to kneel for a moment's quiet prayer in the soldiers' Chapel. But, with all his charm of manner and natural ease, the Bishop was no courtier : he loved plain ways and simple folk best, though he had an innate respect for the aristocracy of good breeding. This came out strongly in a conversation which he had once with a distinguished young scholar from Oxford, who skilfully showed the Bishop how great a Conservative he was at heart in many respects, despite his profession of Liberal principles. This was indeed true of him, as of Mr. Gladstone. He may be said to have been almost under the domination of labels, compelling himself to admire those forces and institutions which were nominally on the

side of peace, liberty and progress, whereas the reality might sometimes fail to correspond with the name, and his true self, when thus examined and brought out of subconsciousness, appraised things more at their true values. Before the war he strongly objected to the use of the military for the repression of dangerous disorder during a strike. His readiness to applaud a republican form of government in Portugal, China or Russia, forgetting that there may be worse tyrannies than that of a single ruler, was equally characteristic. All the more noble in him was the revision of estimates, without any change of life-long principles, brought about by the war. Only a man of the greatest mental powers and the most absolute sincerity of thought and purpose, could have come so well out of such a furnace. “*Ergo postque magisque viri nunc gloria claret.*”<sup>1</sup> (“The rolling years add laurels to his fame.”).

He attended Convocation, but did little there, being depressed by a sense of its academic unreality. The House of Lords claimed him too late to be more than a troublesome impediment to Confirmation tours, though he enjoyed his conversations with the people that he met when saying prayers (a ceremony prefixed sometimes to the judicial instead of the legislative sessions). It is pathetic to think what he might have done in that assembly had he reached it twenty years earlier. “The notice which you have

<sup>1</sup> Ennius apud Cic. de Sen.

been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it.”<sup>1</sup>

For seven months at the beginning of the war he housed half a dozen Belgians in the Old Palace, having luckily in the house at the moment a learned lady (whom he had befriended that she might more comfortably use the Cathedral library), whose knowledge of French got over the initial difficulties. Major Léonard, the leader of the party, became a great friend of the family, and continued to come to lunch on Sundays after he had left the house. It was a great delight to the Bishop to see him teaching little Rawle Knox, his grandson (the son of “ Evoe ” of *Punch* fame), to say “ Houp-là ! ” During the latter part of the war the Bishop handed over the Old Palace, except the Chapel and study, for use as a Red Cross Hospital, retiring with his family to the house of a Priest-Vicar, just without the gate, its occupant being absent on military service. He did not live to return to the home which he so intensely loved and admired, and whose usefulness he had so ably defended.

The end was drawing near. The Bishop had made good a recovery from a serious illness, entailing an operation, at the beginning of 1911. The suddenness of the attack caused some confusion in the plans for Confirmations ; but the Bishop of Grantham, with the Chaplain and the Cathedral

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield, 1755.

authorities, made what new arrangements were required, and prevented any serious dislocation. The Bishop lived carefully, so far as his work would allow him, and went to bed early. He relied much on the advice of his good friend and physician Sir Thomas Barlow. But towards the end of 1916 he had an attack of influenza, which he defied, in order to ordain two men in his Chapel on St. Thomas' Day. His condition was critical for the remainder of the year, and his heart was never quite to be trusted afterwards. Knowing this, he yet went bravely on, carrying out his second visitation with difficulty, until the limit was reached in the spring of 1919.

There is little use in advising the Bishop of a wide-spread Diocese to take things quietly; and the difficulty was all the greater in the case of a Bishop, who so intensely disliked cancelling engagements once made, or disappointing parishes or people that were looking forward to his visits. Nor was it only that he insisted on going; but, whatever the occasion might be, he would throw into his part all the energy of his vigorous nature. His audience, young or old, learned or simple, were held not merely spell-bound in admiration of his clear, masterly, unhesitating eloquence, but in the grip of an earnestness which carried home the supreme importance of his message. Every nerve and muscle would be brought into play, all bodily and spiritual faculties were united, as he declared the love of God, described



the requisites of a godly life, or denounced the snares of the tempter. Such an output, in his state of health, meant a heavy demand on his bodily powers, and a constant risk, of which he was conscious ; and only his indomitable will, and his keen interest in his work, enabled him to go on. He was, indeed, a little doubtful about a journey to Liverpool at the end of January ; but so united a gathering in the cause of temperance was an irresistible attraction. Nor could he refuse the request of his college at Eton for a sermon from the Visitor, a few days later ; for he was as passionately devoted to the cause of sound learning as to any other in his marvellous range of activity, and in mind and heart he was always young. He would, indeed, half playfully beg his friends to warn him if they found him growing old, that he might know when to retire. But these two journeys, at an inclement season, drove him to bed on his return, and kept him away from several meetings, that he might recover strength for his Confirmations.

It was a hard pull, and he knew it. One or two difficult bits of travel told heavily ; yet still he went on, showing no sign of weakness in his work, but causing many a comment on his unwonted exhaustion at the end of the day. Sometimes a pause for breath was necessary even in walking to Cathedral ; and the Confirmation there on Saturday afternoon, 29th March, seemed to have brought him to the verge of a breakdown. With great reluctance, in



the face of a definite medical order, he abandoned his intention of preaching next day (the customary sermon on the last Sunday evening of the month) ; but on the 31st he set off undaunted for a hard week's work at Grimsby, and the approach of Easter found him brighter and fresher again. The villages were as great a joy as ever, and the schoolroom or vicarage teas a never-failing delight. There was a little excitement when on approaching Saxilby he found his way to Torksey barred by a fallen tree between river and hedge ; but he quite enjoyed the adventure, especially as his driver proved to be a local man who knew the shortest cuts, and deposited him safely with a margin of two minutes. The round came to an end at Spridlington, where, as at Thimbleby, the numbers were small, but the Bishop was no less in earnest, glad not only to address the children but to meet some of the remoter clergy. But there were still some stragglers to be confirmed at Skirbeck and Sibsey on Palm Sunday, and at a mixed but very happy gathering in the Old Palace Chapel on Easter Eve ; and this, with the next morning's triumphant Eucharist, was his last ministration. Youth, renewal, refreshment, worship, and victory over death : a fitting climax to his labours in the Church militant. On Tuesday, 22nd April, he went to Worthing, where a three weeks' stay was either to set him up for the summer, or to prove the necessity of retirement ; for on this he had resolved, if he could not get back his strength.

All seemed promising, but the strain had been continued too long, and on Low Sunday morning (27th) a stroke laid him so prostrate that some days elapsed before he could be moved from the hotel to a nursing home. At first all that he could do was to sign his name to necessary documents—steps being taken by the Archdeacons and his Chaplain and Secretary to relieve him of the rest. But soon his inborn energy reasserted itself, and he was able to hear news, to discuss, and to decide. The choice of the Principal of Wells for Visitor's Fellowship at Lincoln College, of the Rev. P. A. Clay to succeed the Subdean at St. Nicholas, Lincoln, and of the Rev. C. A. Norris for Heckington (generously left by the Rev. E. G. Allison to the Bishop), gave him peculiar pleasure. He was constantly grateful for the loyal help of his officials, and declared that "in nine years he had surrounded himself with so devoted a band of helpers that all would go well whether he were at Lincoln or not." The final step, however, could no longer be delayed; and, though legal formalities hindered the public announcement until the 10th of June, the resignation was settled some three weeks before that date, to take effect on 1st September. This gave ample time for winding up domestic and diocesan affairs. Appointments were expedited so that Bishop Hine, an indefatigable and ever resourceful deputy, might admit the last batch on 29th August; and the Chancellor of the Diocese waived his previous opinion that a vacancy must

actually exist before the calendar month's notice of institution can begin. So it was hoped that the Rev. T. A. Child might be settled at Gainsborough, and the Rev. G. Hillyard at Saxilby, before the patronage of the See should lapse to the Crown. But God disposes.

Three great events which the Bishop was especially sorry to miss were the Pilgrimage of Prayer, the Trinity Ordination, and the Spiritual Convention. The last, beginning on St. John Baptist's Day, the ninth anniversary of his consecration, was especially bound up with his own character and labours. The subject, carefully chosen and divided by himself in consultation with the Chancellor, was the manifold work of the Holy Spirit in the World, the Church, and the Individual. He had indeed begun the exposition of it some years ago, in a lecture in the Chapter-House; and his rising up from bed in February was to take counsel for the Convention with the Clergy of Lincoln. The news both of the Convention and of the previous meeting on Reunion with the Wesleyans gave him the utmost gratification. Sound learning and fiery zeal, wide charity and firm conviction, quiet devotion and undaunted enterprise—these were among the spiritual qualities and energies inculcated by the Bishop, and in his absence by the Convention. Incidentally it served to introduce to the diocese the new Warden of the Bishop's Hostel, the Rev. W. J. Carey, whose coming was a great joy to the Bishop, and whose

installation on Maundy Thursday was his last act of admission. Mr. Carey, going to visit a dying brother at Worthing, seized the opportunity of calling on the Bishop, who greeted him with the Latin jest, "Non Care sed Carissime!" Among other callers were links with Lincolnshire, in the persons of Canon and Mrs. Crowfoot, and Canon Howard, who gave the Bishop his Communion from time to time. That this sacred act should be marked as one of fellowship with his absent flock, the Bishop was invested with his cross and ring. He was able to get out in a bath chair, and a pleasant house was found for him. It was a stroke of good fortune that Worthing, and not a loftier room in the more hilly Eastbourne, was chosen for the holiday. Then came the difficult business of removing furniture and books from a larger to a smaller house; partly solved by gifts of books to the Cathedral and Hostel Libraries. Mr. Jourdain went to Worthing, and rendered help in legal matters. It was a comfort to the Bishop to have his children and grandchildren round him; Major Hicks returned from the East, and his younger brother and Captain Knox were both demobilized, and able to visit Worthing occasionally. At the end of July the Bishop dictated his farewell letter, and the hope there expressed that he might yet return to Lincoln, and say good-bye, shows how largely he had recovered from the paralysing effects of the stroke. But the heart was still troublesome, and attacks of breathlessness gave

some anxiety. It was one of these which caused his departure on the evening of the 14th August. He died Bishop of Lincoln, and all things considered it is better so. Nor was this the retention of an empty title. Within three days of his death he chose the Vicar of Holbeach for the Prebendal Stall vacated by the death of Canon Dodwell Moore, and offered the benefice of Grayingham to the Vicar of Cadney.

## APPENDIX TO CHAPTER IX

### I. THE BISHOP'S CHARGE AT HIS PRIMARY VISITATION 1912

#### A. OPENING WORDS

There is nothing, probably, in the world so likely to humble a man, and divest him of self-importance, as to be promoted to high and responsible office. That has befallen me by my being called, by God's Providence, to the See of Lincoln, to preside over a Diocese so rich in historical and antiquarian memories, abounding in glorious churches, and full of every kind of ecclesiastical and religious interest. If any spark of self-confidence survived in me, unquenched by the sense of my vast responsibilities, it would be effectually damped by the remembrance of that great line of bishops whom I am called to succeed, and whose memories hover about me in my daily tasks and travels.

Not to speak of St. Hugh in the twelfth century, the nobleman brought up as a Cistercian monk, whose career and character lie open to us in the life-like pages of his chaplain, so that we seem to know him and love him to-day almost as if he were a contemporary; not to speak of Grosseteste in the thirteenth century, the son of a village



peasant, the Oxford scholar, the greatest mind of his age in Western Europe ; not to dwell on these—we cannot forget the four great and good bishops who came immediately before me—first, Kaye, the statesman bishop, and resolute reformer of abuses ; Jackson, the able organizer and friend of Education ; then Christopher Wordsworth, the patristic scholar and Bible commentator, the practical visionary, the founder of colleges, the unwearied visitor of his vast Diocese ; and, lastly, that truly Christian figure, that loving father-in-God, Edward King, whose very look and voice and winning ways are still fresh in your remembrance ; who by sheer beauty of character added a fresh lustre to the Anglican Episcopate.

Called to follow the footsteps of these men, do you wonder if I am often impressed with my insufficiency ? But then I reflect that “ our sufficiency is of God, who also hath made us able ministers of the New Testament.”

*Building in Troublous Times*, pp. 1-2.

#### B. THE CHARACTER OF THE CLERGY

There have been pessimists and croakers in all ages : men who say that Christianity is played out, that the Bible is a forgotten book, that the Church has lost her hold upon truth and upon the people, that society is going to the dogs. In all ages like ours of change, of rapid intellectual and social evolution, such fears will take hold of many good and pious souls. But it is well for us to remember that Christ is on board the ship with us : though He were asleep on a pillow, His might is paramount : and His rebuke is severe : “ O ye of little faith, wherefore do you doubt ? ” One of the prettiest chapters in the *Magna Vita* of St. Hugh describes his patiently listening to Master Adam, formerly Abbot of Driburgh, who met him at Witham, and lamented over the universal declension of the Church in his days. There were no saints in the Church any longer ; there was no real learning : no such energy and self-sacrifice as had marked



the good old time. Religion made no headway: even Hugh, the Bishop of Lincoln, could see no fruit of his labours. St. Hugh, with his radiant face and cheerful courtesy, listened with gentle amusement to the old man's lamentations. You and I will be wise in doing the same to-day. Amid the tremendous social and intellectual vicissitudes of our time, let us thank God that our Church is holding up a fine example, and endeavouring to do her work faithfully; if not with unerring wisdom (for she is but human), yet with persistence and with charity.

One thing is certain. I cannot discover any age of the Church (certainly in England) when the clergy in general were leading better lives, setting a more wholesome example, or doing their daily duty more faithfully, than our parish priests at this hour. Such was the deliberate conviction of the late Archbishop Magee; and certainly it is my own. I mentioned St. Hugh. Do we realize that before his consecration, in September, 1186, the See of Lincoln had been vacant over eighteen years, with the exception of the brief Episcopate of Walter de Coutances, who had scarcely settled at Lincoln before he became Archbishop of Rouen? During that long interval the Diocese must have been left to the discipline of the Archdeacons, assisted perhaps by the hired assistance of Irish and other bishops. But neglect and decay had spread far and wide over a Diocese which comprised a great slice of England, and extended from the Humber to the Thames. The biographer of the Saint tells us that the clergy had in consequence sadly degenerated. St. Hugh made it his first object to staff his diocese with able and religious priests. When we come to the next century we find Grosseteste sorely troubled by the flagrant neglects and immoralities of his clergy. In his *Constitutions* he speaks very plainly about the laxity and evil-living of the time both among clergy and laity, forbidding especially all games and parish processions tending to strife and bloodshed, drinking bouts, gluttonous rioting at funeral feasts, and the desecration of churches and churchyards by turning

them into playgrounds. In particular he forbids the horse-play and worse which desecrated the Cathedral at Lincoln annually at the "Feast of Fools." It is curious that in the original statutes of King's College, drawn up for Henry VI in 1443 by our own Bishop Alnwick, it is still found necessary to prohibit all throwing of stones or balls or any other missiles within the college chapel or the cloister, or the stalls or the college hall, and to prohibit equally dancing or wrestling or any other kind of rough games or horseplay within the said chapel, cloister, or hall, and this (it seems) chiefly because of danger to the windows, pictures, carvings, and furniture of those apartments. I think all this throws a curious light upon the religious manners of the time. Going back for a moment to the twelfth century we are startled when the biographer of St. Hugh makes it a signal virtue in his hero that when he was going about on his progress through the Diocese he made it a rule always to dismount before he confirmed. Other bishops frequently declined to get down: though they were neither pressed for time, nor tired not indisposed, yet they would have the young people lined up by the side of the way, while the bishop on horseback made a show (it could hardly be more) of administering the imposition of hands. Sometimes the prancing of the bishop's horse, and the pushing of the crowd, alarmed the children, so that their screams and the objurgations of their priests, and the blows dealt by the bishop's attendants in the attempt to keep order, must have made up altogether a most unedifying scene. Those were coarse, rough times, I know; but the irreverence of those ages of faith would be inconceivable in ours. We should find no great improvement in the times of the Tudors, and certainly not under the Stuarts—save among the best Caroline Divines, such as Bull or Sanderson or George Herbert. The later we proceed the less comfort we find, until we are in the midst of the bad days of the Georges and of the Whig Latitudinarians. It was a dark time, only relieved by the lives and writings of the non-jurors, the

Methodist movement, and the Evangelical revival. Perhaps the end of the eighteenth century saw the lowest degradation of the Church—through absenteeism and pluralism, i.e. the farming of livings. Then (as the result of those movements and efforts) at last, in the nineteenth century, sweeping changes were made and reforms carried which made possible that spiritual revival of the Church which we know as the Oxford Movement.

*Building in Troublous Times*, pp. 30-33.

## 2. TWO LETTERS

OLD PALACE, LINCOLN.

10 July, 1917.

MY DEAR HENDERSON,

It is good of you to write. I had never heard of Musso. It does not appear to be a place one wishes to know, from all that you say of it. Immorality is the curse that always attends war and soldiering. Take millions of young and hearty men away from home and home influences, throw them all roughly together without any privacy, and without any *good* women for them to speak to; feed them highly, and leave them idleness enough to tempt them; accustom them to a low standard of speaking and living; and you have the dry wood of human nature just ready for a blaze of lust, if the match be applied. That is one great argument against war and armies. I am sure you are doing good, and another chaplain has told me that these men in V. Camps are most responsive and penitent. Dear fellows, how little our W.O. does to protect them!

It looks as if the Russian revolution will prove the turning point of the war. Unless Germany is democratized rapidly, she will be ruined.

We jog on in Lincolnshire very quietly, and the parishes are none the better for losing so many of their clergy. God bless and keep you, and send you back to us in His good time.

S. John Baptist's Day, 1918.

The force of a preacher's words does not depend primarily on his eloquence or arguments, though both are necessary, but far more on two things : (1) conduct and character, which the world is quick to estimate and seldom mistakes ; and (2) something divine and heavenly, I should like to call it inspiration, a gift of the Holy Spirit (Acts vi. 10 and xi. 24). What if God has mercifully granted you this grace ? Later on, your hearers will begin to enquire, and reason, and question (rightly) the grounds of what you have taught them to believe. That will be the time for you to build them up and underpin their faith. But by that time, I hope, they will have reached the conviction based on personal and spiritual experience—"I know whom I have believed." Your letter made me very happy : God guide and bless you in this new and delightful experience ! This day eight years ago I was consecrated in Westminster Abbey. S. John Baptist was the patron saint of S. Hugh, and I like to think of him as my example also.

### 3. TWO TYPICAL MONTHS IN A BUSY EPISCOPATE

1916.

- June
1. Preaches at Welby : visits Wilsford and Heydour.
  4. ——— Broughton and Cadney.
  5. Visits Denton and Harlaxton.
  6. Grants institution and licences.  
Addresses Loveden R.D. Chapter.
  7. Attends S.P.G. women's jubilee.
  8. ——— meeting at Lincolnshire home for girls.
  9. Visits Sempringham.
  11. Preaches at Grainthorpe.
  13. Attends charity meeting at Huntingdon.<sup>1</sup>
  14. Dedicates memorial at Bardney.

<sup>1</sup> When Huntingdon was removed from the Diocese of Lincoln the Bishop was left by an oversight as *ex officio* president of this charity. He attended on this one occasion.

- June 15. Attends garden party at Swineshead.  
16. — Executive committee of Diocesan Conference.  
17. Addresses candidates for ordination.  
18. Ordains priests and deacons.  
19. Sends forth pilgrims of prayer.  
20-2. Conferences of Archdeacons, Rural Deans, and Inspectors.  
24. Confirms at Old Palace.  
25. Preaches at Navenby and in Cathedral.  
26-7. — Bilsey (reopening) and Farlesthorne.  
28. Attends model Sunday-school at Old Palace.  
29. Preaches at Cleethorpes (jubilee).
- July 1. Blesses new vicarage at Gosberton Clough.  
2. Preaches at Spalding (Nat. Mission).  
4-7. Attends Convocation.  
7. Consecrates churchyard at Gonerby.  
8-10. Visits West Walshcroft R.D.  
12. Diocesan Missionary Festival.  
14. Visits Sleaford (N.M.).  
15. Confirms at Diocesan Home, Boston : consecrates churchyard at Skirbeck.  
16. Preaches at Fleet and Gedney (N.M.).  
18-19. Visits Alford and Spilsby (N.M.).  
20. Visits Willingham-by-Stow.  
22-4. Visits Horncastle (N.M.).  
25. Addresses Mothers' Union.  
27-8. Visits Isle of Axholme (N.M.).  
29. Grants institution and licences.  
30. Preaches at Rowston and in Cathedral.

## CHAPTER X

### LINCOLN AND WORTHING THE LAST YEARS: THE LAST WEEKS

COELUM PATRIA, CHRISTUS VIA ("Heaven our Country, Christ the Way"). R.R., 1626.

LOVE. SERVE. (Tomb of Lord Shaftesbury, Westminster Abbey.)<sup>1</sup>

"I would the great world grew like thee,  
Who grewest not alone in power  
And knowledge, but by year and hour  
In reverence and in charity."

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, 114.

THE preceding chapter has carried the story to the end of the Episcopate, and therefore to the end of the life. But those who have followed the narrative thus far will be glad to have it supplemented by some further relation of incidents in the Bishop's private life, by quotations from letters which throw light upon his mind and character and varied interests, and by Mrs. Hicks' account of the last weeks at Worthing.

The penalty which the world even in ancient days exacted of its public men—that in the disappearance of all leisure for thought and self-examination such

<sup>1</sup> Two Inscriptions copied into his note-book by E.L.H.



an one should die at last, in Seneca's poignant phrase, *notus nimis omnibus, ignotus sibi*, "too well known to all, unknown to himself"—may seem to be exacted more ruthlessly than ever in our own generation. How can a Bishop, whose days are parcelled out after the fashion of the specimen itinerary on p. 272 find leisure to achieve any life of his own? Only, of course with the help of a good physical constitution, and a wonderful power of punctual, regular, concentrated work, and by the utilization of every minute of the working hours. That by these means Bishop Hicks contrived, even in the midst of the laborious days of his Episcopate, to recreate his mind by a great variety of studies and interests, to enjoy something of home life, and to give from the wealth of his own brain and heart to children and grandchildren and a circle of friends and visitors, there is ample evidence. The testimony of the great episcopal diaries—no mere record of events, but the expression of his thoughts, feelings and prayers—has been mentioned by Canon Boulter. There are also the little pocket-books, one of which always accompanied him on journeys, and to whose keeping it was his habit to consign stray thoughts, quotations, titles of books he wished to read, outline headings for sermons or addresses, experiments in translation, interesting inscriptions, and the like. There are the books of his library, with the evidence of their markings and marginal comments, or of the newspaper cuttings or manuscripts often inserted

between the covers. And, finally, there are numerous letters, some few of which have been printed in this book already whilst others may furnish some material for us here.

In 1911, the year following his appointment to Lincoln, the Bishop was invited, in recognition of the honour which that appointment had brought to Magdalen College School, to the Gaudy at Magdalen College. In the letter which he wrote home describing the dinner, he referred to the Latin speech on the year's College doings, which, according to custom, was made by the Junior Fellow, as "very clever and witty, but he made three false quantities. This is serious." (If this should chance to fall under the orator's eye, I trust that he will accept the rebuke in consideration of the compliment.) The recipient of the letter comments: "This *gravity* when a mistake of the kind was made always amused the family at home. It was a sort of thing which might be mentioned only with horror—and not again referred to! . . . And yet there was no one more tolerant of foibles, and kindly about them. It was just the scholar in him that couldn't abide this!"

In August of the same year came the Tennyson celebrations at the poet's birthplace, Somersby, in Lincolnshire. August 6, 1909, was the actual centenary of the birth, but it was not till two years later that the bronze copy of Woolner's bust of Tennyson was unveiled in Somersby Church, and

the Bishop preached the commemoration sermon already mentioned in Mr. Edward Hicks' recollections of his father.<sup>1</sup> The Bishop's note-books show the use he made of noble sentences and the spiritual refreshment that he drew from them. In this sermon we find him saying :

“ Our natures need nourishment of noble thoughts and lovely sayings of the great and wise. Keep good company, make friends of the finest natures. They could see more than we : they have put into immortal and unapproachable language our half-conscious feelings, our half-defined thoughts.”

Of Tennyson he said :

“ He seems to me, as a rule, greatest and grandest when he was most lyrical. His genius did not fail him in his later years, and his poem on Death—‘ Sunset and evening star ’—is among the finest he ever penned. Indeed I do not know grander or more wonderful lines in our language than those four in which he sums up the mystery of Birth and Death, Life and Eternity, under the similitude of the turning of a tide.”

The Bishop had also quoted the stanza from *In Memoriam*, beginning, “ Who loves not Knowledge ? ” (114). Lord Tennyson, who was present at the Service, said to the preacher afterwards, “ You should have said *know-ledge*. My father always pronounced it so.” “ That is all right for you, my lord,” the Bishop rejoined laughingly, “ but in my profession it is necessary to bear in mind *The Private Secretary*.”

In the same year Bishop Hicks was elected Presi-

<sup>1</sup> *Supra*, p. 163.

dent of the Classical Association, and on January 9, 1912, he delivered his Presidential Address at the annual meeting in King's College, London. He chose for his subject "Hellenism as a Force in History." One passage from this address has already been quoted.<sup>1</sup> A few of the concluding sentences may be added here. After enumerating some ways in which Hellenism was still a living influence in English society, the lecturer proceeded :

"I could wish sometimes that our art, in music and in architecture as well as in painting and poetry, had more care for those old Greek virtues of beauty and rhythm, and those untranslatable qualities τὸ μέτριον and αἰδώς. I could wish also that where there is an Hellenic love of liberty of thought, there was an equally Hellenic love of political freedom.

I could wish further that, in our popular religion, the vigorous and passionate mind of St. Paul—so rational and practical and withal so mystical—could assert itself once again and work a splendid reformation.

Of one thing, however, I am convinced : that wherever men are beginning seriously to think and feel, wherever they desire (as they always will) to learn the thoughts and understand the feelings of the greatest and best that have lived before them, so long will the study of the Greeks and their literature be an essential part of the education of the world."

The Bishop greatly enjoyed this renewal of the old scholarly interests, and wrote home, "I met *heaps* of friends."

On April 30, 1912, he was in London for Convocation, in which there was a debate on Welsh

<sup>1</sup> *Supra*, p. 161.

Disestablishment. "In the division presently I expect that all will be on the other side except Gore, Percival and myself." Out of consideration for the strong feeling against Disestablishment in his diocese, Hicks refrained from speaking, but he could only vote in accordance with his own convictions. What those were he stated clearly on June 14 of this year in his Visitation Charge :

"I have never advocated Disestablishment, nor will I; neither have I spent time in protesting against it, nor will I. I have preferred to work quietly and patiently in the Church for the moral and spiritual uplifting of the people, believing that Church work was the best and only Church defence, and being prepared to acquiesce in Disestablishment whenever, in God's Providence, it should actually come to pass. As to the time when Disestablishment should no longer be opposed or delayed, I have always felt the words of the late Lord Derby, uttered more than a generation ago, to be unanswerable :

'I have long held, and am ready to avow it openly, that I do not believe that an Established Church—that is, the exclusive alliance of one religious denomination among many with the State—can be, in the long run, permanently maintained alongside of a system of really popular representation, such as we have now. Disestablishment and, at least, partial Disendowment must, in my mind, ultimately come, and if I were a parson, or one of those laymen who identify themselves especially with ecclesiastical interests, I should look rather to making the best terms possible while there is time, than to resisting what is inevitable. We are hardly ripe in England for that change. But if the representatives of Scotland desire the Disestablishment of their Church, it is not for Englishmen to oppose them. And for myself, though I can speak for no one else, I consider that Wales has a strong claim to be separately dealt

with. In Wales, as was the case in Ireland, Nonconformists form the bulk of the population.'"<sup>1</sup>

It was on the day following the debate in Convocation that he wrote :

“ Dear wife, we must do our duty carefully in our new world of Lincoln. In time I hope to win my people, by God’s help. At times I almost lose heart, for the task is so great and high, and I seem as nothing. However, we will try.”

A letter of the next day (May 2) mentions a “ request for an article on Woman’s Suffrage, for the Church League, who are issuing a pamphlet. This I wrote and sent.” On this Mrs. Hicks comments : “ This was the secret of the amount of work he got through. He used every opportunity he had. On the many visits to London for Convocation or for meetings, he would stay at the ‘ Thackeray,’ where he could be safe from interruptions, and prepare sermons, write articles, in fact, work through the endless odds and ends of subjects which were always coming before him. It was a common thing for him to have an inscription to decipher in his pocket-book, awaiting the moment when it could be dealt with. It was a joy to him to be near the British Museum. He could go in there for a few minutes’ talk with his friends and come back to Lincoln with some fresh bit of information.”

On December 3, 1912, he writes : “ I must find time to read a little more than I do.” How many

<sup>1</sup> See *Building in Troublous Times*, pp. 46-49.



public men, one wonders, read as much as he did, or with anything like the same catholicity? His Oxford son and daughter and his sons-in-law helped to bring the lights of the younger generation under his notice and he was always willing, or rather eager, to learn what interested them and to appreciate the points of view and ideals in art and literature of the twentieth century. Of course, he was unwavering in his attachment to the great Victorians, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold. He confessed that he did not greatly care for Meredith. Here is part of a letter written to his daughter Christina from Ilkley on August 29, 1910.

“ I have read *Diana of the Crossways*, and am much pleased with myself about it. It is a clever and interesting study of characters, but I should like it far better if the philosophizing were less, and if the writer *cultivated* a refined simplicity like Jane Austen. He would then be very readable, and seem more wonderful. As it is, you are jarred by a sort of self-consciousness all through, and his style, *at the worst*, is like Carlyle's at his most Carlylean. Here is a sentence from p. 2. ‘ Still the promptness to laugh is an excellent progenitorial foundation for the wit to come in any people ; and undoubtedly the diarial record of an imputed piece of wit is witness to the spouting of laughter.’ I see what he means, and it is all right. But why invent such a forced form of expressing it? And *wit*, *witness*, is a blemish. But I intend now to read more of Meredith and *cut* his moralizings.”

Of the younger Oxford poets—or rather of a generation that might still be thought of as young before the Georgian poetry and the war—A. S.

Cripps specially attracted him. He enjoyed seeing Barrie's plays ; *Dear Brutus* is mentioned in a letter of 1917. The brilliant Oxford Limericks and parodies of Ronald Knox he would learn by heart and chuckle over. Almost the last time I saw him—at the "Thackeray," in November, 1918—he was reading Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* with genuine enjoyment. "It is very clever and amusing. Of course, he exaggerates. Religion is not, all of it, ridiculous. *A great deal of it, mind you, is !*" I almost hesitate to write the words, lest any should suppose it was a Bishop Blougram who spoke them. But I will take the risk ; for the intelligent reader who has accompanied me thus far, will know that there lived more faith in this magnificent concession to the doubters, "believe me, than in half the creeds."

Two short but precious holidays abroad, the last the Bishop was to take, were enjoyed in 1913 and 1914. In the autumn of the earlier year he had three weeks with his wife in Normandy and Brittany. He was delighted with the Cathedral of Bayeux, and greatly interested to find that its constitution was identical with that of Lincoln. A special pilgrimage was made to Coutances, in honour of Walter of Coutances, made Bishop of Lincoln at the age of twenty-three. Next spring another dream of travel, hardly less cherished through many years past than the joy of a tour in Greece, was fulfilled by a visit with his wife to Florence. Pictures—

concerning which he had reproached himself in youth for some lack of appreciation—were an intense pleasure to him now ; and he went over and over again to the Pitti and Uffizi Galleries. He was still learning : a couplet from Wordsworth, “ Minds that have little to confer Find little to perceive,” is an entry in his pocket-book of this date. It would hardly be amiss if all travellers carried it in their pocket-books as a reminder.

When the great war broke out on August 4, 1914, the Bishop was just on the point of joining his family at Burford on the Cotswolds for a holiday. On August 6, he wrote to his daughter Christina (Mrs. E. V. Knox) :

“ At WALESBY RECTORY,  
MARKET RASEN,  
LINCS.

MY DEAREST TINA,

To-day is little Rawle's first birthday : is it not ? My love to you and to the dear child, and may each year bring fresh blessings and happiness to you and to him, and to his dear Father. My love to him also.

These are dreadful times : England did not want this war : I hate it. But it seems as if the Kaiser and his friends were bent upon it. God defend us ! Let none of us act in panic, or be excited. We at home can help by seriousness, and simplicity of living, and by avoiding *gold* as much as possible. The more gold we keep in the bonds, the surer we are of victory. There will be awful privations for the poor, and for the wasteful. But let us take one thing at a time. Don't buy up food stores in a panic, for that will only force up prices. It is not only foolish, but selfish. Your Mother and I intend to keep quite calm, and do our

duty. You will, I know, do the same. . . . I am here for the consecration of a new Church, which is now over, and beautifully. To-night I return to Lincoln, after addressing a garden-meeting for the S.P.G. Then by the 8.9 (?) train to-morrow morning I travel South for Oxford, and so to Burford, where (I hear) all is well, and very well.

Once more my love to you all. My text here was from Proverbs xviii. 10. 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower : the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.' It is a good text for these days.

God bless you and yours,

Your loving Father,

EDWARD LINCOLN."

The joy of holiday had gone, but the duty of taking physical rest, and conserving strength for what might lie ahead, remained ; and August was spent in Burford and its pleasant upland neighbourhood, rich in historic associations. For Oxford scholars, one of the attractions of the Cotswolds for many years—now alas ! removed<sup>1</sup>—was the presence of Dr. Warde Fowler at Kingham, and the possibility of enjoying his genial wisdom on a ramble with him round the countryside which he loved, and of which he has written so charmingly in

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Warde Fowler died at Kingham, June 15, 1921. With his death, as the *Manchester Guardian* said, "Oxford loses one of her best-known, perhaps one of her most characteristic, and certainly one of her most charming sons." He had known Hicks (whose junior he was by four years) in the Corpus days ; and the two met again after many years when they were recipients of honorary degrees from Manchester University on the same day. The appointment to Lincoln was a fresh link : for the Bishop of Lincoln is *ex officio* Visitor of Lincoln College, of which Dr. Fowler was Fellow and Sub-Rector.

*Kingham Old and New.* The Bishop went over from Burford one day, and the two friends had a walk together, and in the course of it entered a gardener's cottage and talked with the old man. Next day Dr. Warde Fowler, as he afterwards told me, met the gardener and said, "Do you know who your visitor was yesterday? He was the Lord Bishop of Lincoln." "Was he?" said the surprised gardener. "Why, *he hadn't his puttees on!*" The remark had a profounder significance than the gardener intended: mentally, the Bishop never "had his puttees on."

A few weeks later, when the stream of Belgian refugees poured into England, the Old Palace at Lincoln was prompt to open its hospitable doors. The Bishop described his visitors in a letter to his eldest daughter, Mrs. Lockett.

"OLD PALACE, LINCOLN.

October 23, 1914.

MY DEAREST MARY,

You will want to know all about us, and your Mother is busy with the dear children in the drawing-room, where they are playing or hearing stories or looking at pictures with Grandmamma and Miss Boyd. They are so well and happy, and wonderfully good in ways and manners. We think they grow fast, and they are a great joy and comfort to us all, especially to your Mother and to me. They love their school, go off radiant about 9 a.m. They always come in to see us at our breakfast before they start with Lilian. Six Belgian refugees!!! arrived last night: the Dean's car brought them up. They fled from Antwerp to Ostend: then at Ostend they had to hurry away in a

steamer for fear of the Germans, leaving all their goods behind in 'les malles' in the station. So, beyond a little bag, they had nothing save what they stood up in. This was a real sorrow to them, for it made them (they thought) look contemptible: dear souls! They can't speak a word of English. They were very weary—with sorrow, fear and long journeying. But they slept well, they told us, and seem comfortable to-day. They have some cash with them, and went out shopping to-day, for linen, collars, tapes, etc. etc. Miss Jones, a recent fellow of Somerville, is working at our Library and staying with us: she is a perfect French scholar, and has lived long in France. She has helped us splendidly. Miss Boyd also is good, and your Mother. I am an awful duffer, as usual. You will want to know who they all are: I give the list, 23502 (No. of the Case) Jean Pierre Léonard *æt.* 60, the head of the house, a retired major in the Belgian Army: always called 'Le Majeure.' Lived in a little country house near Antwerp, cultivating his garden and amusing himself with his handiwork—very sensible and polite.

Madame Depappe *æt.* 40, and boy of five—her husband is fighting at the front.

M. Warnet *æt.* 75.

Madame Leonie Mussche *æt.* 66.

Jeanne Bluckes *æt.* 39, the maid: very clean, sensible and nice.

How they are all related, I can't quite make out, but they are, and they are *one household*. This is a comfort. They like, at present, to live in 'Tina's room' and rooms adjoining, upstairs. There they have their meals, after continental manner, and the maid helps. She is great friends with our maids, and is always teaching them French!! Great excitement. By degrees we shall settle down nicely. Your Mother is wonderful."

Through the dark years of the war he carried on his work bravely and unremittingly. In answer to



a letter of affectionate inquiry from his former chaplain, the Rev. W. R. Rhys, he wrote from the Old Palace on June 25, 1915 :

“ Yes : I began the sixth year of my Episcopate with good health, and many home blessings, and with much promise of advance in our Diocesan work. . . . I am pursuing steadily my plan of visiting informally every parsonage and church in the Diocese. It means hard work, in travelling and interviewing and *remembering* : but the compensations are abundant,—fresh air, fine scenery, lovely churches, the kindest welcome, and (above all) the sense of increasing confidence and friendship between the Bishop and his Priests. So here again, I thank God, and take courage.

The War is dreadful, in every kind of way. My Edwin and my Ned are well-advanced in their training, and expect to be sent out before long. E. V. Knox, too, has got a commission and may be sent out shortly : this means that his wife and their dear little boy are chiefly with us, and their nice little house in Hampstead let for the time. But the War upsets everything : of course, it is the negation of order.”

Of the many letters written to children and grandchildren in these years, room must be found here for a rhymed birthday epistle written to the Bishop's little grand-daughter, Fauriel Lockett.

“ March 16, 1917.

MY DARLING FAURIEL,

This must be the day when first you came to us and came to stay. I write to wish you health, and joy, and strength to live a happy life of ample length, and to enjoy your share of work and play until the years that you can count to-day are multiplied by twelve or even more, with each year happier than the one before.

What shall I wish you ? Shall I wish you beauty ? or

rather, peace and hope and love of duty? God give you sunshine in your heart, that so your happy face may set all hearts aglow; and such a loving soul that all may find my Fauriel wise and sensible and kind; at school as good at lessons as at play; punctual and true, and open as the day.

For life I think is all a sort of school, where we are sent to learn the Christian rule, until at last, by God's good Grace, we may find Heaven and everlasting holidays.

God bless and keep you. I should like to know how nice and well the birthday seemed to go: what presents came, and letters, and the rest; and, of your presents which you liked the best. Please send me word, and don't forget a kiss: you need not write it, put a cross like this X. And so, with loads of love, more than you think on, I am your loving grandfather, EDWARD LINCOLN."

A week later he was in London for the reading of prayers in the House of Lords, and wrote home:

"It is for me an 'off-day.' I have been twice to the National Gallery to look at the pictures: the finest treasures are stored in the cellars, but more than enough remains to delight me. The portraits are marvellous, all of them, from Holbein and Vandyke downwards. Then Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney and Hoppner! It is a great pleasure. I am so glad to get home this next week. I want to be with you, and with all of them, and at home. . . . I am rather anxious to get news of our own dear lads. Officers here tell me that their silence may be due either to the fact of their being themselves on the move, or else that during the 'push' all mails out are stopped. . . ."

Edwin, the Bishop's eldest son, died in France on May 12, 1917. The father bore his personal loss with splendid courage. But the clouds were very dark over the whole country and over the world: it is small wonder if a touch of something

like despondency steals into the letters of this year, though it is checked at once. On September 18 he writes to his elder daughter, Mrs. Lockett.

“How is dear H. ? Will you tell him that I shall hope to have the advantage of a chat with him about the war, and the world at large, and theology, and one’s duty. I jog on day by day : with little light, either of guidance or of joy. But one lives by faith—not sight.

Yet all the time home is home, and love is love, and God is God.”

And then he quotes the lines from a sun-dial near Ravenglass which have already been used as a chapter-heading in this book (p. 135)—“perhaps amateur lines : but I liked them for the thought.” To the same daughter he had written from Whitby in the previous month:

“August 8, 1917.

It is odd how very much Whitby is changed from what I remember when thirty years ago I came here first, with Uncle Edmund. First, the doctors left off recommending sea-bathing, and families wanted more excitement and movement than the old style provided. Then came the motor-car, with its brief visit to pretty places, and then ‘off again.’ Then the War, and the bombarding of the East coast. So that to-day quite one-third of the houses on the West cliff are ‘To Let’ and closed. I fancy that the rest are either residential, or else are well stocked with visitors during the few holiday weeks—such as this is. We went last evening to see the old Abbey ; the West Front is badly injured and the fine late early English doorway is partly in *ruins* (alas !) and the very interesting West window of the South aisle is in ruins. About fifty bombs fell, they say : the one that did this mischief fell near the W. front. Most of them fell on the Abbey Farm (that early eighteenth-

century Hall) and the grounds, and on the old lady's cottage who keeps the Abbey. She is eighty this year. Her daughter looks after her and her duties : such nice, clean, good people. ' We heard the bombs bursting : so we got downstairs : I got Mother down : we had just got downstairs, and the bomb fell on our house, and smashed two upstairs rooms, and the staircase fell. It's a wonder we weren't hurt.' No excitement ; no resentment ; wonder at deliverance. That's England ; that's Yorkshire."

Sorrows of war had not hardened the Bishop any more than they had hardened the good ladies of Whitby. But he was distressed in this year at the signs of a change for the worse in the national temper. The duty of reading prayers in the House of Lords took him up to London from time to time, and he thought the House of Lords " brutalized by the war—Prussianized, in fact." From the Peers' Gallery on November 21st, he listened to a striking speech of Lord Hugh Cecil about Conscientious Objectors. The Bishop had deep sympathy with the genuine C. O's., of whom he knew many, and he felt their sufferings keenly. He said little, fearing to do more harm than good by speech, but he wrote to *The Times* on their behalf, and he once said to his wife, " I can only compare them, and their position, to that of the early Christians." If there are any good people who even now think such sympathy as the Bishop felt mere sentimental foolishness, they may be invited to weigh and consider the temperate but moving argument of Professor Gilbert Murray's

lecture, "The Soul as it is and how to deal with it." <sup>1</sup> It is well that such a protest against the vain attempt to coerce the soul should remain on record, for the temptation to use the weapon of force will certainly arise again. Average humanity, even in peaceful times, makes no effort to understand the point of view of those who are regarded as "cranks"; in time of stress the instinct of self-preservation, as well as the herd instinct, makes men intolerant of all questioning and debate that may tend to the disintegration of the endangered commonwealth. But it is the prerogative of reason to keep blind instinct in check, and it would be impossible to exaggerate the debt the world owes—not to the "crank" but—to those who refuse to let their judgment be swayed by the passions of the hour. The man whose own loyalty to his conscience comes out so strikingly in the letter already quoted by Dr. Bruton <sup>2</sup>—"I hope and believe that I have groped my way to a right view of the war; it was the easy and obvious view—which made me doubt it"—only such a man can be quite fair, or perhaps can even afford to be fair, to the unpopular martyrs of conscience.

The Bishop of Lincoln is *ex officio* Visitor of the King's Colleges at Eton and Cambridge as well as of Lincoln and Brasenose Colleges at Oxford. In

<sup>1</sup> *Hibbert Journal*, January, 1918; reprinted in *Essays and Addresses*, 1921.

<sup>2</sup> *Supra*, p. 150.

November, 1918, Bishop Hicks paid the visit to King's mentioned in Chapter IX, greatly enjoying the beautiful service ("It is a really fine choir, and their *balance* is so good") and talks with the Provost and his two nephews, "one a Naval 'Commander,' the other a (military) Lieutenant who has recently escaped from imprisonment in Germany," with the Provost of Eton, Dr. M. R. James, "whose erudition is amazing and his memory quite as amazing," and with several of the Fellows. It pleased him to think that his academic hosts had discovered him to be a scholar as well as ecclesiastic. After all, it is not easy for a man to enjoy two fames at the same time and in the same place. Some years before this, a clerical Temperance orator, staying at Lady Carlisle's on the occasion of a Temperance meeting, and betraying by a casual remark some acquaintance with Greek more recondite than the stock quotation from Pindar, had startled Professor Gilbert Murray into the sudden question: "Excuse me, Canon Hicks. Are you by any chance connected with Hicks of the Greek Inscriptions?" The last academic function which fell to the Bishop to perform was an official "visit" to Eton on February 2, 1919, when he and Mrs. Hicks were the guests of Dr. Alington.

On November 19, 1918, eight days after the signing of the Armistice, he wrote from London: "I found that all the open grates in the House of Lords' Library, where huge fires used to blaze, are



now superseded by radiators : alas ! we are thoroughly beaten by the Prussians, and are Germanized." It was a jesting paradox, no doubt, but it was not all jest : he was seriously disturbed at the national temper and the materialism in high places. Yet he was quick to note the good side of changes. Travelling in his diocese a fortnight later, he writes of a party of " Timber girls " engaged in felling trees and " their lady-leader (or Captain ?), a very striking girl of twenty-five or thirty." " It is a wonderful world just now," he comments ; " things are moving and (on the whole) in the right direction." Similarly, eight years before, as he drove near to the Lincolnshire coast on the day of his visit to Somersby, his observant eye had marked the new tents and bungalows that dotted the landscape, and the hatless votaries of the simple life who strolled about the lanes ; and he had only commendation for the revolt against the bondage of conventional holidays at Blackpool or Cleethorpes, a " return to Nature " that seemed to him full of promise for the development of the democracy. But he knew that at the moment we were, spiritually and intellectually, in the trough of the wave. " London is short of great preachers," he wrote on January 20, 1919, " and England of great poets, authors, leaders : it was not so at the close of the French wars."

He, of all men, could never be, even in old age and weariness, the mere *laudator temporis acti*; and

if faithfulness to chronology sets this sentence last, it must be read in close connexion with the other quotations here given. "It is a wonderful world just now," we may be sure his language to his younger friends would have been: "things are moving; see that you help them to move in the right direction." But how to help? Assuredly not by idly deploring the want of great leaders or by "waiting for the spark from heaven to fall." This story has strangely failed to make its own significance plain if it has suggested nothing of the means by which a man may acquire the power to serve his generation. The vision to see the things which are excellent, a modest consciousness of imperfections and limitations to be transcended, a willingness to take an infinity of pains to learn, the true scholar's feeling that "God has set the world in the heart of men" and "framed the mind of man as a glass capable of the image of the universal world, as the eye joyeth to receive light,"<sup>1</sup> loyalty to conscience and the courage to face unpopularity, an ever-growing love of humanity and a readiness to be as one that serveth—these, surely, are the qualities manifest on every page. But if something still unaccounted for lies behind, a key to unlock that inner secret may perhaps be found in certain entries made in a pocket-book at Fenny Compton about the year 1876; and these accordingly, without further comment, shall here be transcribed.

<sup>1</sup> Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, Book I.

## “ORA ET LABORA.

*It is hard to work without praying.*

*It is harder to pray without working.*

*Amid pleasure, prayer becomes difficult, and can only be accomplished by beginning with a thanksgiving for mercies, and prayer for refreshment of body and soul that we may work better.*

☞ *Prayer implies an absolute self-abandonment to God. One's whole being, placed in God's disposing, finds utterance in Prayer.”*

For the rest, Mrs. Hicks' narration will supply all that needs to be told.

*Addenda to the Bishop's Diary, 1919.*

*Easter Day, April 20.*—On this day the Bishop closed his diary. The first entry was on June 24, 1910 (the day of his Consecration). It was kept without a break until now. By the advice of his doctors we had arranged to go down to Worthing to rest. At the request of his regular doctor, Mr. Harry Brook, Sir Clifford Allbutt came to examine the Bishop on March 31. They agreed that he might go on with his Confirmations (“under observation”). After that he must rest both mind and body. He continued his Confirmations almost daily, travelling from place to place until Saturday, Easter Eve; on that day he confirmed a number of V.A.D.'s and soldiers in his chapel at the Old Palace. The day before the Bishop said to me, “Thank God I have finished this work; I have

tried to be fresh ; it has been a hard time." He planned to miss Convocation on May 6, 7, 8, 9 and stay in Worthing until May 10, when he hoped to go to London to be ready for Prayers in the House of Lords on Monday, May 12.

On Easter Monday the Bishop finished letters and business ; after a quiet day he left his Study in the late afternoon for the last time. I went in to help him clear up papers and books, and, as we went out of the beloved room, we both stood and looked round with a strange feeling of farewell. No words were said, the Bishop was grave and silent. We started for our holiday on the following morning, Tuesday, April 22nd, his faithful friends—Chaplain and Secretary (Mr. W. W. Smith) and others of the family—seeing us off at the Gateway of Vicar's Court. We reached Worthing safely after a trying journey. During the week we took quiet walks on the sea front, and through the town, looking into the churches according to the Bishop's wont : he appeared to be tired and breathless at times. He wrote many letters, and signed documents ; and we read a good deal. We had with us a volume of Browning, *Recollections of Tennyson* (Rawnsley), and the Plays of Euripides. There were several Lincoln friends in Worthing whom the Bishop was glad to see, and talk to ; and there were many pleasant people in the Beach Hotel where we had found comfortable quarters. But he needed rest, and was often glad to sit quietly with

his Daily Service and other books. On Saturday evening, April 26, he seemed specially tired, but read the *Hecuba* and went to bed early. On Sunday morning—when he was in the bathroom, beginning to dress for the 8 a.m. Celebration, came the stroke which paralysed the left arm and leg. He was carried to his room by kind hands: Dr. Moreton Palmer was called from close by. He brought nurses and sent for good Sir Thomas Barlow, who came down that very afternoon. “Every hope of partial recovery if there is no return of illness within forty-eight hours.” The Hotel Managers and guests were kindness itself. Our youngest son, Edward, came down by the evening; and we waited. There was no return of the seizure, but days and nights of weakness and wandering. On May 13, we were able to move him in an ambulance to a Nursing Home. By degrees he gained a little strength; and was able to go out in a chair most days. As he grew stronger he would dictate letters, and sign papers as they came, but he remained very weak. He liked to be read to, and asked for Keats, parts of the newspaper and letters from those he loved. He thought much of his clergy, and hoped to see them again; their kind messages and letters were a joy and consolation to him. He longed for home, although there was only one thing about which he showed anxiety. He “could not bear to think of impoverishing his successor.” On July 30, he went to Lincoln Lodge, Manor Road. The name was his



own choosing. By God's Providence we had been able to secure this house, and it was to be our home. As the Bishop's chair was drawn into it for the first time, he motioned to those with him to wait, and said, "Peace be to this house," and thanked God that he was able to come into it. His room was on the ground floor, and the garden was a great joy. His chair was wheeled on to the lawn. The Knox grandchildren were with us. The Bishop loved to hear their voices, and to see them running about. At first he seemed to gain strength, but the great heat tried his heart; breathless attacks began to trouble him, chiefly at night. He continued to hear letters read every day, and to sign papers. Arrangements for his resignation were carried through, and he signed the formal document about August 1, to take effect on September 1. It was a great comfort to the Bishop to know that our elder son, Bede, was demobilized, and on his way home from Mesopotamia. He landed at Dover on July 17, going straight to Lincoln, not knowing where to find us. The Bishop was thankful to have him with him, knowing that business matters would not now fall on me alone. On Wednesday night, August 13, he had a very bad night. His kind nurses were anxious; he seemed much exhausted in the morning. However, in the afternoon, though weak and breathless, he wished for his reading. The book, as it happened, was Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Recollections*, which he liked; then there were bits from *The*



*Times.* At 6 p.m. we had prayers together as always. Later, he had an exhausting attack of breathlessness. We all came ; he spoke to us words of affection ; and almost immediately became unconscious, and passed away at 8.30 p.m. Before he died an expression of triumphant joy came on his face. Those that saw this will never forget it. We *knew* that he had passed from death unto life, and could only thank God for his joy and peace.

## CHAPTER XI

### AVE ATQUE VALE

BY CANON W. E. BOULTER

“ Something I wrought :  
Strive ye in loftier labours : strive and win :  
Your victory shall be mine : my crown are ye.  
My part is ended now. I lived for Truth :  
I to this people gave that truth I knew ;  
My witnesses ye are, I grudged it not :  
Freely did I receive, freely I gave ;  
Baptizing, or confirming, or ordaining  
I sold not things divine . . .  
This day to Him, the Faithful and the True,  
For Whom I toiled, my spirit I commend.”

AUBREY DE VERE, *The Confession of St. Patrick.*

**T**HE body of the Bishop was cremated on Monday, August 18th, at Golder's Green, near London, and the ashes were deposited in a bronze urn. During the afternoon of the same day the remains enclosed in a square casket of oak, were brought to Lincoln and placed in the Chapel at the Old Palace.

All through the ensuing night the Bishop's Chaplain and the students of the Hostel kept Vigil in the Chapel.

Early on Tuesday morning a Celebration of the Holy Communion was held in the Chapel, the Bishop's Chaplain being the celebrant.

After this the casket was taken to the Cathedral and placed in the Morning Chapel in readiness for the funeral, which was to take place at one o'clock.

The manner of his burial remarkably illustrates the combination of ancient and modern in his wonderful personality. Antiquity had a great charm for him, though he was an inveterate foe of irrational prejudice based upon it. Experience of a crowded city had strengthened his conviction that cremation is the healthiest form of burial ; but the outcome of this opinion was one little expected in Manchester days. It enabled him to be laid to rest near Robert Grosseteste, the predecessor whom he most wished to resemble ; an Oxford scholar, a man of European reputation for sound learning, a fearless reformer who was not canonized because he had spoken too plainly to Rome of her abuses. He was fond of recalling St. Hugh's wish to be buried in a quiet corner, out of people's way ; and in this respect too his desire is attained. The rain, which never hindered his procession to Cathedral in life, conspired with a sorrowing diocese as though to keep him with us at the last ; and the funeral, docted of this introduction, took place entirely within the Cathedral.

A few minutes before the appointed hour for the funeral, two surplice-clad processions passed from the two choir aisles along the nave aisles and so to the great west door. That on the north side

consisted of the Diocesan Clergy. That on the south side consisted of the Cathedral choirmen, augmented by students from the Hostel, the Prebendaries, the Cathedral dignitaries, and the three Bishops who were to officiate at the ceremony.

Near the west door had assembled a large group of the Lincoln civic officials in their robes ; the Mayor, the Sheriff, the Under-Sheriff, the Town Clerk, the Chief Constable, the Corporation Chaplain, and others were there.

Immediately after the chimes, followed by the clang of Great Tom, denoted the hour, the long procession of Clergy and Choir, singing hymn 231 (A. & M.) as they went, began to move from the west end of the nave to the choir.

The Diocesan Clergy, the Choir, the civic dignitaries, the Prebendaries, the Cathedral dignitaries, and the Bishop's Chaplain carrying the crozier, preceded the casket ; the Bishop's family and friends followed it ; last came the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of Bombay, Bishop Hine, and the Dean of Lincoln.

The casket was covered by a purple pall, on which were placed the Bishop's cope, mitre and gloves.

When the procession had entered the choir, the Diocesan Clergy occupied seats to the west of the Bishop's throne ; the Prebendaries, the Cathedral dignitaries, and the officiating Bishops found their places within the sanctuary. Between the Bishop's

throne and the sanctuary sat the Bishop's family, his friends, and the county representatives. The casket was placed on a stand midway between the throne and the pulpit.

As soon as all was quiet within the choir, Bishop Hine, standing without the altar rails, read the opening Sentences ; then the Psalm was chanted ; then, from the lectern, the Bishop of Bombay read the Lesson, and then hymn 172 (A. & M.) was sung.

After the singing, while Dr. Bennett played Harwood's Requiem, the casket was removed into the south-east transept and placed beside the bricked grave prepared for it, close to the foot of Bishop Kaye's monument and not far from the burial-place of Bishop Grosseteste. The Prebendaries formed two lines along the transept ; behind the western line stood the Choir and the Clergy, within the lines were the mourners and the civic dignitaries of town and county. To the south of the grave stood the three Bishops and the Dean. A few moments of intense silence passed, and then the voice of the Bishop of Manchester was heard as he read the committal prayers. The Dean completed the Service. Hymn 401 (A. & M.) was sung, and the Bishop of Manchester gave the Blessing. Then the notes of the Dead March in *Saul* filled the echoing aisles with solemn melody, while the assembled people stood around the Bishop's grave. When the music ceased, first the mourners, then

the clergy, then the laity passed round the grave to obtain a last look at the casket which held the remains of their departed Bishop.

The procession of the clergy was an impressive sight, and no less touching was the throng of citizens of all ranks reverently filing past the grave ; one would kneel a moment, some would express sympathy or admiration, and a soldier lad, possibly confirmed by him, stood smartly to attention, saluting as he looked down. At last his own sunshine came back, and a bright ray illuminated the throne in the nave as the clergy came out from Evensong. Then it needed only the sweet sound of the " evening bells " ringing a muffled peal below the hill to finish the symbolism of his passing. The great heart, so strong and so gentle, so learned and so simple, so skilful in dealing with the highest affairs and so humble in condescension to ordinary folk, so valiant a champion of the right, so constant a lover of peace, of noble traditions, of artistic beauty, of sweet music, and of little children, had ceased to beat in this world ; and had gone where great hearts can enjoy peace and purity in the fellowship of the heavenly Jerusalem, without having to wear themselves out in contending for them.

Over the bricked grave has since been placed a stone slab with the inscription resembling those which mark other Bishops' graves :

" Hicks Epus MDCCCXIX."



The following inscription has been placed in the Old Palace Chapel, near that of his son Edwin.<sup>1</sup>

IN PIAM MEMORIAM EDWARDI EPISCOPI  
LINCOLNIENSIS  
QUI NOVEM ANNOS HUIC ECCLESIAE PRAEFUIT  
ANTIQUARUM LITERARUM SCIENTIA EGREGIUS  
NOVAE LIBERTATIS PROPUGNATOR ACERRIMUS  
PASTOR FIDELISSIMUS CARITATE ABUNDANS  
SERVUS DEI OBIIT XIV<sup>o</sup> DIE AUGUSTI A.D.  
MCMXIX.

Its Latinity, of which he would not have been ashamed, sums up his greatness in the fewest and clearest words, and is a most fitting memorial. His portrait, painted by Mr. Greville Manton after his death, has been hung in the Old Palace. His two great diaries, under lock and key, are also deposited there. They testify to the enormous pains which he took over every department of his work, to the shrewdness of his verdicts on persons and things, to the vast range of his interest and knowledge, and to the beautiful simplicity, humility, and devotion of his inner life.

He was much taken with the fact that Barholme tower was rebuilt in a "year of vexation" in the time of the great rebellion, and that Gunness bore

<sup>1</sup> The inscription on the memorial brass in St. Philip's, Salford, runs: "In memory of Edward Lee Hicks, for eighteen years Canon of Manchester and Rector of this Parish and for nine years Bishop of Lincoln, who died Aug. 14, 1919. I will very gladly spend and be spent for you."

a similar date. He learned with pleasure of another instance at Staunton Harold ; and in speaking at the opening of a new Girls' School at Grimsby, he dwelt on the heroism of " doing the best things in the worst times." If he sometimes felt that the times were not for men like himself, that they could only " keep silence, for it was an evil time," yet he persisted in carrying his natural cheerfulness through the length and breadth of his diocese : which will gratefully remember that he, too, " did the best things in the worst time."

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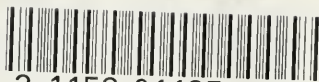


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