
A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

Church of England will not fear the assaults of the Liberation Society, for she will be happy with her quiver full of loving children, who will speak with her enemies in the gate.

SYDNEY GEDGE.

Mitcham Hall, March 8th.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV. C. P. GOLIGHTLY.

On Christmas Day last there passed away quietly, and without pain, in the eightieth year of his age, a very remarkable character, who had once played a prominent part in the University life of Oxford.

Mr. Mozley, in his "Reminiscences of Oriel," thus writes :—"Golightly must have been as much at home and master of a certain position the day he arrived at Oxford, fifty-eight years ago, as he is to-day. He was always accessible, companionable, and hospitable, and his own kindness and frankness were diffused among those that met in his room and made a social circle. He could criticize the University sermons freely, raise theological questions, and occasionally lay down the law—a very useful thing to be done in the mass of wild sentiment, random utterances, and general feeling of irresponsibility, constituting undergraduates' conversation."

It is not often that the possession of wealth is a distinct drawback to success in life, but in the present instance there is at least some reason to think that this was the case. When Mr. Golightly proceeded to take the degree of Bachelor of Arts, so long ago as the closing years of the reign of King George IV., he found himself disqualified, by the amount of his private income, from standing for election for a fellowship in his own college of Oriel. He therefore determined to take a country curacy, and to devote all his spare time to the study of theology. With this distinct end in view, he settled down in the pretty little village of Pensburst in the county of Kent. Afterwards he was a short time at Godalming. But he soon found that the peaceful and pleasant life of his village home was not quite compatible with the intellectual intercourse and more severe private study in which he delighted. The noble libraries of Oxford, with their endless resources, were now far away. It was impossible now just to cross the High Street and find one's self within the threshold of the Bodleian. The need of books, as well as the genuine love of Alma Mater, very soon brought back Golightly to that ancient seat of learning, where he had been educated, and where he could easily find congenial society. He settled in one of the curious old houses in Holywell Street, whose low portal was distinguished on the exterior by the sign of a cardinal's hat over the door. There he lived for over half a century, thoroughly enjoying the extensive gardens which stretched away towards the parks at the back of his quaint old tenement. Dean Gaisford had at one time occupied the same house, and there was a tradition that Bishop Berkeley had died there. The peculiar interior was characteristic of the owner. The hall consisted of a fair-sized chamber, handsomely panelled and stained in well-seasoned elm. Near the oak staircase were two wooden columns. The drawing-room was on the left and the dining-room on the right of the western extremity of the hall. The former, well-decorated in white and gold, looked into the main street. The latter, with a very dark paper and hangings, faced the gardens. But the owner of this comfortable residence was really of a

truly ascetic turn. His luxurious carved oak armchairs were reserved for visitors; he himself would always occupy a harder seat. The library where he loved to dwell was oft illuminated by the flickering light of the midnight lamp, while some abstruse problem of theology enthralled his restless brain.

His methods of study, indeed, were mediæval rather than modern. Minuteness of detail was never omitted for lack of time, and perhaps it would be true to say that the very elaboration of these details possessed a special attraction for his mind. For his intellect was strong and powerful, but the area over which it was exercised was somewhat narrow. Theology and history were his favourite studies. Of the extensive controversial literature relating to the differences between the Church of England and the Papacy, he was complete master. In advancing years it became his custom to read aloud a portion of history to a select circle of friends, to while away the long winter evenings. On such occasions he seemed for the time to live entirely in the past, so vividly did the words of the historian convey living impressions to his mind. The Dean of Norwich, in his interesting paper, has well illustrated this trait in Mr. Golightly's character:

> Long after I had left Oxford for good, happening to be there for a day, I, in company with the late Edward Woollcombe, of Balliol, paid him a visit. There were current topics of the day in which we both of us expected him to manifest the warmest interest. But we found him so immersed in the history of Celestine V. that he could talk of nothing else, and, indeed, was living wholly in the past. He went out of the room and fetched some ecclesiastical history (I wish I could remember what it was, certainly not Mosheim nor Waddington, but far fuller and more copious in particulars), and read out the story, which seemed to touch and harrow him just as if the events were passing under his own eye. The ascent of the deputation from the Conclave to the hermit's cell on Mount Morone; the savage wildness of the cell and the small reptiles and vermin which crawled about in it; the crass ignorance and total incompetence for affairs which characterized the hermit himself, to whom, by a sudden unanimity (ascribed to Divine inspiration), the offer of St. Peter's Chair was made; his sincerity; his austere virtues and ascetic habits even in his own palace; his conviction, after a five months' reign, that he would do well to abdicate; and his imprisonment for the rest of his life, lest he should again set up pretensions to a post which he had not at first accepted without earnest and agonising prayer—all this Golightly made, by the remarks which he interspersed with his reading, to live again under our eyes, and showed, I think, that he possessed almost as much of the historic imagination as Arthur Stanley himself. Celestine V. made a dint in our minds from that day forward.

Golightly was a great reader. He liked to be alone, as he often used to say, except at meal-time. And whenever he was reading any book carefully, it was his custom to make numerous quaint annotations on the side of the pages, and to underline sentences which he deemed worthy of special notice. He thus dealt with Lady Russell's letters, the third edition of which he had purchased from the library of William Belchier. Her husband, Lord William Russell, had been executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields on a charge of high treason in the reign of Charles II. In reality, he suffered to please the Court on account of his Protestant and patriotic sentiments. Against the following passage Golightly wrote in large letters, "Human Nature." It stands thus: "A flood of tears are ever ready when I permit the least thought of my calamity; this is matter of great humiliation."

There is also a passage condemning the teaching of the Jesuits, which is marked with distinct approval of the late owner of the book, as well as a sentence on friendship, which seems worth isolating from its context: "One may love passionately, but one loves unquietly, if the friend be

not a good man." In truth, quaintness of style and dry humour possessed in his eyes a special charm, as well as honesty of life and simplicity of purpose. "I have always been greatly delighted," he would sometimes say, "with the Queen of Spain's description of the Duke of Berwick, on finding that he could not be induced to be a party to any of the Court intrigues. She pronounced him to be 'un grand diable d'Anglais sec, qui va toujours droit devant lui.'"

He would often call the attention of his friends to a text from the Book of Job on the title-page of a theological book upon an abstruse subject which once had a wide circulation—"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" He selected as his motto for the last pamphlet which he ever wrote a curious text from the Book of Proverbs: "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him." The words are certainly not inappropriate to a little book issued in the form of a letter to the Dean of Ripon, and intended to modify the sketch of the author to be found in the second volume of the published life of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, some time Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards of Winchester.

At the period of excitement connected with the passing of the measure for the Disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, he would quote with hearty laughter the bitter complaint against the clergy attributed to the people of that unhappy land: "Why, these priests, they take a tenth from us now: they will take a twentieth next!"—which statement tallied well with the justification of the Irish Nationalists put into the mouth of a member of the Imperial Parliament, to the effect that three-fourths of the outrages were gross exaggeration, and the other half had no existence at all.

He once compared a curious negotiation which had been carried through by a very eminent statesman to the extraordinary feat of "an elephant picking up needles with his proboscis." Very justly does the Dean of Norwich observe: "Quaint in his own character and habit of mind, he loved the quaintnesses of such writers as Fuller and George Herbert."

The family of Portales, famous in the annals of the Huguenots, has risen to distinction in France and Switzerland, as well as England. Golightly was proud of his second name, and of his descent from the patient sufferers who in many cases lost all their possessions on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The history of that time had a peculiar charm for him, and hence he most likely derived his intense dislike of ecclesiastical pretension and his keen love of religious liberty. Acquainted with Cardinal Newman from youth, he had once thought of being his curate at St. Mary's; but it was soon found their views did not coincide, and the scheme was abandoned.

Years afterwards he used sometimes to tell how he was at prayers in St. Mary's Church, and the lesson chanced to be from the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, where the tempestuous journey of the Apostle St. Paul is described, from his old haunts in the land of Judæa to the seat of the imperial throne of Cæsar. "Never," said he, "shall I forget the peculiar emphasis with which the fourteenth verse of the last chapter was uttered—'Where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days; and so we went towards *Rome*.'"

The tremendous controversy in which Golightly embarked with the late Bishop of Oxford regarding Cuddesdon College made him unpopular in many quarters, and upon the whole may be considered as a very unfortunate affair. Much personal feeling was excited, and men used strong language. Mr. G. was likened to "a snake in the grass,"

and "the serpent in Paradise." Upon which he is said to have drily remarked that it had been twice his hard fate to be compared to the devil, *but* it was once by a Bishop and once by an Archbishop. On one occasion the Vice-Chancellor compared him to "the robber in Virgil, in whose cave, when it was entered, nothing was to be found but rage and smoke, and a monster easily to be slain." But, as Golightly used to say, with a touch of grim humour and a slight twinkle of the eye, "This same reverend Vice-Chancellor, when promoted to the Episcopal Bench, not only entered the cave of Cacus, but took his seat at his dinner-table, where he made himself very agreeable."

But it is not our business to summon from the dismal abyss the pale shades of dead controversies. Their white shroud we will not remove. It will be better as well as more pleasant to close this once painful subject by quoting, in brief, the last public utterance which Golightly vouchsafed on the general condition of religious opinion within the University of Oxford. In a document given to the world some five years ago, he makes the following observations in a very charitable spirit :—

> But I am not a "laudator temporis acti." I do not ask, 'Why were the former days better than these?" (Eccles. vii. 10). Indeed, after fifty years' residence in Oxford, I am convinced that they are a great deal better, and that the moral and religious condition of the University is vastly improved since my undergraduate days. . . . Religious earnestness is much more common, and what there is of it is real. There is no cant. It is my belief that two of the most useful persons in the University are a late Principal and a late Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon College. Dr. Liddon's lectures are, I am told, very valuable. I am better acquainted with Dr. King (now Lord Bishop of Lincoln), to whom, indeed, I am sincerely attached. We differ, I fear, widely in our views, but how widely I cannot say ; for in long conversations that I have had with him, we have found so much in which we agreed, that we never got on to the points in which we differed. His influence for good among the young men is very great.

Like many men much given to controversial writing, he retained at bottom a warm and affectionate heart. If he made enemies, he was also a man who made firm and fast friends. Neither the lapse of time nor the intervention of space could loosen the bonds of the sacred tie thus created. The Psalmist's idea of true friendship was his own, "We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the House of God as friends." Within certain definite limits, it was possible for him to maintain very friendly relations with persons in very different ranks of society ; while as in some sense a religious leader of a particular school of thought in the Church, he was consulted on difficult points by a great variety of people, from the middle-aged artisan to the newly-appointed curate of some Evangelical parish.

Just a few words must be said upon Mr. Golightly's munificence. Once convinced of the desirability of any given charitable object or good work, his liberality was both wise and unbounded. Even if not altogether convinced, he did not often withhold his hand. The present writer was once much interested in a scheme for the erection of a new cathedral in India. It was thought that interest in the matter might be aroused within the limits of the University, and the Chancellor, the Marquess of Salisbury, headed the subscription list with a liberal donation. Golightly was asked what share he would like to take in this bold effort of missionary enterprise. After due consideration and examination of the various proposals, his reply was in the following strain : "Interested as I am in all foreign missions, yet I am hardly convinced that the British hold over India is of so secure and permanent a character as to make the building of a stone cathedral the most appropriate effort of missionary labour at this present season. Under these circumstances, sir, I trust you will pardon me if I do not give more than £20 to the fund."

On one occasion the course of local events had caused him to take considerable interest in the enlargement of Hinksey Churchyard, a small village in the immediate neighbourhood of Oxford. By the proposed alteration two remarkably fine elms, which stood near the boundary wall, were destined to destruction. But Golightly was horrified at such a barbarous sacrifice, and taking compassion on these princely trees, proceeded to purchase the same from the Earl of Abingdon. A tablet inserted in the west wall of the neat little churchyard records the fact :

The adjoining trees were
Purchased and presented
To the Parish of South Hinksey
By the Rev. C. P. Golightly, M.A.,
1874.

It may be a matter of surprise to some that a clergyman of such acknowledged distinction and worth never proceeded to the degree of Doctor in Divinity, nor ever accepted any important appointment.

At one time, we believe, he had serious thoughts of taking the highest degree in the Faculty of Theology recognised by the University, but it occurred to him that this distinction would ill correspond with his name. Funny people might say, " Doctor, Go lightly." (The same people did once, in the heat of controversy, characterize him as " Dr. Gone slightly.") About the year 1840, when the Bishop of London inaugurated a scheme for the erection of a number of new churches in the East End, Mr. Golightly came forward with a very substantial donation. Indeed, the deficiency of the adequate supply of the means of grace in the great centres of population was always a matter of deep concern to him. Here was the real weak point, which so sorely needed remedy, in the otherwise noble system of administration maintained by the Church of England.

As a general rule, however, he concealed his nobler acts of charity, mindful of the opening verses of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew. It must further be noted that Christ's poor came in for a fair share of his alms. Although he hated idlers, any genuine case of distress was sure to meet with the kindest consideration at his hands. For sick folk he always felt great pity, and the resources of his large gardens and extensive hot-houses were always available for the benefit of those who could not afford to purchase the little luxuries in the way of fruit which the doctor recommended. At the present moment one example of his thoughtful generosity happens to come to mind. A young lad was dying of dropsy, and suffering intense agonies of pain. He could only take nourishment with great difficulty. At last a few grapes, so the doctor said, would be all that he could swallow. But his mother was quite poor, and unable to provide such uncommon and expensive fruit. Directly Golightly happened to hear of the circumstances, he gave special orders to his butler to supply the lowly cottage with the best bunch of grapes from his own greenhouse on every second morning, so long as the child remained alive. Thus, in the most delicate and graceful way, he performed an act of true charity.

He was always ready to render help to any clergyman who required assistance, without fee and without remuneration. Hence in the course of years he became acquainted with a very large number of the parishes in and around Oxford.

In the days when Mr. Hamilton, afterwards for some time Lord Bishop of Salisbury, was Vicar of St. Peter in the East, Mr. Golightly used occasionally to officiate in that curious and ancient church. But his ministry throughout his life was chiefly exercised in quiet country cures ; and his simple sermons were enriched with a goodly fund of illustration, especially adapted to the spiritual requirements of the agricultural classes.

From his nature and temperament, it is obvious that the more exciting, and perhaps laborious work of a town parish would have been uncongenial. Apart from his library and his study, he could not have lived his own proper life, nor worked out his career in his own way, nor made his own particular mark in the world.

Finally, and by way of conclusion, it must be stated that no notice of Charles Portales Golightly can be regarded as at all complete, without touching on a somewhat delicate subject, from which men generally shrink, namely, the calm beauty of his spiritual character. Prayer was to him an intensely real and living thing. It was to be resorted to in due time, and at proper seasons, such as the opening of a new term, after mature deliberation and suitable preparation. He was a man of prayer, and had caught the spirit of those beautiful lines, written by James Montgomery :

> Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
> Uttered or unexpressed ;
> The motion of a hidden fire
> That trembles in the breast.

Few, who have been present, could fail to be struck by the peculiar solemnity with which he uttered the words of the blessing over his little household after evening prayers. The voice of conscience, too, apt to speak, in his opinion, in clear and audible tones, was a voice which might never be disregarded for any consideration whatsoever. The fulfilment of what seemed a duty must never be neglected, whatever the cost. In plain words which are worth noting, Mr. Mozley observes :

> Golightly was the first human being to talk to me directly and plainly for my soul's good, and that is a debt that no time, no distance, no vicissitudes, no differences can efface, no, not eternity itself, if one may venture to name that which is incomprehensible.

The above quotation recognises, in no unmistakable terms, the special and peculiar kind of usefulness in which Golightly delighted. He was deeply impressed with a profound sense of what he called his duty to the younger members of the University. Whether at one of his charming little breakfast-parties, or on a Sunday excursion to his little parish of Toot Baldon,[1] he ever endeavoured to make fast friends with one race of undergraduates after another, and very numerous must be the clergy and laity now scattered up and down the length and breadth of England, who can look back with pleasure and with profit to his kindly intercourse and wise words of counsel. He ever carried out in practice a favourite text of his : " Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt."

Much thrown by his own choice with young men at the most impressionable period of life, it is difficult for any man to estimate the actual amount of solid good which he was enabled to do in the course of a lifetime which nearly reached the span of four-score years. Such opportunities as came within his path he was careful never to let slip by, and his very peculiarities in some ways increased the attractiveness of his society. For the Bible, as containing the one true revelation of God to man, he had the most profound reverence and respect. No labour, however arduous, bestowed upon *that* Book was labour in vain.

It was impossible to be at all intimate with him without learning to admire his fearless honesty and wonderful simplicity. Altogether, he was a man cast in no common mould. Somewhat narrow and eccentric,

[1] The other Baldon was for some years served by the late Archbishop Tait. The two friends, warmly attached to each other, often went out from Oxford together.

he was a man of sterling worth, and devout and prayerful spirit. If we sought to find a suitable motto for the days of his earthly pilgrimage, we should be constrained to adopt the old Latin sentence which he loved to call the golden rule of that holy man, St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux: "Orandi curam habe, et studium gere, ac in omni re orationi plus fide, quam tuæ industriæ vel labori."

Golightly was buried in the peaceful cemetery of Holywell, situated near Magdalen College. Beside his own grave there rests the last remains of many of his warmest earthly friends, who together with him await "the coming of the Saviour Whom he served, and in Whom he believed with a faith over which no shadow of doubt ever seemed to pass."

R. S. MYLNE.

Short Notices.

The Rerealer Revealed. Thoughts upon the Revelation of Christ to and in His People. By W. HAY M. H. AITKEN, M.A. Shaw and Co.

THIS is one of the best among the excellent volumes of Mr. Aitken's sermons, and we heartily recommend it as a book to read and read again. It is full of instruction, and is thoroughly practical. Few preachers, perhaps, have had such wide experience in preaching as Mr. Aitken; few have such gifts for a special work. Mr. Aitken's sermons, truly eloquent, are listened to with eager attention; but they also bear reading well, and richly repay it. They are rich, as we have said, in teaching, suggestive, with clear definitions; strong, and deeply spiritual. For *men*, of more than one class, they are emphatically discourses of the present day. Anybody who has watched in a northern congregation miners and artisans—in a metropolitan, men of business—and in a university, undergraduates and divines, impressed by the oratory of Mr. Aitken, will understand what we mean.

The first five sermons in this volume are The Revelation of Christ as the Saviour—the King—the Teacher—the Life-Power—the Bridegroom.

Haggai and Zechariah. With Notes and Introduction by the Ven. T. T. PEROWNE, B.D., Archdeacon of Norwich. Pp. 159. London: C. J. Clay and Son, Cambridge University Press Warehouse, Ave Maria Lane. 1886.

This interesting little volume is of great value. It is one of the best books in that well-known series of scholarly and popular commentaries, "The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges," of which Dean Perowne is the General Editor. In the expositions of Archdeacon Perowne we are always sure to notice learning, ability, judgment, and reverence. His introduction to the Book of Zechariah is excellent; conservative, but in nowise prejudiced or narrow, it shows that we are justified in holding that the Book is throughout the work of the author whose name it bears. The Notes are terse and pointed, but full and readable.

The Lighthouse of St. Peter, and other Addresses. By Rev. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S. Nisbet.

A volume of addresses by the same author was noticed in these pages a year or two ago. In the volume before us are many good things. One chapter criticizes the question, "Are you *saved?*" For ourselves, adding and altering a little, we should endorse the criticism.