

*This is a re-creation of the original – see page 2 – and please note that  
the headings on the contents page 3 are hyperlinks*

# INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE AND MINISTRY

BY

CANON A. G. HUNTER

Some time Vicar of Christ Church, Epsom,  
Rural Dean of Leatherhead, and  
Hon. Canon in Winchester Cathedral.



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## DEDICATION.

To my dear old Epsom friends I dedicate this little book.

A. G. H.

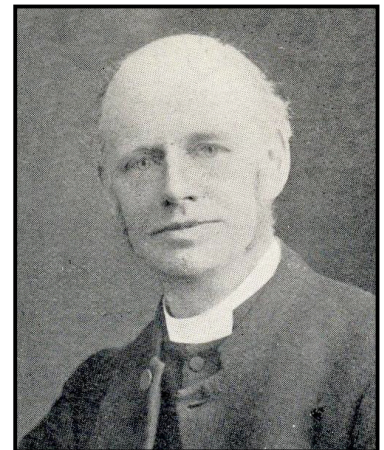
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### Transcriber's note

This small book (of some 100 octavo pages in the 1935 original) has long been out of print. To provide a more accessible source for local and other historians, the present text has been scanned in from an original held by Epsom & Ewell Borough Council's local history museum at Bourne Hall, Ewell. While it reflects the typography and layout of the original, it does not – as is obvious from the different page count – purport to be a facsimile.

Archer George Hunter (pictured here in about 1908) was born on 12 November 1850. As the title page indicates, he was among other things Vicar of Christ Church, Epsom Common. Appointed in 1881 to succeed the first Vicar, the Revd George Willes (who served from the parish's foundation in 1876) he led the parish for 30 years until his retirement in 1911 at the age of 60.

In 1906, he was appointed as Rural Dean of Leatherhead, alongside (as is usual) his parish duties. Less usually, he continued as Rural Dean – perhaps even more actively – after standing down from the parish, retiring from that in 1925 at the age of 75.



Canon Hunter finished this book in 1935, four years after the death of his wife, Marianne, and four years before his own death in April 1939. Both are buried in the same plot of Epsom Cemetery, alongside not only their son Leonard who had died in 1891 just short of his fourth birthday but also their grandson Paul who had died in 1911 at the age of two months.

*RM*  
July 2014

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## FOREWORD.

I have named this little book "Incidents in my Life and Ministry," for it is little more. I jotted them down for my own amusement and no more. I have been led to publish them by some who felt they would be appreciated, particularly by old Epsom friends. This at once appealed to me: the incidents, however, are very slight.

A. G. H.

## I. EARLY YEARS.

“TELL me a story,” followed presently by, “Once upon a time,” are perhaps among the most familiar incidents of our earliest days, and we can readily picture the scene, when, seated upon mother’s or nurse’s knee, the story began. Well, I am about to set down, in the story of my life, something rather different from that one, which was usually made up; and not unlikely, though true, it will not be half so interesting or thrilling. Still, it has this in its favour, it is a true story, and one that should not be without interest as the life of which I write has been long, getting on for 85 years, and very varied. Home, school, college, parish, deanery and diocese, for he who writes is a Minister in Christ’s Church, should provide incidents innumerable and many of them not without a touch of romance.

Well, I am a cockney, whose parents were two of the very best. We were seven in number and were a very happy, united family. Four girls and three boys.

Probably my earliest recollection was being taken by my nurse to the Foundling Chapel not far from home; and I must here say how delighted I was to hear only last week of the site of the dear old place having been secured for ever as a play ground for children. The scent of the starch in the girls caps is still in my nose; and what lovely singing, the sound still in my ears!

Then more than once I remember being taken by my nurse to a Church in course of construction, she telling me that perhaps one day I should be its Minister! Whether or no the fact weighed with me, I cannot say, but certainly I never had any other thought than that of being a Minister of God, and I remember very distinctly my disappointment when the said Church was completed and another one appointed to its ministry!

Among my earliest recollections is the Indian Mutiny of 1857, and being frightened almost out of my wits by a huge Guy, representing Nana Sahib, carried on a truck past our house, and so huge as to be able to peer into the first floor windows in the room in which we were playing. This, and the war in the Crimea before it in 1854, have naturally left a very vivid impression upon my mind, and as naturally one very full of fear of the horror of war.

I must have been nearly six years old when I first saw the country, when my father took us all to Pinner for a summer holiday. Pinner was then in the very heart of the country. One little incident by way of warning! One day when I was wheeling a heavy barrow with my tongue out, as I set the barrow down my teeth descended on my tongue and nearly severed it in two; the scar is there to this day.

Again I remember my father taking my brother Robert and myself to the north when we were quite young, and the interest we took as regards industry in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and as regards the Church, the incomparable York Minister, and the Cathedral at Peterborough. What an eye-opener and a broadening of the mind to those who had never been much beyond Brunswick Square where we lived. The impression made has never quite faded away.

Well, I suppose our early lives were spent much as others: hours with governess; precious hours with mother, and catechism with father on Sunday. In this connection I remember when a confirmation was to be held at school, my House Master asked me if I knew my catechism. On my answering yes, and telling him “my duty to my neighbour,” he was satisfied; and no further preparation did I have, save two or three very impressive addresses from the Head Master in Chapel.

But I am anticipating. Needless to say as soon as we children were old enough we went with our parents to Church. Perhaps one of the most lovely sights ever to be seen on earth was that of father and mother and children all joining together in

family worship of the Heavenly Father, and one feels that the loss is immeasurably great now that this happy state of things no longer obtains. Indeed it is most sad that large families now so seldom exist, and that the old family life is, for the most part, no more.

What a happy family we were to be sure! And one of many such all round us. When we moved to Wimbledon in 1857, among our friends near us were some who made their mark on the world outside. Thomas Hughes (Tom Brown's School Days), Ludlow, one of the pioneers of the Christian Social Mission, Charles Gore, later Bishop of Oxford, Canon Scott Holland, and others. We did everything together, worship, family prayer, lessons and play. We all shared, a splendid preparation for the world outside. Of course this ended all too soon when one and another of us went to school, the first break up of the home.

#### *School Life.*

I went to school before I was nine years of age, and my brother with me when he was seven and a half. The first school was all it should be as regards care and attention to our bodily wants. It didn't lay a good foundation in my opinion for the public school which was to follow. We were happy there save when we had to go and report ourselves to the Head Master that we had offended in some way or other, then of course, there was trouble! The cane, which was never pleasant, but the sting soon passed.

Our indoor games were marbles and knucklebones, both good games. Later on one remembers that among the laws of the University of Cambridge is one forbidding the playing of marbles on the steps of the Senate House! Out of doors, cricket and hockey in their season, and rounders and prisoner's base, all really good games. When games were not possible we walked and marched two and two, and I am not sure this was not a good preparation for the walking tours very much in vogue in those days.

Then the time for a public school came and one remembers being told by the master, "Here you are one of the elder boys, there you will be one of the youngest," a fact that very quickly forced itself on me! But before I leave speaking of my first school I must just refer to one or two incidents which go to show that boys then and boys now did not differ very much. There was a sweet stuff shop not far away, and young as we were it was a common thing for us to lower ourselves from a window on to a wall, to descend from this wall into a passage and so on to the shop, a sort of paradise to us, and I do not remember anyone of us ever being caught in the escapade. We called it, "Skipping up to Brooks's."

Another incident was foraging in the larder. Did ever bread and cheese taste more delicious than this that was stolen? Shocking, you will say. Yes, but still more shocking when soon after taking part in one of these expeditions I received a good conduct prize! Ought I to have owned up and to have refused it? I am not sure, I only know it was not earned.

A prize for bravery would have been more appropriate, for, of course, like burglary, such an expedition as I have alluded to required a certain amount of courage.

#### *Marlborough.*

Well, now I found myself a very insignificant member of one of our great public schools, of which my dear father was a founder. A school then-a-day not very easy of access, as for the last eleven miles we travelled by stage coach! Very pleasantly of course, but we seemed quite out of the world. We were very much at school. We

only had two holidays in the year, Christmas and Summer, not a day at Easter; so we were very much at school, and it was comparatively seldom that we saw anything of the outside world. We were too far away for our parents to come and see us often, and of course there were no half-term holidays. All this to my mind was to the good. The less school boys and girls see of their homes and of their friends at home whilst at school, save in the holidays, the better, it is most unsettling.

So here I was, a member, however unimportant, of one of the great public schools; not altogether, of course, feeling so unimportant; very soon at least, getting to know the meaning of *esprit de corps*, and this in spite of, or was it in some way because of, its very stringent discipline, both in connection with boys and masters. I hardly like to speak of this discipline or part of it at least, as bullying, but bullying it was, and looking back upon the life in the far distance, one can see that most of it was an excellent preparation for life in the larger world. If we ever thought we were going to have it all our own way, public school discipline taught us something very different. The lesson perhaps might have been taught less drastically, but taught it was.

The life at a public school on the whole is all to the good. You cannot be there long without finding your level. Its very hardness made our recreations all the more pleasing, and certainly one never enjoyed games more than at school. The "House" games called forth the best possible spirit, as did, of course, those with other public schools, and this spirit never dies. "Floreat Etona," they say at Eton; the second word only has to be changed and it is the hearty cry of every public school boy.

This is the story of my life, so I must just tell what most appealed to me. Cricket, certainly, amongst games, and rigger, but I think I was most fond of fives and racquets. There was only one racquet court, which was very much in request, so many a time in summer I was up by five o'clock in order to get an extra game. I still know no game to beat it. Lawn tennis itself, fine game as it is, is slow after it; the very hard little racquet ball, coming off the wall like a bullet from a gun.

The railway was brought into the town before I left school and consequently it was no longer cut off from the world outside as it had been. A journey which at one time had taken the whole of the winter's day, can now be accomplished in four or five hours.

Soon after leaving school and a Tutor, with whom I was very happy for a short time, I matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and of course at the same time became a man! The change from school to college is indeed great, there is none greater in life. The change is not otherwise than pleasant, and one remembers returning to one's old school and being treated so differently, even by the masters; no longer as one inferior, but as an equal. I think in those days masters looked down upon a boy rather more than they ought to have done. I have a vivid recollection of one who did not do this, who really was a friend, and one would have done anything for that man. Work under him was a pleasure and he had much less difficulty in filling our heads, having won our hearts. Few teachers, in my experience, know how to teach; this, and showing but little interest in their pupils, makes both the work of teaching and of being taught very much harder than it should be.

### *Cambridge.*

Well, at Cambridge I was much more my own master, and if this position is not abused it is a very happy one. I am not going to pose as a scholar for I was never that, nor as having spent most of the day at my books, for I did not. Mere book learning is not the best preparation for the work of life, much more is learnt from

association with one's fellows. Our day was spent much as follows: Chapel, breakfast, very often in one another's rooms, study for the rest of the morning, then on the river. There were few days I was not in an eight, beginning, of course, in a tub pair, and then, after a few days coaching, in an eight. Not all people would choose rowing, but to me it was very delightful, and one great advantage was its regularity. One came to expect the Captain's voice at one's door about twelve o'clock; "Can you be at the boat house at two o'clock to-day?" and one's regular answer was "Yes." This led to being included in the college races and also in one's school fours, etc., etc. I did a certain amount of coxing to begin with, and I know of few more delightful positions than that of coxing an eight, especially on such a river as the Cam, with its many windings. Soon, however, being a light weight, I rowed bow almost always. This regular rowing did not interfere with much very pleasant boating on one's own.

Sculling, both in what is known at Cambridge as a "funnie," and at Oxford as a "skiff," is perhaps one of the most delightful sensations on earth, or rather on water, and has to be experienced really to know its delights, and of course canoeing, etc., on the "Backs" whiled away many a pleasant hour. One had a book with one or not, one went to study on the water—or not; usually not.

Life at the University is so widely known that it can not be necessary to tell of it now in any detail. It is not, as some seem to think; all play, neither is it all work—save perhaps when an examination is impending, it is a happy mixture of both. In college or community life, consists the joy and the use of it all, and happy they who are given the priceless opportunity it affords. The time passes all too quickly, but is never forgotten, and one hopes that one is able to go through life all the better because of it.

I was very happy in my friends at Trinity, most of them, but not all, gained through the First Trinity Boat Club. Naturally with a view to ordination I was anxious to get some experience that would help me later on, so when asked to help in the Sunday Schools of Great St. Mary's, I readily assented. I found here not the help I needed, and soon transferred my affections to the Jesus Lane Sunday Schools under Canon Leeke, perhaps the best ordered schools in the country. I cannot be too grateful for the experience gained there, the discipline was excellent as also the teaching; they were model schools.

I attended many of the University sermons, specially those for Freshmen, Dean Vaughan and Bishop Harvey Goodwin of Carlisle, standing out in my mind as being really good and helpful.

I must not omit to tell of a very pleasant row from Oxford to Richmond which I had with four other Cambridge men one long vacation. Seldom have I been in the company of more merry men, nor, indeed, of such highbrows, for one was senior wrangler, another senior in the Moral Science Tripos and a third senior in the Natural Science Tripos, whilst the fourth and I aspired to no such heights. The weather was not good, so there was no chance of camping out, but we stayed at comfortable hotels at Goring, Henley and the Bells of Ousley, taking our twenty-five miles a day very easily and completing our hundred miles on the fourth day at Richmond. A happier, merrier crew the Thames never saw. Nowadays, steamers allow of those not too active to see the beauties.

#### *Cuddesden.*

In my case, after I had taken my degree, I proceeded to Cuddesden, leaving a general, for a more particular, more intensive training for one's profession—that of Holy Orders. No words of mine could tell the invaluable character of this time,



especially if one was fortunate, as I was, to come under the influence of Edward King, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln. Here some twenty of us, about half from Oxford and half from Cambridge, lived and worked and prayed together as happily as it is possible to conceive. Here we got an entirely new view of life. Here was set before us a very high ideal and the way in which it might be reached. Quite true, the dear old Principal used to tell us, we were in the calm, we were in harbour, in preparation for the storm outside, but the calm of the harbour was precious beyond words and the storm was encountered almost with equanimity armed with the many helps Cuddesden had provided.

It was a happy time. I am not sure, however, it was quite so happy when the time came to preach one's first sermon before one's fellow students and the staff of the College! This was an ordeal! One had the satisfaction of knowing that each one had to pass through this mill in turn, so our efforts evoked sympathy rather than ridicule. Still, it was not easy, it was very nervous work, as one poor student indeed found it when having given out his text three times he could say no more and descended from the pulpit! Nervous work indeed, but it was followed by the very great privilege of spending the evening alone with the Principal who was always most sympathetic and helpful. I remember on returning to the vestry after preaching my first sermon, feeling, shall I say, a fool, he met me and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Thank you, dear man, thank you," till one almost began to think one had said something really good. However, during the evening, in the very gentlest way, he pointed out one's faults and helped one to see how one might do better another time. His lovely teaching could never be forgotten.

But the calm of Cuddesden must soon be left behind. I was fortunate enough, on my ordination, to obtain a curacy in the diocese of Winchester, and curiously enough, under a friend of my father's, although not through him. The Chaplain one day told me that the Rector of Beddington in Surrey was wanting a curate; should I like to go there? I replied I should, especially as I knew him through my dear father. During the next vacation I went to see the Rector, Canon Bridges, who kindly offered me a "Title for Orders," such Title being a necessity in every case before a man can be ordained.

## II. ORDINATION.

On May 31st, 1874, I was ordained Deacon by Bishop Harold Browne, of saintly memory, in Winchester Cathedral, in the presence of my father and mother and other members of my family, and on Sunday, June 14th, I began a very happy ministry at Beddington.

### *First Curacy.*

There were two mission Churches in the far spreading parish, besides the Parish Church, one at South Beddington and Bandon Hill, the other at Beddington Corner. I began my ministry at this last, and it was no small advantage to a young deacon to be able to minister in the first instance to a small and not very critical congregation. There were three or four regular curates and we all took our turn in the Parish Church. Let me say at once that the kindness and consideration one met with on the part of all was most encouraging.

I had only been ordained for seven short weeks when I lost my dear mother, an irreparable loss indeed. Home, and ours was the happiest of homes, could never be again what it had been. One's work, of course, took one's thoughts off, and I spent my first rest with my father and sisters at the sea-side.

One's work—of what did this consist? Study for the most part in the morning, visiting in the afternoon, and this not only among the sick but also among the whole of my cure. This is one of the ordination vows and I am sure there is no more important part of a clergyman's duties than that of visiting systematically.

Little progress can be made until you get to know your people, and there is no other way to get to know them than by visiting them in their homes. Hard work it may be, but very pleasant work, and work which is all worth while. In it you are studying human nature in the course of your ministry and incidentally you learn from your people every bit as much as you teach them, and it is true that the heart to heart talks in the home provide most invaluable material for the pulpit. I think it is true to say that though at times disinclined for the effort I never reached home without thanking God for the wonderful opportunities afforded by the simple visiting of one's people.

It is said, and truly I fear, that people do not come to Church as they did. One chief cause of that I firmly believe is that they do not know their pastor. Huge populations are said to make regular visiting impossible. It is not this. Thirty houses a week is fifteen hundred families a year and when the people see the desire of the pastor to know them they will make all allowances if they see it is impossible for him to get to all. If I have dwelt long on this part of the priest's work I do not apologise; it is *essential* and this must be insisted on.

Then no less important is it to be regularly in the schools, and to show both teachers and children one's interest in their work. Again, a well organised Sunday School with a good staff of teachers with classes for them is essential. I do not think in the early days of my ministry the teachers were as well trained as they are now, but they were very keen and their influence among the children was untold.

Before long I found myself hard at work preparing the young for confirmation; another wonderful opportunity that God has put into our hands, and here as in all parts of one's ministry the help to the minister is every bit as great as it is to the candidate. It is indeed a solemn thing the preparation of the young for confirmation and Holy Communion and one gets so intimate, in the highest sense of the word, with those with whom one has been engaged in the most serious things of life, that

one feels it impossible altogether to part from them, hence it was always my practice, as I believe it to be with many others, to write to those, whom I had helped to prepare, on the anniversary of the confirmation every year, and to encourage them to write back. This practice I began in 1875 and continued up to 1916 when the war, as in so many other matters, made it almost impossible to continue.

Of course much of a clergyman's time is taken up in the preparation and delivery of his sermons. When about to prepare I have generally reminded myself of what has been said to be the difference between a good and a bad preacher, the last getting up in the pulpit because he has got to say something, the first because he has got something to say, and further, I feel sure, when this something has been said, sometimes quite shortly, and at other times at greater length, the sooner one gets down from the pulpit the better. I know the congregation think this, and with their experience they are usually right.

After about a year at Beddington Corner I was asked to go up to Bandon Hill in succession to my dear friend Canon Teulon, who had been appointed Principal of Chichester Theological College. He had been at Beddington some ten years and therefore was many years my senior, but nothing could have exceeded the kindness he showed me. He was a very real friend and continued to be so until the time of his death; what a boon to one just beginning his ministry! The other assistants, Sainsbury, Sharp and Boddington, were also most true friends, but Teulon stands out for intimacy. Canon and Mrs. Bridges and Mrs. Sainsbury were also all they should be in making things easier for the uninitiated. Were I to begin to speak of my many kind friends among the laity I don't know where I should stop, they were literally legion, and with very many of them I have had the joy of great friendship even to the last, I cannot imagine a happier relationship of its kind than that between a pastor and his flock. But the time was drawing near for another step to be taken.

#### *The Manchester Mission.*

Early in the year 1876 I was asked by two Cambridge friends to take a minor part in the Manchester Mission. My part was mostly, though not altogether, with the children. It was a happy. experience and a fruitful one too, for it gave me a desire to work in a town. On returning to Beddington I told the rector of my desire and I think he was not surprised. I then consulted my dear father and he advised my going to see my very dear friend Edward Penfold, who had just been appointed first Vicar of St. Michael's, Camden Town. Here I get to quite the most important period of my life, and if I enlarge upon it, as I must, it is because my whole future hangs upon it.

I must first tell of Penfold and of my introduction to him. Half way through my time at Marlborough in the year 1864, I injured my leg so severely while on holiday in Folkestone, that I was not able to return to school for a time. My father, anxious that I should waste no time, looked out for a tutor for me. He had noticed a young man who was very regular, with his mother and sister, at Christ Church, Wimbledon, where we lived. This was Edward, Mrs. and Miss Penfold, and my father went to see Edward, then an undergraduate at Worcester College, Oxford, and asked him if he could spare the time, and if so if he would be willing to coach me until his return to Oxford. This he kindly consented to do and it was the beginning of a friendship lasting until his death in 1907. Yes, he was far, far more to me than a tutor, he was a true friend, taking an interest in all my doings and keeping up a correspondence with me through all the years.

It was to this dear friend that I repaired when, after the Manchester Mission, I was desirous to work in a town. I did not go, let me say, with any idea at the moment of working with him, although earlier in the year I had been to see him and to hear all about his new and interesting work at Camden Town. Well, it may appear strange, but it is true he told me almost at the beginning of our talk that he had just heard from Archdeacon Matthew of Lahore, who had been a fellow curate of his in Christ Church, Albany Street, and who I had met when spending a pleasant week-end in the Christ Church Clergy House, and in the letter Matthew, after speaking of his interest in Penfold's new work, expressed a hope that he would hear that Hunter was working with him! This seemed almost providential and made me think how splendid it would be if I could indeed do so. My friend could offer no stipend, so it must depend upon my father whether I could go or not. I went next day to see my father and he made no doubt about it, that this, St. Michael's, Camden Town, under Edward Penfold, for whom he had always had the greatest respect, was just the parish where I could get the experience I wanted.

*St. Michael's, Camden Town.*

Now let me tell of what sort this parish was. It was a new one of six thousand poor people, and had been carved out of three neighbouring parishes, St. Stephen's, Pratt Street, St. Mary's, Oakley Square, and Holy Trinity, Haverstock Hill. The Church of St. Michael, Queenhythe, had been pulled down and its endowments were divided between two new parishes, Holy Cross, St. Pancras, and St. Michael's, Camden Town. The so-called living in each case was £300 and no house, no church, no school, no building of any kind! Mr. Penfold soon found and rented a shop in the Camden Road, converted the ground floor into a little church and lived over it himself and his housekeeper over him. He then put a notice in the window telling of the hours of service, and went to the neighbouring board school and asked the master if he could provide him with some choir boys. The first service was held early in February 1877, and it was not long before a little congregation gathered together there, Sunday by Sunday.

*Last Days at Beddington.*

However, I must get back to Beddington before I go on with the St. Michael's story, for I was not to leave there till June, and very sorry I was when the time came to leave. My friends there could not have been kinder and I had grown to love them, and although now after nearly fifty-seven years have passed, I still keep up with some old friends, I going to see them, they coming to see me. A beautiful clock, amongst other gifts, which now stands in my drawing-room, is an outward reminder of my happy ministry in my first parish.

The work in my second parish I embarked on in mid-June, 1877, a very great contrast to my first, and I fear I was a little Beddington-sick to begin with, and certainly did look forward to returning to see my friends once a month, it was a joy and refreshment. However, I soon settled down to the new work and began by going to see the people from house to house in that half of the parish which the Vicar had assigned to me. It was not long before I got to know and love them, indeed they were very lovable and very welcoming.

We had one great advantage, we had no money, and we told the people so, therefore they did not expect us to put our hands into our pockets. We assured them that when there was any real need we would do our best to supply it. We found the Charity Organisation Society a very great help. The honest had no objection to having their cases inquired into; others found that their want was not

so great after all! We told everyone what we were out for, and many found their way to worship with us in our little church.

*Our Sunday School.*

One of our first works was to start a Sunday School and for this purpose we hired from the County Council the Hawley Crescent Board School rooms. We went round the parish and told the people of this, and in order to be ready for the children we secured twenty one teachers from our little congregation. On the first Sunday morning we had seven children—three teachers for each child! In the afternoon we had about twenty. The number soon increased however, even to a hundred, and for many years now there has been a children's Eucharist filling half the now large church.

*Our Second Temporary Church.*

Next it was clear we must have some larger place of worship. But where? For there was no part of the parish not built on. The Vicar made inquiries and found there were two houses with small gardens in the Camden Road obtainable, though by no means cheaply. These we bought and erected an iron church on the site of what one day would be the chancel of the permanent church.

This iron church would accommodate three hundred people, a great advance on the "Shop" which only held a hundred, but it soon filled. All were sorry when the last service in the first church took place; we had grown very fond of it and had been quite a happy family of worshippers. Oh, we were so happy! On St. Bartholomew's day, 1879, Canon Burrows, the well known and much loved Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, preached at the dedication of the iron church.

*Preparing for a Permanent Church.*

Then came a period of begging. Edward Penfold was the last man to offer God that which had cost him nothing, and he was resolved on building a really worthy church. For this we asked Mr. Bodley, one of the chief architects of the day, to prepare designs, and whilst he was doing this we were bothering our friends, everyone indeed who we had ever met, to help us. We had this claim on them; or at any rate this excuse for going outside the parish, that there was next to nothing to be got from those inside, though what there was was given very freely and gladly. Here my better-to-do friends at Beddington came in and they did come, in response to my shameless asking! The Vicar secured various grants from the Patrons of the living, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and his many friends, and the congregation I think, without exception, did their part nobly till a sum of over twenty thousand pounds was gathered together.

*Consecration of the Nave.*

The Nave of Mr. Bodley's beautiful church was in due course erected and consecrated, by the Bishop of London in the summer of 1881. Presently the north chapel was added, but in the meanwhile a much needed Church House was provided. The church is there to speak for itself, there is no nobler modern building in London, and the spiritual temple has been growing all the time. "The little one has become a thousand." What a privilege was mine to be permitted to share in such work.

*My Future Wife.*

I have said that my coming to work in London soon altered the whole tenor of my life, for it brought me face to face with her who was to become my wife. In the course of my parochial visits I was constantly hearing from the people of a Miss Bray, who was reported as one of great worth, whether as a friend or as a teacher in the St. Mark's Sunday Schools. Naturally I hoped that sooner or later I should meet Miss Marianne Bray, and in all truth I can say that when I did I found that the half had not been told me! One day I had arranged for a Clinical Communion and the patient asked me if she might ask Miss Bray to come to it, so it came to pass that it was at the bedside of the sick and in the Lord's own service that I first met this gracious lady. After this I got to know her family and some two years later I asked her to become my wife. One year later still we were married in St. Mark's, Regent's Park, and spent fifty happy years together.

Before continuing I should like to emphasise what is indeed true, how much often proceeds from very little, or "how great a matter a little fire kindleth." An accident kept me from school and introduced me to the friend of my life, Edward Penfold, this friendship led ultimately to my working with him at St. Michael's, Camden Town, where in the course of my ministry I met her who was to become my wife! Surely it is a chain of events worth recording.

### III. CHRIST CHURCH, EPSOM.

Well, about a year after our marriage I received a visit from George Willes, Vicar of Christ Church, Epsom, who came to tell me he was leaving Epsom. Would I be his successor if I was asked to be this by the Bishop? At any rate would I come and see the parish? This I very soon did and was much attracted by all I saw—Church, Vicarage and parish. Mr. Willes hoped I might come, as also did Mr. Trotter, one of the wardens. In due course Bishop Harold Browne of Winchester, who had ordained me both Deacon and priest some seven years before, offered me the living, and after consultation with my dear father, Mr. Penfold, and my dear old Principal of Cuddesden, now Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, I accepted it, not, I must say, without qualms. Who could accept a cure of souls lightly, and again, I was to succeed one of the best of parish priests, who I had known something of whilst I was at Beddington when we were in the same Deanery, and his reputation was distinctly high.

Curiously enough Christ Church had been consecrated in Beddington days and my Rector, Canon Bridges, who was also Rural Dean, had invited me to go to the consecration. This, however, I did not do.

Well, after many affectionate farewells to my dear friends at St. Michael's, and after receiving some very precious gifts, my dear wife and I, and our little daughter Dorothy, aged only five weeks, took up our residence at Epsom in mid March, 1882. What an experience it was! Happy? Yes, certainly, but I felt the responsibility very keenly. In this we were helped enormously by the exceeding kindness of our new friends. Just to mention three families, the Trotters of Horton Manor, the Willises of Horton Lodge, and the Northeys of Woodcote House, out of a host of others, did all they could to make things easy and pleasant for us. Our ministry at Epsom lasted for thirty years, and of course I could very easily fill a big volume with telling of it. I must therefore curtail my matter as much as possible.

First to speak of the church, the Architect of which was Sir Arthur Blomfield. It was consecrated by Bishop Wilberforce on St. Luke's day, 1876, and I think that in its present condition it compares very favourably with any modern church I know. In my time the tower was built, eight bells were hung and a happy band of ringers appointed, and a clock, gift of Mr. Basil Braithwaite, of Hookfield, set up. Panels in mosaic, on either side of the altar, by Powell and Sons, in memory of Mrs. Trotter, and the mosaic continued round the east window in memory of her husband. The chancel and sanctuary most beautifully decorated as well as walls and roof in memory of Norman Aston. The organ case and panels by Hal Collier Jones in memory of our dear child, Leonard John, who had passed to his rest in 1891. A beautiful figure of Our Blessed Lord in the attitude of invitation over the Chancel arch in memory of the first Vicar, George Willes. All the aisle windows in stained glass completed, those on the north representing scenes in the early years of Our Lord, and the three years of His ministry, those on the south with scenes from the Holy Week and Passion. Then at the east end of the south aisle is a very beautiful cross in memory of Major Murray, who was killed in the South African War, and last, but certainly not least, a very fine metal rood screen in memory of Sampson Trotter, designed by Fellowes Prynne, who also designed the graceful pendants for the electric light. Since my time the transept to the north of the choir has been transformed into a Lady Chapel.

The organist and choir master, Mr. Good, has been there from the beginning; a better voice producer and choir trainer it would be hard to find, and his constant

interest in the boys has been worthy of all admiration. Space prevents me saying all I could say of his wonderful work of nearly sixty years! Since writing this he passed to his rest in March, 1935. R.I.P.

The beautiful church was filled regularly with a most devout congregation, and there can be no doubt that the music had no small share in attracting worshippers. Confirmation candidates were numerous as also were communicants and a guild for communicants did much good. A children's guild also, embracing many objects, was singularly successful in attracting the young, and for this chief praise must be given to Alice Home whose influence was really wonderful. She was, as we should say, too soon called to her rest, but her works followed her.

I was singularly fortunate in my assistant curates, in my Deaconess, Sister Isabel, in many Church Army officers in succession, notably Albert King (who has been since ordained), who got together a fine body of scouts, and in my many workers in the districts and in the Sunday Schools. No praise could be too high for all these. The thirty years was made possible by them, alone, thirty days would have been more probably the length of my ministry. Under God these many workers were really wonderful and I can never cease to thank Him for them. I refrain from mentioning them by name, for they were Legion. No minister could have been more blest in his workers and in his friends. As time went on a Church Room was built on West Hill, following on the Guild Room which had done good service in West Street.

#### *St. Barnabas.*

When the parish began to develop in the Hook Road, we erected an iron church dedicated to St. Barnabas, and a Church Room. By the generosity of many I was able to secure a second curate and soon to appoint a curate in charge for that district. In process of time a permanent church was built and here I must mention the Rev. E. G. Ireland, by whose help the church was built and consecrated. Happily the church was built before the war or the expense would have been far greater, as it was, the cost was between five and six thousand pounds. It is interesting to know how this large sum was obtained. Two and a half thousand came from subscriptions, £82 from cards, £770 from entertainments of various kinds, notably from a concert given by Mr. and Mrs. Kennerly Rumford, always good friends of Christ Church. The remainder came from offertories and various funds, as for instance, the Bishop of Winchester's Fund, the Church Building Society, City Charities, etc. Surely an instance of those being helped who help themselves, as all but £550 came from the parish—or nine-tenths of the whole. We were all of one mind in the matter and each did his or her part for the greater glory of God and the good of the people. Besides Mr. Ireland, Mr. Bowles, who afterwards became my successor at Christ Church, did splendid work in furthering the new work; to them and many others I owe far more than I can say. What more helpful to a Vicar than a loyal congregation, and zealous coadjutors!

Among our many friends, I say our, because although this purports to be the story of my life, all I did was so closely associated with my very precious wife. We worked so closely together that what is true of myself is also in a large degree true of her, and certainly her friends were my friends and *vice versa*. Among them I am thankful and proud to mention Lord Rosebery. He was a true and constant friend, certainly for more than thirty years, and as a proof of his friendship I would mention that he offered me and pressed me to accept the living at Mentmore, and perhaps it was one of the most difficult things of my life to feel obliged to say "No."



My wife and I went to see the parish, but really from the first my mind was made up. I felt no call to such a work. and as gracefully as I could I declined it.

Then no words can tell what friends we had in Alfred and Mrs. Aston and their family; they never failed us and never will. I often found myself seeking his advice. and that advice was very sound and very decisive. If it was connected with some project he thought inadvisable he would say, "Don't you touch it"; on the other hand, if he approved of it he would not only say so, but help in every way to carry it through. Epsom owes as much to Alfred Aston as to any man during the last half century. He has now "passed on." R.I.P.

Our neighbours the Willises were always more than kind. Fortunate indeed were we in our friendships. Those of which we were always sure, stand out naturally in times of sorrow or of joy. For instance; when we lost a little child in 1891, and at the marriage of our son and younger daughter, it was made very clear to us what true friends we had, as was also the case at the time of our silver wedding in 1906, to all of which I have alluded later on. I am confident no ministry has ever been a happier one; no minister could have had more loving and loyal fellow workers. The parish of course grew very much in my time and still grows.

As in all parishes many special services were held from time to time and many able teachers and preachers gave very valuable help at these. George Holden, curate in charge of St. John's, Wilton Road, and afterwards Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street, came to us, again and again for courses in Lent. So did E. C. Baldwin, specially for quiet days and Dr. Newsom, for addresses to men. Bishop Wilkinson, of North and Central Europe, was always welcome, as also was Archbishop West Jones, of Capetown, and later Frank Phelps, his penultimate successor. Amongst those who helped us and certainly not least, was Father Ignatius. He came to us for an afternoon and evening service and is quite unforgettable, his voice both in speaking and singing was very clear and musical, and his message was delivered as few could deliver it. Sometimes he broke out into song in the course of his address and asked the congregation, to join in. There was no danger of going to sleep whilst he was preaching. One is sorry that he was not more wisely treated by the Church. I remember when someone was reading the notice telling of his coming, I was asked, "Are you wise in asking him?" My reply was, "May I never do a more unwise thing." Then in his private life one could not but feel his influence. My daughter about to be confirmed, will, I am sure, never forget the few words he said to her on hearing of what was in store for her. He reminded one very much of St. Francis; he shunned contact with the world. I found him a lodging far removed from it, and he did so appreciate it. Great as was my admiration for Father Ignatius, his attitude towards Bishop Gore no one could justify.

There was another who came to us to tell of the work overseas, Father Josa, of British Guiana, "How," he asked, "do you think we get the people to come and hear us in our missions from place to place? Well, I will tell you. We take up our stand under some large tree and begin to sing, like this." And then he began to sing and we thought no wonder he got an audience with a voice like that, it was wonderfully beautiful. On our return home he told us something of his career. He was an Italian, and as a boy had sung in the Pope's choir, presently he became known to Sir Erasmus Phillips of Warminster, and later became one of his pupils, and then was ordained in the Anglican Church and became a missionary—and a great one.

Dr. Marx, of Rangoon, was another outstanding man, and yet another, Father Waggett, who though not in Christ Church, told a story which merits repetition. He was preaching on the mercy of God and he told of a little girl who went to her

clergyman and confessed to him she was a very wicked little girl and felt she had sinned beyond any mercy that God could bestow. If she saw anything she wanted she took it, but she said, far worse than that, when she looked at herself in the glass of a morning, she said to herself, "Dear me, you are a pretty child to be sure, prettier and prettier every day." The old clergyman putting his hands on her head, said: "My dear child, that isn't a sin, it's a mistake!" A very audible titter passed through the church at this climax you may be sure.

The Bishops of London and of Lichfield and of British Honduras were, among others, those who were very welcome in our pulpit.

### *Confession.*

One could not minister in a parish long without many ups and downs, but both one and other helped to make one's ministry a very happy one. Our annual "Quiet Day" was always much appreciated, many were our conductors, but perhaps E. C. Baldwin stands out in one's memory as the one who helped us most and most often. At the bottom of the notice paper issued on these occasions it was stated, "The conductor will be in the vestry at certain hours to give counsel and advice to any who should wish it." A leading member of the congregation on one occasion asked me: "Does this mean confession?" To which I replied, "Certainly, if so desired." My friend did not like this. He thought it was Romish. This gave me an opportunity of preaching a sermon on the subject of confession. Romish of course it is not. The difference between us and Rome is this. Rome says you *must* the Anglican church says you may. There is no sort of compulsion with us, but my friend must have heard me scores of times before the great festivals in giving notice of the Holy Communion, repeat the words, "If there be any of you who cannot quiet his conscience but requireth further comfort or counsel, let him come to me or to some other minister of God's Work and open his grief that by the ministry of God's Holy Word he may receive the benefit of absolution, etc." I was glad of this opportunity and never again did anyone raise any objection to the occasional practice.

### *Re-roofing.*

This was among the most important improvements of our church in my time. The church stands in a very exposed position, and given a gale from the south west the roof lost many of its tiles. In course of time this affected the interior roof which consisted of plaster which began to fall gradually in larger and larger quantities to the danger of those below. On a certain Ash Wednesday as I literally fought my way over to the church in the teeth of a strong south west gale, it came to me the plaster would very likely fall to-day, and it certainly made me very uncomfortable. However, we began the service, but honestly it was as much as I could do to stay where I was and to give no warning. Presently the presentiment became so strong that not only would some of the plaster fall, but that it would fall in a particular place! Then I could stay no longer and I left my stall and went down and whispered in Mrs. Northey's ear that I thought she had better move as I feared the plaster would fall before very long, and sure enough, scarcely had she moved to another seat before large and heavy pieces of plaster fell just where she had been sitting! Explain this how you may, I believe it was a special intervention of Providence, telling me to sound the warning that the plaster would fall in a particular place and so preventing what might have been a very serious accident. I should like to say that there was nothing to make me think the plaster would fall in this particular place other than the voice within telling me that it would.

However, good was to come out of this. On the following Sunday morning I told the congregation from the pulpit exactly what had happened, and after conferring with my counsellors and with the builders and enquiring what should be done, and the probable cost, I again made a statement from the pulpit asking my people's help for an absolutely necessary work and telling them the approximate cost for re-roofing the church, and expressing the hope that no further appeal would be necessary, with the result that on the Sunday after, the whole expense, amounting to nearly £400, was met through the offertory. And here I must say that during my thirty years at Christ Church I always found the people most ready to give where there was any real need. Only make a plain statement of the need and help was forthcoming.

Reverting once more to the roof, the plaster has never been replaced so there is no more danger from this quarter. I suppose it was placed there originally for the sake of appearance and to lighten the roof, but for a church situated as ours, I think it never ought to have been there.

#### *The Tower.*

Our people were good givers where the need was clear, but quite early in my time when I wanted to complete the tower, if the need was clear, it was not considered by the older inhabitants that the foundations were strong enough to bear the weight of a tower, and I had considerable difficulty in persuading them otherwise, even when the architect had said all was right. People naturally would not give to a scheme they felt to be unsound. When we pressed the architect for a certificate to say that all was sound and we could proceed, he said before he could do this he must examine the foundation. How well I remember the mason and labourer with a pick-axe, coming to examine. The church is built of flint, the labourer was directed to remove two or three of these flints with his axe. This he did, and the rubble, for it was nothing else, poured out of the aperture like water, it was evident no cementing the hollows between the walls had been used, it was filled up with rubbish. On going inside and removing some of the bricks there was the same thing disclosed, and when the architect reported to our committee he said it was fortunate that the tower had not been proceeded with, as in that event it would have certainly fallen. We had a strong committee and we commissioned two of the ablest of them—perhaps it would be better not to mention names, though our commissioners and the architect have long since passed away—to go to London and interview the architect.

“Well,” said they to him, “and what is to be done?”

“Without doubt,” said he, “you must strengthen the foundations.”

“Yes,” said they, “and at whose expense?”

“That is no concern of mine,” said he. But their reply was. “You either make the foundations strong enough to bear any superstructure to be placed on them and pay the cost, or we shall expose you.”

The foundations were made perfectly strong and this by that fine firm of builders, Goddard of Dorking, whom we later employed to erect the tower, and they, and we too, may well be proud of the work. The same firm re-roofed the church and I, for one, feel much indebted to them.

#### *The Mission.*

In 1892, Herbert Rickard, who had lately come as my assistant curate, and a very valuable one he proved to be, and I, concluded that a Parochial ten days mission was highly desirable in the parish. To be really effective such a mission

needs long and careful preparation; this is essential, as also to secure missionaries ready and equipped for the work. My thoughts went at once to Mr. Hasloch Potter, vicar of Holy Trinity, Tooting, who had often helped us at Christ Church, and I asked him if he would come and talk over our project with us. This he readily did, and our talk resulted in our asking him if he himself would conduct our mission. This he consented to do, suggesting that Mr. Thomas Bates, vicar of St. Mary's, Balham, should be asked to help him. Soon we called our people together and explained to them what we proposed to do, and our missionaries, men of great experience in the matter, came in the early autumn of 1893, and instructed us as to how to get to work in order to make due preparation. We met from time to time for prayer and intercession. Our district visitors were supplemented by other special workers who, with mission literature, went round and informed the people what it all meant, which in few words was this.

An effort to make Jesus Christ Our Saviour better known and better loved and to deepen the religion of those who yearned to be more consistent followers of Him. Clergy and workers worked hard for nearly six months to prepare the parish, and there was not a household that was not invited to attend the mission services.

Mr. Potter took these services as also the services to men, Mr. Bates confining himself to the women and children. I can only say that the impression made was very great indeed, and it is true to say that now, forty years after, it has never been effaced. It is not possible so long after to go into detail, but we made many efforts to keep alive the flame that had been kindled under the guidance of the Holy Spirit by our very fine missionaries. No other words could tell adequately of the real help they were to many.

I think it may be of interest to tell of one incident which occurred during the Mission. I had been, whilst we were preparing for it, into every one of the many public houses in my parish, and had always received a good reception. The men and sometimes the women, showed themselves interested in our project and during the mission itself, certainly both men and women turned up in great numbers. One evening one of the publicans came to me and said: "You know, this must stop. You're emptying my house. If this goes on I shall have to complain to the Bishop!" I said of course it was open to him to do so if he liked, but as I had come and told of the mission before it began and he gave me every encouragement, he ought not to have been surprised if his clients had responded and attended the services. With that the matter dropped.

Every Wednesday for years after we had a short special mission service at Christ Church, and every year at the anniversary of the mission one or other of our missionaries came to address us and to help to keep alive in our minds the old, old story. Amongst other services on these occasions we always had a special service for children, and the masters and mistresses of our schools, boys, girls and infants, most splendidly co-operated with us and marched their children to church, so that on these occasions we always had a church full of children, and most inspiring was the sight, as also the singing from hundreds of young voices.

I find it hard to prevent my pen from running on without limit when I am telling of the happy days, but God grant that the seed sown in time may spring up and bear fruit to life eternal.

Other means of carrying on the work were open air services during the summer in what we called the Mission church district, that is Woodlands Road, outside the Jolly Coopers, near Mrs. Lewin's laundry, etc. We also held Lantern Lectures in various centres, as in the Mission Church, the laundry, in various farms in Horton, in the church room, etc. These services were very popular and were always attended

well and were certainly the means of helping many who perhaps for the most part did not attend the ordinary services of the church. On Christmas Day we generally had a lantern service in the afternoon in Christ Church itself, the slides, on the life of Our Lord from His Nativity to His Ascension, were almost always excellent, and many well known hymns are obtainable for the purpose.

#### *Our Bishops.*

I would here say a word of our Bishops, Harold Browne, Thorold, Davidson, Ryle, Talbot and Woods, what a succession of men to have been under! And what a privilege was ours to serve under them.

Can I give just one word from each of them?

“By the road of by and by you get to never.” From the first.

“Remove that cross,” from the second, when it was heading a procession previous to a confirmation.

“You would wish then,” said the vicar, “That when we come to the line in the hymn, ‘with the cross of Jesus going on before’ to alter it to ‘left behind the door’.” This was more than Bishop Thorold could agree to, and at once, quite characteristically, he said: “Use it, use it.”

This Bishop became more and more broad minded. When first he was consecrated he isolated some of his clergy with whose practices he had little sympathy, but after a year or so when he found that these men were among the best workers in his diocese he turned round and overwhelmed them with little attentions and kindnesses. He was, too, a great organiser. At the first conference after his translation to Winchester he moved many resolutions himself. Perhaps we thought at the moment that this was a pity, but afterwards we all felt his action was more than justified.

Bishop Davidson, his successor, was a true statesman, besides being a father in God. He was one who grew under your eyes. Personally I knew him when working in London as we were fellow members of the Junior Clergy Society. He was one of the leading members in our debates. When he rose to speak we expected words of wisdom from him, and were seldom disappointed. Thus as Dean of Windsor, Bishop and Archbishop, he distinctly went on from strength to strength.

Then there came Bishop Ryle, gentle and therefore great; sympathetic and fatherly. His health only allowed of a short episcopate, and he left us to be Dean of Westminster.

And now came one of the greatest men in the church, Edward Talbot. I really cannot trust myself to say much of him, his praise is in the Churches and no praise one feels could be too great. Though great he was one of the humblest of men. His guidance at one of our Diocesan Conferences or at Farnham or at confirmations, or more privately, is too well known to be enlarged upon. “God and I”—that was often his theme. Absolutely single minded, without a thought but for God’s greater glory. I had and valued his friendship more than I can tell.

When his days at Winchester were numbered, how well I remember his asking Bishop Woods of Peterborough to preach in the Cathedral to the Greater Chapter on St. Swithin’s Day, and I can see him now, sitting just below the pulpit, for he was getting deaf, and drinking in from the preacher every word, and saying to himself: “I am convinced this is the man I should like to succeed me.” And next year sure enough Bishop Woods did succeed him, and an able successor he proved to be, full of life and energy and physical strength. Who would have thought his life and ministry were to be so short.

His life has already been written and I hope will be widely read, for it is of one who lived very close to God, and who consequently wielded an influence very wide and precious.

This brings me to the division of the historical diocese of Winchester into three parts, the two new sees being those of Portsmouth and Guildford, Bishop Lovett being appointed to the first and Bishop Greig of Gibraltar, to the second. With Bishop Greig came Archdeacon Irwin who, after a very short ministry among us, was called to his rest. He left his mark on every parish in the diocese, and by everyone with whom he came in contact he was loved.

The Bishop himself, never very strong, resigned his see in 1934. He was much helped by Bishop Golding-Bird—a live man. The most important work at this time was spiritual provision for the new townships springing up on every side.

I must not forget to mention the help we received from the Suffragan Bishops, for it was indeed great and invaluable. Bishop Boutflower, Bishop of Dorking, and afterwards of South Tokyo and in the end of Southampton, his work will never die. The retreat he gave the clergy of our deanery in 1916, stands out clear in my memory. His successor, Bishop Randolph, now Dean of Salisbury, was no less helpful. One feels that we were rather spoilt in the diocese of Winchester, we had such a succession of interesting men.

In 1911 the time came for me to ask Bishop Edward Talbot to allow me to resign the parish. I had been in it for thirty years. It had begun small, but was getting very large, even after the separation of St. Barnabas. It and my rural-decanal work I was finding beyond me. The Bishop came to spend a weekend with us and was most kind and sympathetic, and in the end asked me to continue as Rural Dean. Once more our people were most kind in bidding us farewell, and most generously presented me with my portrait. Fiddes Watt was the artist chosen, and I spent a happy ten days sitting to him at Edinburgh. My dear wife and I were the happy recipients of many kind gifts. We were all naturally feeling it, leaving our home and parish of thirty years, but I felt and still feel it was for the best. The varied life of the diocese that followed was indeed a very happy one.

#### IV. APOSTOLIC MINISTRY.

From the Apostle's time there have been three orders of ministers in Christ Church: Bishops, Priests and Deacons. The clergy is a common title for all. The two last orders, priests and deacons, are sometimes called the inferior or lower orders of clergy, and sometimes curates, those, that is, who have the cure of souls in a parish.

The beautiful word curate is commonly used now for one employed under the spiritual rector or vicar as assistant to him. He who has the charge of a parish is sometimes called the incumbent or one who is in present possession of a benefice, or rector one who has the charge and care of a parish, with its tithes, or vicar, all of whom have practically the same duties. Parson is another title and is by some thought to be the most legal and honourable title that a parish priest can enjoy. He is called parson (*persona*) as in his person the church, an invisible body, is represented.

Then, of course, in the ministry there are many officers, as for instance, the Dean and Chapter of a Cathedral, the Chapter consisting of canons and prebendaries, of which the Dean is chief. The Chapters are of two kinds, the greater and the lesser. The first consists of all the major canons or prebendaries, residentiary or not, the lesser Chapter consists of the Dean and residentiary canons.

*Hon. Canonry.*

In 1897 the Bishop of Winchester, Bishop Randall Davidson, in a letter which naturally I have always valued, offered me an honorary Canonry in Winchester Cathedral. This is a copy of his letter.

Lollards Tower,  
Lambeth.

21st July, 1897.

Dear Mr. Hunter,

Will you let me be the means of adding your name to the Roll of our Cathedral Body by nominating you to an Honorary Canonry, now vacant therein. It will be to me a genuine satisfaction in recognition of your long and faithful work in a parish with abundant difficulties.

I am,

Yours very truly,  
Randall Winton.

To this canonry I was installed by Dean Stephens on November 11th, 1897, and in these archaic words, which it may be of interest to recite.

“Randall Thomas, by divine permission Bishop of Winchester, to the very reverend William Richard Wood Stephens, B.D., Dean of our Cathedral Church of Winchester, and the Chapter of the same church, or to any other person or persons to whom the execution of this mandate regularly and by ancient custom of the said Cathedral Church is shown to belong, greeting. Whereas we have conferred on Archer George Hunter, Clerk, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Epsom, in the county of Surrey, within our Diocese and Jurisdiction, the office or place of an Honorary Canon founded in our Cathedral Church aforesaid and belonging to our Donation or Collation in right of our See, and have duly and canonically instituted him in and to the same Honorary Canonry and invested

him with all and singular the right, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging. We do therefore hereby empower and strictly require you jointly and severally to induct and install or cause the said Archer George Hunter or his lawful proctor in his name and for him to be inducted and installed into the real actual and corporal possession of the said office or place of an Honorary Canon and of all and singular the rights, members, privileges, and appurtenances thereunto belonging and to assign unto him a stall in the choir of our said Cathedral Church and to defend him so inducted and installed. And what you shall do in and concerning the premises you or whatever of you that shall execute this our present mandate are duly to certify to in or to our vicar or some other competent judge in this behalf when lawfully required to do so.

Given under our Episcopal seal the 25th day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1897”

This was the mandate for induction and installation and in almost identical words runs the collation, as also the certificate of my Canonry in the ten declarations and oaths previous before collation.

*Rural Dean and his Duties.*

In 1906, when Canon Utterton was appointed to the Archdeaconry of Surrey, Bishop Ryle wrote:

“It would give me great pleasure if you would allow me to appoint you to the vacant post. The position is one of trust and importance. I issue a commission to each Rural Dean for three years at a time, and the commission bears upon it the statement of the duties of the Rural Dean, and a list of the parishes in his Rural Deanery.

The Rural Dean is a trusted and intimate officer for the Bishop of the Diocese and in these days of more active organisation his responsibilities do not tend to diminish. I feel certain that, if you can accept my offer, you will confer a real kindness upon your brother clergy, as well as upon myself.

I remain, yours very sincerely,

Herbert E. Winton.”

I give these private letters as helping to show a little bit perhaps the happy relationship between the Bishop and his clergy. The Commission is as follows, together with general instructions:—

Herbert Edward, by Divine permission Bishop of Winchester, To Our well-beloved Brother in Christ, Archer George Hunter, Clerk, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Epsom, Surrey, within our Diocese and Jurisdiction, Greeting.

We, confiding as well in your zeal for the glory of God and the good of His Church as in your prudence and discretion, do, by these presents, constitute and appoint you to be Rural Dean of the Deanery of Leatherhead within the Archdeaconry of Surrey and our Diocese aforesaid, for three years from the date of these presents, unless this our Commission shall be sooner determined or revoked. The said Deanery comprises the Parishes and Chapelries specified at the foot of this commission.

Further we will and desire that in executing the duties of the said office of Rural Dean, in virtue of this our Commission, you do act in subordination to the Archdeacon of the said Archdeaconry of Surrey and that you do strictly and faithfully observe the Instructions hereunto appended.



Given under our Hand and Seal this Twenty Sixth Day of July in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Six and of our Translation the fourth.

DEANERY OF LEATHERHEAD.

Parishes and Ecclesiastical Districts.

Ashtead.	Ewell.
Banstead.	Fetcham.
Bookham, Great.	Hatchford.
Bookham, Little.	Headley.
Cobham.	Horsley, East.
Cuddington.	Horsley, West.
Effingham.	Leatherhead.
Epsom—	Stoke d'Abernon.
St. Martin.	Walton-on-the-Hill.
Christ Church.	

And all New Churches which may be erected in either of the said parishes or Ecclesiastical districts. Also Ministers of Proprietary Chapels, Chaplains of Asylums, Unions and Workhouses within the said Deanery are to be considered as coming under the authority of the Rural Dean.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

To be observed by the Rural Deans of the Diocese of Winchester:—

1. The Rural Dean is to give information to the Bishop of all matters concerning the clergy which he may deem it necessary or useful that the Bishop should know, and he is to give information to the Archdeacon of all such matters when they concern Churchwardens and other officers of the Church.

2. Upon being made acquainted with the avoidance of any Benefice within his Deanery, he is to make a return thereof to the Bishop in order that due inquiry may be made into the state of the vacant Benefice, and sequestration, if necessary, be issued out of the Ecclesiastical Court.

3. It will be his duty periodically to inspect the Churches and Chapels within his Deanery, with their Chancels and Churchyards, and the plate, books, ornaments, and utensils thereto belonging, together with the Insurance Certificates, and to make a return thereof to the Archdeacon, specifying any particular matter to which, in his opinion, the Archdeacon's attention should be directed. As regards the frequency of inspections, the Rural Dean, unless particularly called upon by the Bishop to take action, will use his own discretion, based upon his knowledge of the circumstances connected with each Parish.

4. He shall likewise be ready, when invited to do so, to advise and assist the Churchwardens within his Deanery in framing their Presentments of all such things as are amiss within their respective parishes and are by law presentable.

5. He is also, if it shall come to his knowledge that great spiritual destitution exists in any parish within his Deanery, in the matter of Church Ministrations or Accommodation, Lay Helpers, Day or Sunday Schools, or the like, to make a communication thereon to the Bishop.

6. He is to hold Meetings of the Chapter of the Deanery, consisting of the beneficed and licensed clergy therein, and also to hold Meetings of the Ruri-decanal Conference, consisting of such Clergy together with the duly-elected Laity. These Meetings shall be held at such times, in such manner, and for such purpose as the Bishop shall direct, and at other times according to the discretion of the Rural Dean. Naval and Military Chaplains, as well as all Clergymen in the Deanery holding the Bishop's informal licence, can and should be invited to such Meetings.

7. He shall annually, after consultation with his Chapter, inform the Bishop as to the Churches in the Deanery in which it is requested that Confirmation may be held during the ensuing year.

8. He shall be prepared to accompany the Bishop when he holds Confirmation in the Deanery and to supply the Bishop with information respecting the journey and means of locomotion.

9. He is also to take care to issue to the Clergy of his Deanery such Instructions as shall be sent to him by the Bishop or Archdeacon for distribution among them.

10. He is to be careful to give notice to the Bishop of any Clergyman who shall, to his knowledge, officiate for more than one Sunday in his Deanery without the licence or the written permission of the Bishop.

11. He is to perform such other duties as may from time to time be entrusted to him by the Bishop.

N.B. It is recommended that each Rural Dean should keep a register in which matters of importance relating to the parishes of his Deanery should be inserted on the visits of inspection.

My commission was renewed triennially both by Bishop Ryle and his successor, Bishop Talbot, and his successor, Bishop Woods. When I resigned Christ Church, Epsom, in 1911, Bishop Talbot hoped, as I have already said, that I might continue my Ruri-decanal work. In thanking him for asking me to do this, I told him that to my mind the work was far more than a parish priest with a large charge can do with any satisfaction, that the work had always interested me, and were I to continue perhaps I should be relieving someone without the time at his disposal that I had. I did continue until 1925, when the Deanery was divided into two parts, that of Epsom, under the vicar of St. Martin's, Epsom, Canon Pattison Muir, and that of Leatherhead under Mr. Brunton, Vicar of Cobham. I still hope that some day it may be possible to appoint as Rural Deans those who have no parochial cure. I feel it would be better both for parish and Deanery.

To have known intimately the Bishops I have mentioned, Dean Stephens and his successors and the many Canons in succession, was a great pleasure, and to have been associated so closely with the cathedral has been one of the greatest joys of my life. When the Diocese was divided and I found myself in that of Guildford I was senior among the Honorary Canons of Winchester.

One of the greatest privileges of Rural Deans is to spend two days at Farnham Castle for the purpose of united worship and in order to confer with the Bishop and one another on some subjects prominent at the moment in the church. These occasions were indeed very happy ones and precious, and the social part of them was very exhilarating. It brought one into touch with those who were bearing the burden and heat of the day in the Diocese, and it enabled one to see what was in the mind of those who were leaders in the Church. It often made little things great and great ones small in the view of those who had best opportunity of knowing the

facts. It sent one away refreshed and more ready to take one's part, however small, in the council of the Church.

At one time it may be that the office of Rural Dean was a sinecure; if so, it is very far from being so in modern days. Almost all the work of the Diocese is now done through the Deaneries, and to expect a hard worked parish priest to do this in addition to the work of his parish is to expect the impossible. I hope the day may come when a man has done good work for the church and his parish, when that parish has become a little beyond him, for him to be promoted to the ancient office of Rural Dean. I held this office for nineteen years, for about six of which I had a large and growing parish. For the remaining thirteen years I was without this last responsibility, so I speak that I know, and I am sure it would be for the good of the church if, wherever possible, the Rural Dean were to have no parochial responsibility.

When the see of Guildford was formed the Bishop of Guildford offered me an Honorary Canonry in his Cathedral. This I thought only right to accept, sorry though I naturally was to sever my connection with the historic see of Winchester.

My transference to Guildford took place in the Pro-Cathedral, the same archaic forms being used, on June 2nd, 1928, as in 1897, at Winchester.

## V. MY ROVING MINISTRY.

Some four months after leaving Christ Church, which months had been very pleasantly spent in Italy, I began quite a fresh life, helping nearly every Sunday in one parish or another. I find that I have ministered in nearly two hundred parishes, in some many times, and preached nearly two thousand sermons since leaving Epsom. I had no idea that this happiness was in store for me when I left, and happiness it indeed was, for in addition to making myself useful to my brethren as I hope, it brought me into touch with a large number of parishes and friends in every part of the Diocese.

My experiences were varied, the hospitality I received uniformly kind, and I made very many lasting friends.

### *Strange Experiences.*

One or two quite uncommon and quite unique experiences I must relate, for I think they may have their interest. I must not, of course, mention names.

One November evening I found myself in a far off parish, miles from the railway, where the Rector had promised to meet me. Finding only one conveyance at the station, and that a pony chaise, and finding it was going where I wanted to go, I got in, only to find a minute later that this had not been sent for me! It came for a lady to whom I made my apologies, and she most kindly gave me a lift to my destination, the Rectory. There I had great difficulty in opening the gate, which rested on one hinge, and I soon found myself in a bear garden, full of weeds and in great disorder. At the front door, there being no bell or knocker, I tapped with my umbrella on the door, and it was opened by a lady who told me how glad the Rector would be to see me. She introduced me to him in a room which served, so far as I could make out, as dining room, study and bedroom all rolled into one. Then I was asked if I would like to see my room, and the lady, there was no doubt about her being this, and I have been told since a titled lady too, took me up to what was called a "self-contained flat." Through this I passed to the bedroom, a large room with two four-poster beds, and she asked which of them I should like made up. As by this time I had firmly resolved that nothing would induce me to stay in this pigsty of a house, I said I did not mind which. Then she took me downstairs and offered me tea, which was quite undrinkable, and bread and butter which I could not eat. Everything was intolerably filthy.

Under such circumstances thoughts and inspirations come quickly, and I said I would take a stroll and see what the parish was made of. I confess this was nothing less than a white lie, for my object, of course, was to find somewhere to sleep. I would rather have slept in a cowshed than that house, and honestly, I was not sure at all that it would not come to this, for it was getting dark and I was where I had never been before. The village seemed deserted and many of the cottages empty and their window spaces barred up, but presently I met a man of whom I asked where the Churchwarden lived. Fortunately it was near by, and soon I was knocking at Farmer Giles' door, which was opened by the farmer churchwarden himself. He soon saw in me one who had come to take the service on the morrow, and asked me in, and whilst I was telling him of my experience at the Rectory his wife called out, "Is that Canon Hunter? We shall be delighted to give him a bed here."

No angel could have delivered a more opportune and delightful invitation, but what was I to do about my bag which was still at the Rectory? Well, what I did do

was to go for it and to tell the lady that Farmer Giles had offered me a bed, wasn't that kind of him, and then hurry off before the good lady had time to recover her breath!

It will be seen that things must have been pretty bad, and they were, for me to have acted thus. It seems the height of discourtesy; but I saw no other way possible.

Well, having been comfortably housed, what of the church? As usual there is always a remnant in a parish. Not only the hospitable Churchwarden and his wife, who, by the way, were Nonconformists, but a lady who played the organ, was evidently doing all she could to keep things going—very sad, of course, that things were as they were. The congregation, both in the morning and afternoon, was small but reverent, and I enjoyed the services. My farmer friend offered to drive me to the station after the service, but before leaving there were two things to do; one to assure my host and hostess of my very high appreciation of their kindness in helping me out of a great difficulty and of their generous hospitality, the other to go and see the Rector and to tell him how much I had enjoyed the services and to bid him farewell. He was a very old man, quite unable to do his work, and was dependent each Sunday on someone to take the services for him.

He begged me to come again the next Sunday. I told him I was engaged. This he thought would not matter, I could get off my engagement. This of course was not possible; moreover I think it would have needed very great persuasion to get me there again. However, we parted good friends, and the lady hoped next time I should be able to be their guest! An experience indeed, and I am glad to say a unique one!

I should like to add that I have stayed with friends in the parish since and now a very different state of affairs obtains. On the Rector's death an able man was appointed and church and parish are well cared for. The Church of England is far too tolerant in these matters. The sooner the Parson's Freehold is done away with the better.

One weekend I found myself in a parish, the guest of a very old friend who was much concerned as to the state of things in the parish, as well she might be. In the course of conversation she told me of a young girl dying from consumption, but unhelped by the church's ministrations. Would I go and see her? I at once said it was difficult to interfere, there was an etiquette among the clergy and I did not quite see my way. Would I then go as her friend, not as a minister? I could not refuse to do this, so I went and found, as is so common in such cases, a very happy girl, without a suspicion of discontent, full of faith and of hope. We had a short, and to me at least, very edifying talk, and when I got up to go she asked me to pray with her, which of course I did. The next week she passed away, unattended to the last by the church. Such an instance of neglect may be and is, no doubt, uncommon, but ought never to be. If I had seen or heard nothing else in this parish which obviously needed righting, I might have taken no notice, but that same evening at Evensong, I was present with my friend and we were almost the only worshippers, though there was one row of people, obviously mourners, it being common custom at least in the country to go to church on the Sunday after a death—if at no other time, perhaps to honour the dead.

Well, this is what happened. We were in the front of a very small church and, though gifted with good hearing, I did not know when the minister began the service. I heard no word from his lips in prayer, lessons or sermon, and I said to myself, if Bishop Talbot were here in my place he would not tolerate such a state of

things for another Sunday. A few days later I was at Farnham and told the Bishop my experience.

“Is it quite as bad as that?” said he.

I replied it would be quite impossible to exaggerate the state of affairs. He said no more at the moment, but a Sunday or two after he went to see for himself, with the result that he directed the minister to get the help of a curate, which he unwillingly did, and the parish was cared for once more.

The sequel has its humorous side. The following year, the year of the National Mission, my friend received the Rector’s permission to get someone to preach at his Mission. I was that someone, and at tea in the afternoon I found myself talking to the Rector, when he told me of what had happened the previous year, when some busybody had been telling the Bishop of the parish and the Bishop had ordered a curate to be kept. I don’t think he at all objected to having a curate, though he thought it was quite unnecessary, and felt himself quite capable of doing all that was necessary. A little awkward for me, and yet I am clear my approaching the Bishop in the case was right.

For some reason the service in connection with the National Mission was in the school room, not in the church, and I took it, and it really resolved itself into a meeting with the Rector in the chair, and he received me very graciously.

If I can only tell of two parishes out of nearly two hundred where things were not as they should be, after all it is not much, and certainly invariably have I met with the greatest kindness and consideration, and made many lifelong friends. Were I asked what is it which needs altering, I think I should say getting the right man into the right place is the great consideration. There are too many square men in round holes. It would be well, in my opinion, were it in the power of the Bishop and his council to move men unsuited to their sphere into more suitable places. When one sees what good is done when the right man is there to do it, and what infinite harm ensues when the reverse is the case, one feels the greatest effort would be all worth while to bring about a better state of things. There is plenty of good material, but how futile to put a door where the aperture was made for a window.

#### *My Resignation of the Deanery.*

My Ruri-decanal work came to an end in 1925, and the old Rural Deanery of Leatherhead was divided into two, eleven parishes going into the new deanery of Leatherhead, and nine into that of Epsom. No doubt this division was a wise one when the work had to be done by two busy parish priests, as are the Vicars of Cobham and St. Martin’s, Epsom, my successors.

From that time my work has been threefold. So far as the Diocese is concerned there have been constant demands for sermons, and for taking services in the absence of the incumbent. There has been the work in connection with St. Monica’s and that of the Missionary Students, and I was asked by the Rural Deans to continue this work after I had resigned the Rural Deanery.

St. Monica’s has to do with the Prevention and Rescue work of the Diocese. It was started a quarter of a century ago, and after having its centre for some years in Epsom, was removed to Leatherhead in 1922. The work owes a very large debt to Bishop Randolph, our advisor for many years, I doubt if without him we should have been able at times to carry on. To him we owe our worker, Sister Alicia, who has been with us for nearly twenty years. No one has had more experience than she has in this very difficult work, and the girls under her care are helped to a new life by making their home as bright and cheerful as possible. Since writing this Sister Alicia has resigned, but still helps us on our Committee.

On leaving Ashley Road, Epsom, in 1921, because the house in which we had carried on the work was wanted, we had considerable difficulty in finding another. Almost all the parishes in the Deanery contributed nobly towards the purchase of a house if such could be found, and here I should like to mention the very generous and kind help constantly given by the late Mrs. Garton of Banstead Wood, Banstead. Banstead led the way, but was well followed by the other parishes.

Towards the purchase of a house, secured in the Kingston Road, Leatherhead, we had early in 1922 obtained all but about £600. Before the end of the year this had been reduced to £150, when a very unexpected and generous donation of £500 was received from the executors of the will of the late Mr. Salomons, of Norbury Park. This enabled us to pay off the remainder of our debt and to invest £350 in five per cent War Loan.

The work is done by Sister Alicia, who visits all the parishes in turn, and is always ready to address meetings of mothers, and to help girls not only who have fallen, but who are in danger of falling. Our objects are to protect and help friendless girls, to rescue the fallen, to provide a friend to whom girls can always apply in time of perplexity, and to give advice to parents in cases when innocent girls may be exposed to danger. The work is carried on under a very able committee of ladies chosen from among the twenty parishes in the Deaneries of Epsom and Leatherhead. It is perforce of a secret character and very difficult. Few can undertake it, therefore I feel special thanks are due to those who do so, and without doubt we owe a great debt of gratitude to our chief worker.

#### *Further Experiences.*

My experiences in going about the Diocese have been very varied, some quite ordinary, but almost always happy, some extraordinary and rather amusing. For instance, one Sunday I found myself in a very out of the way village church where the old clerk was very proud of the barrel organ, of which it was his privilege to turn the handle. After the early service, he took me up into the singer's gallery to see it, and asked me what tune I should like for the Voluntary before the service. As it was Eastertide, perhaps I should like the Easter ymn. Yes, I said I should; so before Matins, as I left the vestry at the west end of the church, he struck up, and very slowly the old organ droned out the first lines of the beautiful hymn. By this time I was ready to begin the service, so the organ stopped until after the blessing, when it continued from where it had stopped at the commencement of the service!

On another occasion the organist, before going on holiday, had practised the Choir in certain hymns; the substitute, not knowing this, asked me what hymns I should like. I chose some, and after the third collect gave out the first I had chosen and the congregation naturally began to sing it; but the choir, having practised some quite different hymn, began their first hymn. The result not being very euphonious, at the end of the first verse I signalled to stop, saying I thought there must be some mistake, the congregation singing one hymn and the choir another, and suggesting that the choir should be silent unless they knew the hymn I had given out; the remaining verses were sung more melodiously.

Once again, when taking the service in a strange parish, the friendly verger asked me if I knew the place, and on answering "No," he said he thought I should find it a very *embracing* place!

#### *Preaching.*

The contrast between a little village church and a Cathedral is not small. There should not be much difficulty in making oneself heard in a small building, in a

Cathedral it is not so easy. At Winchester, when one preached in the choir from Prior Silkstede's beautiful pulpit, one was always told not to look to the right hand or to the left hand, but to look straight before one; before one was a huge pier of stone, not an inspiring object, especially to one who was much more accustomed to preach in small buildings with the whole of one's congregation full in view, and no public speaker but knows the help and inspiration received from an attentive congregation.

The preacher is often criticized, and fair criticism is good for anybody, but I wonder if the critics realise that sometimes they are themselves to blame for a poor sermon, not really having given the preacher a fair chance.

May I give one instance of this? On holiday I heard a very striking sermon and I asked the preacher, who I well knew, if he would come to my parish and preach the same sermon to my people. This he kindly did, and honestly, I should not have known it for the same sermon. Afterwards a member of the congregation, perhaps humorously, but rather unkindly, said: "Fancy a man coming all that way to tell us that."

As a fact, although we are told that "a prophet is not honoured in his own country," I have noticed again and again that the preacher is never so much at home with his subject as in his own pulpit; naturally so I think, as he knows his people and is known of them; they know what to expect and are as a rule marvellously considerate and ready to make allowances for deficiencies.

The real truth is, it is not so much what the preacher says as what the preacher is. If he is a man of God in the highest sense, his people, recognising this, will listen to him as such, whatever he says. Never is it what a man says so much as what he does and is, that tells.

#### *Farnham Castle.*

I think I must refer to the matter of the Bishop of Guildford living at Farnham Castle. There was no possible idea of such a thing happening when the Diocese was formed, and when the idea was mooted some of us who had been long in the diocese of Winchester were very much averse to it, and said so as strongly as we could when the matter was brought before the Diocesan Conference. However, the Bishop was very set on going, and Mrs. Rupert Anderson made it possible financially by making a strong appeal to all whom she thought would help. I think she collected not less than £18,000 for the purpose. Now of course the Bishop has lived in a part of the Castle for some years, the remaining part of the building being used for other purposes. I should like to add that when the matter came finally before the Conference, we who were opposed to the scheme no further opposed it and made as graceful a retirement from the scene of action as we could!

The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love! Mrs. Anderson and I are the best of friends and not long since she took me to see the improvements which are indeed great.

I must now tell of a Missionary Day and of a Missionary Exhibition. The first was whilst I was Rural Dean and was interesting especially in this way.

Three missionaries from various parts of the world all insisted on the fact that there were plenty of desirable men forthcoming, the difficulty was to find means to train them. This made us resolve that as a Deanery we would find the means for the training of one man. This we did for many years, sending £100 each year to St. Augustine's, Canterbury. Then when the Diocese of Guildford was formed in 1927, the Bishop asked me to do for the Diocese what I had done for our Deanery. This I consented to do, although obviously it was a very much more difficult task. I knew



my own Deanery through and through; I knew comparatively little of the other nine Deaneries. However, with the help of the Rural Deans, Secretaries *ad hoc* were appointed in every Deanery, and now, in 1934, we have helped twelve men in their training in six years, four of whom have already been ordained. Our rule is that the men serve for two years at home before going out to the Mission Field. We still continue also to help St. Augustine's, Canterbury. Most of our present candidates come from St. John's School, Leatherhead.

## VI. HOLIDAYS AND ADVENTURES.

In my young days walking tours were very much in vogue, and I think I may safely say that there are few parts of England or Wales or Scotland or Ireland that I have not visited with pleasure, and also abroad, Germany and Austria, and last, but by no means least, Italy. I think I should say that among places visited at home the English Lake district delighted me most, and among those visited abroad, Italy, and especially Florence, where I have been more times than I can count. I am sorry not to have been to Scandinavia, but really the call of Italy was so loud that I found myself there again and again.

As regards my walking tours, my dear father used to give my brothers and myself a cheque for so much and tell us to remain out until the money came to an end, and so true were we to this that on one occasion, after having our tickets home, we found ourselves at Taunton with only sixpence between us in our pockets. The tram from Watchet was too late to get the only Parliamentary train to London. A Parliamentary train was a third class train stopping at every station and taking pretty well all day to get from Taunton to London. As our Parliamentary train had gone, we hardly knew what to do, because there was only one in a day. We told our plight to the station master, who said: "You young men don't look as if you had only got sixpence, but if so I must send you by the next train." This train was an express, and arrived before the Parliamentary one!

In the year 1880 I had the great privilege of witnessing the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau, and the impression it made on me remains with me still. The singing of the chorus could never be forgotten. Their part is to show the connection between the Old Testament and the New Testament, between Type and Anti-Type, the former is shown in tableaux vivants, the latter in acting. Throughout there is the utmost reverence and devotion, and there is nothing which can in the least jar from beginning to end.

Often I have heard people say they would not care to see it; never have I heard from those who have seen it anything but the keenest appreciation. I went there alone, for which I was not sorry, and was the happy guest of peasants who knew no English. I was equally ignorant of German, and we got on admirably.

After my marriage in 1881 our life was very full and our holidays very happy. I cannot here go into much detail, but I certainly came to the conclusion that the world in which we live was a very lovely world. One little detail was amusing, to all perhaps save one.

On one occasion we left Edinburgh for a little tour by Inverness, Loch Ness and the Caledonian Canal, Ballahulish, etc., ending with Pitlochry. So as not to take our heavy luggage all round I went by a slow train, stopping at Pitlochry to leave the luggage, having seen my family off by the express. The country was so beautiful one was not sorry to go slow, but to my surprise, on getting to the Hotel at Inverness, the express had not arrived. True it went round by Nairn, but I think it was due quite two hours before my train. The Highland railway was noted for its dilatoriness. The story goes that on one occasion a passenger gave up a half ticket, and when remonstrated with he told the collector that a half-ticket was sufficient when he left London. But I have not told what I set out to tell My sister, who always travelled with us, a very particular young lady, had been persuaded by me to hand over some of her pretty dresses for packing in my trunk. Our journey down the Canal being very wet, I asked the porter to take special care of this with its precious cargo. This he did by placing it cheek by jowl with the chimney. On reaching the

Hotel at Ballahulish, imagine my consternation on finding that the cobblers wax with which the sides of the trunk were held together had melted and spread itself all over its contents!

Whether my sister has ever forgiven me or not I am not sure. She certainly has not entrusted to my care her precious possessions again.

Our holiday in Bray, in County Wicklow, stands out as a very happy one. Some wicked things happened there, but the perpetrator shall remain unnamed.

My son had some practice with a cricket "pro." on the beautiful ground above Bray, and I hope made some progress in the game. One day he received a letter purporting to come from the captain, saying that he had noticed him at practice, would he make one of the eleven on the following Saturday? Hardly had the poor boy had time to be excited before he found the whole thing was a hoax.

On this same occasion, as our stay was coming to an end, a lady appeared and asked if she might see the house. I took her all over it and she saw my dear wife and all the other members of the family, and expressed herself pleased; herself presently being found out to be one of the household. That she was well disguised goes without saying, for no one of us had recognised her.

County Wicklow is very beautiful. I cycled all over it and hardly met a soul. Without doubt, if it had been Scotland, no more beautiful, hundreds of charabancs would have crowded the roads.

Bray was not the first place I had visited in Ireland. Nearly thirty years before, in 1870, I had visited the south in company with my dear friend Penfold. We had a very rough crossing from Bristol to Cork in September. The average passage I believe is eighteen hours; we took thirty-six. On reaching Queenstown a telegram in the Hotel told us that the H.M.S. "Captain" had gone down with five hundred men on board off the coast of Spain. From that day to this nothing has been heard of this ill-fated ship or of any of its crew. This made us realise what a severe storm it was we too had encountered.

I cannot here describe the beauties of south and west Ireland, they are too well-known. Glengariff, Killarney and beyond, Tralee, Dingle, Valencia, etc., all most lovely and interesting. Having kissed the Blarney Stone, etc., on our way home we had as smooth a journey as it had been rough as we went out.

One year we had a very pleasant stay at Tenby, and desirous to visit St. David's, I asked if I could get there and back in a day. This was before the days of motors, and I was told, no, impossible. This of course made me desire to try. Try I did and succeeded in this way.

I went by the early workmen's train to Pembroke and so on to Haverford West, where I was in the Post Office at nine a.m. I booked a seat in the mail cart leaving St. David's at two o'clock, and then set out to walk. It is just sixteen miles and not easy going, up hill and down dale, neither did I find it easy to walk a mile in a quarter of an hour and keep it up for four hours. However, I did it, and reached the Cathedral as the clock struck one. The verger was just locking up, but hearing my story, he unlocked again and took me carefully and most kindly over the beautiful building. He then directed me to the place from which the mail cart started, and after a hasty lunch I took my seat beside the driver. There was room only for one, and he drove me to the junction for Tenby. I forget its name, and I arrived home after an absence of fifteen hours, tired of course, but very triumphant and satisfied.

A very strange thing happened when I was on a walking tour with my dear Cuddesden friend, John Cunynghame, many years ago. We were in Switzerland and had just arrived at Zermatt, when we found a tragic accident had happened on the Lyskaam. Two Englishmen named, I think, Lewis and Patterson, with three

guides, brothers, from St. Nicholas, had lost their lives, and the whole place naturally was in gloom. We had hoped to ascend the Weisthor, but a guide could not be obtained at such a moment for love or money, neither if one had been obtainable, were we in the mood for climbing. The day after our arrival we went for a stroll, nothing more being intended, towards the St. Theodule Glacier. We met no one save an artist, seated under his sunshade, sketching, by the side of the glacier stream over which there was a little foot bridge. What happened subsequently makes it necessary to insert these details. Over this bridge we went and sat down, in sight of the artist, the Matterhorn in front of us, and the St. Theodule Glacier behind. Whilst Cunynghame sketched, I strolled up towards the glacier, returning in about three quarters of an hour to the same spot. I was sure of this, for there was the artist and the bridge but no Cunynghame. At first I thought nothing of this, but as time went on I wondered where he could be. I asked the artist if he had seen him. No, no one had passed since we had passed in the morning. Now my friend was a Scotsman—very faithful and true—and I began to fear that he had followed me up to the glacier, and not meeting me, had concluded I had crossed it and crossed it himself to find me. This and other fearful thoughts filled my mind, for the mountain side was so clear of obstacles or hiding places that I could not imagine what had become of him. From time to time crossing to the artist and asking him what he thought could have happened, I kept near to the spot I had left him. The artist could not help me, save as the September day wore on and darkness began to fall, he advised my getting down to Zermatt as quickly as possible, as he was proposing to do. This presently I did, feeling sure my friend had returned, although not seen by the artist.

On reaching the Hotel I told the landlord of my trouble, and he assured me all would be right. This really did not help much. I dined and went to bed, having been on my feet all day, and about five next morning my friend appeared with, "Here you are!"

"Yes, but what happened to you?"

Well, he had wandered about the mountain side till he was benighted, he then groped his way to a chalet where he had seen a light, and apparently had frightened two girl occupants almost to death by his dumb show, not speaking their language, trying to get them to understand all he wanted was rest. He threw himself on a sofa and they left him. Soon after dawn he compensated them as he could and descended to the Hotel. From that day to this neither of us have been able to understand how we missed one another. He declared he never wandered far from where I left him, and there were few hiding places on the hill side. He never, however, repaired to the artist which makes me think he must have wandered further than he thought. It must remain an unsolved mystery.

On the next Sunday night there had been snow. On Monday it was fine and warm, so we walked up to the Riffel Alp, through the slushy melted snow. My friend did not care to go further, but I was anxious to get to the Gorner Grat. The difficulty was that owing to the fresh snow the path was entirely obliterated. There were, however, the foot marks of one man in the snow, and I decided to follow them, and if they did not lead to the Gorner Grat to return.

I soon found they took me round the mountain, and, as usual, not liking to be beaten, I made *straight* for the summit, the snow entirely concealing what lay beneath. To begin with all was easy, but before long I found myself climbing on loose stones, which gave way with me at every step. I had got to a point where I could not easily descend or ascend, and the position was dangerous. The boulders moved the moment I tried to haul myself up by them, and at one moment it became

clear that if one big boulder to which I clung gave way I should have been hurled down the precipice. It did not give way, and I was soon out of danger and near the top. The view from the Gorner Grat is perhaps the finest in the Alps, and the climb certainly is all worth while, though certainly I could not recommend the way I ascended it. Cunynghame was awaiting me at the Riffel Alp, and we quickly descended to Zermatt, just in time to attend the funeral of our two countrymen who had lost their lives on the Lyskaam. It was an impressive service in the lovely little church, God's acre surrounding it being full of those who had been killed on one or other of the innocent looking mountains I had seen from the Gorner Grat.

The next day we descended to St. Nicholas, where the three guides were to be laid to rest. Here five masses were said in the church. From here we proceeded to Saas Fee and over the rough Monte Moro pass to one of the most lovely of spots, Maccugniana, then by the Val Anasca to Baveno on Lago Maggiore without any more thrilling incidents.

Another year found us at Harrogate, and a curious experience there may be worth recording. I had arrived *en famille* at this popular watering place too late on Saturday evening to find out where the nearest church was, so we had to go where the bell called us on Sunday. I say this to show I was in a place where I had never been before; nevertheless, on arriving at the church I was met at the entrance by one who I suppose was the warden, who greeted me, saying the Vicar was waiting for me. For me, a perfect stranger! On reaching the vestry, I found a clergyman vesting, and he told me the Vicar had already gone into the church, so I vested and we two strangers went in without any directions as to what to do. However, we helped the Vicar in the administration of the Blessed Sacrament, and of course were glad to do so, though our help had been sought in a strange way and was taken for granted with scarce a thank you.

We went to the same church at eleven o'clock, and although I thought I was safe in my pew with my family, a happiness which the layman can hardly appreciate, I was unearthed and carried off to the vestry once more.

After the service, another strange incident. I could not find my coat, though another was there in its place. Here the warden played up, feeling sure the special preacher from a distance had gone off with it, of course unknowingly. The warden drove off to the station post haste with the remaining coat, and exchanged it for my coat just as the train was moving out of the station. No doubt the preacher was as glad of the exchange as was I, not perhaps so much for the restoration of our coats, both probably equally shabby, as for their contents, always of more or less value to the owner.

Nor was this my last experience in this place. In the evening my sister and I went to another church, and I was allowed to worship undisturbed. I had however noticed the preacher's eye on me, and sure enough after the service, someone tapped me on the shoulder and said Mr. so-and-so wanted to speak to me to take his service on the following Wednesday evening. Rather cool I thought it, but finding he wanted to get to his people in Cornwall, and it would be a long way to come back for the service, I consented. But three times in one day for my help to be asked by total strangers was, I thought, rather singular to say the least.

## VII. STORIES.

I once heard of a little girl living with her sick mother in one room in Camden Town. The little girl went to Sunday school and she had been told by her teacher that if there was any special thing she wanted, she should go to Jesus Christ and ask His help. Her mother being very ill, she felt she should like to ask the help of Jesus Christ for her poor mother. But suddenly she thought, although the teacher told me to go to Jesus Christ, she didn't tell me where Jesus Christ lived. She had often seen people drop letters into the letter box in the Street and so it bethought her to write a letter to Jesus Christ, and she did, in these words.

"Please Jesus Christ, will you come and help my poor mother who is very ill. She lives at 162, High Street, Camden Town."

She screwed up the little bit of paper on which this was written and addressed it to Jesus Christ, and put it in the post box. When the postman came to collect the letters and saw this dirty little screw of paper and read the address, he thought, it is not my business to throw anything away from the post box and he took it to the post master.

When the post master read the simple letter he said to himself, I should not be surprised if this is a true request, I will go and see. He put on his cap with a beautiful band of gold lace round it: he put on his coat with its beautiful brass buttons and sallied forth to the address given. Having rung the bell he very soon heard the steps of the little girl coming down the stairs, and when she saw him she at once said: "Oh, I know who you are, you are Jesus Christ, come to help my poor mother!"

"No, my little child," he said, "I am not Jesus Christ, but Jesus Christ has sent me to see if I can help your mother."

He went up and found the poor mother lying in bed with very few clothes on it. There was no fire in the grate and no food in the cupboard. The post master, a good Christian man, knelt down and asked Jesus Christ to help. He assured the mother that she should have some food and some fuel and some clothing, and then he went to the clergyman of the parish, who came to see her regularly, and to minister to her, and later the Bishop came and confirmed her, and frequently, up to the time of her death, which happened before very long, he administered to her the Holy Communion. All this the result of the very simple, beautiful prayer: "Please Jesus Christ, will you come and help my poor mother?"

A clergyman working in a mining parish got very fond of the miners, and they got very fond of him, and one day he received an invitation from China to go out to China and work there. He said to himself, how can I go, I have my work here and very happy work it is. However, having taken advice, he saw that it was his duty to go to China, and one day one of his miner friends said to him, "What is this I hear about China?"

The clergyman really couldn't bring himself to answer, he couldn't even look upon his friend at the moment and turned away, and presently he turned round and looked the young man full in the face and said: "Jim, He is worth it."

Then there is the story of the young Oxford student who was asked to coach a boy in a Jewish family. The tutor got very fond of the little boy and the little boy got very fond of him, and one day at the dinner table he said: "Father, I want to be a Christian." The father looked daggers at the tutor, but he said nothing till after the

meal was over, then he asked the tutor to come with him into his library. There he said, "You know, this must stop. I didn't ask you to come into my house in order to proselytize, I asked you to come and coach my boy for college. If you stay here you must promise never again to speak of Christ to my boy. The tutor thought he must have a little time to consider this. He did consider, and asked God what his duty was in the matter, and the answer came very direct. "Don't trouble so much to speak of Me, but take very good care to live Me."

He went back and promised the father that he would not speak to his boy of Christ unless he gave him leave. However, as time went on it was perfectly obvious that whether he spoke of Christ or not to the boy, the boy had quite made up his mind to become a Christian, and he told his father again.

"I want to be a Christian, and I should like to be baptized."

The father saw that it was of no good holding out any longer, and the end of the story is that not only was that little boy baptized, but the father and mother and every member of that Jewish household became Christians through the influence of that young Oxford tutor.

I should like to tell of a clergyman's holiday in South Africa. He was working in the Diocese of Pretoria, and went to his Bishop one day and said, "Bishop, I propose to take a busman's holiday, and go to the neighbouring Diocese of Lebombo and see what is going on there." The Bishop said: "Go and the Lord be with you."

When he got to Lebombo he looked out for a guide who could take him in and out among the various missions. This he did, until presently they got to the limit of the Christian missions and the guide said: "I can take you no further, beyond this, there is no civilisation and no Christianity as far as I know."

"Oh, then that's just where I should like to go," said the clergyman.

"So should I," said the guide, so they went for some three days, when they came across a village with every hut surmounted by a cross.

"I thought we had got beyond the pale of Christianity," said the clergyman.

"So did I," said the guide, "but we will enquire." So presently they came across an old man and they asked what the little crosses meant and he told them this.

"One of our boys, a few years ago, wanted to see a little more of the world than he could see in this little village and so he trekked into the Transvaal. After he had been there some years it bethought him, 'I should like to go and see the old folks at home and see how they fare.' He came and we gave him a real hearty welcome and asked him what he had seen and what he had heard during the years he had been away.

'Well,' he said, 'I have seen so much, heard such beautiful music, seen such beautiful pictures, but the most wonderful thing that has happened since I have been away is that I have been made a Christian.'

'A Christian,' he said. 'What is that?' So the boy told us about Christianity and what it was to be a Christian, and we said on hearing his story, 'We should like to be followers of that Man'."

And so they put a little cross over every one of their homes and they were told that his village was only one of nineteen such villages in the neighbourhood, all of which had become Christians through the witness of this boy.

The clergyman very soon made it his business to go and see the Bishop of Lebombo. He told him what he had seen and heard. The Bishop sent teachers in order that the villagers in these nineteen villages should know about Christ. Presently they were baptised into Christianity and later on the Bishop went and

confirmed them and now there are quite a number of communicants in this part of the Diocese which had been said to be outside the pale of Christianity.

The other day a man was asked, what is the distance between Dan and Beersheba? "The distance between Dan and Beersheba," he said, "I thought they were man and wife, like Sodom and Gomorrah!"

I was very interested the other day in seeing a little pamphlet called "Hands of Prayer." It took the five fingers of the hand as representing five different parts of prayer. In our prayers God should come first, self should come last. The thumb stood for God, the little finger for self. The finger next to the thumb representing those nearest to God, our nearest and dearest. The middle finger, the largest, representing the largest thing in the world, Christ's Holy Catholic Church. The fourth finger, often called the marriage finger, representing special subjects for prayer, such as those of our friends who are in trouble or those of our friends who specially need our help and so forth.

And now I should like to tell a story showing how grossly exaggerated things become as they pass from one to another.

One of my curates at Christ Church, Epsom, was named Hall, and he presently left me to become Rector of Langtree in Devon, and one day, one Saturday, I heard a report that he had been bitten by a dog. As a matter of fact I think that was the sole truth in connection with the report. However, as I went about the parish almost everybody I met added a little bit to the original report. One said, "Have you heard, Mr. Hall has been bitten by a dog and is in a very dangerous condition?" Another, "Have you heard that Mr. Hall has been bitten by a dog and has died?" The reports became so general and so serious that I thought I must find the truth out, so I sent a telegram to Langtree Rectory simply asking the question: "Is all well?" "reply paid." I very soon received an answer, "All is well, don't understand." Armed with this I was able to say that the exaggerated report in connection with Mr. Hall was not true. However, on the Sunday, the day after this report had got about, I found in the vestry one of our older and most respected chairmen who met me with, "Isn't it frightfully sad about Hall?" I said, "I have heard the report but it is absolutely untrue." He didn't believe me and said, "It is true." I said, "Well, I put myself into communication with Mr. Hall at the Rectory at Langtree, and I find that it is absolutely untrue," and I actually found it necessary before I began my sermon that morning to set at rest that very exaggerated report by telling what I had done in the matter.

Surely it seems to tell us how careful we ought to be in handing on that which we have received.

When recently staying in Oxford I asked the barmaid of the Hotel where I was stopping if she had got a Bradshaw. She looked at me as much as to say, well, I thought I knew the name of most of the cocktails, but I have never heard of this one, what do you mean? What is it?

"Oh," I said, "a Bradshaw is a Time Table for Trains."

"You mean an A.B.C."

"No, I don't, I mean a Bradshaw."

She went to a little cupboard and there at the top was a Bradshaw.

"Oh," she said, "do let me look, I have never seen one."



Well, I wanted a second-hand copy of one of Anthony Trollope's novels and I went to one of the many second-hand booksellers in the "Broad" and asked if he had any of Anthony Trollope's novels. Really he looked at me very much as the barmaid had done. "Anthony Trollope, who's he? And when did he live?" "Well," I said, "Anthony Trollope lived about the middle of the nineteenth century and was contemporary with Dickens. "Well, he said, I'm afraid I haven't got any of Anthony Trollope's novels."

Then I wanted a copy of perhaps the most modern hymn book called, "Songs of Praise." I went to a book shop in the "High" and stated my want. "Oh," said the bookseller, "you mean Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise." I said, "No, I don't mean Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise, I have a copy of that in my library, one of the best books ever published, but I was not alluding to it, I was alluding to the modern hymn book." "I am afraid I have not got a copy." I got what I wanted at the University Press, but I came away with the feeling that it was strange that in a place like Oxford, Bradshaw, Anthony Trollope and the most modern of hymn books should not have been heard of.

### *The War.*

It is some seventeen years since the war came to an end, what is sometimes called the Great War, which began in 1914. There are not many people—I hope there are none—who are in favour of war, but as a fact, if in the autumn of that year, when Germany overran Belgium, England had stood aloof and refused to go to the rescue of Belgium, there is hardly an Englishman who would not have been ashamed of it.

I have not got very much to say about the war, but just one or two personal incidents. I had the privilege of being Chaplain for some time to a Home for the wounded soldiers at Leatherhead, we also had the privilege of putting up some six recruits in our house during their period of training, and it goes without saying that without exception everybody was most anxious to do what he could in the matter.

I remember hearing of a man stopping at Brighton and seeing the troops march down the street say to himself: "Sheep for the slaughter!" He could not bear to look at them, and presently he seemed to come to a better mind and he said: "No, not sheep for the slaughter, lambs for the sacrifice."

I must just refer to one other incident in the war. It is said that one of our Generals was resting in his tent at eventide, when a lady appeared at the door of the tent and said: "This war can only be won by prayer." Having said this she went her way. The General rose from his seat and went outside the tent, saw no one there but a sentry and he said to him: "Which way did that lady go?" The sentry answered that he had seen no lady.

"Is there a sisterhood near here?" said the General. The sentry said, "Yes," and directed him to it. The General went to the sisterhood and asked to see the sister superior. To her he told what had happened, and she would like him to come and see if he could recognise her. All the sisters were in the chapel, so he went and presently he told the sister superior that the face he had seen at his tent door was not there. She then took him into her room, and as he entered he saw a picture on the wall, evidently a picture of the sister who had appeared at his tent door, and he told the sister superior so. "Oh," she said, "that is Sister Agnes who has been in Paradise many a long day, evidently sent by God to give this message to you."

And this reminds me of another similar story of a man who had been home on leave and was just going back to the front. He said goodbye to his friends and

presently, looking back upon them, he said: "Don't forget us, because we know very well when our friends at home are holding up their hands to God in prayer."

Then I want to say just one or two words about those who are called *Free Churchmen*. It has been my privilege to know, and to know intimately, many of our leading Free Churchmen, and although I fear there was a time when I should have thought otherwise, I have long ago come to the conclusion that their ministry is blessed of God.

The fact is some centuries ago when the Church was very dead, and there were Christians who were very grieved at the little or nothing that the church was doing, so they were up and doing themselves. They indeed stepped into the breach and to a great extent kept alive the torch which was failing, and I, for one, feel a very deep debt of gratitude to them and to their successors.

This part of my story I must end with a conversation with a Roman Catholic priest sitting by the road side one day near Kingston-on-Thames. As he passed by I asked if I was right in waiting there for an omnibus to Cobham. He said: "You are quite right, I am going there myself." I spread my overcoat on the bank and invited him to come and sit by my side whilst waiting for the bus. I said to him: "This is what I call a very catholic proceeding. The truth is we get more broad minded as we grow older."

He looked me in the face and said: "We don't." I said to him, I am afraid a little bit with my tongue in my cheek, "That I suppose is because you are so broad minded to begin with." To which he answered: "I wonder!" Which, being interpreted, meant, I thought, "don't you believe it, we are as narrow as you make them!"

## VIII. JOYS AND SORROWS.

In every life these are to be found, and in many cases they are landmarks in life. Besides those I have already mentioned, there are some of which some reference should be made.

The first great sorrow in our married life was in the death of our dear little child, Leonard John, at the age of nearly four years. He had had a happy though short life when meningitis very quickly ended it. Over and over again I have realised that "God fits the back to the burden" is a very true saying; before our child's demise we should have thought his death would be an irreparable blow, yet when it came, the sorrow was tempered by wonderful love, and as in his last hours we prayed him up to the very gates of Paradise, we should have certainly been in some measure disappointed had he been given back to us. Such is our Heavenly Father's love, only fully known and appreciated at such moments, and this quite apart from the loving sympathy evoked at such times.

Then again, how often in the course of my ministry had I tried to comfort others in time of bereavement and as I came away used to think, it is all very well, but could I bear such a loss? My little one's passing made me know what others were suffering in like case, and without doubt made one's sympathy more real.

This is the story of my life, or at least some prominent incidents in it, so I must not omit to tell of rather an alarming incident in connection with our baby son. One cold snowy January day my precious wife and I went to Shortlands to spend a night with her sister. Before going we had given express instructions to the nurse not to take the baby out, indeed to keep him in our warm dining room. At dinner that day we received a telegram from our cook that nurse had not only taken the baby out, but had not returned. This was about eight o'clock at night. We knew our nurse's home address, so I repaired at once to the station and took the first train to Victoria and from there drove in a hansom to the Seven Sisters Road; I felt sure the child would be there, and there it was lying asleep in bed. Of course nurse and her mother were much surprised to see me and I at once told nurse to dress the baby.

"You're never going to take him out this foggy night," she said. However, take him out I did, and almost smothered him in my great coat. I told cabby, who had waited for me, to drive me back to Victoria. I have often wondered what he thought of the whole proceeding. *En route* I changed my mind and told him to drive me to Gloucester Square, my brother Robert's house, feeling sure my sister Gertrude would take good care of the child for the night, which of course she did. I had no time for explanation, but, having provided for baby, I once more entered the cab and drove off to Victoria, just catching the last train to Shortlands. I had achieved my object, which was, having secured the child, to tell dear Marianne all was right. An eventful night indeed, but I need hardly say dear Marianne and all were more than thankful. Of course nurse had to go, and her admirable successor, Annie Beale, stopped with us until nurses were no longer necessary.

The year 1909 brought us great joy in the marriage of our only son, Archer, to Daphne Thompson, in the parish church of Fetcham. We had known her family for long and have ever since rejoiced in their happy union.

The very next year saw the marriage of our younger daughter, Phyllis, to Gerald Groom, son of the Rector of Ashwicken, Norfolk, Arthur Groom. This also has been a very happy marriage. For many years they lived in Jamaica, he being an officer in the West Indian Regiment. Archer and Daphne have three children, two

girls and a boy. Phyllis and Gerald have two, one boy and one girl. They were married in our beautiful church of Christ Church, Epsom, in the presence of hosts of our parishioners.

In 1906 we celebrated our Silver Wedding, when, to our surprise, not only our relations but also our friends and parishioners marked it by presenting us with many valuable gifts, some of which will remain in our family as heirlooms. Of course this great kindness cheered us much.

Then twenty-five years later we were blessed with celebrating our Golden Wedding in 1931. Literally presents were showered upon us by our relations and friends. It would be quite impossible to exaggerate the kindness we received. The clergy of the Chapter presented us with a clock, those of my old Deanery with a very chaste gold bowl, our brothers and sisters gave a History Prize of the value of £100 in our name at St. John's School, Leatherhead, of which school I had been honoured in being on the council, and our children, nephews and nieces gave us a wireless set, so perfect that it has never cost us a penny so far.

I fear the excitement of our celebration, though it was all entered into with very great joy at the time, was rather much for my precious wife, and she was obliged to rest after it for some days. However, in March we got to Bournemouth for our annual visit and for the first week she was very fairly well. On Sunday, the 8th March, she went to St. Peter's Church for Mattins, but for the last time, for after a week of considerable discomfort from bronchitis, on the 17th, early in the morning, she was called to her rest. If anyone can ever be said to have earned that rest, I am sure she did, she had had a long and very busy life at home, with her children, and with the parish. Many of her Sunday School children whom she had taught previous to her marriage, never forgot to write to her, and she never forgot them. I know that not only her children, but many others, will rise up and call her blessed at the Great Day.

I have headed this part of my life, "Joys and Sorrows." I can say with very truth that, whilst my dear one's passing caused me much sorrow, how could it be otherwise, after fifty years and more of happy companionship, but the thought of her joy and peace with Jesus, filled me with joy from the very first and will never cease to do so. Each morning I thank God for her love and devotion, her kindness and gentleness, her motherliness and patience, her loving corrections, her example and companionship, also for the assurance He has given me of her peace and joy, praying Him to give us grace that we may so follow in the steps of the Divine Saviour as did she, that one day we may be reunited in the paradise of God.

I have already written and circulated an "In Memoriam" of her, so will say no more here than to express my heartfelt gratitude to our Heavenly Father for the priceless treasure He gave to me in her, and I well know that what I feel is felt by all our children.

## IX. MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS AND FAMILY.

Could I set down the more important incidents in my life without mention of my brothers and sisters and my dear wife's brothers and sisters? I should indeed be sorry for the omission, and at the outset I must say that, with me, those who are sometimes called the "in-laws" were as truly my brothers and sisters as were those of my own flesh and blood. To be received, as I was, into the family of her, who was to be my precious wife, is no ordinary blessing.

My eldest sister, Carry, was married at the close of 1872 to John Moberly, a younger son of Bishop Moberly, of Salisbury, and by him, in the Church of St. Mary, Wimbledon. This was the first break up of our family, but it was a very happy marriage, and they were together not far short of sixty years. They had four children, two boys and two girls. The eldest, Arthur, had a brilliant career in the Indian Civil Service, and when he retired he was Member of Council and K.C.S.I. He only died in 1934. R.I.P.

His Brother, Bertie, is still in the Indian Army, a Major General, C.B., D.S.O. The eldest daughter, Olive, married George Cockin, who is at the moment Vicar of St. Mary, Oxford. The youngest daughter, Irene, who ran for some years an important private home for massage at Southampton, is now married.

Of my sister Ruth, the only unmarried one among us, the truth is she keeps the whole family together; she has a heart of gold, and is loved by all. Loyalty perhaps, would sum her up outside the family, but whether inside or out she is a walking encyclopaedia.

Robert has had a distinguished career as a lawyer, and is justly and universally popular. To tell anyone he is my brother is enough to raise me at once a peg or two. He has many children. Two of his sons were killed in the war, and the eldest as a result of the South African war. Two remaining sons and two daughters are all leading useful lives, his youngest son, Dick, being a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Scottish Rifles.

My younger brother, John, married Miss Marion Hardman in 1880. Their son, Alan, has gone up and up in the army and is now Director of Personal Services at the War Office, Major General, M.C., C.B., D.S.O.

Then Louie, who married Ted Reeves, has just kept her Golden Wedding in August, 1934. She has three children: Sybil, who is always making herself useful and served honourably in the war; Mervyn, an active lawyer at Bristol and Cynthea, who married Geoffrey Whiskard. He is in the Home Office, C.B., M.C., M.G. In the Summer of 1935, Sir Geoffrey Whiskard was appointed as the first High Commissioner of Australia, an honourable post indeed!

Edith was the youngest. She married Francis Phelps, now Archbishop of Capetown.

Of my dear wife's family I can only say one was proud to enter it, and to be welcomed as I was by one and all. There were eight of them, and though I am not aware they could put letters after their names, they were all greatly loved and admired by all who knew them. Many of the world's greatest men and women, as is well known, are those who take a back seat. I may be prejudiced, I don't think I am, but I know no family more consistently honourable and upright, and all they should be, than the one into which I was privileged to be brought by marriage, into which, indeed, I firmly believe God brought me. Perhaps I should have asked my children to speak of them, but I know they would only echo what I have said and only added to it, the warmest tribute of love.

Impossible to tell of all my many relations, but I am constrained to speak of two, my dear wife's uncle, Thomas Spackman, and our aunt Amelia Hunter.

He was no ordinary man, and although, after taking his degree at Cambridge, followed no other profession than that of administering his estate, he was full of information on almost every subject, was a most cheerful companion, and a most genial friend. His sister, my dear one's mother, with her large family, found in him one always ready to help, as did we all.

Aunt Amelia was much what aunt Hetty is now, loved by all, especially by her many nephews and nieces. The unmarried seem often to have the largest number of friends; naturally, the world is their family.

Then of our children—what am I to say of Dorothy, Archer and Phyllis. They are all worthy of their mother, and could I say more? Dorothy has taken her mother's place, and splendidly, as my precious wife said she would. Fortunate indeed we have been in those whom our children have married.

Archer and his family have settled down at Hare Hatch, near Maidenhead, and Phyllis and hers are now living with us, Gerald having just retired from the Army. He was in the West Indian Regiment and therefore much of their early time was spent in Jamaica. Lately they have been at Tidworth, Catterick and Warrington, at which last place he was in charge of the depot. He gained the M.C. during the war in which he served most honourably.

I omitted to say that both Archer and Dorothy did their part in the war, he being in the Army Service Corps, she a V.A.D. both in Belgium and London. Phyllis also helped for a time in different hospitals.

#### *An Alarm.*

I don't think it would be true to say our lives were very eventful, but in 1929, we had the uncommon and not pleasant experience of finding a burglar in our house. We had just come up from dinner to our little sitting room on the first floor when we soon realised something was wrong. On approaching her room, Dorothy had heard a noise which she thought must be due to her friend, Madge Kitchener's dog, a frequent visitor, and turning up her light and grasping the poker she made for the bed, where not a dog but a man was hiding himself. She at once shouted out, "Come Dad, quick," and I came quickly and found the man standing in the middle of the room with Dorothy by his side armed with the poker. Closing the door and standing with my back to it, I said: "Well, my friend, what are you doing here?" He replied: "Oh, I was just having a look round. I'm down and out." I said to him: "You don't look it," for he was very well dressed.

My dear wife had risen to the occasion and had telephoned for the police. I had heard her do this and therefore was sure that if we could only occupy the man's time with talk, it would not be long before relief came. This we did. He said: "No chance for a man when he has once gone wrong." To which I replied: "You shall never be able to say that again." Then he told us something of his history and his relations. He was apparently well connected, and of course said if we would only let him go he would never do the like again. I watched him very closely, specially when he put his hands in his pockets, or looked this way and that to see if there was any way of escape. He made no attempt, however, to get away, but if anyone has had the like experience they may be sure my blood was up, and had he attempted any violence, I was ready; thankful indeed that there was no need for my fists.

Well, in about twenty minutes time, it might have been many hours, we heard voices: "Where's the burglar?" At first we were uncertain as to who they were, when eight men came along the passage. However, I opened the door and introduced

them to my friend. They turned out to be members of the Flying Squad, who had been sent down to Leatherhead from Scotland Yard, as there had been many burglaries in the neighbourhood.

The poor man was judged and sentenced to three years' penal servitude at Dartmoor. According to promise, I have done what I could for him, have visited him both at Wandsworth and Pentonville, and in Hospital, and we regularly correspond. I have found the Church Army most valuable in their help, and at the moment I have great hopes that the man is going to turn over a new leaf. There is much good in him, but perhaps a not unnatural resentment to the powers that be.

But I must bring these incidents to a close and I do so with just a reference to Study Circles which I feel to be most valuable.

## X. STUDY CIRCLES etc.

I think among means of helping people, not only the young, to know and to understand their Bible better, and their Prayer Book, and indeed the more important parts of the Church Doctrine and the burning questions of the day, there is no more valuable means than that of Study Circles.

I had the privilege of conducting one for fourteen years, at which the attendance was uniformly regular, and no one of us but appreciated the effort and was the better for it. Although there must be a leader, he equally with all the members is a learner, and takes his part in answering any questions on some portion of the subject for the day. Some of our subjects were, the Prophets, the Synoptists, the Epistles to the Thessalonians and the Hebrews, our Bible in the Making, the New Prayer Book, the Eucharistic Liturgy, the Lambeth Conference on Reunion, the World Call, Spiritualism, Divine Healing, the Congregation in Church, and many others, as for instance, the League of Nations. They were happy days those Study Circle days, and I know I was not the only one who thought so.

The Society of Sacred Study among the clergy was another helpful work. Ours in the Deanery of Leatherhead was initiated by Archdeacon Fearon of Winchester. He told us that when he became Head Master of Winchester he was fearful lest he should find no time for reading, so he called together some of his assistant masters of like mind and each term they agreed to tackle some solid book. At the end of his time, twenty years later, he was able to say he had read and studied twenty books, not one of which, very likely, would he have read had he not with others set himself systematically to do so. Well, with such an inspiring lead we set ourselves to do the same, and although I am no longer one of the body, for more than twenty years I was privileged to do the same, and many of the more important theological books of the day would certainly, but for this systematic reading, have gone unread.

The West Surrey Clerical Society, of which I was not a member, is, I believe, one of the best for Sacred Study.

It has, not unnaturally, been of some interest to myself to jot down some of the incidents in my life. Whether this interest will extend to others is doubtful; but perhaps this publication may serve to remind my Epsom friends at least of some of the happenings in the early years of Christ Church, Epsom, the days of long ago!

If I have made no reference to Bishop Greig's successor, it is because I had practically finished my notes before he was appointed; but as now he has been with us for over a year, I should like to say how fortunate we all feel to have over us as our Father in God and Bishop, John Macmillan.

### *Postscript.*

I have done. My little amusement is over, and my long ministry, so happy, of over 60 years, is, for the most part, finished. A solemn thought! May all that has been done amiss be forgiven.

The happy work of "Missionary Students" still remains to me. As this can be done at my study table, and, in being allowed to do it, it may be I am sparing some busy parish priests.

A DIEU!

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