

of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world." He entered the living of Drayton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, in December, 1584. Here he remained a year, in great poverty, but cheerful and patient, troubling no man with his wants. His two pupils, Sandys and Cranmer, visited him here during this time, and found him with the "Odes of Horace" in his hand, tending sheep in a common field. When relieved by a servant, he brought them into the house, and the three were enjoying a pleasant conversation, when "Richard was called to rock the cradle." The friends left next morning, remarking that they were sorry that his wife did not prove a more comfortable companion to him. The good man replied: "If saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine." On their return to London, Sandys acquainted his father, then Archbishop of York, with Hooker's poverty, and the influence of the Archbishop secured his appointment soon after, in March, 1585, to the Mastership of the Temple in London. It was a marked promotion, but one not calculated to increase greatly his happiness. Hooker was a modest, shrinking man, dreading noise and controversy, and loving a quiet retreat in which to pursue his favorite studies. And to the Master of the Temple at that time quiet was denied.

The late Master of the Temple had recommended a Mr. Travers, a learned and devout, but quick-tempered man, as his successor, but on the advice of Archbishop Whitgift the latter had been passed over on account of his extreme Calvinism. He had been ordained in Antwerp, and was an enthusiastic champion of the Genevan form of church government. He became, however, the evening lecturer at the Temple, and the teaching of his sermons was in such direct opposition to that of Hooker's in the morning that it was said "the forenoon sermon spoke of Canterbury, and the afternoon of Geneva." Travers was disappointed at not being appointed Master of the Temple, and lost no opportunity of attacking Hooker's teaching, and speaking for Presbyterianism. One accusation against Hooker was that he had declared "that he doubted not but that God was merciful to many of our forefathers living in Popish superstition, forasmuch as they sinned ignorantly," which gives a good insight into the mental calibre of the two men. By all the wisest and most distinguished benchers Hooker

was revered and honored, but yet a great many inclined to Travers.

The rivalry and disputes were too much for the gentle soul of Hooker, who was the apostle of law and order, whether in thought or in life, and in a letter to the Archbishop he solicited to be removed from that place, saying, among other things: "My Lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers here have proved the more unpleasant to me because I believe him to be a good man." But before his withdrawal from London, as the result of his disputes and the fury of the advocates of the Genevan system, he had conceived the plan of writing a sober treatise in defence of the Church of England system, and in refutation of the narrowness of the Nonconformists. This treatise was given to the world in eight books of the "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," by which his undying fame is secured. It was planned and outlined in London, but finished in his retreatment in Kent.

"The Ecclesiastical Polity" has become one of the fundamental books in English theology, without the acquaintance of which no man can claim to be instructed in the teaching of the Established Church of England. Both in respect to the thought and to the style it is a masterpiece. Every great name in the ecclesiastical annals of England of whatever school has borne witness to the breadth of mind, the originality, the impartiality, and the profound learning of its author. As a piece of literature it has ever since ranked as an English classic, a model of English prose style. It lacks, perhaps, the brevity and directness of our best modern prose. The writer was so full of knowledge that he was inclined to overload his narrative, and deviate a little from the main thread; but for dignity, and fluency, and elegance, and epigram, and melody, it has never been surpassed.

In 1591 Hooker was presented to the rectory of Boscom, in Salisbury. Here he wrote the first four books of "The Ecclesiastical Polity." In 1595 he removed to Bishopsbourne, in Kent, to which he was invited by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here he finished his great work, and died very shortly after. The parsonage was only three miles from Canterbury, and near the highway to Dover, and many travellers, especially scholars, turned off to visit the man whose writings and saintly life were so remarkable. They found a man in a poor, coarse gown, short of stature, and now much bent, with body worn out in study and rigorous discipline,

short-sighted, and so modest and bashful that he hardly ever looked a man in the face. As a parish priest he was very attentive to the sick and distressed, unpretentious and kind to all, striving to prevent lawsuits, and urging his parishioners to bear with each other's infirmities and live in love, because "he that lives in love lives in God, for God is love." His sermons were short and without fire, but were delivered in an earnest, quiet voice, and in preaching he always kept his eye fixed on one spot, to keep his mind from wandering, which gave him the appearance of studying out what he spoke. About the year 1600 he caught cold on a passage by water from Gravesend to London, and this ripened into an illness which carried him off in a few months. He visibly weakened, and his friends saw his end approaching. His intimate companion, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul, and who administered the last communion to him, entered his chamber one morning, and found him deep in contemplation. To the question what his thoughts were, Hooker replied "that he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven; and, oh, that it might be so on earth!" After which he said: "Lord, show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners." Shortly after he passed away.

THE OLD PENSIONER'S STORY.

"I HAD, from my boyhood, the desire to be a soldier, and delighted in reading of battles by land and sea. I would have gone anywhere to see a regiment of soldiers, and often put myself through the drill when in the garden all alone. Still I was not a soldier, I was only trying to act and walk like one. By and by I got a gun and had some lessons in using it, until I became a pretty good shot; but for all that I was not a soldier. Next I joined the volunteers, got a volunteer's uniform, was once reviewed by the Queen, but I was not a soldier all the while. One afternoon I was strolling on the streets; a recruiting sergeant came up to me and asked me if I would take the Queen's shilling. This was how the recruiting was done in those days. I said, 'Yes'; I took the shilling, and the same hour I became a soldier. I had no regimentals, no training, but nevertheless I