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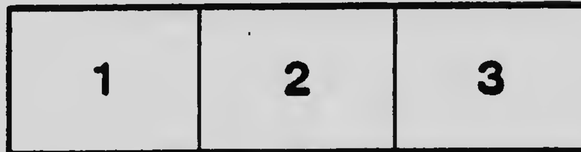

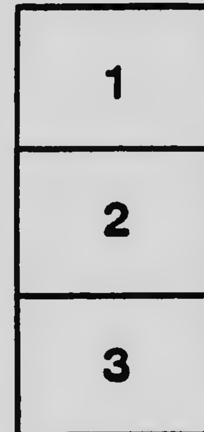

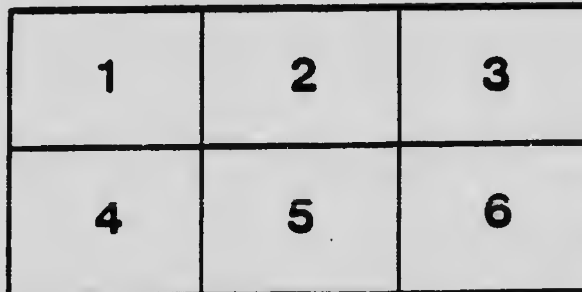

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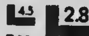

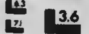

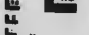

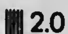

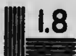

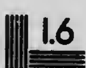

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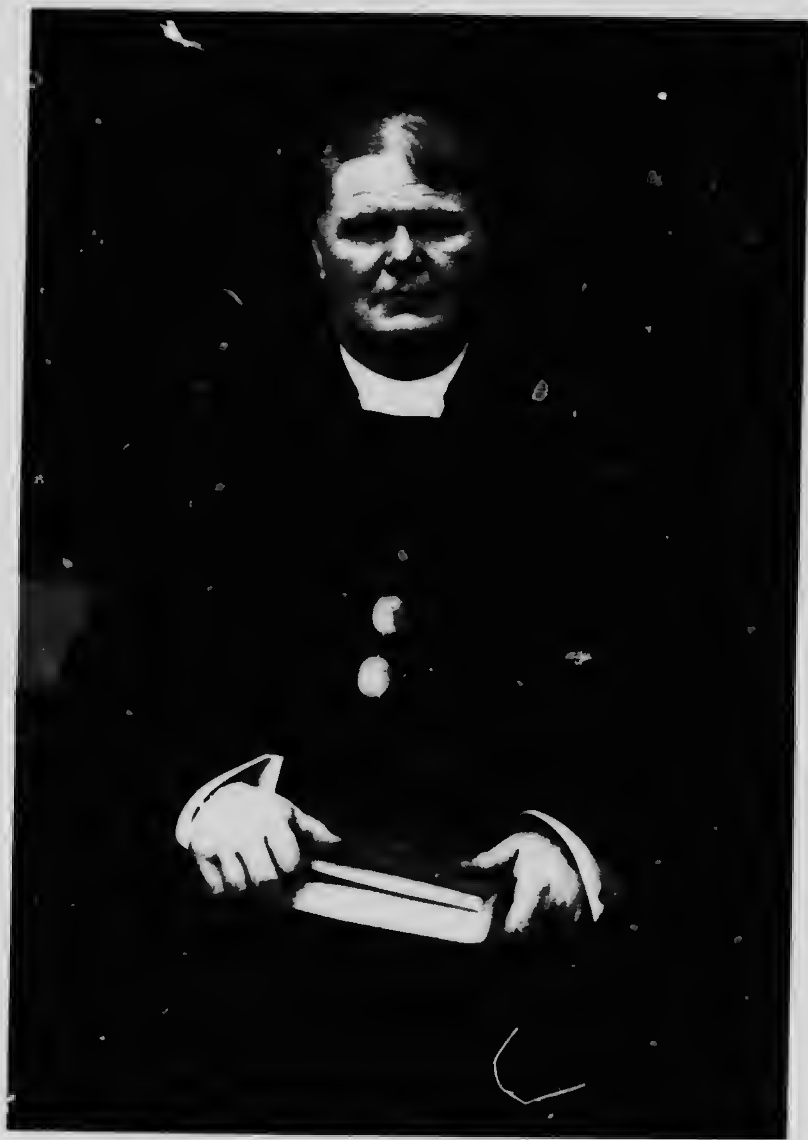

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PREFACE

It is never worth while to publish writings which need not have been given to the world, and then to offer an apology for their publication. I do not seek, therefore, to excuse myself for writing this book. I will only say that nearly at the same time two firms of publishers applied to me for my memoirs, and soon afterwards the head of a third firm expressed his willingness to issue them. It has been a pleasure, not wholly free from sadness, to revive so many old associations. The experience of most people who have lived some time in the world is, I suppose, that they form, more or less unwittingly, certain conclusions which they themselves hold strongly, perhaps too strongly, and which they think may be of some use to others. If among my own conclusions there are any which may be felt to suggest or emphasise the true course of public duty or wisdom, I cannot be sorry that I have made them known. But when I had finished the book, it was found to be a good deal longer than I had promised or the publishers had expected, and a part of the "Reflections" has, therefore, to my regret, been omitted. It will perhaps appear some day in another form.

I know how difficult it is to use frank language without giving pain, especially in reference to con-

trasted and, in some sense, opposite, institutions; and I have been officially connected not only with the Far Eastern as well as with the Western world, but with the South and the North of England, and with Eton and Harrow. Should the book, as it now stands, do any injustice to any persons whom I have met in my various offices at home and abroad, nobody, I hope, could more deeply regret it than I. It is meant to be a candid record, not unsympathetically expressed, of such incidents and such inferences from them as have been natural to a life not particularly distinguished, but, owing to circumstances, a little more varied, perhaps, than most educational or clerical lives can easily be.

J. E. C. WELLDON.

September, 1915.

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RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

CHAPTER I

FORMATIVE INFLUENCES

IT has always been a pleasure to me that I was born on St. Mark's Day, April 25th. For the story of St. Mark, as it is told in the New Testament and in ecclesiastical legend, has strongly appealed to me. The mystery, the vicissitude, the mingled light and shadow which surround it, are pleasing to the imagination. I cherish the thought that St. Mark was, as Irenaeus[1] says, the pupil and interpreter (μαθητὴς καὶ ἑρμηνευτής) of St. Peter, and that his is, if not the original, at all events the earliest extant Gospel. Nor do I honour his memory the less because of the cloud which fell at one time upon his relation to St. Paul. How it seems to vanish—that passing cloud—as at sunrise, before those touching words of the aged Apostle, "Take Mark, and bring him with thee; for he is profitable to me for the ministry": words which may not unfairly be said to consecrate the friendship of St. Paul's two young fellow-disciples, St. Timothy and St. Mark![2] Never, I think, have I passed through Alexandria, often as I have been there, without recalling how St. Mark, according to a tradition recorded by Eusebius,[3] founded churches there,

[1] Contr. Haeres, iii., i. 1. [2] 2 Timothy iv. 11. [3] Hist. Eccles. ii. c. 16.

and how, if Jerome's[1] authority is worthy of credence, he died and was buried there. When I visited Venice for the first time many years ago, I could not help looking upon the lions of St. Mark as though I had a right to claim a sort of proprietary interest in them.

But there are other associations than these attaching to St. Mark's Day. April 25th is the birthday of Oliver Cromwell and John Keble, and they have both been, although in different ways, objects of admiration to me all through my life. It has sometimes seemed to me that a combination of their qualities would be the ideal of Christian manhood. I am fond of observing the association of special names, not only in history but in literature, with special days. I have made what I may perhaps call a hagiology, or at least an historical calendar, of my own. Every morning I try to recall the memory of some beloved and honoured person whose birthday or whose death-day it is. It is natural for me, then, to remember that April 25th was Amelia Sedley's first wedding day; for she is one of my favourite characters.

It has been my habit to ask people, and especially very old people, what were the earliest events of which they retain any clear, positive recollection. In the year 1898, I think, I paid a visit at Norwich to a distant kinswoman, who, if her life had been spared two years longer, would have been able to say that she had lived in three centuries. She could remember, or she fancied she could remember, something of the sensation caused by the deaths of Pitt and Fox in 1806. Sir William Drinkwater, when I had the pleasure of talking to him in his old age at his beautiful residence in the Isle of Man, told me he could recall the illuminations of London after the battle of Waterloo. To have seen a man who had seen the great Napoleon on the deck of the *Bellero-*

[1] De Vir Illustr. Ch. 8.

phon, as was once my experience, may almost be said to lift for a moment the veil of ancient history. But I have never felt the attraction of Napoleon, as so many writers, and among them Lord Rosebery, have felt it; I have not been able to overcome a genuine moral detestation of his career; and more than once, when I have noticed his portrait upon the wall of some classroom in a Public or Elementary School, I have turned it to the wall, as it was difficult to understand why English boys and girls should be taught to venerate a man who was, perhaps, in view of the late age in which he lived, the worst of all human beings, as having been the author of more widespread and lasting misery than any other person, and who was certainly, at least until the outbreak of the war now raging, the most bitter and the most dangerous of all the enemies of England.

A dear old friend of mine, Mrs. Rotch, who died at Harrow, soon after I left it, at the age of 100 years and six months, in the house to which she had come as a bride 82 years before, could describe the anxious state of English opinion during the Napoleonic wars. But her favourite reminiscence, although it belonged to a later date, was that she had been a passenger at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830 by the train in which Mr. Huskisson was killed. Mr. Huskisson's death was, I think, singularly tragic; for it was in order to speak to the Duke of Wellington, with whom he had not been on good terms, that he got out of his carriage on to the permanent way, and, while he was standing there, an engine, the "Rocket," ran over him. It was to the vicarage at Eccles that he was carried, and there he died. Fanny Kemble, in her "Record of a Girlhood,"[1] tells the story of his death. I could not help doubting, however, whether Mrs. Rotch

[1] Frances Ann Kemble's "Record of a Girlhood," vol. ii., pp. 188-191.

did actually travel by that train. Old people are apt to imagine that they have seen or done more than really happened to them. Memory, as the Greeks so wisely fabled, is the mother of the Muses. When I was a headmaster, I used to say that all old Public School men, after a certain time of life, thought they had been, or might have been, in the cricket eleven of their schools, as maiden ladies think they have refused offers of marriage in their youth. Anyhow, it is an interesting fact that Tennyson was a passenger by the first train on the Liverpool and Manchester line. I have heard him tell the story, almost in the words quoted in the annotated edition of his poems by his son, the present Lord Tennyson,[1] how it was a black night when he travelled by the railway; the crowd around the train at the stations was so dense that he could not see the wheels of the railway carriages; he thought they ran in grooves; and that was the origin of the metaphor which used to puzzle me as a boy when I first read "Locksley Hall":

> "Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change."

My own earliest vivid recollection is that I was taken out of doors late at night, and set on the garden steps outside my father's house at Tonbridge School, to see the great comet of 1861. The death of the Prince Consort at the end of that same year made a deep impression upon my mind; but of the assassination of President Lincoln, although it occurred four years later, and was a far more tragic event, I retain no memory. I dare say it did not produce a marked effect in the somewhat narrow, humdrum social life of Tonbridge. It will not, perhaps, be inappropriate to add, as an instance

[1] "The Works of Tennyson, with Notes by the Author." Edited, with Memoir, by Hallam Lord Tennyson, 1907.

of the feeling which has always prompted me to value early experiences, that, when I was a Canon of Westminster Abbey, at the Coronation of King Edward VII., I gave one of my few seats in the gallery over the Muniment Room to a little girl, who was, I thought, just old enough to remember the stately ceremonial if she saw it, and who, if she lived, as I trust she may, to a good old age, would, I hoped, relate to her children and grandchildren her unfading impression of that historical event.

The truth is that I have all my life through been deeply solemnised by the thought of the unchanged and unchangeable past. It has seemed to me that men and women are as travellers journeying to an invisible goal beneath an overshadowing precipice of granite rock. Few lines of poetry have been, or are, more constantly present to my mind than Dryden's:

> "Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
> But what has been has been, and I have had my hour." [1]

Although my memory of my home is still as fresh as it is pleasant, yet, except during the first few years of my life, I did not, in fact, spend much time there. I was sent away to school at an early age; and as my holidays generally coincided with my father's, we used often to go away from Tonbridge to places of interest in England or abroad. I well remember how he took me as quite a young boy to Boulogne. It was my first experience of the foreign travel which has played so large a part in the story of my life. One expedition of lasting interest was made through various towns and villages of Kent to Rochester. My father had himself once been at school in Rochester; he was familiar with

[1] The Twenty-Ninth Ode of the First Book of Horace Paraphrased in Pindaric Verse.

its winding streets and ancient buildings; he gave me there my first insight into the quiet dignity of a Cathedral Close. It was, I think, after a visit to Gadshill that I began to read Shakespeare; and from the same journey I date in my own mind my interest, which has never failed or faded, in the writings of Charles Dickens. He is, in my eyes, the greatest, because he is the purest, of English humorists. Molière alone, I think, deserves to stand beside him. It has been said that everyone is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian. Not less true is it, I think, that every Englishman is born a Thackerayan or a Dickensite. If so, I must claim to be an Aristotelian and a Dickensite; for nobody has cast such a girdle of innocent laughter around the world as Dickens. At Ipswich, the White Horse Hotel has long possessed a charm for me because of the adventures which befell Mr. Pickwick there. When I was at Dulwich College, I often pointed out to my visitors that the picture-gallery of the College, that treasure-house of art which is still so little known, in spite of its romantic history—for was it not in its original intention the National Gallery of Poland?—was the last place where Mr. Pickwick was ever seen on earth. At Harrow, I used to tell boys half seriously, when they were ill, that, if they were not familiar with "The Old Curiosity Shop," they could not be allowed to leave the sick-room until they had read it. I offered a prize to any boy who could discover in the writings of Dickens a character educated at Harrow; and the prize was won by a boy who read all Dickens through in the weeks when he was suffering and recovering from scarlet fever. Since I have lived in Manchester it has been a pleasure to me to reflect that I could in a sense claim fellow-citizenship with the brothers Grant, who were the prototypes of the Cheeryble brothers;

but I have not been so successful as I could wish to be in tracing the charities by which the two brothers during their lifetime attracted the admiration of Dickens.

But to come back to the holidays of my school life: I remember spending some time with Edward Fitz-Gerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám, on his yacht in the waters of Aldeburgh. I am afraid I was not so good a sailor as he was then, or as I hope I may claim to be now. The Eastern Counties of England, and especially parts of Suffolk, were my frequent resorts. For my mother's family, the Cowells of Ipswich, lived there. The late Professor Cowell of Cambridge, my mother's first cousin, introduced me to the old book-shops of Ipswich. He was always my kind and generous friend, and for a short time my teacher, when I learnt a little Sanscrit after taking my degree; and to know him was, I think, to know the *beau idéal* of a scholar—so true was his love of learning for its own sake, so free from all desire or thought of public recognition. I was greatly struck by the historical connection of Cardinal Wolsey with the town of Ipswich, in which his father is said to have been a butcher; and as I wandered among the relics of antiquity, which are still pretty numerous there, it was difficult to help regretting that of those "twins of learning," as Shakespeare calls them, which Wolsey raised, Ipswich and Oxford, the latter has become so much more famous than the former. The world which reads the newspapers, laughed a short time ago, when a militant suffragette, who was arrested for attempting an outrage in London, gave, at the outset of her voluble and noisy defence, her home address as "Silent Street, Ipswich." But it was on the site of Silent Street, according to local tradition, that Cardinal Wolsey's father lived, and there he got into trouble for

letting his pigs run wild to the detriment of his neighbour's estate. For the Eastern Counties of England I still cherish a tender and grateful feeling. Many happy days and weeks have I spent in them. During my headmastership at Harrow I went often to Southwold, where the name of Agnes Strickland is still held in honour. Places such as Walberswick and still more Dunwich are rich in interesting memories; and I am still so loyal to old associations as to doubt whether the ocean-air is anywhere so invigorating as upon the coast-line of Suffolk and Norfolk. It was no little satisfaction to me, when I was headmaster of Harrow, that the late Sir Cuthbert Quilter, M.P., who brought his eldest son to school there, told me laughingly he wished him to be educated by a headmaster who was an Eastern Counties man.

Still, my home, if I did not see much of it, did not fail to exercise an influence upon my whole life. It may be permitted me to recall two or three of its characteristic features.

I was brought up in an educational atmosphere. If I can claim any special faculty or capacity as a schoolmaster, it must be the result of inheritance. For my father was a schoolmaster. My uncle, with whom he was so closely associated in his life-work, was a schoolmaster too. Looking back through the vista of long years upon the early days of life, I seem always to hear, as if in the far distance, the echo of familiar voices discussing educational topics, or at least such topics as related to the great Public Schools and the ancient Universities. Elementary education had not then assumed the national importance which has admittedly belonged to it since the Education Act of 1870; nor had the modern Universities in the large provincial cities of England yet come into being. At the passing of Mr.

Forster's famous Act I was already an Etonian. It was only three years before my birth that Owens College, Manchester, which may be regarded as the pioneer of the modern Universities, was established; and the charter by which it was expanded and exalted into the Victoria University of Manchester was not granted until I had already taken my degree at Cambridge.

The educationists, if I must use that word, or the schoolmasters among whom my boyhood was chiefly spent, could they have imagined the idea of a modern University, would, I think, have tacitly scouted it, as a mere simulacrum of the reality. But Oxford and Cambridge were the objects of their reverent admiration. It was my fortune in after-days to hear the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr. Thompson, utter his caustic gibe at "our habitual instructors, the headmasters of the Public Schools." I hope I did not do much, when I was a headmaster, although I can hardly hope that I did nothing, to deserve it. For I was taught as a boy to look upon anybody who had won a first-class in the Schools at Oxford or in the Mathematical or Classical Tripos at Cambridge as a superior being. In those old days he seemed to me to command the same homage as a judge or a cabinet minister commands now. The Cambridge University Calendar was a sort of second Bible in my home. I can recall how a certain poor relation of my family—a brewer without any tincture of academical learning, and without any special social charm—whose annual visits were felt to be inevitable but disagreeable trials, because of the expense of entertaining him, and often of defraying after his visit a good many small debts which it was his fashion to incur, was thought to be invested with a certain inexpressible respectability, inasmuch as he had schooled himself by assiduous effort to repeat a number of the

Tripos lists by heart. Even when he failed in the brewery business and went bankrupt, still his knowledge of the Cambridge University Calendar gave him the *cachet* of society at Tonbridge. There was a gentle pity felt for him, as for one who would probably have done more credit to the Trade if he had been fortunate enough to possess an academical degree of his own, besides being able to tell the degrees of so many other peopl-

My father lost no opportunity of impressing upon my youthful imagination the value of degrees. He was, I think, a little chagrined, or at least he was surprised, whenever a man, who had not distinguished himself by his degree at Oxford or Cambridge, won his way to a high position in the world. He loved to recall and record the success of Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics in after-life. He urged me, when I was a boy at Eton, to give up playing cricket—and in the end I did give it up at his desire—as he was afraid that the demand which it made upon a schoolboy's time would ultimately spoil my degree. As life has advanced, I have come to think less of academical degrees. I have seen so many reversals of the judgments passed upon young men at college as well as upon boys at school. So often the first have been last, and the last first. It is not, perhaps, so much what a man was in his youth, but what he is, that is the important question about him. It is a little difficult for me now to understand the value attaching to degrees, and, indeed, even to honorary degrees, which are too often, I think, conferred, not when they would be chiefly valuable, upon students in the early days of their contributions to learning, but upon such men as have already gained all possible honours. Degrees, in fact, are in reality most highly valued by the persons who have been least successful in gaining them. It has sometimes

amused me to read in the preface to "Crockford's Clerical Directory" how curious and even tortuous are the devices to which some of the clergy have resorted in their pretensions to an academical status which is not, and could not properly be, theirs; and I can scarcely resist a feeling of sympathy with the clergyman who, after being driven from pillar to post by the editor's pertinacious inquiries as to the origin of an alleged degree, was at last reduced, however unwillingly, to admitting that he had conferred the degree upon himself. Anyhow, my father set much store by academical degrees. I am not sure that the influence of his judgment does not occasionally affect me even now. At least, it is a happiness to reflect that my own degree when I took it at Cambridge, gave him some pleasure He lived long enough to be present at my graduation in the Senate House; he died only two years afterwards.

Another element in my early life, not less potent than education, was religion. My father was not only a schoolmaster but a clergyman. I was brought up in an English clerical home. Such a home has been rather cheaply criticised by some people who seem to find pleasure in striking a blow at religion through its ministers; but Coleridge was, I believe, justified in calling it "the one idyll of modern life," although he was thinking rather of a clergyman's home in a rural parish than of such a home as mine. But whether in town or country, and whether under the conditions of parochial or scholastic life, the main features of a clerical home—its simplicity, its regularity, its industry, its benevolence, its unity of interest, and its habitual piety—are everywhere the same. It is possible to regret that the clergy of the Church of England since the Reformation have practically with one consent abandoned not only the law,

but as it seems even the thought, of clerical celibacy. Yet if the celibacy of the clergy is one ideal, their domestic life is another, not less sacred. I have always resented the ignorant attacks made upon the families of the clergy. There is no warrant for the common assumption that clergymen's sons come to grief oftener than other youths. If failures occur from time to time in clerical homes, they are acutely realised, not as being more frequent than elsewhere, but as being more tragic. It is the contrast between the past and the present, between the expectation and the reality, which strikes the mind. Some years ago I wrote an article in *The Nineteenth Century and After*,[1] showing by incontrovertible evidence that, according to the facts given in "The Dictionary of National Biography," the sons of the clergy who have rendered distinguished service, and often service of the highest moment and value to their country, have been more numerous than the men who have been born in the families of any other profession. One sentence of that article may be quoted here: "It is a remarkable result of the statistics . . that while the eminent or prominent children of the clergy since the Reformation have been 1,270, the children of lawyers and of doctors who have attained eminence or prominence in all English history have, by a calculation as accurate as it has proved possible to make, been respectively 510 and 350." It is indeed among the homes of the middle class in society, and of the clergy and ministers of religion pre-eminently, that a great part of the strongest, purest, and noblest British manhood has sprung up. Nor is this a surprising fact; it is simply natural. For a clergyman is almost always a man of good character; he is generally a man of good education; he is not only personally but professionally disposed to guide the in-

[1] February, 1906.

tellectual and moral development of his children; he enjoys, at least if he is not the incumbent of a great parish in a great city, on six days out of the seven in every week such leisure as is necessary for teaching his children, and for drawing out their tastes and talents upon right lines. His office of exercising a quiet, continuous, elevating influence upon them is not made difficult, as a layman's so often is, by the necessity of regular absence from home during a good many working hours of every day. He becomes then the friend and companion of his children, especially of the elder among them; and they tend insensibly, but inevitably, to reflect the characteristic features of his disposition.

The home of my boyhood was not only religious, but Evangelically religious. It was hedged round, so to say, by the beliefs and sentiments of the Low Church Party in the Church of England. No other theology than the Evangelical would have been tolerated at Tonbridge in those days. The black gown was the only vestment worn in the pulpit of the Parish Church and its dependent churches. My father would have resented the suspicion of ritualism as much as of latitudinarianism. He possessed a complete copy of "Tracts for the Times," which has descended to me as a legacy from him; but he did not think well of Dr. Pusey or his party, and the legend of the M.B. (Mark of the Beast) waistcoat, which the Puseyites were reported to wear, was in his eyes a sinister reality. Yet I cannot forget how gravely he was perturbed by the rumour of Dean Stanley's promotion to a bishopric. Dr. Vaughan, who, when he resigned the headmastership of Harrow School, built or hired a small house, which he named "Harrow Cottage," at Southborough, near Tonbridge, was among the clergy the hero of my father's, and, therefore, of my own, admiration. I was present as a little boy in the drawing-

room of the Schoolhouse, when an inquisitive lady asked Dr. Vaughan point-blank why it was that he had declined, after accepting, the bishopric of Rochester, and his diplomatic skill in parrying the question lives still in my memory. How little I thought then that I should one day occupy the position which had so recently been his!

Fifty years ago it was a law of Evangelical homes to read the Bible day by day, to keep Sunday, or the Sabbath, as it was usually called, with inviolable strictness, and to abstain from all such amusements as dancing, cards and billiards. Public opinion has not been wholly logical or consistent in its attitude towards the recreations of the clergy. There are people who think less highly of a clergyman to-day, if he rides to hounds or goes shooting or fishing; but it may be the cruelty rather than the worldliness of these sports that excites their censure. Cards and billiards, too, may easily end in gambling. But the prejudice in religious circles against dancing is, in the light of ecclesiastical history, a sheer paradox; for dancing was originally a religious ceremony, as it is seen to be in the literature of the Old Testament, and as it still is in the Cathedral of Seville at Eastertide. It is probably the dancing of the two sexes together which constituted the offence in Puritan eyes. Mr. Spurgeon once said in my hearing, with his customary pungent wit, that he thought a ball would be harmless if the men were to dance by themselves in one room, and the ladies by themselves in another. Yet even then it would be possible, I suppose, to criticise dancing on historical grounds; for a Baptist minister, who was asked why his Church took such an unfavourable view of an apparently innocent diversion, replied with some asperity that the first Baptist, i.e. John the Baptist, had owed the sacrifice of his life to the dancing of a young lady called Salome, the daughter of the wicked

Herodias—a retort to which Miss Maud Allen's picturesque representation of Salome's dancing has of late possibly given a fresh point.

However, I do not regret the Evangelical impress of my early training. It did not create in me, as it is often believed to create, a strong reaction in after-life. So far as I can recollect, there was never a time when I felt aggrieved at the discipline imposed upon me. Of late years I have come to regret that the old, stern, Evangelical way of looking upon life has given place in Great Britain to so much laxity. Seriousness is, I think, the great need of the modern world. Neither as a boy nor afterwards have I felt the observance of Sunday to be a painful rule. The distinction, which it was customary to make at Tonbridge, between Sunday books and other books may, no doubt, have been a little arbitrary, as was the distinction, at which I chafed a great deal more, between those who were said to be "good people," and those who were said not to be "good people," although I thought the latter sometimes far better than the others; for "good people," if they do not show in their lives "the beauty of holiness," are apt to commit the unpardonable sin of making virtue itself unattractive. But upon the whole I liked the Sundays of my boyhood, if only because they were so different from other days; nor have I ever lost my appreciative feeling for Sunday: I am convinced that a due regard for the one universal day of rest is a principal need of modern democracy, and at Manchester, as elsewhere, I have frequently pleaded that it is an object for which the Church and the toiling mass of the people may unite with absolute sympathy in contending.

Evangelicalism, it is true, or Puritanism is, I am afraid, a less vigorous element in the life of the nation than it was fifty years ago. If it is so, the change is a

national loss. For Evangelicalism, or Puritanism, if it was sometime narrow, was always strenuous and always serious. It took a sane, strong view of human life; it did not play with or around hard realities. In the age of the Commonwealth and of the Revolution, as in the Methodist Revival of the eighteenth century, it invigorated the national life. So impartial a historian as the late Mr. Lecky ascribes to the influence of Methodism the moral strength by which Great Britain won the final victory in the Napoleonic wars; nor can Evangelical religion ever lose the credit of originating in the early days of the nineteenth century those great philanthropic and missionary societies which are still, as they have so long been, the commanding and inspiring features of British Christianity all the world over.

It is with a grateful memory, then, that I look back on my father's example. In some matters I have travelled far from his point of view; in others, after travelling far, I have more or less come back to it. But I have never forgotten the deep impressiveness of his serious character; his contentment, his responsibility, his personal piety, his habit of referring all duties and difficulties to the will of the Highest. He was not an ambitious man; he was well satisfied with his office, his income, and his family. "The lines," as he was fond of saying to me, had "fallen to him in pleasant places." He did not seek great things for himself; but he played his part manfully and honestly as a Christian citizen. If his circle of friends was not wide, he was, I think, greatly loved by all who knew him, as the sorrow evinced at his funeral eloquently told. His health had been shaken when he was a young man by rheumatic fever; he was always suffering; he knew that he could not live to old age. But I think of him as doing his life-work with silent dignity, even when his

strength was visibly and painfully failing. I see him reading prayers at the head of his household, when he was gasping for breath between the sentences; or preaching in the School Chapel, when his voice was so weak that he would ask me before the service to lift my hand, if necessary, where I sat in the pew below him, as a sign that his words were inaudible to the congregation. His deathbed was a scene of much physical anguish; the remembrance of it has haunted me ever since; but dying as living he did not fail to show what the faith of Jesus Christ can be to a Christian. As I write this tribute to his memory, there comes back to my mind a strange coincidence. Many years after his death, when I was headmaster of Harrow School, Miss Mary Anderson, who was then at the height of her fame and beauty, invited me one evening to the Lyceum Theatre. She was then, I think, playing Viola in "Twelfth Night." During the performance of the play she kindly sent a messenger to the box where I was sitting, with a request that I would go to see her behind the scenes when the play was over. I went on to the stage. I found her standing in her white scenic attire amidst the strange darkness and dinginess which comes over a theatre when the lights are being put out. After a short conversation she turned to a gentleman at her side. She said she was anxious to introduce me to her doctor who had been a good friend to her, and had taken care of her health during the season when she had been playing in London. The gentleman stepped forward, and we shook hands. I then saw that he was the specialist who had been summoned from London to attend my father on his deathbed.

If I say little of my dear mother, it is all that I can bring myself to say in public; yet sympathetic spirits will perhaps feel it to be much. At my father's death in 1879 I became responsible for all the interests of her

daily life. It was my constant object to save her from pain and trouble, and at the last to keep her alive. For thirty-three years there was not, I think, a week, unless I was upon the high seas or in some remote part of the world, when she did not write to me and I to her. No gentler or whiter soul, none more innocent of the world's alloy, ever passed to Heaven. She was laid to rest three years ago at my father's side in the beautiful cemetery of Tonbridge. The day of her funeral, October 21st, was a bright autumnal day; but I felt, as I turned away from her grave, that the light had gone out of my life. In the touching words of the poet Gray, "I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother."[1]

It is necessary to mention one more influence, perhaps one only, of my early boyhood. My maternal grandfather, Mr. Samuel Harrison Cowell, was a leading citizen of Ipswich. Few boroughs of the same size as Ipswich have shown a greater commercial and political activity. In the politics as well as in the commerce of Ipswich my grandfather played a considerable part. By his industry and capacity he built up a business which is widely known throughout the Eastern Counties. More than once he was elected Mayor of Ipswich, and his election was, I think, welcomed by the goodwill of all parties and all creeds. He had spent all his life in Ipswich; he dwelt with the pride of local patriotism upon its development; he was fond of contrasting its present with its past; and knowing my love of Dickens, he would often tell me how well he remembered walking out of Ipswich, when he was a boy, as far as possible into the country at the beginning of every month for the sake of meeting the coaches which brought down

[1] Letter lxxiii. to Mr. Nicholls.

from London into Suffolk the monthly green-backed numbers of the "Pickwick Papers." He was a Liberal and a Nonconformist; but a Liberal and a Nonconformist of a type which is, unhappily, tending to die out. In the dark days of the Church of England, before the preaching of the Wesleys and Whitefield heralded the dawn of the Evangelical Movement, his father had left the Church, because he felt it was impossible for him as a Churchman to gratify his strong desire of labouring freely for the conversion of souls. Not long ago the minister of a little Baptist chapel somewhere between Ipswich and Felixstowe wrote to me, asking me to subscribe to the repairs of his chapel, on the ground that my grandfather had been wont to gather in it long years ago a small congregation of country folk for worship on Sundays. When I was master of Dulwich College, I paid a good many visits to Mr. Spurgeon, who was then living at Beulah House in Upper Norwood. I remember how I once went to see him with Mr. J. M. Cook, the manager of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son's famous tourist agency, and the second bearer of a name which is now, I suppose, better known than the name of any English statesman or author all the world over, and how Mr. Spurgeon poked fun at Mr. Cook, by insisting that all old English words, such as "vagrant" or "vagabond," which denoted a restless habit of life or a love of moving from place to place, were invested with a sinister meaning. During one of my visits I told Mr. Spurgeon that my grandmother, who was then a very old lady, was a Baptist, and he wrote her at once a kindly letter which I gave her at our next meeting, and which she carefully treasured.

My grandfather was no political Nonconformist. He neither expressed nor entertained any ill-will to the Church of England. In the later years of his life he

valued the ministry of the Rev. Samuel Garratt, afterwards Honorary Canon of Norwich Cathedral, at St. Margaret's Church in Ipswich. He often went to his own chapel on Sunday morning, and to St. Margaret's Church in the evening. He incurred, and I think he did not mind incurring, some amount of censure from his political associates for his growing sympathy with the Church. But he remained a Nonconformist, as he remained a Liberal, to the end. He would, I believe, have said that Nonconformity in its origin and history had made a splendid protest for the rights of the individual conscience, that the victory of conscience had been won, and that, as Nonconformity had now lost what might be fairly called its proper spring or motive, he was afraid it might, in default of religious principle, drift more and more into political partisanship. But the principles of Gladstonian Liberalism were stamped upon his intelligence and conscience. It was, I think, the appreciation of his example which first inclined me to the Liberal side in politics. He was, in truth, an honest, patriotic, God-fearing citizen. I have always felt that I learnt from him the two-fold lesson of deep respect for the religious character of Nonconformity, and of keen dislike for the Nonconformity which is evidently more political than religious.

The following curious incident naturally associates itself with my grandfather's Nonconformity. Among the ministers under whom he sat, as the current phrase was or is, at one period of his life, was a gentleman, whom, as I do not want to give pain to anybody, I will simply call the Rev. A. B. The minister was much given to matrimony. He married, I think, three wives in quick succession, the third wife being the sister of the second, although at a date long before the legalisation of a man's marriage with his deceased wife's sister. But

when he showed signs of contracting a fourth marriage, the members of his congregation, in fear of a scandal, declined to accept his ministrations any longer, and paid the expenses of his emigration to the antipodes. Some little time after the death of the minister's second wife, my grandfather, who was then Mayor of Ipswich, remarked one day on the Cornhill to my grandmother that he had felt some twinges of conscience, because they had not yet called upon the Rev. A. B. to condole with him in the circumstances of his late bereavement. So they drove to his house; they rang the bell; the door was opened by a maidservant; but scarcely had they set foot in the house when the Rev. A. B. himself came hurriedly down the staircase, wringing his hands and crying, "I shall lose her, I know I shall lose her; she is going fast." It was his third wife who then lay dying. My grandfather and grandmother were a whole wife behind the time. It happened many years afterwards that I was travelling through the colony in which the Rev. A. B. had finally settled. His son had then risen to high distinction as a politician in the colony. One day a train on which I was a passenger drew up at a suburban station, and, as I lifted my eyes, I saw the politician entering my carriage. He did not, of course, recognise me, but I recognised him, for I had seen him a few days before in the Parliament House; and, as I sat at his side, I could not help reflecting what his feelings might have been, if I had told him, or if he had known that I could have told him, the story which my grandmother was fond of relating about his father.

Apart from the personal influences of which I have spoken, there was little to inspire my boyhood in the local conditions of my home-life. Tonbridge was then a small country town, not without a good many personal features which might have suited the literary art of

Miss Austen or Mrs. Gaskell. It has greatly changed since those days. Yet even then it prided itself, like a poor relation, upon its affinity to London. A resident in Tonbridge, if he was thought to move, or to have moved at all, in London society, enjoyed a certain measure of distinction. I can think of two old maiden ladies who succeeded in passing themselves off as scions of aristocracy: they lived in considerable poverty; but once a year they generally paid a fortnight's visit to London; it was understood that they spent the fortnight in exalted circles; and, when they came back, they never failed to bring with them a store of gossip which sometimes reached beyond the peerage to the steps of the Throne itself.

Tonbridge is an interesting historic town, as its ruined Norman castle attests; but it has for some generations been a little overshadowed by the popularity of Tunbridge Wells. It has revenged itself of late by spelling its name differently. It derives its chief celebrity from its famous Public School. The annual visit of the Master and the Court of the Skinners' Company to the School, of which they are Governors, under the will of its founder, Sir Andrew Judd, was in my boyhood a memorable event. It was the significant custom to mark their visit by planting branches of birch-trees about the streets. The head of the School addressed the Governors in a Latin speech, which must, I think, have been unintelligible to most of them; and the Master of the Company made a reply, not in Latin, dwelling upon the value of a classical education and sometimes leaving upon my youthful mind the impression that, if a boy worked hard for many years at the classical languages, he might hope to become the Master of a City Company. It is owing to my ancestral connection with Tonbridge School that I was made a freeman

of the Worshipful Company of Skinners and Tanners; and I used sometimes to say, or to think, during the period of my headmasterships, that the discipline of the schools over which I presided would be an easy matter, if it were brought to the knowledge of the boys that I was supposed to have learnt the trade of skinning and tanning. My interest in the great City Company has been a pleasure to me through life; and I recall with satisfaction that the attack made a good many years ago upon the ancient Guilds of the City of London has signally failed, in view of their noble beneficence to educational and philanthropic causes.

I can recall many pleasant walks and rides through the country lying round Tonbridge. Kent still seems to me, except for its want of rivers and lakes in many parts, to be the most beautiful of English counties. It is a happy circumstance that foreigners, after landing in England, should travel from Dover or Folkestone to London through the meadows and hopfields of Kent. May the newly opened coalfields of Dover never convert Kent into a second Lancashire or Durham! T[illegible]erence between men of Kent and Kentish men is n[illegible]ly understood by residents in other counties; but the newly-formed Association of Men of Kent and Kentish Men unites them all in the bonds of local sympathy, and it was a pleasure to me that by virtue of my birthplace I was specially invited a short time ago to become a member of the Association.

The Medway is but a narrow winding stream at Tonbridge; it is hardly suitable even for a four-oared boat. But I was fond of sculling myself upon it; and it was my good fortune, when I was little more than a boy, to gain an unexpected honour from the Royal Humane Society for rescuing a lad who fell into the water not far from the bridge over the river in the High Street,

and who would have been drowned, as he had not learnt to swim, although his only occupation in life was to row boats to and from the landing-stage.

The Parish Church of Tonbridge has been restored and practically rebuilt since I used to worship there in a high pew of the gallery close to the organ-loft. But even now I cannot look at it even from the train without reviving my memories of the strange scenes which happened there forty or fifty years ago. The vicar in my early days was the Rev. Sir Charles Hardinge, who lived at Bounds Park, between Tonbridge and Southborough. He was an old man, and, although I have heard him occasionally read a Lesson, I do not think he took any other part in Divine Service. It was to me a pleasing circumstance that his grandson, who bore the same name, entered my house years afterwards as a pupil at Harrow School. In the absence of the vicar the curates, or some of them, played strange pranks. One of them, I remember, was temporarily suspended from clerical duty; but as he was a musician, when he could no longer occupy the pulpit he took his seat at the organ, saying that, if he was not permitted to serve God in one capacity, he would serve Him in another. The organ itself was locked up for a considerable time owing to a dispute between the curate-in-charge and one of the churchwardens, whose daughter had been organist. There was then no instrumental music in the church; but a prominent layman, who was more of an Evangelical preacher than a musical conductor, arrogated to himself the function of starting, or trying to start, the hymns from his pew by the use of a tuning-fork. More than once I have been present at service when one of the officiating clergy was so deaf that his wife, who sat below the reading-desk, felt constrained, in accordance with a prearranged telegraphic code, to let him know, by

blowing her nose or waving her pocket-handkerchief, that he ought to elevate or to subdue his voice. But of the dull services in Tonbridge Parish Church the Sunday afternoon service was unquestionably the dullest. To it the children of my uncle's family and my father's were regularly sent under convoy of a trio of old ladies, two housekeepers and a nurse, who had long been attached to the several households. The whole party used to take a walk through the fields on the way to church; and it happened once, as I recollect, that one of these ladies, being very stout, got stuck in a stile through which she was trying to make her way, and, as she was unable to move either backwards or forwards until relief came, the party did not reach the church at all. The three old ladies and the children occupied a pew surrounding the font at the foot of the pulpit, in full view of the congregation, or of such members of it as sat in the south gallery. The old ladies invariably fell asleep during the sermon. While they slept and snored, the children amused themselves in the pew. One afternoon, when the slumbers of the old ladies were deeper or longer than usual, my cousin, a little girl of eight or ten years. set about slowly undressing my sister, who was only a little younger than herself. The feelings of the congregation, as one article of clothing after another was dexterously removed, it is easier to surmise than to describe. Fortunately, the process of denudation had not gone to an extreme length, when one of the old ladies wakening up suddenly brought it to a close by seizing my cousin and giving her a severe shaking in the pew.

CHAPTER II

FORMATIVE INFLUENCES—(*continued*)

IT may have been at Tonbridge that the foundation of my character, as of my experience was laid; but I date my first penetrating insight into life from the year 1866, when I went to Eton. It was by accident or, as I should rather say, by Providence that I became an Etonian. My father would naturally have educated me at Tonbridge School, where his own life-work had been so largely done. He was, I have been told, a good deal censured by his friends and neighbours for sending me elsewhere, as they thought his action would be taken to indicate a want of faith in his own school. But somehow I had myself conceived the ambition of going to Eton. My father hesitated, and my mother, I think, resisted; but in the end they agreed that, if I won a scholarship at Eton, I should be permitted to accept it. There may have been in my father's mind a lurking fear that the relations of a parent to his son and of a schoolmaster to his pupil would, or might, prove to be incompatible. Several of my colleagues when I was at Harrow educated their sons in the school in which they themselves were masters, not seldom with conspicuous success; but, upon the whole, the strain laid upon a boy, if he is both his father's son and pupil, especially when his father is headmaster of a school, is, I think, greater than it is easy for him to sustain. For he hears, or he is apt to hear, what the

boys say about his father, as well as what his father says about the boys. Still more, he cannot help feeling that he is honourably precluded from disclosing facts which he knows, and which it would be well in the interest of the school that his father should know. The result is often a certain constraint or reserve, an inevitable hypocrisy, which is bad for the character. Anyhow, I entered "the College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor" as a Colleger or King's Scholar in September, 1866. It has been my fortune to study secondary education in schools of many and various kinds at home, on the Continent of Europe, in the United States of America and in the Colonies; but I still hold that the best education, or at least the best educational opportunity, is offered to a boy who is a Colleger at Eton. He may be the son of poor and humble parents; but since the prejudice against the *gens togata* or "tugs" has largely, if not wholly, died away, he finds himself at once as an Etonian enfranchised in the greatest and noblest of youthful communities. He can make his best friends as I made mine, not less freely among the Oppidans than among the Collegers; but in College he is, or was, shielded against many temptations to extravagance and luxury, and he moves from day to day in a society where the ability, the originality, the mental activity, the variety of character, the habit of industry, the keen rivalry of wit and culture, cannot but exercise a stimulating and elevating influence upon his life.

It is with an almost reverential gratitude that I look back upon College at Eton. Would that I ever could repay the debt which I owe it! Knowledge, friendship, opportunity, the awakening of the mind and of the soul, all that has been best in my life, or highest, began for me there. I feel no shame in professing that in my view of College at Eton I am an unbending Tory.

Perhaps there is a certain element of Conservatism, as of Radicalism, in everybody, and if it does not take one form, it takes another. So I have noticed that some of the strongest political Radicals are apt in domestic or social or academical or civic affairs to be the most determined enemies of change. Two or three years after I became headmaster of Harrow I went over to Eton, and as I was sitting at luncheon in the Lodge with my old headmaster, Dr. Hornby, he suddenly asked me what had been my greatest difficulty at Harrow. The question took me by surprise, and I hesitated before replying to it. But the answer which I gave at last was, I think, pretty near the truth. "Well, Mr. Provost," I said, "if you ask for my candid opinion, I think my chief difficulty has been the Conservatism of my Radical colleagues." Whatever, then, may be my attitude towards public life, it is my prayer that College at Eton will do for many generations of boys as much good as it did for me. It has been said in my hearing, I hope not truly, that a certain change has in late years passed over its character. When I entered Long Chamber, or what remained of Long Chamber—for a great part of it had already been divided into cubicles—nearly half the Collegers were the sons of clergymen; they had been educated partially, if not wholly, by their fathers in their own homes, and but for their success in winning scholarships it would have been impossible that they should ever go to Eton. How numerous were then the boys who came from clerical homes was proved by the annual match at cricket or football between Christians and Heathens, as they were popularly called, the Christians being the sons of clergymen, and the Heathens of laymen, although the difference, as will be believed, depended upon ancestry and not upon faith or virtue. But the College of to-day is not what it was half a century

or more ago. It was then a place of severe discipline; it was harder and rougher than the boarding-houses in which the Oppidans lived. One of the great changes in Public School life is that the bullying, which was so common and so flagrant in "Tom Brown's School Days," has almost died away; I do not think that during the thirteen years of my headmastership at Harrow I was ever called to deal with a serious case of physical cruelty. But I may claim to have come in for the tail-end of bullying in College at Eton; not such as was dangerous, or even serious, but it was disagreeable, as when boys were compelled to drink a nauseous mixture of beer with salt, mustard and pepper, or to submit to the process of "hanging," as it was termed, between the ceiling and the floor of one of the passages on the eve of the annual football match "at the Wall" between Collegers and Oppidans on St. Andrew's Day. But life was easier then than it had been, and no doubt it is easier now than it was then. The transformation dates from the time when Bishop Abraham gave up his boarding-house to become Master in College. For College then became another place; it gradually lost its reputation for severity; and not a few parents who could well have sent their sons to Eton as Oppidans, began to prefer, on intellectual grounds, the life of College. These parents could afford to pay for an expensive preparatory education; they could not, and did not, educate their own sons; but they sent them at an early age to the schools of masters who specially devoted themselves to the care of young boys. Thus the standard of attainment among candidates for scholarships in the Public Schools was greatly raised. A boy, unless he were a genius, stood little chance of winning a scholarship at Eton, if he had not already passed two or three years at an expensive Preparatory School. But parents who are poor cannot

send their boys to such a school. My own father used to speak of his experiment in sending me, although only for a short time, to the well-known Preparatory School of the Rev. W. T. Browning at Thorpe Mandeville, near Banbury, as a speculation. It is possible, then, that the scholarships designed for the beneficent purpose of helping poor boys to receive an education which would otherwise have lain beyond their reach may become in a sense the perquisites of the rich; for rich boys will have a better chance than poor boys of winning them. This is an evil which, as far as it exists, cries for an immediate remedy. There is no more urgently needed educational reform than the restoration of scholarships, not only in the Public Schools, but in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to their true eleemosynary character. Something has been done, I am aware, especially in the Universities, by the creation of honorary scholarships; something, too, but not so much, in the Public Schools. It is difficult to bring the Public Schools into line; and so far as an assimilation has been possible, it has unhappily shown itself in the attempt of schools, which are not richly endowed, to enter into competition with their wealthier rivals upon terms not less favourable to rich boys; but it is the simple duty of educational reformers to see that no privilege of wealth or rank shall be allowed to set clever poor boys at any disadvantage in climbing from the lowest to the highest rung of the educational ladder.

In the retrospect of my life at Eton it is interesting, yet not a little saddening, to observe how frequently the anticipations of school-days have seemed to be falsified in after-life. As I recall the names of my contemporaries at Eton, I think, not without a regretful feeling, how many among the specially brilliant boys who were at school with me have made no names

for themselves in the world of men; and of not a few among them it must be confessed that I do not know whether they are living or dead to-day. Other boys there were, of no exceptional talent or prominence at school, who have played, and are still playing, high and honourable parts in life. Something, no doubt, has been due to rank or wealth; something to opportunity; most of all, perhaps, to character. But it is impossible to escape the sense of contrast between the anticipations of boyhood and the results.

Schoolboys are disposed, perhaps not unnaturally, to estimate each other by a rude, Procrustean standard. Certain qualities, physical and moral, are held in honour, and if a boy possesses, or is thought to possess, them, he achieves popularity; but other qualities of higher real value are often depreciated or ignored. The besetting peril of a Public School is the honour paid to conformity; the distrust and dislike of all that departs from the regular groove of custom. So it is that the lives of men who have shed lustre upon their schools have too often been embittered in their youth. It may be that some boys are too sensitive or peculiar for a Public School. Yet the injury done to them by ill-treatment may be lifelong. Few more moving words have been spoken to the boys of a Public School than those of Dr. Hawtrey in his sermon upon Shelley's death, when he entreated his young congregation to beware lest by thoughtlessness or cruelty they should do to one of their schoolfellows the harm which the Etonians of an earlier day had done to Shelley, and ended his appeal with an exquisitely pathetic application of the Virgilian lines—

> "Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
> Intactum Pallanta." [1]

[1] "There will come a time when Turnus would have given everything not to have laid his hands upon Pallas."—*Æneid*, x. 503-4.

It must, I am afraid, be admitted that the masters in Public Schools have at times evinced scarcely greater insight into character or capacity than the boys. They have, perhaps unconsciously, shown favour to the pleasant, clever, sociable boys whose praise was on everybody's lips; but the lonely, sensitive boys of poetical temper or romantic aspiration have too often been left in the cold. I know no higher duty of a schoolmaster than to be the friend of the unpopular boys, whose gifts and graces are hidden from common eyes. He should ever feel it a reproach to him that he has failed to appreciate the promise of future distinction in any boy. It may not unreasonably be supposed that parents, and mothers especially, are seldom blind to the virtues of their sons. How familiar I was in old days with the sentence beginning, "I think I may say mine is an unusually clever boy"! Harrow, I used to say, must be exceptionally rich in the number of brilliant boys who steadily declined to make the best use of their natural abilities. Yet parents, as well as schoolmasters, may sometimes be unintelligent critics of the young. Did not Petrarch's father fling his earliest literary compositions into the fire? Perhaps the cleverest boy who ever entered an English Public School was named Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Byron, his schoolfellow, said of him, "Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been *par excellence* always the best of its kind. He has written the best Comedy ('School for Scandal'), the best Drama (in my eyes far beyond that St. Giles' lampoon, 'The Beggar's Opera'), the best Farce ('The Critic'—it is only too good for a farce), and the best Address (Monologue on Garrick), and to crown all, the very best Oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country."[1]

[1] Diary, December 17, 1813.

Dr. Sumner, who was Sheridan's headmaster, and Dr. Parr, who was one of his formmasters, at Harrow, seem to have caught a glimpse, if only a glimpse, of his unique intellectual brilliancy; and there is a tradition, which is, it may be hoped, incredible, that, when he entered the school, his mother wrote to his tutor, saying she was ashamed of "sending such a dunce to Harrow." But after all, it may be pleaded on behalf of parents as well as of schoolmasters that some boys are late in developing the best which is in them; and they whose capacity is not exhausted in school-life, but augments and expands with succeeding years, are, it may be, the best products of education.

If I was happy in my school-life at Eton, still happier was I in the masters by whom I was chiefly influenced while I was there. Of my seven years at Eton the first two were spent under Dr. Balston, and the last five under Dr. Hornby, as headmaster. It may be doubted whether Dr. Balston or Dr. Hornby was in his personal appearance the worthier representative of the famous school which he ruled. Dr. Balston was comparatively a stranger to me, for I was only a young boy when he retired from the headmastership. He did not, I believe, desire it, and he was glad to be relieved of it. He was an out-and-out Conservative in education. If I am not wrong, he stated in his evidence before the Public Schools Commission that Eton did not, in his opinion, need to be reformed. But I cannot forget his impressive personality. He was never seen, even at cricket matches, except in cap and gown. Many years afterwards, when I was Master of Dulwich College, he kindly called upon me; and I think I pleased him by showing him the prizes which he had given me in Chambers at Eton. But to small boys the headmaster of a school, especially of a school so large as Eton, is an august and

awful figure, a veiled prophet who utters sentences of doom, a minister of wrath who inflicts punishment at his will, a man whose being makes a demand of solemn and distant reverence upon young spirits. Dr. Hornby's name, however, awakens feelings of intimate personal association in my mind. He was not only my master, but my friend for many years. He kindly interested himself in my life while I was still a boy. I was for nearly three years a member of the Sixth Form under him, and should have been a member for an even longer time, had he not bidden me to forgo the privilege, traditionally belonging to every boy who won a place among the Select in the examination for the Newcastle Scholarship, of immediate promotion to the headmaster's division. When I was captain of the school, he treated me with generous confidence. I recall the interest of the boys in his marriage. I was one among the deputation of boys who waited upon him to ask for a holiday at the birth of his son and heir. When I took leave of him at the end of my school-life, he expressed the hope that I should some day return to Eton as a master. He did, in fact, bring me back to Eton after I had taken my degree, although only for a short time. His unvarying kindness was a constant pleasure of my life. If ever it was tried, it must have been on Lord's Cricket Ground during the Eton and Harrow match. We generally sat together, for some part of the match at least, in the grand stand, or on the topmost storey of the pavilion. If the Harrow Eleven was exceptionally strong, as in the years 1888 and 1889, when the Hon. F. S. Jackson and Mr. A. C. Maclaren were both playing for Harrow, his feelings overcame him, or he pretended that they overcame him, as the hour of Harrovian victory drew near, and I have known him retire with his family to the Zoological Gardens. Once, as I remember, he sought to take a

mild revenge upon me by saying with a veiled sarcasm, as he pointed to the Harrow Eleven, "I suppose these boys are all very low down in the school." It was impossible to suppress the not quite truthful answer that they were all, or nearly all, Sixth Form boys. He was fond of describing Harrow in language borrowed, I think, from an accomplished Eton Master, Mr. H. E. Luxmoore, as "that quiet, Elizabethan, Protestant village." It was chiefly owing to him that all through my headmastership at Harrow I stood in a most friendly relation to Eton. There were times, indeed, when, as I was walking through the playing fields at Eton, and the boys, mistaking me for one of the masters, saluted me by touching their hats, I used to think, if they knew who and what I was, they would possibly have been more inclined to stone me. I was frequently Dr. Hornby's guest in the Provost's Lodge at Eton; for he invited me every year to preach a sermon in the School Chapel. I was his guest, too, many times in his beautiful home under Skiddaw at Keswick. It was my privilege to share in some degrees the joys, and the yet deeper sorrows, of his domestic life. Nobody outside his own family knew perhaps better than I how, in spite of his ever serene and equable demeanour, "the iron had entered into his soul." The letter which he wrote me after his wife's death was a revelation of his tender affection, his profound modesty, and his Christian submission. His family wished me to officiate at his funeral. It was with a sense of unspeakable loss that I followed his coffin in the long procession from the chapel to the cemetery at Eton, and spoke the words of "sure and certain hope" over his grave.

Dr. Hornby was not perhaps what the world would call a great headmaster. He lacked the boldness, the insistency, the self-assertion, the love of publicity which

win applause. He did not figure, or desire to figure, before men's eyes. He was content to do his duty, and to claim little credit for doing it. If he had thought more highly of himself, the world would have thought more highly of him. Were the Church of England only wiser in her generation, she would have been eager to utilise his gifts of intellect and character in her public service. But to know him well was to learn once for all the finest characteristics of an English gentleman. It was not what he taught or what he said, but what he was, that gave him influence over his pupils. Perhaps he will be remembered at Eton as Provost rather than as Headmaster. But his singular union of athletic and intellectual qualities, his noble presence, his dignified courtesy, his sense of justice, his love of mercy, his natural sympathy with all that is highest and noblest in life, made him the ideal of many eyes and many hearts. He was distinguished as a cricketer, an oarsman, a mountaineer, a theologian, a classical scholar of the exact type which is more frequently associated with Cambridge than with Oxford, an after-dinner speaker scarcely equalled, I think, in grace or facility, or in the art which conceals the art itself, and above all, as a perfect Christian Englishman. At his death in November, 1909, when a rather unkindly notice of his headmastership appeared in the *Times*, my old schoolfellow, Mr. Reginald J. Smith, K.C., who, like myself, is one of his admiring pupils, asked me to write a brief memoir of him for the *Cornhill Magazine*. It was published in February, 1910, and from it I may quote here a passage which expresses as nearly as possible my affectionate feeling for his memory.

"He set before his pupils in his own person the ideal of an English Christian gentleman. The Dean of Wells, who is himself an old headmaster, spoke in a letter

to the *Times* of Dr. Hornby as a man whom every father would wish his son to resemble. One of his pupils wrote to me after his death saying that there had been no such perfect gentleman since Colonel Newcome. It was not by compulsion, but by attraction, that Dr. Hornby exercised his influence. In his relation to his boys he seldom used strong or bitter language; he never used sarcasm—that poisoned weapon of the schoolmaster's armoury. Now and again the pallor of his face or the setting of his lips would reveal his indignation at dishonourable conduct; but in general he would show by a quiet word or by a gesture or look more expressive than words, and in this way would stamp upon the offender's mind, the feeling, that a particular action was not worthy of an Eton boy, and that it was, if I may use a colloquialism, not 'good form.' It is difficult to overestimate the elevating power of an example such as his reinforced by such means. Many Etonians of Dr. Hornby's time, and those especially who came under his immediate personal influence, were moved to seek the things which are pure and honest, lovely, and of good report, because they knew that in seeking them they would fulfil his wish, and because in their hearts they longed to be like him."

Nearly every Etonian, if he were asked who had done most for him in his school-life, would answer "My tutor." The ordinary boy sees little—in a school so vast as Eton he may see practically nothing—of his headmaster. There was a story told in my day at Eton that the headmaster, on the way from his house to the calling of "absence" in the school-yard, passed a small boy, now the bearer of an illustrious name; the boy took no notice of him; the headmaster, staying his steps for a moment, rebuked the boy for not touching his hat; and the small boy apologised for his apparent

rudeness, but added that he had no idea who the headmaster was. It is possible that some boys see less of the headmaster than ever since corporal punishment became a rare feature of Public School life. Anthony Trollope in his Autobiography tells how, when he happened to meet the headmaster of Harrow in the holidays, it was at first a surprise to him that the headmaster did not recognise him ; but he consoled himself by reflecting that his face was probably not the part of him which would be most familiarly known to the headmaster. A boy in his school-life passes from one form-master to another, or from his form-master to some other master ; he does not remain long enough with any one of them to gain much from him except a little teaching. He may not be all through his school-life an inmate of the same boarding-house. But his tutor is the permanent guide of his life from the day when he enters the school to the day when he leaves it. Such a relation may assume various forms or degrees, but in itself it seems to be worth preserving at almost any cost. At Eton the relation has come in the process of centuries to be fraught with an intimate and even sacred value. No Etonian can ever wholly shake off the memory or the influence of his tutor. It was my happy fortune in the seven years of my life at Eton to live in almost daily contact with the fine scholarship, the kindly discipline, the high culture, the exquisite good taste, and the elevating character of the tutor to whom this slight tribute of my gratitude is but a poor return for many kindnesses—George Eden Marindin.

It will be understood that I can speak only of the masters who in some way directly affected my own life. A boy in a Public School, and at Eton especially, does not come across all the masters. Thus it happens that I knew less than most Etonians of Dr. Warre. I

was never, in the language of Eton, " up to " him. It was from a distance only that I admired his strong personality, his administrative energy, and his whole-hearted devotion to the school. But in view of the generous rivalry between Eton and Harrow, it often occurred to me during my Harrovian life that the task of achieving success at Harrow would have been easier, or less difficult, than it was, had not Eton been governed during all that time by so powerful and popular a head-master as Dr. Warre.

There are two other names which I must mention, if only in passing.

Mr. Oscar Browning was a master at Eton all the time that I was there; he left it soon afterwards. If Mr. Browning has not always been his own best friend, he has been the friend of many persons who needed friendship. I think sometimes that the most valuable part of his life-work was done at Eton. At Cambridge, where he spent most of his later years, the worship of accuracy told a little against him; for at Cambridge the unpardonable sin is to make mistakes; and Mr. Browning was always a little impatient of the drudgery, the strict exactitude, and the regular, diligent performance of humdrum duties which are not perhaps unjustly treated as essential to the highest educational work. It is, I suppose, the supremacy of the mathematical spirit at Cambridge which makes the academical world there so critical of mistakes; but people who are unduly afraid of ever going wrong are shut out from a good many chances of doing right, and Mr. Browning has perhaps rendered greater services to education than many men whose knowledge was more accurate, but less extensive, than his own. It is, no doubt, the worship of accuracy, or its correlative, the dread of mistakes, which has made Cambridge, as compared with Oxford,

so ineffectual in relation to the public Press. A distinguished editor once told me, not, I think, quite seriously, that a Cambridge man, if he were asked to write an article of a particular kind, would often say to him, "I am afraid that is not my subject;" but the editor added with a laugh, "That is not an excuse which an Oxford man ever gives." Anyhow, there were many Liberals at Cambridge as well as Mr. Browning; but at Eton he stood almost alone. It is to his credit that he fought the educational battle of Liberalism against heavy odds with an unflinching courage, if not, indeed, with an unfailing discretion. But there is no doubt that he sometimes discerned with peculiar insight the merit and the promise of boys who were neglected or depreciated at school. It would be easy to cite the names of boys who gained from him a sympathy, such as but for his advice would never have been theirs, with intellectual studies and pursuits. He was always kind to me, especially in the later years of my school-life, when I was associated with him in the foundation of the Literary and Scientific Society. I have never forgotten a visit which I paid with him to Ober-Ammergau; he opened to me the gates of French and German literature; and it is with a grateful feeling that I avow my appreciation of his stimulating influence upon my life.

One more name, honoured and beloved, it is the office of sorrowing friendship to record. Nearly at the end of my school-life the late Mr. Samuel Henry Butcher came for a short time as a master to Eton. He was not, perhaps, well fitted for an office of educational drudgery. It was a pity, I think, that he should have been called upon to control and instruct a form of very small boys, in accordance with the paradoxical law, which so long prevailed in most Public Schools, that a

scholar fresh from the University, with his classical learning at its finest point, should take one of the lowest forms, and as he advanced in years, and his scholarship became rusty, should gradually rise to a form in which the highest scholarship was necessary. For boys, and most of all, young boys, are generally merciless in their attitude towards a master who finds a difficulty in maintaining order. There is a touching story told at Eton, that the small boys in Mr. Butcher's form were the plagues of his life during the first part of his first "half" at Eton; but that, as the weeks passed, even they came to be a little impressed by his learning, his patience, and his gentle character; they felt as if they had been doing wrong to a superior being; they thought that they would like in some way or other to make amends for their misbehaviour; and on the last day of the "half" the members of his form, before leaving Eton for the holidays, lingered for a few moments in the classroom, and then the head of the form stepped forward with an awkward, shuffling manner, as if he did not know what he was doing, or whether he ought to do it, and held up a present for which the form had subscribed out of the scanty funds still remaining at the end of the "half," and uttered *sotto voce* the memorable sentiment, "Please, Sir, we've been such brutes."

But although Mr. Butcher was mainly occupied with the Fourth Form, he did give lessons once or twice a week upon Homer to the headmaster's division. I shall never forget the first of those lessons. In the passage which the form happened to be studying occurred the well-known Homeric line

τέκνον ἐμὸν ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων,[1]

and when several boys had translated the line by some

[1] "My child, what word is this that hath escaped the door of thy lips?"—Odyssey i. 64).

such rough and ready literal phrase as "the ring of the teeth" or "the fence of the teeth," Mr. Butcher looked up with his winning smile: "Don't you think," he said, "'the door of the lips' would be a better equivalent?;" and without another word he began himself to translate the passage in the style, and I daresay in the very language, of the translation afterwards published by Mr. Andrew Lang and himself, perhaps the finest translation of any ancient poetry into modern English prose, although for my part I find a difficulty in reconciling myself to English prose as an adequate representative of any poetry, whether ancient or modern. The incident was to me, and I believe to other boys, a revelation; it lifted us, as though by the touch of a magician's wand, into a new world of scholarship; it gave a fresh meaning and delight to the study of Homer, if not of classical literature generally.

It would be easy to mention the names of other Eton masters. Most of the masters there during my school-life were men of singular individuality. They may not all have been good teachers, or good disciplinarians; but there is hardly one of them who does not stand out in my memory as a distinct character. It is sometimes thought that at Eton, as at other schools, the pressure of routine has in recent days tended to create a monotonous type of schoolmaster. But it is with pleasant thoughts that I recall the names of my successive form-masters at Eton: Mr. F. Warre Cornish, now Vice-Provost at Eton, the refined and cultivated historian of the Church of England; the Rev. H. Snow; afterwards Dr. Kynaston, a Senior Classic, whose severity of manner did injustice to the play of his humour and the kindness of his heart; the Rev. W. Wayte, who was such an encyclopædia of learning that, when a fact of any kind was in dispute, his colleagues would speak of

"looking it out in Wayte"; the Rev. C. C. James, an accurate and admirable teacher, who, if he did not make boys love learning, yet made them learn, and who certainly did not deserve the imminent peril of being thrown over Barnes Pool bridge, as I myself saw, by an excited youthful mob on Election Saturday; the Rev. Russell Day, *Parva Dies*, as he was popularly called owing to his diminutive stature, who was not only the author of witticisms, as when he asked a boy who presented himself at the door of his classroom what his name was, and being told that it was Cole, rejoined, "Then, friend, I think you may scuttle," but the subject of witticisms too; for when his matrimonial engagement was temporarily broken off, the Provost of King's, Dr. Okes, caustically observed that the marriage was postponed *sine Die*; the Rev. C. Wolley-Dod, who was as tall as Mr. Day was short—it was always difficult to understand why these two masters were so fond of walking to their classrooms side by side—an accomplished naturalist in the days when Natural Science was scarcely heard or dreamed of at Eton; the Rev. E. D. Stone, who still happily survives to represent the fine flower of Etonian classical scholarship; Mr. William Johnson, afterwards Cory, an eccentric man of genius, who might have been thought to show that men of genius should not become schoolmasters, but for his enduring influence upon so many distinguished men who were his pupils at Eton; and the Rev. J. E. Yonge, who has won from his association with the game of Fives as played at Eton an immortality which would scarcely have belonged to him, in spite of his excellent Latin scholarship, as master of the second division in the school. Nor can I omit to mention among other masters the pioneer of mathematics at Eton, the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey, whose originality was so familiar to generations of Etonians,

that, when Fanny Kemble gave a Shakespearean reading to the boys, she could not think why every allusion to the habits of Stefano in "The Tempest" was received by an outburst of merriment, until she learnt that Stefano was the soubriquet for Mr. Stephen Hawtrey. Old Etonians of my time will not be at a loss to guess the name of one master about whom there gathered a host of illustrative anecdotes true or untrue, as e.g., that in making the application for a clerical office, when he had ceased to be a master at Eton, he described himself as having "devoted more than thirty years to the service of Eton," and now "desiring to spend the residue of his life in the service of God"; or that, in soliciting subscriptions for his church from all Etonians who had ever passed through his form, he ended his letters with the formula, "Kind regards to wife and family," until it was pointed out to him that the recipient of one of these letters, a highly distinguished old Etonian, had just lost his wife and his only child by death, and he sought to safeguard himself in his future appeals by so modifying the formula that it ran, "Kind regards to wife and family (if any)."

If I do not name other Eton masters, it will not, I hope, be thought that I do not remember many of them with gratitude. But it is not the masters or the boys who make Eton what she is. She is herself the inspiration of her sons. How far greater is she than the greatest of them all; how far nobler than the noblest; how far better than the best! Not the dullest of them or the rudest can wholly escape the spell of her beauty or the appeal of her history. Silently she bids them in their lives, private or public, to be noble as the Castle of Windsor, beneath whose shadow she lies, and pure as the lilies upon her shield. To have lived within her walls, to have wandered through her playing fields, to

have spent quiet, meditative hours by the river which whispers to her peace, to have knelt amidst the company of young souls in her chapel, would itself be a liberal education, if nothing else were ever taught or learnt at Eton. To her the thoughts of her sons all the world over turn at all times, but on the fourth of June especially, with a gratitude and reverence beyond words. Abroad as at home, in the hours of peril and isolation, it is with the watchword "Floreat Etona" upon their lips that they have ridden gaily, like young Elwes at Laing's Nek, in Lady Butler's famous picture, into the jaws of death. There is no higher or purer ambition of their lives than to win some fresh honour for her; and when it is won, and they bring it to her feet, they find that it is hers already, for it is she that has made them all that they are.

Through the vista of more than forty years I look back to the summer evening when I strolled for the last time, as an Eton boy, with him who was, perhaps, the dearest of my school friends, through the playing fields of Eton. It had been my happiness to make many friends there, and some of them have been my friends through life, such as Edward Carus Selwyn, for many years the headmaster of Uppingham School; Alfred Hands Cooke, the headmaster of Aldenham School; Herbert Edward Ryle, Bishop of Exeter and Winchester, and now Dean of Westminster; George Curzon, now Earl Curzon of Kedleston; St. John Brodrick, now Viscount Midleton; Alfred Clayton Cole, lately Governor of the Bank of England; and Edward and Alfred Lyttelton. In the seven years of my school-life I had risen to be captain of the school, and now my school-life was over. The sunset seemed to light up the past with golden radiance; but what would the future be? It was difficult to help the feeling that they who were leaving Eton were launching

out as from sheltered waters upon a wide, unknown, and dangerous sea. Alfred Lyttelton, who was with me then, my younger schoolfellow, the companion of my last walk at Eton, has passed before me into the spiritual world behind the veil, and to him tributes have been paid in Parliament and elsewhere by worthier voices than mine; but he was the hero of my boyish days, the ideal figure of the years which I spent at Eton, and the memory of him, as I think now of that old friendship, recalls the exquisite tribute of Shenstone to the friend whom he had loved and lost:

Heu! quam multo minus est cum aliis uersari quam tui meminisse.[1]

[1] "Alas! how far less a boon is the society of others than the memory of thee!"

CHAPTER III

FORMATIVE INFLUENCES (*continued*)

A COLLEGER at Eton naturally passes from the school to King's College, Cambridge, as a scholar from Winchester to New College, Oxford. At the time when I left Eton, some of the leading boys were anxious to compete for scholarships at Trinity rather than at King's, partly, I think, as feeling that a scholarship which was not a close prize would, if it were won, be a more honourable distinction, and partly as seeking admission to a larger circle of new associates in the University. For although King's College had been thrown open to the world for some years before I went there, and had ceased to merit the reproach which Lord Macaulay once levelled against it, as against the corresponding college at Oxford, the Etonian element was still predominant in the college, nor had the Etonian and the non-Etonian elements been as yet successfully fused. But it was my father's wish that I should go to King's, and I have never been sorry that I went there. I have always felt a certain pride in praying, or in hearing others pray, "as in private duty bound," in the University Church at Cambridge, for "the two royal and religious foundations of King Henry VI. here and at Eton."

But the most pleasant and the most potent influences upon my life at Cambridge were not all found in King's. Most of my intimate personal friends were Trinity men. The Provost of King's, Dr. Okes, was drawing

near to his ninetieth year; he could not, therefore, be much more than a figure-head of the college. He had not, I think, kept up his classical scholarship in the same degree as his contemporary, the Provost of Eton, Dr. Goodford; but he was in my opinion a humorist of a high order. Some of his *bons mots* have been collected and published by the late Sir William Fraser. One specimen of his wit I may not inappropriately cull from an after-dinner speech, which seems to me, as an extemporaneous utterance, to be almost perfect. Everybody who has visited Eton on June 4th knows that an invitation to the dinner or luncheon given by the Provost in the College Hall, if it is an honour, is also, when the day is fine and warm, something of a terror, or it was so years ago; for the guests, who would gladly have been strolling about the playing fields, or making their way to the riverside for the procession of boats to Surley, used to find themselves imprisoned in a rather stuffy building, with only the privilege of eating a rather heavy meal. In a certain year, when the future of the Public Schools had been a good deal debated both in and out of Parliament, a well-known banker in replying to one of the toasts, delivered a lengthy harangue upon educational reform at Eton. It was a hot afternoon, and the company was pining for fresh air. When the banker at last sat down, the Provost was called upon to respond for King's College. The guests shuddered at the prospect of another long educational harangue. But the Provost simply thanked the company for drinking the toast with so much kindness; then he went on to say, in reference to the speech which had just been delivered, that he thought they had perhaps heard from the famous banker enough of "Notes on 'Change," and added with a twinkle in his eye, as knowing that everybody was eager to see the pro-

cession of boats, " We are all, I think, now ready for *a run upon the bank*;" and with these few words he sat down.

The Rev. Augustus Austen Leigh was tutor of King's when I went there. He became afterwards Vice-Provost and Provost. The story of his life has been written with a pious affection by his brother; and if it is possible that his part in shaping the destiny of King's has been a little overstated, no words of praise can be too strong for his unselfishness, his generosity, his courtesy, his frank and noble character and his self-sacrificing interest in the welfare of the college. Not long after I took my degree, he resigned the tutorship without saying a word to me or to anybody else; but, as I never doubted, simply in order that I might succeed to it. It is a gratifying thought that, although I gave up my fellowship soon after I became headmaster of Harrow, I retained it just long enough to record my vote, as my last official act in the college, for him in the election to the Provostship.

My life in the University was studious, but not, I hope, recluse. It was my custom to work six or seven hours a day. I was never able to work long hours, but I tried to make up by intensity of application for the comparative paucity of my working hours. I got my exercise generally in football, tennis, rowing and riding. I must confess that I never cared much about rowing; it was too monotonous for my taste. I am afraid I even resented the prohibition against looking out of the boat. Football had not then attained its present inordinate popularity. It has, I am afraid, been a good deal injured by professionalism. When I played for the Old Etonians against the Blackburn Rovers at Kennington Oval, there was little more than a

thin ring of spectators on the ground, and a few years ago the visitors to the Crystal Palace at the final match for the Football Association Cup were as many as 120,000.

But if cricket is the king of games, as being the game which combines the utmost skill with the utmost uncertainty, I have always felt, and felt most strongly when I was a schoolmaster, that there is no game which can rival football, for the exercise which it affords with little trouble and at little cost to the largest number of people with the least expenditure of time. For sedentary games, as, indeed, for indoor games generally, I have never felt much inclination. It has been a surprise to me that intelligent men and women, even on shipboard, should spend pretty well the whole day in a more or less vitiated atmosphere at whist or bridge. I much prefer reading books or talking to friends and strangers. The general incapacity of mankind for sustaining conversation without drinking or smoking is in my eyes something of a reproach to human nature. I sympathise with Dr. Johnson's love of talk, without any desire to imitate his style of talking; but as I have hardly ever visited a place which I have been sorry to visit, or read a book which I have been sorry to read, so it has hardly ever been my fortune to meet people whom I have been sorry to meet, as from them all, or nearly all, it has been possible to derive knowledge or pleasure in conversation.

It is only right that I should mention two very different Societies to which I belonged in my academical life.

At the Debating Society of the Union I was not a frequent speaker; but I was much interested in its discussions and proceedings, and I passed by regular degrees through membership of the Commit-

tee to the Secretaryship, and at last to the Presidency. The late Professor Maitland had been a shining light of the Union just before I entered it; so was my friend, the late Mr. J. K. Stephen, just after I left it. Professor Maitland's protest against "the liberty of the subject," as he said, "to make himself an object," was, I think, an admirable example of combined wit and wisdom. Dr. C. S. Kenny, now Downing Professor of the Laws of England at Cambridge, made what I thought was a brilliant retort to a Conservative orator who had designated all Nonconformists as uncircumcised Philistines, when he followed him in a speech beginning with the words, "My honourable and circumcised friend." But although the speeches made in the Union during my connection with it were not particularly striking, yet I have always thought of the Union as an excellent training-ground for public life. It is, or it was, indeed, sometimes too easily swayed by claptrap, invective, or rodomontade; but it hated bores, it appreciated modesty and industry; and I think I may say of the Union, as of the House of Commons, that I never knew a speaker permanently fail there without feeling that I could understand the reason of his failure. One of my most pleasant recollections of the Union is that I took the Chair at a special meeting held there in behalf of the memorial which was raised to Mr. Francis Maitland Balfour, whose premature death upon the Alps was hardly a greater loss to science than to friendship.

My introduction to the select Society known as the "Apostles" was the highest privilege of my intellectual life at Cambridge. The "Apostles" used to be regarded as a secret body like the Freemasons; but the veil has lately been in some degree withdrawn from their history. They are a Society dating back

to the undergraduate days of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. The Society consists of men who are elected by their fellow-undergraduates on the score of intellectuality alone. I am afraid I was hardly worthy of membership of the Society; but its weekly meetings, with the keenness, the cleverness, the originality, the audacity, the uncompromising love of truth in all its members, has affected my judgment of men and things all through life. It was a supreme privilege to listen to the outspoken thoughts of such men as Professor (afterwards Sir Richard) Jebb, Professor Jackson, Professor Henry Sidgwick, Professor Maitland, Professor Ward and others among the generation senior to my own, as well as to the most brilliant among my own contemporaries. Perhaps I differed chiefly from most of my colleagues among the "Apostles" in my strong adherence to religion and to Christianity.

It has sometimes been said that Cambridge has not given to the world so many men of great eminence as Oxford, but has given some men of eminence superior to any who have been educated at the sister University. I can hardly think that Cambridge falls behind Oxford in the number of its distinguished sons, except perhaps in the field of action, for it has been the home of the poets, Ben Jonson to Tennyson; and I hope it is not an unreasoning prejudice to doubt if Oxford can boast any names quite so great as those of Newton, Bacon, Cromwell, Milton, Wordsworth and Darwin. Similarly, Oxford possesses more features of historical or artistic interest than Cambridge; but none of its features, I think, surpasses, or perhaps rivals, the three especial glories of Cambridge, viz. the Backs of the colleges, the Great Court of Trinity, and the Chapel of King's. The Chapel is the very heart of King's; it is that which invests the College with its

unique character and distinction. Wordsworth's famous sonnet does no more than justice to its sanctifying beauty, its elevating dignity. Critics such as Ruskin have found fault, not unjustly, with its exterior; but to one who worships in it habitually it may well seem to be among the few entirely religious buildings of the world. As an undergraduate, and afterwards as a Fellow, I used to worship daily in the Chapel, and I hope, and think, the spell of its services sank into my heart.

One particular association of my life at King's I have always valued. I was taught as a boy to reverence the name of Charles Simeon. His name is less familiar in Cambridge to-day than it used to be; but my old friend, John Willis Clark, the Registrar of the University, who knew more of the past of Cambridge than any other person among my acquaintance there, spoke to me often about the effect of Simeon's example and influence. He was not only a religious leader, but a social reformer. From him more than from any other man sprang the moral amelioration of the University. At one time of his life he was so unpopular as to be practically isolated in the University and in his own college. He records in his diary that he felt the tide to be just turning in his favour, when his own personal servant, or "gyp," who used to wait on him in his rooms, actually touched his hat on meeting him in the street. But he lived to exercise a wide-spreading influence over the Church as well as over the University; Lord Macaulay speaks of him as a greater ecclesiastical power in his day than any bishop; and his funeral procession, at which my father, as he often told me, happened to be present, extended in an unbroken mass of mourners along the whole quadrangle of his college. It happened that all my time at King's was spent on Simeon's staircase. The handrail which was put there to assist his steps as

he climbed, in his old age, to his rooms on the topmost storey still remains, and it is still sometimes called in his memory "The Saint's Rest." It was in those rooms that he frequently gathered for prayer and study the Evangelical parties of which Henry Martyn was once a member; and afterwards, when Henry Martyn was labouring in India, he used to point the eyes of undergraduates to his portrait, as though to them it must needs preach with silent eloquence the lesson of seriousness in thought and conduct. I have always set myself against compulsion in religious matters; I voted regularly as a Fellow against compulsory chapels; but it is impossible to forget that enforced attendance at Chapel, and even at Holy Communion, was the occasion, if it cannot be said to have been the cause, of the spiritual change which transformed Charles Simeon's life.

I became an undergraduate at Cambridge just after the days of Whewell and Sedgwick; but there were giants even in my days; and as I often attended the University Sermon, I could not help being deeply impressed by seeing the long line of professors, some of them men of European fame in their own studies, filing out of the Vestry Sunday by Sunday into St. Mary's Church. They were not only heads of colleges like Dr. Thompson, the Master of Trinity, and Dr. Bateson, the Master of St. John's, or professors of theology, although Dr. Westcott, Dr. Lightfoot and Dr. Hort were men who would have shed lustre upon any faculty; but professors such as Adams, Stokes, Cayley, Humphry, Paget, Clerk Maxwell, Kennedy, J. E. B. Mayor, Liveing, Cowell, and others scarcely less eminent, in whom I saw, what has ever since been in my eyes the most attractive of human characters, the combination of high intellectuality with profound and reverent spirituality.

Among them all a pre-eminent place belongs in the history of my own life to the two great masters, at whose feet I sat for many years, Westcott and Lightfoot. To know them was to learn many lessons of unfailing value. They taught me the duty of meeting criticism in religion, whatever it might be, not by abuse or authority, but by a wider learning and a deeper insight on the side of orthodoxy. They taught me how essential is the balance of judgment which, where certainty is unattainable as it is in most human affairs, is willing, after due consideration of evidences, to be guided by probability. It is, I think, too, the result of their teaching which has made me distrustful of all such so-called Higher Biblical Criticism as sets, or appears to set, the taste or opinion or predilection of an individual scholar above the objective testimony of historical documents. Dr. Lightfoot was perhaps the ideal professor of theology in a difficult age. He was more easily intelligible than Dr. Westcott. He adapted himself more readily to a great variety of spiritual and intellectual tempers. He was honoured and trusted by the men who were most widely removed from him in religious belief. I was present in the University Church when he preached his farewell sermon before leaving his simple rooms at Trinity for Auckland Castle. As I made my way to the church I saw him coming with quick steps, bearing his robe-case in his hand, down Trinity Street. The church was crowded to the doors; and I think there were others as well as I whose tears could scarcely be restrained at the passing of one who had done so much for the higher interests of so many students in the sphere of academical life at Cambridge. I stayed with him afterwards at Auckland Castle, and gave him such little help as a young man could in his White Cross Crusade.

To Dr. Westcott my relation was more intimate. I used often to go on Sunday evenings to his house in St. Peter's Terrace. When supper was over, he would pour out "things new and old" from his rich treasury of knowledge. There was in him, if not genius, yet something as near as possible to genius. He was my friend and counsellor at many points of my life then and afterwards. It was he who sent me to Harrow. As an old Etonian, I had no wish to become headmaster of the school which is Eton's most formidable rival; but in the Easter holidays of 1885, while I was absent from England on a visit to Constantinople, he laid before the Governors of Harrow School the testimonials which had been given me as a candidate for the Mastership of Dulwich College, and my election to the headmastership of Harrow was practically settled before I came home. Well do I remember the day on which the Governors of Harrow School called me before them. The election seemed to be almost a formality. After a brief interview the Chairman of the Governors, the late Lord Verulam, told me it was their unanimous wish that I should succeed Dr. Butler. I spoke a few words of thanks, then I went out of the room. Dr. Westcott followed me, and as he clasped my hand he said almost in a whisper: "Let your motto be πιστὸς ὁ καλῶν"[1]; and then he added with his illuminating smile, "I think you will find there is a special force in the Present Participle."

It is always a question how a man may best spend the pauses or interspaces of life. Between the time when he takes his degree and the time when he enters upon his profession there is frequently an interval, and if he spends it well, it may be a fruitful time. I remember debating with myself after graduation whether I should

[1] "Faithful is He that calleth" (1 Thessalonians v. 24).

study theology at Cambridge or should learn modern languages by living abroad. In the event I devoted the best part of a year and a half to the languages and literatures of France, Germany and Italy. Whether I made much linguistic and literary progress or not, I obtained a chequered experience of foreign domestic habits; for I lived in five different homes in three different countries, and I cannot say that any one of them was a paradise. I discovered, however, that the only or the best way of acquiring a modern language lies in complete isolation from all English-speaking people; and the discovery led me many years afterwards, when I was at Harrow, to organise a system of sending boys who were candidates for the army or the diplomatic service into selected foreign families for the holidays or for a longer time, and getting definite reports upon them from the heads of the families in which they lived, but of never letting more than one boy go into a family at the same time. Apart from conversational opportunities, I was fond of attending the churches and theatres, and I found that they were both excellent linguistic schools. In Paris I went regularly to hear the sermons of the distinguished Protestant preacher, the late M. Bersier; I heard a good many Roman Catholic preachers as well. The stage, and particularly the French stage, has always possessed a certain fascination for me. An old Fellow of King's College, Mr. Andrew Long, used to delight me with his reminiscences of the great actresses Mdlle. Rachel and Mdlle. Mars. The Théâtre Français was at the height of its glory during the time that I spent in Paris. Delaunay, Got, Sarah Bernhardt, Mounet-Sully and Reichenberg were all acting then. I used to go to the theatre two or three times a week. I wonder how often I have seen Sarah Bernhardt play Doña Sol in Victor Hugo's "Hernani." There is nothing comparable

to the perfection of the French stage. It is not this or that actor who is good, but all alike are good; there are no stars, because all are stars; every detail of the representation is thought out, as every fold of her dress in falling was, it is said, by Mdlle. Mars; and owing to the repertory system no one shows, or seems to show, on the stage the unconscious lassitude of English actors who sometimes play the same parts for two or three hundred successive nights. Among the great actors whom I saw I think I should assign the palm to Got; he produced so much effect with so little apparent effort; I have known him send the whole house into convulsions of laughter without saying a word or apparently moving a muscle of his face.

In Germany I studied first at Meissen, where I lived in the house of Dr. Köhler, one of the professors or masters in the well-known St. Afra school, and afterwards at the University of Leipsic. My experience of the St. Afra school was useful to me afterwards at Dulwich and at Harrow, when I was considering what educational improvements English public schools might gain from the example of Germany. I was struck, however, by the unimportance of athletics in the St. Afra school. The boys played no regular games. They took, I think, little or no exercise, unless by bathing from time to time in the Elbe, and even then they were accompanied by one of the masters. But it sometimes happened that two boys who wished to strike up a lifelong friendship would go to a beerhouse, order two glasses of beer, clink them together, and swear *camaraderie* each to the other. Meissen, a place most widely known for its manufacture of pottery, was then so simple in its modes of thought that some of the inhabitants, as I remember, expressed surprise at my callousness in venturing to show myself in the streets on the anniversary of the

battle of Sedan; for they assumed that, as I was not a German, I must be a Frenchman. I spent long days there reading the great German authors, especially, of course, Goethe, Schiller and Lessing. Perhaps I may make here a remark which may seem to be self-evident, but which is not always observed in education. It is that careful regard should be paid to the ages at which boys and girls first make acquaintance with particular books. There is not only a psychology, but a psychological chronology, in education. I have noticed that Eachard, in his curious "Enquiry into the Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion," says that "all improvement that may be reaped out of the best and choicest poets is for the most part utterly lost, in that a time is usually chosen for reading them when discretion is much wanting to gain thence any true advantage";[1] but the fact, which he so wisely states, has not been generally realised. I am sure that many people read the "Pilgrim's Progress" at too late an age. It is not to them, as it ought to be for real enjoyment, an actual picture of life. Many, again, read Milton and Shakespeare too early. When I was a boy at a Preparatory School before going to Eton, I was made to study "Paradise Lost" every Sunday; and I have never quite lost an ingrained distaste for, or difficulty in the appreciation of, a work so unsuitable to the tender age at which I first came unwillingly to know it. Could I have deferred the reading of "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" until the age at which I first read Goethe's "Faust," the impression made upon my mind would, I think, have been still more valuable than it was. At all events, I know that in my study of "Faust," or the first

[1] The "Enquiry" has been reprinted in "An English Garner," vol. i., "Critical Essays and Literary Fragments," pp. 241 sqq. The passage quoted occurs on pp. 250 and 251

part of "Faust," when I was living at Meissen, I used sometimes to jump up from my chair and pace the room; it was simply impossible to restrain the delight which some of its scenes and passages afforded me.

As a student at Leipsic I attended a good many lectures, such as those of Delitsch, Luthardt and George Curtius. I recollect how strange an experience it was to see in the classrooms students disfigured by sword-wounds which they had received in the not infrequent duels of German academical life. I got to know a good many students through the *Vereine*, or clubs, of the University. They were certainly superior to most English undergraduates in their industry and in the value which they set upon learning. I recollect, too, how the burden of taxation in support of the army was then resented by the commercial class in Leipsic; and it has often in recent years seemed surprising to me that Germany should be able to bear the weight of its present naval as well as military expenditure; but I suppose the wealth of the German nation has enormously increased during the last half-century.

One more educational experience of my life, although it belongs to a somewhat later date, I may not unsuitably record here. It was a long-standing wish of mine to become a Dante scholar. I knew the name of Scartazzini as perhaps the greatest living authority upon Dante; greater, I think, even than Karl Witte. So I wrote to him boldly from Cambridge, asking him if he would allow me to read Dante under his auspices. I received a courteous and favourable answer. Without loss of time I made my way to the little village of Soglio in the Val Bregaglia, where he was the Protestant pastor. For it is curious that the boundary between Switzerland and Italy is there the exact boundary between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. I took up my quarters in the humble

inn of Soglio; for a good part of my residence I was the only guest in the inn; but I spent nearly all day and every day in the study of Dante. Scartazzini had not then published his full commentary upon the "Divina Commedia," but he gave me the benefit of all the various knowledge which he had amassed in preparation for his commentary. It is my judgment that his edition of the "Inferno"—the only part which had been published when I read with him—can scarcely be improved; but, as he proceeds, his materials seem to overwhelm him, and his commentary upon the "Paradiso" is so elaborate as to be fatiguing and occasionally bewildering. I thought then, and I still think, that the "Purgatorio" is, as a whole, the noblest part of the "Divina Commedia," although there are finer passages in the "Inferno" and in the "Paradiso" than anything in the "Purgatorio." The study of Dante is a new intellectual and spiritual life. It never fails, but gains in interest year by year. I have been but a fitful student of Dante since I bade Scartazzini farewell; but in Manchester I have enjoyed the privilege of membership in the local Dante Society, which has done some excellent work under the presidency of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, Dr. Casartelli; and the paper which I read to the Society on "Dante's Self-Revelation in the 'Divina Commedia'" was published in the *Nineteenth Century and After*.[1]

Foreign travel has entered so largely into my life that I cannot forbear to mention it here. It has been for many years my chief recreation, and I think I may say my favourite instruction. The easy opportunities of travel in the present day seem to make it almost a duty if a person can afford it; so much is gained by the knowledge of other nations and other

[1] November, 1909.

habits of life and thought than one's own. From boyhood I have chosen as often as possible to spend my holidays abroad.

My first considerable journey was made, when I was resident at Cambridge, through Greece in company with three old Etonian friends, the present Vice-Provost, Mr. Cornish, the headmaster of Eton, the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lyttelton, and the Hon. G. N. Curzon, now Earl Curzon of Kedleston. When I became a headmaster, I continued the habit of travelling; for I felt the scholastic profession to be in its nature a little narrowing, as a schoolmaster is always repeating the same lessons, and he necessarily stands to his pupils in an arbitrary relation, which does not occur elsewhere in life, and which, if it benefits—as I hope it may—their character, is not always beneficial to his own. I thought, therefore, I would try to spend my holidays well. I felt a little impatient of the schoolmasters who went habitually in groups of two or three from the same school to spend their holidays together upon the golf links, or in the same seaside resort or fishing village. I generally spent two out of three holidays abroad. It was so that I learnt a little geography—a subject strangely neglected during my schooldays at Eton. It was so, too, that I gained, or I hope I gained, something of the tolerance and sympathy which are preservatives against certain not uncommon mistakes in religious and, perhaps, in secular life.

The acquaintance of the distinguished persons, whom I used to meet on board ship or in the capitals and other cities of the countries which I visited, has always been an interesting and stimulating memory. It seems to me still that foreign travel is the most pleasing and most improving of all the recreations which are open to a schoolmaster. I think, too, I have observed, not

only in the scholastic profession, but in the clerical as well, how striking is the difference of intellectual and, I may even say, of moral standpoint between those people who have been stay-at-homes and those who have been travellers over the world.

It has naturally happened to me, perhaps in virtue of my association both with Eton and with Harrow, to be thrown in the course of life into more or less familiar contact with a good many persons whose names are well known in Great Britain and throughout the British Empire. But it would be an impertinence to enumerate a long catalogue of distinguished friends; and to report the conversations held with them in the intimacy of private life would seem to me almost a sacrilege. It is always difficult to quote a person's words from memory. Not every hearer is a Boswell, nor is every speaker a Johnson; and it is not impossible that Boswell may now and again have given a point of his own to the utterances of his master. The reports of table-talk—Luther's, Selden's, Coleridge's, and even Goethe's—I have always regarded with some distrust. The lack of reticence in modern life, the principle, which many recent biographies show to be almost an axiom in literature, that whatever a person has written or said must be told, if justice is to be done to him, is, I think, false, and possibly fatal to art. In private life so much that is said depends for its effect upon the atmosphere in which people say it. A good deal of conversation is not always seriously meant; it only half represents the speaker's true meaning, because nobody who hears it runs any risk of misunderstanding it. But a report of it made long afterwards in cold blood, with no sense of the relation between the persons who were parties to it, is sure to create a more or less false impression. At the best it exposes to the broad light of day the secrets

of private society. In the intimate circle of a royal household, maids of honour, it is understood, are pledged to refrain from keeping diaries. There is a beautiful story of a reply made by one maid of honour to an enterprising journalist who remarked to her that, if he were in a position to know so much about royalty as she knew, he should, in spite of his pledge, keep a diary. "But then, you see," she answered, "I should not be a maid of *honour*." It seems to me that loyalty to friendship imposes something of the same obligation of honour upon friends.

It will be enough, then, to say that in early manhood, soon after I had taken my degree at Cambridge, I was much influenced by the opportunities which I enjoyed of seeing three eminent men in the privacy of their home-life.

That I was brought for a time into close association with Archbishop Benson I owe to his son, Mr. A. C. Benson, who was my pupil at King's College, Cambridge, and who has since become—not, I am afraid, through my teaching—so favourite an author. A teacher, whether at college or at school, lives always in his pupils, and I am affectionately proud of my relation to Mr. Benson. His father, the Archbishop, invited me several times to pay him visits at Lambeth and at Addington. During one of those visits, which occurred just before my entrance upon office as headmaster of Harrow, he told me that, if he were to become a headmaster again, he should, he thought, be less severe than he had been at Wellington College. Mr. A. C. Benson's biography of his father is so candid as to be almost unfairly critical. Archbishop Benson was in my judgment the Archbishop of the clergy, as Archbishop Tait had been the Archbishop of the laity. His mind was essentially ecclesiastical.

He never, I think, understood the way in which laymen generally look upon matters affecting the Church, and they never understood his way of looking upon such matters as affected them. He was at his best in a Cathedral or at Convocation; he was at his worst in the House of Lords or upon the platform of a working men's meeting. The obscurity of his style, both in speaking and in writing, repelled busy men who were not specially interested in the problems of doctrine and ritual; but it was the obscurity which results from deep thought, like the obscurity of Thucydides; and readers or hearers, if they penetrated its meaning, were rewarded for the trouble which they had taken.

It is perhaps worth while to say that I think the Archbishop was more Protestant at heart than English Churchmen generally imagine him to have been. He was not a ritualist, but a mediævalist. His knowledge of ecclesiastical liturgies and ceremonies was profound, as it was shown to be by his judgment in the case of Dr. King, the Bishop of Lincoln. Whatever was ancient in ceremonial he loved and valued, not because it was ritualistic, but because it was historical. More from him, I think, than from anybody else, I learnt the truth and the value of continuity in the Church of England; and although I find a difficulty, as an Evangelical, in reconciling myself to anybody or anything, whether the Church or the priesthood or the Blessed Virgin herself, as interposing between the soul of man and its Saviour, yet I cannot avoid a feeling of disgust at the narrow spirit which would apparently treat questions relating to the life and the creed of the Church as if they were novelties never heard of before the nineteenth century, and, as if, therefore, it were possible to decide without direct reference to her long

history. Archbishop Benson was a kind friend to me for many years; I greatly loved and admired him; and his tragic death in Hawarden Parish Church was, I think, in all the circumstances attending it, one of the most pathetic events of modern ecclesiastical history.

The first time that I met Mr. Gladstone was the occasion of his coming to deliver a lecture upon Homer at Eton. But long before, my admiration for his public life had drawn me, partly, it may be, through my close friendship with Edward and Alfred Lyttelton, his nephews, into strong sympathy with political Liberalism. His courtesy to all persons, and not less to those who were vastly inferior to him in ability and experience, was a well-known charm of his nature. He seemed always to speak with deference to his interlocutor's judgment.

At Mrs. Gladstone's invitation I paid several visits to Hawarden Castle. The better Mr. Gladstone was known, the greater was the admiration felt for his ability. He may be said to have touched all human knowledge, except, indeed, Natural Science, and to have touched it all effectively. When I was master of Dulwich College, his daughter, Miss Mary Gladstone, now Mrs. Drew, would sometimes invite me to take tea on Sunday afternoon at the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street, and then to go with her to St. Paul's Cathedral; and Mr. Gladstone was generally present at teatime. It happened, too, some years afterwards, during my headmastership at Harrow, that Mr. Gladstone came to live for a while at Dollis Hill, in the house lent him by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, whose sons were then my pupils. Dollis Hill is not far from Harrow, and I used frequently to visit Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone there. Sometimes, I am afraid I cut my divinity lesson on Sunday afternoon a little short, that I might

drive over to Dollis Hill and have tea with them in the garden under the spreading elms, and perhaps take part in a little service which was held there for the haymakers, before returning to evening service in the School Chapel. The Harrow boys were greatly excited when Mr. Gladstone came to Chapel one Sunday afternoon. His life has gained a noble record at Lord Morley's hands. But the record is unhappily deficient upon the side which most strongly attracted me. Whatever may have been thought or said of Mr. Gladstone by people who knew him only as a public man, nobody could spend twenty-four hours in his home without realising the deep, all-pervading piety which characterised his nature. He has himself spoken of the Incarnation as the master-motive of all his political efforts. To see him in his home was to understand that in so saying he spoke no more than the literal truth. Mr. Gladstone's life was an abiding lesson in the duty and the value of ordered industry, in sympathy with all oppressed nations and classes, in the nobility and magnanimity of elevated statesmanship, and above all, in the supremacy of the Christian principle as overshadowing the service of the State and of the Empire.

It was my good fortune to know Lord Tennyson through the kindness of his son, the present Lord Tennyson, who has been my constant friend since we were undergraduates together at Cambridge. He invited me, when I was still an undergraduate, to Farringford, and that visit was the inauguration of many visits; for I think I was generally a guest at Farringford or at Aldworth once or twice a year throughout the period of my headmasterships at Dulwich and at Harrow.

Between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson there

was all the difference in the world. Mr. Gladstone in conversation was always at his best. Whatever the occasion was, he would pour out information ungrudgingly and unhesitatingly upon all subjects, as from a fountain which was ever running over. Unlike Apollo, he seemed never to relax the bow. The strain he put upon himself must have been terrible. I remember hearing him invite any Eton boy who was interested in Homeric study to write to him ; apparently it did not occur to him that the boys might be moved to write by some other motive than the love of Homer. Lord Tennyson was apt to be silent and even a little morose. He was not unnaturally suspicious of interviewers and reporters. It was only when he got to know a person well that he would talk to him freely. But as soon as the barrier of reserve was broken down, it became impossible to help feeling that he was not only a great poet, but was also a great critic of poetry. He was always reading books, and his knowledge was many sided; but whatever he read or knew fused itself into poetry. Late at night, when the household had gone to bed, he would sometimes, as he sat smoking in his study, read aloud in a deep bass voice parts of his published or still unpublished poems. There was something childlike in the simplicity of his mind. In his reading he would draw attention quite naturally to the passages which he liked best in his own poetry ; and if a poem had not yet been given to the world, he would perhaps say after reading it, " You must not peach." I think the poems which I heard him read with most striking effect were the " Northern Farmer," where the dialect was perfectly familiar to him, the " Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and the lyrical verses in " The Princess " beginning :

"The splendour falls on castle walls,"

with the refrain which in his reading became most musically solemn,

> "Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
> Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying."

It is pleasant to recall my many walks and talks with him on the Downs of Freshwater and through the bracken of Haslemere. He was very fond of anecdotes; and such as I heard between my visits I used to keep for him. I spent his last earthly birthday with him at Aldworth. I think I was the only person staying in the house besides his own family; but I remember that Mr. Frederic Harrison came over to see him in the afternoon. On the morning of his birthday he said to me, "You must not wish me many happy returns, for I am an old man very near the grave." I never saw him in life again.

It would be difficult to criticise the admirable biography which his son has written of him. I can only say that his unwavering faith in the spirituality of human nature has been ever an encouragement and an inspiration to me. I have often thought that this faith was sustained in him by the saintly and sacred influence of his wife. She was more to him than even Dorothy Wordsworth was to her brother, the poet. The purity of domestic life in Lord Tennyson's home, as in Mr. Gladstone's, was an instructive contrast with the idea of a poet's life which the world had derived from Byron. It was a silent, emphatic protest against the postulate that men of genius need or will demand a lax moral law of their own. It is scarcely too much to say that, among all the persons whom I have known, none has seemed to me so entirely spiritual as Emily, Lady Tennyson. During my early visits she was able to sit at table; afterwards she was confined to her couch; and in the end, although I

was in the house, I scarcely saw her at all. She was "made perfect through suffering." But in her was always the same cloudless faith, courage, resignation, piety. It was impossible to know her in her long years of weakness and not to be lifted upwards and heavenwards by knowing her. I was far away from England—I think I was at Tiflis in the Caucasus—when she died. But I was present at the poet's funeral in Westminster Abbey. Of the great Englishmen in whose lifetime I have lived, there is none whose place in the nation is still, I think, so void as Tennyson's. I feel about him as the society of French schoolmasters in England must have felt when, after the death of their president, Victor Hugo, they resolved not to appoint any successor in his place, but still to leave his name at the head of their society, with only the simple yet significant words, "Décédé, mais pas remplacé."

Very valuable, I think, is the effect of great associations, however transient they may be, upon young lives. When I was headmaster of a Public School, I took great pains to give my pupils the opportunity of meeting, or at least of seeing and hearing, men whose names were, and would long be, famous in the world. It was, I thought, a loss to the generation then growing up that their young lives were not contemporary with the publication of literary works exciting an interest so wide and deep as the novels of Sir Walter Scott or of Dickens or Thackeray, the poems of Tennyson, and possibly the writings, both in prose and in verse, of George Eliot. I was afraid they would never learn in their most susceptible years what the power of literature may be. For there are great ages and small ages in human history; the tide of intellectuality flows and ebbs and flows again; and an age of one kind is not seldom followed by an age quite different from itself. The generation which was born in the first quarter

of the nineteenth century was rich in illustrious names. It was the generation of Gladstone and Disraeli, of Tennyson and Browning, of Hooker, Darwin, Kelvin and Lister, of J. S. Mill, of Ruskin, of Newman and Pusey, of Dickens and Thackeray. The men whom I have named lived and worked on a higher plane than common men, and they have left no successors equal to themselves. But he whose happiness it has been to know them, or some of them, as his masters and friends, can never, while he lives, be as though he had known them not; he always feels the influence of their strength and their dignity; he is lifted above himself by their example; he is like one who in the old pagan anthropomorphic days of Greece may have deemed that he had looked upon the face of deities.

CHAPTER IV

Eton v. Harrow

IT is difficult to write the names of these two famous Public Schools according to the traditional formula, so familiar upon Lord's Cricket Ground and elsewhere, at the head of a chapter, which will directly concern them both, without a certain apprehension. They are old, hereditary rivals, and their rivalry has entered into the life of the nation. There are some few subjects about which no Englishman can honestly claim to be impartial, and nearly everyone is a partisan either of Eton or of Harrow. When a comparison is made between them, it is generally made under the influence of strong party spirit. If anyone is, or could be, dispassionate in his attitude towards them both, it is perhaps I. For I spent seven years of my life as a boy at Eton, and more than thirteen years as headmaster at Harrow. It has ever been my wish, as it still is, to promote good understanding and good feeling between them. The formula Eton c. Harrow (or Eton with Harrow) would more suitably represent my spirit than Eton v. Harrow (or Eton against Harrow). Many years ago, when the project of a match at Association Football between the two schools was first put forward, it was suggested that I should act as umpire in the match. My Etonian friends, indeed, have frequently told me that the order of the names Eton v. Harrow, as of Gentlemen v. Players, is a decisive argument for the superiority of

Eton. It has been easy to reply, if the Harrovian mood has been strong upon me, that the order in both cases is alphabetical, and that it does not imply, as in Oxford v. Cambridge, a formally recognised precedence. Yet I must frankly admit that when I have heard Harrovians speak of "Harrow and Eton," or of "the Harrow and Eton match," the sound has grated a little harshly upon my ears.

During my headmastership at Harrow I was often asked whether I wore the light blue or the dark blue colour during the cricket match at Lord's; and I used to reply that, whichever of the two colours I might prefer, I wore it not on my coat, but next my heart. Once, I think, on a Harrow Speech Day, after the close of my headmastership, when I was gently taunted with my Etonian predilection, I tried to escape from the dilemma in which I found myself by declaring that, if I had been so fortunate as to be the father of twin sons, I should have sent one of them to Eton and the other to Harrow. But even that ingenious solution of my difficulty did not avail me; for I recollect that after my speech an ardent Harrovian ran up to me, saying he felt sure I should send the elder of my twin sons to Harrow.

It is possible that no one now living has stood in so close a relation both to Eton and to Harrow as I have. But in the present, as in the past, membership of both schools, or association with them both, has not been unknown. Several Etonians of my acquaintance have held masterships at Harrow. The present headmaster of Harrow, Mr. Ford, was himself for some time a master at Eton. A good many families have for generations been divided between Eton and Harrow; and when one son has been a boy at Eton, and the other a boy at Harrow, the meeting of the two boys on the same coach

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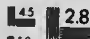

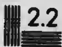
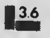

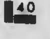

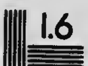

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during the cricket match at Lord's has not always been entirely amicable. A good many Harrovians have of late sent their sons to Eton; and during my headmastership, as I do not doubt before and afterwards, there were Etonians whose sons were educated at Harrow. In old days schoolboys migrated more easily than at present from one school to another. There must be few men now living who can claim to be double blues in virtue of their school-life. But Lord Rayleigh was, I think, at Harrow for a short time before he went to Eton. Certainly the late Sir Redvers Buller began his school-life at Harrow and finished it at Eton. He was, I know, a little surprised when, at the time of his appointment to the chief command in the South African War, Harrow, after many years (as he said) of obliviousness, revived its interest in his career. But the boy who became in the most remarkable circumstances a member of both schools was the Marquis Wellesley, the great Governor-General of India. Eton had, I think, almost forgotten that the Marquis Wellesley had been a Harrovian until I related the story of his leaving Harrow, in a lecture which I gave to the Literary and Scientific Society at Eton, soon after I myself had gone to Harrow. The late Sir William Fraser, as I recollect, disputed the story when I told it; but there is no doubt that it is true.

At the time when I became headmaster of Harrow it was widely thought and said that I was the only Etonian who had presided over the great rival school. The fact, however, is that I was not the first, but the sixth, Etonian headmaster of Harrow. For the long period of nearly a century and a quarter, from 1669 to 1785, Harrow was generally, although not continuously, governed by headmasters who had been educated at Eton. Drs. Horne, Bryan, Thackeray,

Sumner, and Heath were all Etonians. The influence of Eton upon Harrow can still be traced in several respects, particularly, I think, in the attenuated tutorial system which prevails there. But the headmasters of Harrow in the nineteenth century came from so many various schools—Dr. Longley from Westminster, Dr. Wordsworth from Winchester, Dr. Vaughan from Rugby, Dr. Butler from Harrow itself, and I from Eton—that, whereas Eton has developed upon its own lines under an unbroken succession of Etonian headmasters, without external innovating agencies, the Harrow of to-day represents more or less a fusion of such educational characteristics as its various headmasters have felt to be best in their own schools, or at least best worth reproducing elsewhere. The last Etonian headmaster of Harrow before myself, Dr. Benjamin Heath, resigned his office in 1785, upon becoming a Fellow of Eton, just a century before my own appointment. It is his accession to the headmastership of Harrow which is connected with the Marquis Wellesley's fate. For the world of Harrow strongly resented the advent of a new headmaster from Eton. The senior scholars, who described themselves as "the voice of the whole school," addressed a written protest to the Governors against his appointment, on the ground that a school of such reputation as Harrow "ought not to be considered an appendix to Eton." The most distinguished classical scholar among the assistant masters at Harrow, Dr. Parr, threatened secession, if he were not himself chosen as headmaster; he did, in fact, after Dr. Heath's appointment, carry off nearly one-fifth part of the school with him to the rival school which he founded at Stanmore. No sooner was it known at Harrow that Dr. Heath was to be the new headmaster than a rebellion broke out in the school; the boys attacked the house in which the Governors

were sitting; they dragged the carriage of one of the Governors down the hill, and broke it to pieces on Roxeth Common. Among the prominent young rebels was the boy, then eleven years old, afterwards known in Indian and in English history as the Marquis Wellesley. It is told that Archbishop Cornwallis, who was his guardian, remonstrated with him upon the gravity of his misconduct; but so far from showing any sign of penitence when he was summoned before the Governors, he entered the room waving a fragment of the broken carriage and crying "Victory!" It is no surprise that he should have been sent away from Harrow; but according to modern ideas it is a little surprising that, when he had been sent away from Harrow, he should have been admitted to Eton. Yet he became not only an Etonian, but perhaps of all famous Etonians the most devoted to Eton; for all through his administrative life in India he maintained an intimate correspondence with his tutor at Eton; it was his earnestly expressed desire that he might be buried in the Chapel of his old school; and he now lies there in the part known as Lupton's Chapel, with the exquisite Latin verses which he had composed as his own epitaph upon his tomb.

It is a curious reminiscence of my life that, when I first met Dr. Butler, who was my predecessor at Harrow, in the house of the late Mr. Charles Leaf at Cobham, he wrote out for me this inscription, and I still possess it in his handwriting. The loss of the Marquis Wellesley was a great blow to Harrow; but it may be said to have involved an even greater blow. For the younger brother of the Marquis Wellesley has achieved immortal fame as the Duke of Wellington; and if the elder of the two brothers was at Harrow, it is at least not improbable that, but for his escapade in connection with

the appointment of an Etonian to the headmastership, his young brother would have been sent there too; and so the Battle of Waterloo would have been won, not upon the Playing Fields of Eton, according to the well-known legend, but upon the Philathletic Ground at Harrow.

Such was the unfortunate consequence of an Etonian accession to the headmastership of Harrow. Happily, no such consequence arose upon my own accession more than a hundred years afterwards. But a headmaster of Harrow, who has himself been educated at Eton, occupies a difficult, and at times a delicate, position. He is the subject of some good-humoured criticism, especially during the match at Lord's, and he gives occasion for some criticism of other people. It is an anecdote which has often been told, that, not long after I went to Harrow, an Eton boy and a Harrow boy who were sitting close together during the match at Lord's, kept up a pretty continuous fire of mutual banter. At last the Eton boy caustically exclaimed that Harrow, must be a poor school, if it had to go to Eton for its headmaster; and the Harrow boy in his desperation, after an interval of thought, revenged himself by a retort which he imagined to be utterly crushing, "Well, at all events, Harrow never produced a Gladstone."

Yet there is a peculiar interest, which I felt and still feel, in being related to both the great schools. It is possible that nobody except myself has preached what was practically the same sermon in the Chapel of Eton College in the morning, and in the Chapel of Harrow School in the evening of the same Sunday. I am pretty sure that I am the only headmaster of Harrow who during his headmastership has played football "at the Wall" against the Eton boys; but it must be admitted that, although I played, when I was still comparatively

young, in the first term of my headmastership, I felt my foot had somehow painfully lost its cunning; and I thought, rightly or wrongly, that my youthful antagonists found a pleasure, whenever the ball came near me, in charging me with exceptional and almost unnecessary vigour. But it may be that football matches, to one who has passed his youth, seem fiercer than they used to seem when life was young, as the old geologist complained that the mountains, which he still tried to climb, had become strangely longer and steeper.

Eton and Harrow are not only frequently opposed one to the other as rival schools, but in many aspects or features they are strangely opposite. Nature and history have, it may almost be said, conspired to accentuate the difference between them. Harrow stands upon a hill; Eton lies in a valley. Eton owes, perhaps, its chief beauty to the Thames; the country around Harrow is practically waterless. The light gravel of Eton contrasts with the heavy clay of Harrow. Eton possesses so many features of interest and beauty, that no one of them perhaps is, or is felt to be, so uniquely impressive as the famous view at Harrow from the churchyard, where Byron often reclined, when he was a boy, upon the "Peachey stone," as he writes in a letter to his publisher, Mr. John Murray, "looking out over the wold towards Windsor"—an incident commemorated in one of the most poetical of the Harrow school-songs. The view from the churchyard is singularly beautiful; but I used to think it was a little mournful, perhaps because it is, or was, so free from all buildings. But I know hardly any view which so deeply affects the mind; and not seldom have I stood there beneath the elms in anxious hours, reflecting upon the history of the two schools with which I had been so intimately associated—for Windsor Castle is visible on a clear

day from the churchyard at Harrow to one who knows how and where he ought to look for it—and hoping that I might so act as not to acquit myself unworthily of both or of either. It has sometimes been a surprise to me that Byron's lines "On a distant View of the Village and School of Harrow-on-the-Hill" are so much less known than Gray's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College." Harrow cannot, indeed, vie with Eton in the charm of its surroundings. It possesses nothing half so majestic as Windsor Castle, or half so romantic as the Thames. Duck Puddle, or Ducker, as it is commonly called in the vernacular language of Harrow, although it is perhaps the finest artificial bathing-place in England, is a poor substitute for Athens or Acropolis at Eton. Yet the Thames now and then overflows into the playing-fields, and even into the streets and houses, of Eton; and I can remember a time when, as the floods were out at Eton, some Eton boys, temporarily emancipated from the restraints of school-life, came to visit their friends at Harrow, and did not for the while facilitate the maintenance of strict discipline among my pupils. The late Mr. du Maurier, whose son, now the distinguished actor, was then a Harrow boy, drew in *Punch* a delightful picture of the meeting between two boys at such a time—I think he was one of the few artists who could correctly represent the costumes of the boys at both schools—and he humorously described the Harrow boy as complaining that "the beastly hill," on which his school was situated, forbade the prospect or hope of any extraordinary holidays owing to floods.

Whether Harrow has been a healthier school than Eton I do not know. It is probably more bracing, for most Etonians retain a gloomy memory of the fogs arising from the Thames in November; but in my

seven years at Eton the school was never broken up for illness, and the records of health at Eton would, I think, show it to compare favourably with most public schools, and above all with the schools of modern origin.

In buildings as well as in natural surroundings Harrow must yield the palm to Eton. Both schools have in the course of centuries, and particularly in the nineteenth century, received many enlargements and additions; but whereas the most conspicuous ancient buildings of Eton, such as the Chapel, the rest of the quadrangle surrounding the school yard, and the Cloisters, remain intact, Harrow has been so largely built, or rebuilt, that it is architecturally a new school. Little or nothing of original Harrow now survives except the Fourth Form room; and the Fourth Form room, despite the illustrious names carved upon its oaken panels—such as Byron's, Peel's, Sheridan's, Palmerston's, Sir William Jones's, and Lord Shaftesbury's—does not in general interest vie with the Upper School at Eton.

It has often occurred to me as strange that rooms of such historical dignity as the headmaster's classroom at Eton, and the Fourth Form room at Harrow, should be the scenes of the corporal punishment, which has been practically abandoned everywhere except in the Public Schools. Flogging has ceased to be employed in the Army and Navy; it has ceased, or almost ceased, in the Elementary Schools; for Mr. Charles Booth, in his laborious study of the social life of the people of London, relates, I think, that one of his investigators came in a certain East End street upon an unhappy man who described himself as a vendor of canes, reduced to poverty by the abolition of corporal punishment in the Board Schools. By a curious paradox, the upper classes submit to such chastisement as the lower resent and resist. It is far easier to flog a peer's son than a pauper's.

Flogging in Public Schools, the "sacrament of blood," as it was once called "among Etonians," is dying out; but if it is inflicted at all, I cannot help thinking it is peculiarly ill-suited to a room associated with the most ennobling memories, or the most refined scholarship, of the school. The "block" at Eton, indeed, finds no parallel at Harrow; but I remember hearing that delightful preacher, and not less delightful *raconteur*, the late Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren), in one of his lectures at Harrow, tell the boys how much he hoped, whatever might be their fate in after-life, they would always cherish the inspiring memories of the Fourth Form room, to which he had paid, no doubt, a first visit a few hours earlier; and I felt he was unaware that the Fourth Form room was associated in the minds of his youthful audience with other feelings than the memory of the great Harrovians whose names have been cut by their own hands upon its walls.

Eton and Harrow are not only different in locality and in history; but they used to know less of one another than I think they would have known but for the difficulty of communication between them. The journey from Eton to Harrow by train is almost as inconvenient as the journey from Oxford to Cambridge. The Great Western Railway was driven to a distance from Eton, as the London and North Western Railway was from Harrow, by the prejudice of the authorities of both schools, less than a century ago, against the novel means of locomotion. I remember that I did once succeed, on the occasion of a dinner given to Mr. Arthur Balfour by his schoolfellows at Eton, in teaching the Sixth Form at Harrow up to half-past six o'clock, getting to Eton for dinner at eight, and returning to my house at Harrow before midnight. But whenever I wanted to make a rapid journey from Eton or Windsor

to Harrow, as after preaching in the College Chapel at Eton or in the private Chapel at Windsor, I used to drive to the station at Windsor or at Slough, there take train for Southall, and drive again from Southall to Harrow. Since my time motor-cars have, I suppose, solved the difficulty of communication between the two schools, but have solved it, perhaps, in a way not particularly beneficial to the schools themselves.

Eton College is, as all the world knows, the foundation of King Henry VI. Mr. Gladstone once called it "the queen of all the schools in all the land." In virtue of its royal origin it has always assumed and enjoyed the primacy among public schools. Even Winchester College, the creation of William of Wykeham, although it may claim to be the mother of Eton, has tacitly bowed its head to its illustrious daughter.

No other school can claim so stately an origin as Eton, or even as Winchester. The founder of Harrow, John Lyon of Preston, like Lawrence Sheriff, the founder of Rugby, was a simple commoner. Probably the last thought which would have occurred to him, when he obtained the charter of his school from Queen Elizabeth, was that Harrow would ever compete with royal Eton. Yet Eton, no less than Harrow, has owed its numerical importance to the accretion of an extraneous element upon its original body. The King's Scholars, or Collegers, of whom I was one at Eton, are the whole school as King Henry VI. conceived it. The Oppidans, although they are now more than twelve times as numerous as the Collegers, are historically supernumeraries. Yet many of them, and indeed more of them than of the Collegers, have shed glory upon their school. John Lyon designed his school for the benefit of the residents in Harrow and in such neighbouring hamlets as Preston, where he himself lived, and

Pinner. It was only because he felt doubtful whether the sons of these residents would be numerous enough to fill the school, or to pay the master who should rule it a proper salary, that he allowed the admission of strangers, or as he called them, "foreigners," to his school. To cite his own quaint language: "The schoolmaster may receive over and above the youth of the inhabitants within this parish so many Foreigners as the whole may be well taught and applied, and the place can conveniently contain; and of these Foreigners he may take such stipend and wages as he can get." It is difficult now to imagine Eton without the Oppidans or Harrow without the foreigners; but they do not enter, except accidentally, into the primary constitution of the two schools.

I have sometimes thought that the different histories of Eton and Harrow may be said to reflect themselves in the characteristics of their scholars.

Eton possesses a native dignity which is all her own, a great and grand way of looking at human affairs, a half-unconscious assumption of superiority, an almost unreasonable impatience of criticism, as though Eton were the best of all possible educational worlds, and could neither need nor desire to sit at the feet of any teachers outside her own pale. It is thus Etonians, at least during their school lives, are sometimes apt to take things a little easily, to [illegible] success as though it were a right, and, if it does n[illegible] at once, to be disappointed and discouraged. Harrow, on the other hand, is a school which has made itself, and like self-made people, it is proudly conscious of having fought its own way in the world. It started with little or no external advantages; it rose to eminence by the strength and purpose of its sons; and the marks of the hard struggle through which it has passed have never been [illegible] effaced. I do not

know that the Harrow of recent years has at Lord's been quite true to its reputation for playing an uphill game ; but the pluck of Harrow boys, as I knew them, was always a striking characteristic of the school. Perhaps an Etonian may be said to feel for his school somewhat as a man feels for a beautiful bride whose very presence seems to raise him above himself ; but a Harrovian, as a man feels for his bride when he has sought and wooed her in humble circumstances, and loves her so much, just because he has given her all that is his. Critics of the two schools have sometimes remarked that affection for Eton is stronger and deeper among Etonians than affection for Harrow among Harrovians ; and it cannot be denied that a certain number of Harrovians do not care so much for Harrow as every or nearly every Etonian cares for Eton. But when the love of Harrow enters the soul of one of her sons, as of those self-consecrated votaries of Harrow cricket during my headmastership, the Earl of Bessborough, more widely known, perhaps, as the Hon. F. Ponsonby—the best friend, I think, who was ever given during a long life to successive generations of boys at any Public School —and his equal in devotion to the school, the late Mr. I. D. Walker; may I not add, of Lord Bessborough's constant associate, the Hon. R. Grimston, who died just before I went to Harrow?—it becomes an overmastering passion, stronger than any love which I have known to exist among the members of any other Public School. The daily presence of Lord Bessborough, when he was an old man, on the cricket-field at Harrow, was too moving a spectacle to be forgotten by any Harrovian ; nor does any more pathetic incident of my association with Harrow live in my mind than the memory of the flags flying at half-mast all round the cricket-field at Lord's, in July, 1898, during the match

between Eton and Harrow, in memory of Mr. I. D. Walker, when he was himself lying dead in his brother's house only a few hundred yards away from the match, in which the boys, whom he had so sedulously trained, were winning a fine victory, but, alas! too late to give him the pleasure which he would so keenly have enjoyed, with his peculiar emotional taciturnity, had his life but been spared a few days longer.

Dr. Vaughan once remarked to me in his quiet way that he thought the worship of Harrow among certain Harrovians had perhaps been a little overstrained, in language at least, if not in actual feeling. It is traditionally believed that Dr. Parr, when he was an assistant master at Harrow, described Harrow Hill as uniting the glories of Zion and Parnassus. At the time of my own accession to office, the headmastership of Harrow seemed to be discussed among old Harrovians, like the headmastership of Rugby among Rugbeians after Dr. Arnold's death, as though it were a position too arduous for human strength. One old Harrovian, who was then a Cabinet Minister, wrote me a letter, saying that in his eyes the headmastership of Harrow was an office second only to the Premiership in the demands which it necessarily made upon its occupant. Another Harrovian, who had attained high eminence in the educational world, described the duties of the headmaster in language so weighty that I remember saying I thought I had better resign it at once, for I should be wholly unable to work at such pressure.

It is probably true that the headmastership of Harrow is the most hardly worked of headmasterships, because the headmaster, in addition to his necessary responsibilities, is burdened with the care, not only of a large boarding-house but of all the Chapel services, and the

proximity of Harrow to London subjects him, on half-holidays especially, to numerous parental visits, which, however welcome and even helpful they may be in themselves, yet collectively impose a heavy tax upon his time. But whatever may be the difficulties of the headmastership, they are lightened by the generous interest of old Harrovians in their school. The pecuniary contributions made by Harrovians excite the envious admiration of other schools. Old Etonians have done much, and more, I think, in recent years than before, for Eton; but I doubt if they have done as much as old Harrovians for Harrow. It may be that successive generations of Harrow boys have felt their hearts stirred by the noble list of benefactions which is always read in the Chapel on Founder's Day. The Master of Trinity, Dr. Butler, in his paper upon "Harrow Benefactors and Benefactions" in the stately volume entitled "Harrow School," estimates that, apart from buildings, no less a sum than £150,000 was contributed from private sources between the years 1818 and 1898; and so far from regarding his estimate as exaggerated, I should be disposed to think that the benefactions which the school received in the nineteenth century cannot have fallen in value below £200,000. Harrow, in fact, has been not only enlarged and embellished, but actually saved as a school by the purchase of land, through the gifts of her sons.

In temper or spirit, or, if I may use a Greek word, *ethos*, Eton and Harrow are strangely different. It would in a sense be true to say that the distinguishing characteristic of Eton is liberty; of Harrow it is discipline. When I became headmaster of Harrow, I was deeply impressed by the external order which uniformly prevailed there. It was visible, not only in the general behaviour of the boys as they walked along

the street, but at Bill or in Chapel. A distinguished officer once told me that he had been led to think of sending his son to Harrow by observing the almost military precision with which the boys walked out of Chapel. Every public function at Harrow was regulated by a minute consideration of details. The order of proceedings on Speech Day, or on a day of some special solemnity such as Confirmation, was a model of organisation carefully and exactly thought out. I used to say or think the school was like a regiment in the German army. Perhaps the Cricket-Bill, Mr. Bowen's ingenious method of calling over 500 boys in less than a minute, was the supreme instance of elaborated order. It will not, I hope, be regarded as a discreditable admission, that I tried to relax a little the discipline of the school. The spirit of my own old school may have led me to dislike the idea of boys living and moving as though a master's eye were always resting upon them. For the peril of excessive discipline among the young is that, if it shields them from evil so long as they are at school, it leaves them more or less unarmed against temptation when their school-life is over.

Looking back now through the vista of many years, I still prefer the liberty of Eton to the discipline of Harrow. A boy is perhaps more likely to come to grief at Eton than at Harrow; but I think a Harrovian is more likely to come to grief in after-life than an Etonian. I do not know anybody who is better fitted to face the battle of life with courage and success than a man who has passed unscathed through the liberty of Eton. But it may well be that the ideal training of character, if it were possible, would unite rather less of liberty than prevails, or used to prevail, at Eton, with rather less than the discipline of Harrow.

On the other hand, Harrow, as I knew it, was more

receptive of new educational ideas than was the Eton of my school-days. It did not cling with the same unreasoning tenacity to the practice of compelling boys, who would not be thought capable of writing two verses in their own language, to write week after week a poetical, or at least a metrical, exercise in a dead language which is not their own or their fathers'. It aspired to be abreast, if not ahead, of the times. Forty or fifty years ago, when I went to Eton, the masters, being all old Etonians, were inevitably somewhat limited in their educational outlook. Harrow and Rugby were then the two schools in which the staff of masters was, I think, particularly distinguished. It would be difficult to overestimate the debt of Harrow, for intellectual and spiritual enlightment, to such masters as Westcott, Farrar, Bradby, Robertson, Bosworth Smith and Bowen. I did not set the value of masters' meetings during my headmastership too high. Upon the whole, they were a little disappointing to me. They did not contribute as much as I thought they might and would to the efficiency of the school; they were a little apt to degenerate into duels between individual masters. But when due allowance is made for the force of tradition, which is nowhere more imperious than in a great Public School, it is upon the whole true that questions of educational reform were generally discussed by the masters at Harrow with free and open minds, and with a willingness to accept whatever might seem salutary in itself, whether it did or did not accord with the traditional system of the school. Harrow was one of the first, as Eton will, I suppose, be one of the last, schools to accept the innovation of a Modern Side. There is in Public Schools a curious unwritten law that the various subjects of instruction enjoy a sort of prescriptive rank or dignity in the eyes of the boys according

to the length of time during which they have been habitually taught. Thus classical studies stand above mathematical; mathematical studies above scientific. A classical master can maintain order in his class with less difficulty than a master in mathematics or in science. When I was at Eton, the mathematical exercise of the week was generally called "extra work," as if it were something which lay outside the true educational curriculum; and the Harrow boys of to-day still speak of mathematics as "tique"—sometimes without knowing the origin of their own familiar phrase—because a French master, who was employed many years ago in teaching mathematics, used to speak of it as "mathématique." In the beginning of natural science at Eton, it was, I believe, assumed that every mathematical master could teach, or ought to teach, some branch of science; but the idea that every mathematician is a man of science is scarcely less absurd than the idea, which prevailed in the Public Schools at an earlier date, that a Frenchman was necessarily a competent teacher of the German, or a German of the French, language.

Old Etonians, who were members of the school when natural science was introduced there by Dr. Hornby, are familiar with the story that a master who taught chemistry, a man of somewhat precise if not pedantic manner, was showing his class the effect of heat upon two fluids in two tubes, when a voice at the back of the room audibly exclaimed, "Three to one on the red"; the master, taking out of his pocket a notebook, was proceeding to enter in it an imposition of two or three hundred lines against the name of the boy whom he supposed to have marred the effect of his experiment by this sporting offer, when the same voice from the back of the room was heard to cry, "He has booked the

bet." Natural science in its early days did not fare much better at Harrow than at Eton; nor has it, I think, in any Public School answered to the hopes of men so eminent as Professor Huxley and Professor Tyndall; but certainly music and art entered, as serious subjects, into the life of Harrow a good while before much attention was paid to them at Eton.

Let me revert, however, to the traditional differences between the two schools. My school-fellows at Eton, when they paid me visits at Harrow, would sometimes ask why some practice or other, which was regularly observed at Eton, did not equally prevail at Harrow; and I was tempted to reply that whatever was done at Eton was probably not done at Harrow. The very language of the two schools marks their distinction. It is true that neither of them possesses the same special vocabulary as Winchester; but they rarely describe the same local institution or object by the same name. The vernacular language of a Public School is almost as distinctive as a caste-mark in India. Thus, a "half" at Eton is a "term" at Harrow; a "goal" is a "base"; a "mess" is a "find"; "absence" is "bill." Eton is happily free from the irrational and unattractive habit of abbreviating names into monosyllables with the affix "er" at the end of them, as at Harrow, where the Speech Room is called "speecher"; football is called "footer"; the bathing-place, or Duck Puddle, "Ducker"; and the sanatorium, or sometimes the hearse-like vehicle which conveys the boys from their boarding-house to the sanatorium, "sicker" or "pester."

It happened once, when I was at Simla on June 4th, that Lord Curzon gave an Etonian dinner at Viceregal Lodge. The dinner, if my memory does not fail mc, was reduced to no more than eight guests, as so many

officers had been sent with their regiments under General Sir Alfred Gaselee to China, in consequence of the danger which threatened the European legations generally during the Boxer troubles; but three of the eight persons present at the dinner were the Viceroy, the Metropolitan, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. In the course of the dinner, Lady Curzon, who was quietly entertaining a small party of guests, among them being one of His Excellency's aides-de-camp, who had been educated at Harrow, sent me a note saying, "Lord Ronaldshay and I are enjoying dringer." To my shame, or perhaps to my credit, I was bound to confess that I did not know what "dringer" was. I should have known it, had I been in the habit of frequenting the confectioners' shops at Harrow; for, as I learnt afterwards, it is the Harrovian name of the luscious dish which all Etonians know as a "strawberry mess"; and I believe it was named after a boy called Dring, who, when he was at Harrow, consumed it with exceptional voracity.

School-life at Eton is regulated by the clock; at Harrow by the bell. I think the bell was the more trustworthy guide; for it used to be told in my school-days at Eton that a preacher in the pulpit of Upper Chapel once urged upon his congregation the importance of punctuality or regularity in life, by exhorting them to be as regular as the clock; but, as he spoke, the clock in the School Yard, being out of repair, began to strike, and continued striking during the rest of his sermon. It is of "the pitiless bell with its piercing cry" at Harrow that my dear friend and colleague, Edmund Howson, wrote so poetically in that most beautiful of school songs, "Five Hundred Faces"; and the tolling of the school bell late at night just about bedtime, after the passing away of some distinguished Harrovian, was one of the most solemnly impressive

events in the school-life at Harrow. Even corporal punishment is administered in one way at Eton and in a different way at Harrow; for the *protenus extensum* of another Harrow song would scarcely be intelligible to a man who had been taught and flogged at Eton. The dress worn by the boys at the two schools is not less significant of their divergent histories than the language. In the old days the dress at Public Schools was far more variegated than it is now. According to the testimony of that honoured Etonian, the late Rev. John Wilder, a small Eton boy in the Lower School at the beginning of the nineteenth century wore "a jacket and waistcoat, short frills round the neck, a pair of grey worsted pantaloons, tight to the leg, with black gaiters." Boys who were in the Eleven at that date wore, while playing cricket, "white jean jackets, black silk ties, nankeen kneebreeches, with Eton blue silk handkerchiefs round the waist, and silk stockings." At Harrow the costume was scarcely less picturesque. The late Lord Bessborough told me that he once asked his contemporary, Mr. Nethercote, what was the fashionable dress at Harrow in his school-days, and the answer was: "I went to Harrow in the Pytchley Hunt coat, a brown cutaway and brass buttons." But since the dress of Englishmen assumed its universally monotonous drab hue, Eton and Harrow have still found the means of separating themselves. Old English gentlemen, so recently as in the latter part of the nineteenth century, used often to wear black tail-coats and black tall hats in daily life. That is still the exact costume of Harrow boys on Sundays and great days such as Speech Day. But ordinarily the tail-coat has survived at Harrow, the tall hat at Eton. At Harrow the tall hat has in general given way to a broad-brimmed straw hat with an elastic band, which leaves

an almost indelible impression upon every boy's back hair, and prevents the taking off of the hat without much difficulty by way of salute to a master or a lady. The combination of the straw hat with the tail-coat is, I think, equally displeasing and amusing. Nothing but the ineradicable conservatism of Public Schools could excuse it or retain it for a week. But the undress uniform of Harrow, the short dark blue jacket with the straw hat, is preferable to any corresponding undress uniform which exists at Eton. Schools are retentive of peculiarities in dress as in other matters, and the fashion of one age may sometimes incur the ridicule of another.

> "There is no deformity so vile, so base,
> That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace,"[1]

wrote Moore; and I used to feel, when I was at Harrow, that, if reconciliation to the grotesque costume imposed upon the boys there were ever possible, then nobody could be safe in general life, as well as in school-life, against the possibility of reconciling himself by familiarity to any social abuse or absurdity, however extravagant it might be.

It is at Lord's, of course, during the cricket match, that the rivalry of Eton and Harrow becomes intense. There the light blue and the dark blue colours confront one another. Harrow is perhaps more fortunate than Eton, as the cornflower is then a seasonable emblem of Harrovian feeling.

The subject of the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's has been often rather hotly debated. Critics have written me a good many letters, complaining of its supposed pernicious influence upon the boys. Some have wished the match to be played at Eton or Harrow alternately, as the Eton and Winchester match has been played for a great many years;

[1] "The Sceptic," 13, 14.

others have wished it to be given up. No doubt the authorities of the two schools never intended or desired that the cricket match between them should assume its present almost national importance. In the old days, when Eton, Harrow and Winchester all played each other at Lord's, and played in the holidays, there was not the same concentration of public interest as there is now upon the Eton and Harrow match. The match now ranks as a social function with the race meeting at Ascot or the regatta at Henley. Many of the spectators—if, indeed, they merit the name of spectators—are more intent upon the dresses or the luncheons at Lord's than upon the cricket. Fashionable ladies, who are wholly ignorant of cricket, would feel they were traitors to duty, if they did not sit for some hours at Lord's during the Eton and Harrow match, even though they saw nothing of it, and knew little about it. I have heard a lady, when somebody, in the stand where she was sitting, said, "Leg hit," ask excitedly whose leg had been hit. But of the harm done to the boys by the match I have seen little evidence. Eton and Harrow boys are not unused to social festivities; they are not unfamiliar with the spectacle of their fathers drinking champagne or smoking cigars in the holidays; and in the years when I was responsible for the behaviour of the Harrow boys at Lord's, as elsewhere, it was never proved to me that any one of them, or of their Etonian antagonists, had seriously misbehaved himself during the match, unless, indeed, the temporary display of excited feeling outside the Pavilion, when the match is over, deserves to be treated as misbehaviour; and even that was never serious, and of late years has been less serious than it used to be. It was my opinion that the match at Lord's was rather a wholesome discipline of qualities which

have often proved valuable to the British race. The two Elevens were generally kept hard at work up to the time of leaving their schools for the match at Lord's on Friday morning, and after the match they came back quietly to their work on Monday morning. The perfect coolness with which they represented their schools in the presence of a great company seemed to me admirable. They made no fuss; they were free from ostentation; they played their parts in a self-sacrificing spirit; and they accepted either victory or defeat in an honourable temper. Discipline, co-operation and unselfishness are lessons as freely learnt upon the cricket-field as in the classroom. How often have I seen boys going in to bat without a murmur in a bad light at the close of a long summer day's play, or playing a losing game with almost heroic determination! The boy who thinks little of himself, and much of his Eleven or his school, has not spent his Public School life in vain. It used to be told how, in the days when the ring around the field at Lord's was less scrupulously kept than it is now, a Harrow boy's nose began to bleed when he was fielding; his mother, seeing his plight, ran out from the ring to comfort or relieve him; but the captain of the Eleven bade her retire with the solemn words, "Madam, a Harrow boy must be prepared to shed his last drop of blood for his school."

The cricket match, so long as it is played at Lord's, seems to do little harm, or none at all. It might, I am afraid, be a source of trouble to the schools, if it were played at Eton and Harrow; for it would almost necessarily be still a public event; and the descent of a great mixed crowd, not perhaps without some undesirable elements, upon the schools might well create difficulties, not only during the two days of the match, but for some time afterwards.

It may be true that cricket and athletic sports generally are apt to assume an excessive importance in the eyes of boys at Public Schools; but the evil, so far as it exists there. is, I think, due, not so much to the tone of the schools, as to the general tone of society and of the world in Great Britain. It is not the time spent upon games, but the time spent in reading, talking and thinking about them, that is the danger of modern life. The gambling spirit, which is the curse of horse-racing and football, has happily not yet infected games as played in the Public Schools. But there is no doubt that the captain of the Boats or the captain of the Eleven at Eton, or the captain of the Eleven at Harrow, is not only at certain critical hours, but in the summer half or term, and perhaps for a longer time, a popular hero. If this hero-worship prevails in the Public Schools, it is not confined to them. I remember that once, during a match at Lord's, I was sitting in the Grand Stand with a gentleman and his daughter, who were strangers to me, at my side. He was insisting, with some unnecessary emphasis as I thought, upon all that he had done to give her a rich experience of society in the London season; at last he said in a tone which everyone close to him must hear, "Now, Dora, tell me, is there anything that you would like to do and have not done yet?" and after a moment's thought she replied, "Yes, Papa, there is one thing." "What is that?" he said; and she answered, "I should like to walk round the cricket ground with the captain of the Harrow Eleven." It chanced that Harrow was winning the match just at that time; and I could not help reflecting—I hope not egotistically—upon the paradox of her desire to be seen in company, not with the headmaster of the school at which that boy was receiving his education, but with a boy whom the head-

master could have flogged at the beginning of the next week.

Hero-worship indeed there must be in a Public School as in life generally; and in itself such worship is not debasing but ennobling; but it is not always directed to the right objects. Intellectual prowess is more honourable than physical "Alexander at the head of the world," says Horace Walpole, "never tasted the true pleasure that boys of his own age have enjoyed at the head of a school."[1] It were much to be wished that boys should worship intellect more than strength and character more than intellect. Yet the cricket- or football-field at Harrow, as at Eton and at other schools, is the scene of many memories which boys in their after-lives can never forget; and most of these memories are happy, some are even sacred. The late Mr. Edward Bowen, in his admirable school song, "Forty Years On," speaks of the

> "Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
> Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
> Strife without anger, and art without malice,"

which would excite such tender and touching thoughts in the minds of the players "forty years on." At Eton and Harrow alike the day when a boy gets his colours is memorable to him all through his life. The giving of the colours in the Cricket Pavilion at Harrow to the boys who are made members of the Eleven at the close of the last match before the match at Lord's is a ceremony scarcely less interesting to the masters or parents who have seen it many times than to the boys who cluster round the gate of the Pavilion to see it for the first time. Nor has there ever been a more pathetic story of school-life than how a Harrow boy named Cottrell was killed by the sudden blow of a

[1] Letters. Vol. i. 7. To George Montagu, May 6, 1736.

cricket-ball on the Sixth Form ground only a few days before the match at Lord's, and how the captain of the Harrow Eleven sent his bereaved mother the cap which would have been worn by him at Lord's, and it was buried with him in his grave.

It is the clear duty of every master in a Public School to set his face against the worship of athletic games. Not by exhortation alone, but by example and influence, he must encourage his pupils to "approve the things that are more excellent." More and more, as the ages pass, it is not by strength or prowess in the field, but by industry, learning, science, culture and moral elevation, that a people is made worthy of its high destiny. Yet masters of wide experience are only too well aware, although theorists often forget, that boys, if they are not playing games, may be doing worse things as well as better. They will not necessarily be reading Shakespeare or the Bible, if they are not looking on at cricket and football. It is difficult, indeed, to justify the taste of the small Etonian who, when I asked him, many years ago, what he read or liked reading, told me with a quaint simplicity that he read *Bell's Life in London* and *The Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*. The latter he read, no doubt, although he did not tell me, because it reprinted, and I think was at that time engaged in reprinting, narratives of the most famous prize-fights. An Englishman must indeed be more or less than a philosopher if he does not feel a lurking admiration for Tom Sayers. But games at Public Schools are occasions of many interesting and fascinating experiences; they are bonds of intimacy among men who will be scattered far and wide in after-life; they are lessons in some of the qualities which have given the British race its supremacy in administrative work among strange races in far-off regions, even to the ends of the wide world.

But the rivalry of Eton and Harrow extends far beyond Lord's Cricket-ground. They have come to occupy a special, if not unique, position in the eyes of the world. They are the highest peaks in the chain of English Public Schools. They stand among all English-speaking people, and to some extent among foreign nations too, as the typical representatives of English Public School life.

The educational difference between Public Schools is, I think, often exaggerated. No doubt it is true that poor boys, who feel they must make their own way in the world, are readier to work and to learn than the *jeunesse dorée* of Eton and Harrow. But it is probable that the teaching given in one great Public School is pretty much as good as it is in any other. So much is made of the difference between school and school; yet the more serious difference lies often, I think, not between school and school, but between house and house. I would rather send a boy to a good house in the school which I thought to be, not the best, but the second or even the third, than to a bad house in the school of my choice. Nor is it possible that any worse fortune should befall a boy during his school-life than if his boarding-house passes from an efficient and sympathetic house-master into the hands of one who does not understand, and who cannot govern, the members of his house.

CHAPTER V

ETON v. HARROW—(*continued*)

IF there is a prerogative belonging to the most famous Public Schools, and especially to Eton and Harrow, it lies not so much in the superiority of the teaching which is given, as in the friendships and associations which are formed, in them. An Etonian or a Harrovian possesses in all parts of the Empire and beyond it a sort of Masonic brotherhood with men who are occupying the loftiest positions, and discharging the most honourable functions, in the life of the Empire. The mottoes "Floreat Etona" and "Stet Fortuna Domus" touch the chords of loyal allegiance all over the world. It is not improbable that the supremacy which has belonged to Eton and Harrow in public life will, in future years, be more freely shared by them than it has been of old time, not only with Winchester and Rugby, which have claimed a distinction second only (if indeed it was always second) to theirs, but with a great variety of schools, and among them of day-schools as well as of boarding-schools. The age of democracy has dawned upon school-life as elsewhere. But at the present time, as in the past, a few great Public Schools, and Eton and Harrow more than any others, stand pre-eminent in the number of their sons whose names are inscribed upon the national scroll of honour in English history.

It is worth while to ask how Eton and Harrow

came to be conspicuous rivals; or in other words, how a plebeian foundation such as Harrow ever entered into rivalry upon equal, or approximately equal, terms with aristocratic and royal Eton. The fact of this rivalry is traceable to various circumstances; but above all, if I do not misjudge it, to political history. Whether among the Public Schools of England one school is politically more Conservative or more Liberal than others, is a question not always easy to answer. There is reason to think that Harrow and Rugby are the Public Schools which have in the past most strongly inclined to political Liberalism, Harrow being rather a Whig, and Rugby a Radical, school. But these two schools have been Liberal only in a comparative sense; for the predominance of feeling among boys at Harrow and Rugby, as elsewhere, has of late been invariably Conservative.

At first sight it may seem a little surprising that young, ardent spirits, such as Public School boys, with their self-confidence, their impetuosity, their innovating activity, their natural habit of ignoring or minimising the difficulties in the way of attaining a goal upon which their hearts are set, should not generally enlist themselves in the party of movement or progress. Perhaps the traditional sentiments of birth and class have overcome other feelings; and English boys of good birth are Conservative to-day, as their forefathers, who were also men of good birth, were once Cavaliers. It happened that the political sympathy of the boys at Harrow was once the cause of much amusement to the audience, and of some anxiety to myself, in the Speech Room. The late Professor Tyndall, who was one of the Governors of the School, was delivering a lecture on colours. He showed a number of various colours; he described their character and relation; he classified them scientifically; but the boys listened to him with quiet, respectful

indifference. At last he produced one particular colour, and at once there burst from all parts of the Speech Room a roar of applause which lasted two or three minutes. It seems to me now, as I write, that I can see the Professor standing upon the platform, with the colour which was the cause of so much enthusiasm in his hand, halting and hesitating, and looking now around him and now at myself with a bewildered expression, as though he felt he had committed some *faux pas*, but could not imagine what it was or how he could make amends for it. The fact was that the colour in his hand was the local Conservative colour, all the more exciting to the boys because a political contest was pending at the date of his lecture. When the Conservative colour had at last been put away, Professor Tyndall was able to continue and conclude his lecture; but I could not help feeling afraid that he might unconsciously produce the Liberal colour as well, and I scarcely dared think what the consequence would be if he did produce it.

Anyhow, Harrow has, upon the whole, been historically a Whig school. Its golden age, in regard, at least, to social dignity, was the first quarter of the nineteenth century, during the headmasterships of Dr. Joseph Drury and Dr. George Butler. It was then, as Mr. Collins points out in his history of the Public Schools, that the Bill Book at Harrow contained as many aristocratic names as the School List at Eton. But that was the time when society was sharply divided between Whigs and Tories. There are persons still living (and I am one of them) who can recollect that their grandfathers, whether they were Whigs or Tories, would scarcely have dreamed of choosing a doctor or a solicitor whose political sentiments did not coincide with their own. Party feeling is strong enough to-day; but in such matters

as lie altogether outside politics it does not follow the same sharply defined line of cleavage as it did then. Eton was naturally predestined to be the school of the Tories. But the Whigs would not send their sons to a school which was a hotbed of Toryism. It was necessary, therefore, that they should choose some other school; and their choice fell upon Harrow. They chose Harrow, probably because of its proximity to London. For in days before the era of railways even peers and Members of Parliament travelled but seldom from their residences in the country to the metropolis. They came up to London for the Parliamentary session; they stayed in London so long as, or nearly so long as, the session lasted; and, while they were there, they liked the opportunity of driving or riding from time to time to see their sons at school. Eton on one side of London, Harrow on the other, were both agreeable places, and both easily accessible. So Harrow became the school of the Whigs. Lord Palmerston is said to have been the last Harrovian who habitually rode even on Speech Day from London to Harrow and back again; but I have known the late Lord Spencer ride to and from Harrow. Thus the traditions, the associations, the vital memories and interests of Harrow derive their colour from Whiggism.

Harrow cannot compete with Eton in the number of its illustrious statesmen. Yet it did produce, almost in a single generation, five Prime Ministers, Mr. Perceval, Lord Goderich, Sir Robert Peel, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston; and of these the best known, if they were not all through life professedly Whigs, were yet representatives and interpreters of the Whig policy. The decadence of the Whigs as a political party has affected the social dignity of Harrow. I used to say, when I was headmaster, that Mr. Gladstone's

first Home Rule Bill was indirectly a damaging blow aimed at Harrow, as it set almost the whole aristocracy on one side in politics. Some few parents among the peers still choose Public Schools for their sons more or less on political grounds; but the close association of Harrow with the Whig Party, if it is an inspiring memory, is little more than a memory now, except so far as it still colours in some indefinable respects the general spirit of the school.

Harrow owed its first and finest springtide of prosperity in the early part of the nineteenth century to the Whig Party in politics. It enjoyed a sort of second springtide, about the middle of the century, through the prevalence of the Evangelical Party in the Church. Dr. Vaughan, who succeeded Dr. Wordsworth as head-master in 1845, deserves to be called the second founder, or, if Dr. Thackeray was, as Harrovians generally hold, the second, the third founder of Harrow. It is popularly believed that Dr. Wordsworth was suspected of Puseyism by the Evangelicals in his time, and not least by the Evangelical vicar of Harrow, the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, the author of "The Velvet Cushion." Dr. Vaughan, on the other hand, was widely trusted as the exponent of a broad, Evangelical theology. He had been one of Dr. Arnold's favourite pupils at Rugby; and the Evangelicals, although they could not acquit Dr. Arnold of something perilously akin to Latitudinarianism, yet admired him as the protagonist in the battle against Dr. Pusey and the Puseyite school of theology. Evangelical laymen of high distinction, like Lord John Russell and the Earl of Shaftesbury, sent their sons to Harrow partly, if not wholly, for the religious teaching which was given there. Harrow has never lost its Evangelical tradition. It has gained an unspeakable strength from the succession of boys who were representatives of the best-known

Evangelical families. The Hoares, the Barclays, the Buxtons, the Kennaways, the Ryders, the Wigrams, and many others were all familiar names at Harrow during my headmastership. But it is possible that Evangelicalism to-day is less definitely pronounced, or less broadly divided from other types of churchmanship, than it was half a century or less ago; or at all events, that it less powerfully influences parents in the choice of a school for their sons.

The Harrow of to-day, then, has, not through any fault of its own, but owing to circumstances lying beyond the control of anyone who worked for it or cared for it, lost something of the characteristics which made it great, and in virtue of its greatness attracted boys to it. It is possible that even the proximity of London, which was once a charm in parents' eyes, has, since the advent of railways, or in the present age of motor-cars, become a drawback. At all events, the stream of Whiggism has by the course of political history been somewhat dried up. Evangelicalism, if it is as much an inspiring power as ever it was, is perhaps less of a dividing power. More and more Harrow has come to depend for its prosperity as a Public School upon the affection of its sons, as they themselves have boys to send to school, and upon the energy of its masters. In other words, the Harrow of to-day owes less to nature or history than the Harrow of the past, but more to itself.

If, then, the distinction of Harrow as compared with Eton has in the past been, so to say, accidental, rather than intrinsic and inevitable, Harrow has not unnaturally been exposed to much greater fluctuations in the number of the boys receiving education there at a particular time than Eton. The history of Eton has been an almost unbroken advance. My old headmaster, Dr. Hornby, used often to say in my hearing that every headmaster of

Eton had governed more boys than any one of his predecessors. But other great schools, Winchester and Rugby as well as Harrow, have experienced lean times. They have "known how to suffer" as well as "how to abound." But I am not sure that any school has passed through such strange vicissitudes of fortune as Harrow. The most recent numerical decline of Harrow began, although it was not strongly marked, in Dr. Longley's headmastership, and it lasted until the end of Dr. Wordsworth's. Dr. Vaughan himself told me that, when he became headmaster, the boys in the school were only 68, and more than half of these were home-boarders. It might almost be said that grass grew in the streets of Harrow at that time. If my memory does not fail me, the Admission Book seems to show that in Dr. Wordsworth's last term at Harrow one new boy alone entered the school; he was my old friend and colleague at Harrow, Mr. H. E. Hutton; and his name was inscribed in the Admission Book, not by the headmaster at the time when he came to the school, but long afterwards by himself. At Harrow the headmaster is, at Eton he is not, also the master of a boarding-house. The headmaster's house at Harrow was burnt down during Dr. Wordsworth's headmastership. Curiously enough, the incendiary was Mr. Colenso, afterwards Bishop of Natal, who was then acting as tutor in the headmaster's house, and who, if tradition at Harrow tells the truth, was engaged upon some scientific experiment in heating when he set the house on fire. But the house, being burnt down, was not rebuilt in Dr. Wordsworth's time, perhaps because there were no boys to occupy it.

Yet Dr. Wordsworth was not only one of the most learned, he was one of the saintliest of headmasters. Harrovians, who were members of his Sixth Form, have often described to me the intellectual and literary

pleasure of his lessons. Some of them, such as the late Mr. W. Nicholson, cherished his memory with an undying affection, which prompted them to give the school at any time generous sums of money, if only it could be spent in such a way as to commemorate his name. Neither in scholarship nor in athletics did the Harrow of Dr. Wordsworth prove inferior to its repute, before or after his day. He himself, at the Tercentenary Festival of the school, referred in touching language to the *pauci Dis geniti* who had been his pupils. Harrow won the match at Lord's more than once, I think, in the seven years of Dr. Wordsworth's headmastership; and there is a favourite tory at Harrow that, when the school was almost at its lowest ebb, the well-known Harrow master, Mr. Henry, or, as he was familiarly called, Harry Drury, chanced, soon after a Harrovian victory at Lord's, to pay a visit to Eton; one of the Eton masters asked him a little sarcastically how many boys were then at Harrow, and he replied, "I do not know exactly; but I think there are *eleven*." The numerical decline of the school was rapid and lamentable. Had not Sir Robert Peel nominated Dr. Wordsworth for a Canonry at Westminster, the school would pretty well have come to an end. Mr. Shilleto, the great Greek scholar at Cambridge, was persuaded to accept a mastership at Harrow, for which he was singularly unfitted, just at the time when the school was shrinking into insignificance; he was a good deal chafed in his mind, not only by his pecuniary losses, but by the long sermons which Dr. Wordsworth habitually preached in the School Chapel; and in my undergraduate days, if he was induced to speak of Harrow at all, he would remark with bitter emphasis that "Dr. Wordsworth used to preach for an hour on the blessing of unity, when Harrow was being reduced to one boy."

It is a difficult, and, for one who was himself a headmaster, a delicate, task to estimate the qualities necessary to success in the administration of a great Public School. The headmasters who, in the nineteenth century, achieved the highest public reputation, whether it was equally deserved by them all or not, such as Dr. Arnold and Dr. Temple at Rugby, Dr. Vaughan at Harrow, Mr. Thring at Uppingham, Dr. Farrar at Marlborough, Dr. Percival at Clifton and afterwards at Rugby, were men of singularly various characters and capacities. It is personality which is the secret of influence; but who can say what is the secret of personality? It is nearly as mysterious as life itself. Among the comparatively recent headmasters of Eton, how picturesque is the contrast between Dr. Keate, Dr. Hawtrey, Dr. Goodford, Dr. Hornby, and Dr. Warre! But the contrast between Dr. Wordsworth and Dr. Vaughan at Harrow was, I think, even more surprising, if not astonishing. For Dr. Wordsworth had been in the full sense a brilliant Public School boy, not less distinguished in athletic games than in classical studies. His numerous books, and above all, his Commentary upon the whole Bible, are abiding witnesses to his learning and industry. Mr. Gladstone was fond of citing his prescience in determining the site of the ancient Dodona, which has been confirmed since his time by archæological exploration, as a remarkable instance of well-applied scholarship. But Dr. Wordsworth was, as a boy, a member of the Winchester College cricket Eleven, and he played in the Eleven against Harrow at Lord's. It is a curious circumstance that, when Christopher Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, played cricket for Winchester, Henry Edward Manning, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, played for Harrow. The score of the match shows that the future Bishop of Lincoln caught

out the future Cardinal; and I have been told that, if the Bishop in his Episcopal Palace was reminded of this incident in his school-life, he would sometimes emphatically reply, "Yes, and I will catch him out again." Even in old age Bishop Wordsworth was a singularly graceful skater. But it seemed that he did not understand boys, or the art of managing boys, in a Public School. A story is told of him that during his headmastership of Harrow two boys were reported to him as having been found at the bar of a public-house, and that he set them, as a punishment, the task of translating the 119th Psalm into Greek iambic verses. The story so told is traditionally embellished by the legend—for the word "legend" does not necessarily mean an untrue story—that two Greek versions of the Psalm were duly sent in to the headmaster, both being the compositions of the same boy, who was himself one of the two criminals, the Hon. Percy Smythe, afterwards Viscount Strangford.

Dr. Vaughan, on the other hand, was not only no athlete himself, but, unlike most Public School Boys, he hated athletics. It has sometimes been said that he was never a boy at all. The text of his last sermon before the University of Cambridge was, I believe, the Psalmist's words, "I have been young and now am old"; and a well-known Cambridge man, who had been one of his pupils at Harrow, as he came out of the church after the sermon, said to his companion, "Vaughan never was young, and I am sure he is now not old." The late Dean of Westminster, Dr. Bradley, who had been a contemporary of Vaughan and Stanley at Rugby School, used to tell me that Dean Stanley played games, but played them execrably; Dr. Vaughan never tried to play them at all. Yet Dr. Vaughan possessed a clearness and calmness of judgment, a quiet self-confidence, a will of iron beneath the softest of soft manners, which, as

soon as he became headmaster, at once commanded the obedience of the school. Few headmasters, indeed, perhaps few clergymen, have been so generally trusted as Dr. Vaughan ; few have rendered such unostentatious, but invaluable, service to the Church. He was not, perhaps, a man of profound learning, or even of wide intellectual interest. In all his published sermons there is scarcely a reference to any work of literature, except to the closing scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" in the beautiful sermon on the text: "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." Nor in his expositions of various books in the New Testament, such as St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Revelation of St. John, is there any evidence that it had seemed to him worth while to acquaint himself with the writings of theologians who had covered the same ground before him. But he knew human nature; his instinct in dealing with men and boys was almost infallible; the roughest or fiercest temperament seemed to quail before the strength of his will, the severity of his temper, and the cold, forcible, incisive language of his voice or of his pen. Dr. Vaughan, when he came to Harrow, enjoyed the rare opportunity of rebuilding an ancient school, it may almost be said from its foundation ; he was succeeded in the headmastership by the distinguished pupil who most faithfully reflected his spirit; and the Harrow of to-day is, in its essential features and characteristics, still his Harrow.

The rivalry of Eton and Harrow, generous as it is, and often sympathetic, is, I think, a benefit to both schools. Harrow, perhaps, may be said to gain more from it than Eton. But if it is a privilege of Harrow to look up to Eton, yet to Etonians it is hardly less a gain that there should be one school upon which Eton does not and cannot look down. In the University of Cam-

bridge, Trinity College has of late suffered some loss, as being left too much without a formidable competitor. Similarly, Eton would suffer loss, if it were to loom so large in the educational world as to outweigh, not any one school, or even two or three schools, but all the schools. Eton is so truly the spoilt child of fortune among Public Schools; it is so richly favoured above all other schools by its history, its character, its natural beauty, its historical dignity, and the stately and splendid roll of its illustrious sons, that it can afford to recognise with a fine magnanimity the merits of a school whose special honour it is to be the not unworthy rival of Eton itself.

Harrow, then, may, I think, claim one advantage over Eton, in that it is numerically smaller. There are now more than 1,000 boys at Eton; at Harrow, there have never, unless at brief and rare intervals of exceptional pressure, been more than 600. During my headmastership, it was only with difficulty that the Governors were induced to allow as many as 600. They thought—and I cannot say they were wrong in thinking—that a Public School ought to be, like Aristotle's State, *εὐσύνοπτος*, or, in other words, that it should not be too large for the personal direct supervision of one man, the headmaster.

The natural limit of a Public School would seem to be such a number of boys as can know the headmaster, and in turn can be known, however slightly, by him. As far as mere administration goes, it would be possible, and not indeed difficult, to organise a school of 2,000 or 3,000, or even 5,000 boys. So large a number of boys would necessarily demand a great increase in the number of masters, in the extent of classrooms and playing-fields, and in the general arrangements for the orderly conduct of life. But the possibility of adminis-

tering a huge school, like a huge army, is not, I think, open to dispute. The real difference is that, when once a school exceeds a certain numerical limit, the relation of the headmaster to the school as a whole is changed: it ceases to be personal; it becomes or tends to become merely official. At Eton, as it was in my time, the school never met as a whole; for even when the headmaster summoned the boys to Upper School, if he wished or needed to address them as a body, they did not all feel bound to go there, nor would there have been room enough for them all, if they had gone. It does, I think, meet now in the School Hall, which was built in Dr. Warre's headmastership; and the headmaster does there come face to face at certain times, if not habitually and regularly, with all the boys. But at Harrow, the headmaster used to meet all the boys in Chapel or in Speech Room at least five times every week. They all knew him well by sight, and he got to know something about them, if only the look or the manner or possibly the name of nearly every boy. A headmaster never stands in quite the true relation to a boy, unless and until he can address him by name. It is thus that most headmasters of recent date have realised the advantage of taking, at least once in every term, all the forms of the school, as that is the best way of learning the boys' names. But when a school approaches 1,000 boys, the office of teaching them all, however slightly, becomes an arduous, if not an impossible, task. Nor is it only in the Chapel or the classroom, but in the playing-field, or in the schoolyard, or even in the street, that a headmaster may learn the names, and a good deal that is more valuable than the names, of his pupils.

It is this contact, indirect though it may seem to be, with the school as a whole, which gives the headmaster his personal hold upon the boys. They do not regard

him, or they ought not to regard him, as a being who stands altogether outside the range of their own interests and sympathies. He explains himself to them; he makes them feel, or he tries to make them feel, that the highest good of the school should be as near to their hearts as to his own; and their response to his appeal is his most valuable asset in the daily administration of the school. For boys are not unfair judges of matters or of masters so far as their knowledge extends; but their knowledge, of masters at least, does not extend far. It seldom happens that they can understand or appreciate the motive of a master's, and still more of a headmaster's, action. But there is something far better than terrorism as an element in the relation of a headmaster to his school. For as sympathy is vital to success, not only in general life, but perhaps especially in school-life, whatever can be done to destroy, or even to lower, the barrier between masters and boys is well worth doing.

The true temper of a schoolmaster, if it were expressed by a single phrase, in regard to his pupils, might, I think, be called a temper of sympathetic severity. The severity comes first; it is the groundwork of all discipline; but the sympathy must follow. For, where severity exists without sympathy, the master may more or less succeed, if only by inspiring awe, as a form-master; but he is almost sure to fail in the more delicate relation of a house-master to the boys in his boarding-house. It is not unlikely to happen, and has, in fact, frequently happened, that the boys in a Public School have entertained no feeling but a distant awe towards their headmaster. Such awe, strengthened as it was by habitual flogging—for Dr. Keate at Eton flogged not only all day, but on one occasion all night—has often been transmuted into a strong personal loyalty which reflects

much more honour upon the boys than upon their masters, as when Dr. South, the well-known preacher and divine, expressed upon his death-bed the desire to be buried, as in fact he is buried, in Westminster Abbey at the feet of his headmaster, Dr. Busby, who, in the nearly fifty-eight years of his headmastership, had probably chastised more boys than any human being before him or after him, and who, if the story be true, had welcomed South himself as a little boy to Westminster School with the ominous words, "I see brains in that ugly little boy, and my rod shall bring them out."

But whatever may have been the case of earlier and sterner days, it is my belief that a headmaster cannot exercise his full influence upon a school, unless he is brought regularly and frequently into the presence of all his boys. Then it is that his relation to them becomes, in a sense, such as is dissoluble only by death. I used to say half seriously that it was like the relation of husband and wife, if only in this respect, that boys do not mind criticising their headmaster pretty freely themselves; but they strongly resent criticism, if it is passed upon him by anybody else. This relation assumes, perhaps, its character of highest value and interest when the days of school-life are long past; for a schoolmaster, and in an especial sense a headmaster, never more intimately realises the charm which lies in the associations of a Public School than when his old pupils turn to him for encouragement or congratulation or sympathy or support in the lights and shadows of after-life.

But it is not only the headmaster who finds an opportunity, such as could not otherwise have been his, in the numerical limit set to the size of a Public School. There have been, and are, assistant masters of great personal influence in many schools; and they have

often made a deep impression upon the members of their houses or of their pupil-rooms, or upon a certain class of boys whom they attracted to themselves for the study of literature or history or politics or some other subject. But no such master can deeply impress a school as a whole, unless the number of boys in the school is limited. When I look back upon the days of my own school-life at Eton, it is difficult to think of any master, even of Dr. Warre (or Mr. Warre as he then was) himself, as directly affecting the whole school. It has not been so, or has not been equally so, at Harrow. Harrovians who were at the school in the latter half of the nineteenth century, will recall the names of two masters, at least, whose personal character was felt as a singularly elevating influence throughout the school. If I refer to them especially, rather than to other masters whose influence, although not so exclusively spiritual as theirs, was in its own way perhaps not less widely felt, I may be allowed to plead that, as holiness or sanctity is the supreme attainment of which human nature is capable, so the influence of a consecrated life upon a society is the most ennobling and inspiring of all treasures. The life-story of the Rev. John Smith has lately been made known to the world by the affectionate regard of two Harrovians.[1] Difference of opinion there might be, and was, as to some of his methods; but there can be no doubt that among the masters and boys of his time he was felt to move with the ineffable grace of personal sanctity. He had left Harrow before I went there; I saw him once, and once only, and then in the asylum which was his home in the last years of his pathetic Christian life; but nobody who knew Harrow then can fail to know what a blessing his mastership had been to many young souls; and it was told

[1] Dr. G. H. Rendall and Mr. E. D. Rendall.

me that in his loneliness as an old man, and in circumstances too sorrowful to be related here, when all the boys who had been under him at Harrow had long since passed away from the school, he would still get the School List, or, as it is called at Harrow, the Bill Book, and, as he lay awake in the watches of the night, would pray for every Harrow boy by name; for, although they were all then strangers to him, yet every one was dear to his heart, because they belonged, as he had belonged for so many years, to Harrow. It was so that he could be called, without conscious irreverence, the Christ of Harrow. The secret of his life is told in an inscription written by a master-hand upon the memorial tablet in the northern aisle of the School Chapel. Nearly at the time of his death it was my privilege to bring to Harrow one who stood to me for eleven years in the most intimate of scholastic relations, as he was the housemaster of my boarding-house, the Rev. Frederick Charles Searle; and to his memory all Harrovians will feel that I pay the high[illegible] [illegible]ibute in my power, yet none, I think, will feel that i[illegible] high, when I say that the mantle of John Smith had visibly fallen upon him. If, indeed, Harrow has been richer than other schools in the possession of such saintly characters among its masters, great as was the privilege, so great too is the moral and spiritual responsibility of the boys who lived in their presence, and caught or might have caught the spirit of their examples.

It is not, perhaps, easy to fix by an absolute law the best number of boys in a Public School. Upon the whole, I think it should not exceed 500, as that number of boys, but probably not more, can all know the headmaster and be known by him, and can generally know something about each other. For unity is a valuable feature in the life of a

Public School, and unity implies mutual knowledge. Etonians who have been at Eton together can scarcely feel surprise if they do not recognise each other in after-life as having been school-fellows at the same time; but to men, who have been at smaller schools together, it would seem strange that they should not recall each other's names or possess some intimate memories in common. Still, the magnitude of Eton is an element in its sovereign dignity, and the motto, "Floreat Etona," is not only more frequently used, but perhaps more deeply appealing, than the legend of any other Public School.

It is the Chapel of a Public School, more than any other place, which may be said not only to accentuate, but to consecrate, the feeling of unity. For the Chapel is the heart of a Public School. English education, whether in the Public Schools or in the ancient Universities, has always rested upon a religious basis; and if it were to lose the religious character, it would lose its especially distinctive element. I think I have noticed in some young Public School masters a tendency to look upon their educational office as relative to the bodies and the minds, but not to the souls, or not in equal measure to the souls, of their pupils. Such a conception of a teacher's duty does not, I think, raise, but lowers the educational ideal. Assuredly it would destroy, or impair, a powerful motive for good in the lives of Public School boys.

It is not, indeed, desirable that the educational profession should be subordinated to the Church. So long as the Church remains in a state of impotence or of reluctance to modify her formularies and her services in conformity with the trend of modern thought upon sacred issues, it is practically certain that many of the ablest men, who may wish to become schoolmasters, will not take Holy Orders. The result, then, of debarring

lay schoolmasters from the offices of highest rank and value in the Public Schools can only be to impoverish the scholastic profession. Public opinion has not yet paid honour enough to the many laymen of high academical distinction and great educational experience, who, for conscience' sake, even if their consciences were at times a little over-scrupulous, have been willing to spend their lives as assistant masters, when many a headmastership would have been open to them, if only they had been in Holy Orders. It is fair, however, to recognise the difficulty in which the governing bodies of Public Schools have sometimes found themselves. They were bound to make some provision, in boarding-schools especially, for the religious side of school-life. It was not in their power to appoint clergymen as assistant masters. To appoint a chaplain charged with the duty of conducting Divine Service in the School Chapel would have been to reverse the foremost of Dr. Arnold's educational reforms at Rugby. Nothing, indeed, would tend so much to depreciate religion in boys' eyes as to sever religious teachings and ministrations from the headmaster's office. In these circumstances governing bodies have generally appointed clergymen to headmasterships, and have entrusted them with the full responsibility for the ministry of their School Chapels.

But the laymen who have in recent years become headmasters of the great Public Schools have been, for the most part, men of a deeply religious character. They have sought the privilege of preaching sermons in the School Chapel, and it has been freely accorded them. It is not improbable that a religious layman may exercise an even stronger spiritual influence upon his pupils than a clergyman. At all events, nothing has been done, nor has any lay headmaster, as far as I am aware, wished that anything should be done, to lessen the

religious influences and associations of Public School life. It is to the School Chapel that the memories of Public School men revert with solemn feelings. Sir Henry Newbolt's lines upon Clifton College Chapel show how much the Chapel may and must mean to them. Dean Stanley, preaching in the Chapel of Marlborough College, said, with the memory of Rugby Chapel deep in his heart: "Believe me, believe one who tells you from his own recollection, that if there be any time or place in which he may seem to have met the angels of God in his pilgrimage through life, it is in the midst of a congregation, and in the walls of a Chapel, such as this."

If I may trust my own reminiscences, there is perhaps no sanctuary in which it is possible to look with the same deep feeling upon the congregation as a School Chapel. Nowhere are the preacher and his audience bound together by so many close ties; nowhere are their interests so nearly the same; nowhere is their life so truly one, as in the Chapel of a Public School. Not a few touching incidents in connection with the School Chapel at Harrow come home to me now. How often have I seen boys, who were leaving the school, trying hard, but without success, to stay their tears at the singing of the final verse of that hymn, with which the last Sunday service of every school term was brought to its close:

> "Let Thy Father hand be shielding
> All who here shall meet no more;
> May their seed-time past be yielding
> Year by year a richer store;
> Those returning
> Make more faithful than before."

One of my pupils wrote to me from India telling me, many years ago, that he had lost his faith in Christianity, but not his faith in Harrow School Chapel.

Another, who had fallen, not through any misdeed of his own, into sore personal trouble, told me how, in the hour of his keenest anguish, he felt that the only thing which would give him comfort was to go down to Harrow on a Sunday evening, and during the service to sit unobserved and unknown at the back of the Chapel where he had worshipped in old days, and so to regain something of the hope and strength which he had known as a boy among the boys worshipping there. But no incident of my headmastership touched me more profoundly than when I received a letter from a professor in a German University, who said he wished me to know that among the inmates of his house was an old Harrovian, whose invariable rule it was, Sunday by Sunday, as the hour of Evensong at Harrow came round, to shut himself in his room and to read there the Evening Service and one of the sermons which had been preached during his boyhood in the School Chapel. The professor added that, although he did not call himself a Christian, yet he had come to see, in the light of that youth's example, what a spell the Church of Jesus Christ could still exercise upon a young and ardent soul.

It is difficult to compare two great Public Schools in such a matter as the influence of the School Chapel, especially when between the ending of my boyhood at Eton, and the ending of my headmastership at Harrow, a full quarter of a century intervenes. The pulpit of the School Chapel at Eton is far more effectively used to-day than it was during my school-life. But I have sometimes thought that the Chapel is even now not quite so potent a force in the life of the school as it might be. There is no doubt that the pulpit of the Chapel at Harrow won its influence at a much earlier date than that at Eton. When I was a boy at Eton, the

sermons were almost invariably preached by the Provost or the Fellows; they were seldom audible, at least in the part of the Chapel where I sat as a Colleger; and so much of them as could be heard was apparently not well suited to the nature of boyhood. There could, in fact, be hardly any system devised which would go so far to minimise the influence of the pulpit upon the life of a school, as that the masters, and, for the most part, even the headmaster, should be debarred from preaching to the boys, and the only preachers should be a number of elderly clergymen, whose boyhood did in fact lie far away, and seemed to lie even further away, from the interests and experiences of their young audience. Dr. Hornby used to mention, as a supreme example of incongruity, a sermon preached in the Chapel, during his own boyhood, by one of the Fellows, whose first sentence ran as follows: "My brethren, the subject of our discourse this morning will be the matrimonial state." Times have changed; the clerical Fellows of Eton have passed away; and the pulpit of the Chapel is now, I think, generally filled by the headmaster or one of the masters, or by some distinguished preacher who is invited from outside to speak to the school.

There are, I am afraid, few bishops and parochial clergymen who preach well to boys, unless they have themselves been schoolmasters. It is difficult to express how much I have suffered, as a headmaster, from unsuitable sermons and unsuitable addresses at Confirmations. The best preacher in a School Chapel is, or ought to be, a master, and, above all, the headmaster. Yet although the sermons preached at Eton to-day are certainly not worse, and are not improbably better, than the sermons at Harrow, boys do not form a habit in a single generation; and Eton boys are still not such good listeners to sermons as Harrow boys

are or used to be. I have sometimes said that Eton boys in the Chapel begin by being inattentive to the sermon, and it is necessary to gain their attention; but the Harrow boys begin by being attentive, and, if the preacher loses their attention, the fault is probably his own. The reason of this difference is partly, I think, that the boys in the School Chapel at Eton sit facing northwards and southwards, so as to see one another, half of them turning their backs upon the pulpit; but it is also that the weekly sermon has for more than fifty or sixty years past entered more deeply at Harrow than at Eton into the life of the school. Headmasters like Dr. Vaughan and Dr. Butler created what may not be unfairly called a tradition of preaching at Harrow; the boys looked forward from week to week to the headmaster's sermon; and although I cannot say that I have known many instances of direct moral or spiritual good resulting from a sermon—for spiritual effects are difficult to trace—they may exist without being discerned by common eyes; and I feel sure that most or many boys at Harrow, even if they were not specially religious, would have been sorry to miss the counsel authoritatively given there, week after week, from the pulpit of the School Chapel.

To the headmaster himself, as I have already intimated, the opportunity of impressing his thoughts and wishes upon the school from the pulpit of the Chapel is an unspeakable privilege. One rather curious illustration of the effect produced by a sermon, although the preacher was not one of the masters, but a stranger, I have never forgotten. During my headmastership a well-known Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, preaching in the School Chapel, made, I do not know for what particular reason, a strong protest against the Liquor Trade. On the Monday morning after his sermon I was sitting in my

study, when I heard a timid rapping at the door. I said "Come in." A little boy presented himself, and I asked him what he wanted. He hesitated for some moments, as if he were afraid or unwilling to speak. At last he said, "Please, sir, may I ask you something?" "Certainly," I replied, "what is it?" "Do you think, sir," he said, "that I ought to be a brewer?" He belonged by descent to a great brewing family. It is not, perhaps, necessary or desirable to say how I answered his question; but I remember that, when I told the story to Mr. Gladstone, he replied with solemn gravity, "I am very glad the question was not put to me." Great and potent (as this instance shows) is the opportunity of addressing a congregation of boys in a Public School; and I wish I could think that the many sermons which I was permitted to preach in the Chapel at Harrow had done more for the moral and spiritual good of the boys who worshipped there.

The Chapels at Eton and at Harrow are so different as to forbid comparison. Harrow School Chapel is a modern building — it was the work of Sir Gilbert Scott — beautiful indeed, but with nothing of the stately magnificence which the royal founder of Eton College gave to the Chapel of his foundation. The Chapel at Eton is only less dignified than it would have been had King Henry VI. lived to finish it. It is practically a Cathedral, and its services, not unnaturally, have assumed the mode and type of Cathedral services. The boys who worship there can take but little part in the services beyond the singing of the hymns, where they sometimes make amends for their exclusion from the general music; but they are conscious of worshipping in a strongly devotional atmosphere, which cannot but solemnise and consecrate their young lives. At Harrow the Chapel inspires a homelier

feeling; and as the dignity of an artistic musical service is impossible, perhaps the most striking feature of Divine Worship there is the congregational singing in unison.

It has been my fortune to officiate, at one time or another, in the Chapels of most Public Schools, but nowhere, I think, are the services more moving than at Harrow, as I knew them. The comparative rarity of services in the Chapel at Harrow may itself have helped to induce the reverent demeanour of the boys. For there is, I think, a tendency to overdo services in Public Schools. I am convinced that Public School masters are wise, if they err at all, in imposing too little, rather than too much, of public worship upon their pupils. Surely their object should be to create, not a distaste for religious worship when school-life is finished, but rather a prejudice in favour of religion and all that religion means to the life of man. When I was asked, as I often was, to multiply services in the School Chapel at Harrow, it used to occur to me that many of the boys came from homes in which the habit of daily domestic prayer, or of churchgoing on Sunday, was, at the best, only irregular and intermittent, and that if a boy, coming from such a home, were compelled to attend a great number of services during his school-life, he might easily, after leaving school, turn away from the practice of religious worship. A good many years ago, when I was travelling upon the Canadian Pacific Railway, a youth who was an entire stranger to me entered the car in which I was sitting; we fell into conversation; he told me that he had been educated at a well-known English Public School; and I have never forgotten the angry emphasis with which he said to me that he had been forced to go to Chapel fifteen times a week during all the six years of his school-life, and that, when he left school, he had vowed not to enter, and he never had entered, a church

for the next six years. My own hope, when I was at Harrow, nay my deep and fervent desire, was that the boys, or at least not a few of the boys, who had been educated there in my time, should, as they looked back upon their school-life through the vista of years, feel some of the most pleasing and inspiring hours of their days at Harrow to have been spent in the School Chapel.

A School Chapel is in a peculiar degree the sanctuary of school-life, not only as being the scene of solemn services and of impressive appeals, but as being the shrine wherein the names of those members of the school, who have done it honour by their lives, and still more by their deaths, are inscribed upon the walls.

It is possible that neither at Eton nor at Harrow is there any one general inscription so perfect in thought and phrase as that which, in the Ante-Chapel of Winchester College, commemorates the names of the thirteen Wykehamists who died "in their harness" during the Crimean War. "Think upon them, thou who art passing by to-day, child of the same family, bought by the same Lord: keep thy foot when thou goest into the House of God; there watch thine armour, and make thyself ready by prayer to fight and die, the faithful soldier and servant of Christ and of thy country." But at Eton the Ante-Chapel, and at Harrow the Chapel itself, bear touching witness to the services and the sacrifices of old Etonians and Harrovians for their country's sake. A pathetic, yet admiring, regret must needs attach to the ever-extending line of memorial tablets. In the Chapel of Harrow School especially, not a few of those tablets bear phrases or texts chosen with singular felicity by one who was a master in the rare art of composing epitaphs. Not seldom it happens that they who were once the teachers of the dead, whose names are recorded there, can draw lessons

of signal value from their own memory of past days. Once I was standing in the chapel of a great Public School with a master who had long served it; my eye fell upon a tablet erected in memory of two young officers who had fallen in performing a deed of exceptional gallantry; I asked him if he had known them as boys; he told me he had known them well, and he added: "I have been a schoolmaster for five-and-thirty years, and I have often thought, and, as I look upon the names of those two boys, I reflect once again, that as a rule the boys who have performed the most courageous deeds in war have not been the athletes of the school, but rather quiet, retiring boys who attracted little notice when they were here, and would never have been thought capable of doing anything great." The retrospect of my own headmasterships would tend to confirm his experience. But whatever may be the true significance of the memorials which, from year to year and from decade to decade, multiply upon the walls of a School Chapel, it is all but impossible that a boy who sits beside them or beneath them Sunday after Sunday, and who hears many a reference made to them or to some of them from the pulpit, should not silently ask himself if he too may not in after-life make some contribution to the name and fame of his own school.

Next, but only next, to the School Chapel, as linking the generations of Harrovians in an imperishable community of thought and feeling, may be set the school songs, which are the peculiar treasures of Harrow. To them the well-known saying of Fletcher of Saltoun,[1] or the saying which he attributes to "a very wise man," about the ballads of a nation and its laws is, I have often thought, pre-eminently applicable; for among the Public

[1] "An Account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Governments for the Common Good of Mankind." Political Works, p. 372.

Schools of England, Harrow claims, by general consent, a pre-eminence, if in no other respect, yet in the number and beauty of its school songs. Eton, indeed, possesses one song nearly perfect alike in language and in music, the well-known "Boating Song." Some few other schools too have produced inspiriting songs. But it has been the singular good fortune of Harrow that three of its masters in recent time—Mr. Bowen, Mr. Robertson and Mr. Howson—were all alike endowed with a peculiar faculty for expressing the feelings and interests of school-life in poetical language; and two of its musicians—Mr. John Farmer and Dr. Eaton Faning—understood the secret of clothing the words of a school song with such music as could scarcely fail to touch the heart and to haunt the memory of the most unmusical boy. The names of Edward Bowen and John Farmer are united in the eyes of all Harrovians by as intimate a tie as the names of Beaumont and Fletcher in English, or Erckmann and Chatrian in French, literature. It was, I think, Mr. Westcott, afterwards Bishop of Durham, who, during his mastership at Harrow, wrote the first school song, the Latin "Io Triumphe": and Mr. Farmer was fond of relating with humorous pleasure how he had been induced by the malice of one of the masters to suggest to Mr. Westcott that his school song was disfigured by a false quantity. But even Mr. Westcott was soon surpassed, as a writer of school songs, by the great triumvirate of poets at Harrow. It is not an easy or a welcome task to compare the songs of three such writers, when all that they wrote is so excellent. But it seems to me that nothing in the poetry of school-life is more touching than Mr. Howson's "Five Hundred Faces," or more stirring than his "Here, Sir." He who has gone to Harrow as a complete stranger, like myself, and has left it, like

myself, a devoted friend, may well have felt not less profoundly than a boy the truth of the

> "Five hundred faces, and all so strange!"

and of

> "The day that he came so strange and shy,"

or of

> "The time (that) may come, though you scarce know why,
> When your eyes will fill
> At the thought of the Hill,
> And the wild regret of the last good-bye."

Nor can he ever forget how the simple response, "Here, Sir," of the boys in the school-yard at Bill has been turned to a lesson of undying value in such lines as:

> "Oh, if ever
> Duty's voice is ringing clear,
> Bidding men to brave endeavour,
> We will answer, 'We are here,'"

by a spiritual insight second only to the genius of Thackeray in his application of the same, or a similar, incident of Public School life in the passage which relates the death of Colonel Newcome. Familiar as the passage is, I think I shall be forgiven for quoting it here: "At the usual evening hour, the Chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hand outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum,' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called, and lo! he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master."

Mr. Bowen occupies perhaps a supreme position

among the poets of school-life. There may be other poets—although there can be but few—who have written school songs equal or scarcely inferior to his; but nobody has touched so many points of school-life with anything like his felicity. He was not, indeed, only a writer of school songs; he was a poet who had dedicated his poetical gift to the service of a great Public School. I know his songs so well; I have listened to them so often, not only at Harrow, but in many parts of the world, where they were valued and loved, even though, as it seemed to me, their meaning could scarcely be understood, as in India for example, that any criticism of them would be felt by me, and by Harrovians generally, to be almost a sacrilege. His songs, numerous and beautiful as they are, may, I think, be divided into three classes. There are the purely poetical songs, such as "Fairies," or "Good Night," or the poem actually entitled "Songs" in which he idealises, as it were, the meaning and the lesson of all that he and Mr. Farmer had composed together for the elevation of school-life. But these are not specially, or are only slightly, related to Harrow. Then there is the class of songs which are peculiarly Harrovian, as their flashes of humour illuminate the history of Harrow or its special usages and manners: songs like "Willow the King," "Underneath the Briny Sea," "Queen Elizabeth sat one day," and "Grandpapa's Grandpapa." It is sometimes the humour and sometimes the subtlety which preponderates in these songs; perhaps the humour in the earlier, and the subtlety in the later, songs. For Mr. Bowen's mind was strangely constituted; it found pleasure in the intricacies of thought and action; and I hope I do him no injustice when I say that in some of his songs, especially those which he wrote in the later days of his mastership, as e.g. "St. Joles" or "The Niner," the subtlety gained upon

him at the expense of the poetry. But the climax of his poetry was, I think, attained in those historical songs which have shed an unfailing lustre about some cherished memory of the past of Harrow. Songs like "When Raleigh rose to fight the Foes," or "Byron lay," or above all, "Forty Years on," will never be surpassed in the poetical literature of Public School life. "Forty Years on" is the National Anthem of Harrow; but it has won a place in the hearts of men and boys all the world over. Many a time, when it has been sung at Harrow on Speech Day, have I seen grey-headed old Harrovians, as they rose in their places, according to the custom of the school, to sing it in unison with their latest successors, moved to tears by its exquisite tribute to the memory of the days which were so long ago, and are no more, and will never return. Yet Mr. Bowen, beyond and above his many school songs, could write solemn poetry which the world of Harrow at least will never let die. His memorial verses on the two great friends of Harrow cricket, Mr. Grimston and Lord Bessborough, his elegy on the death of Captain Lockwood, who perished in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, with those wonderful lines,

> "He trod of old the Hill we tread,
> He played the games we play;
> The part of him that is not dead
> Belongs to us to-day";

above all, the religious poem which he called "Shemuel," show how deeply and fervently spiritual were the thoughts which lay behind the play of fancy coruscating in so many of his school songs. It was my privilege to work as a colleague for more than thirteen years with Mr. Bowen. I did not always agree with him; I saw, or I thought I saw, some defects in his administration

of his house or his form or the Modern Side over which he presided from its birth. But when all that he was or that he did as master at Harrow is summed up, his genius, his originality, his wit, his manifold sympathy, the high sense of duty which made him, even when his brother, Lord Bowen, lay dying, come back regularly from London to call the Cricket-Bill, and to occupy his familiar place in the Chapel, his shrinking from publicity, his absolute loyalty and his noble generosity to the school which he loved, it seems to me doubtful whether any one master in all the history of Public Schools can be said to have served any school more devotedly than he served Harrow. Harrow has not, I think, been altogether fortunate in the books which have been lately written about it. Even Mr. Vachell's stories, "The Hill" and "The Brothers," beautiful as they are in many parts, do not in my judgment accurately reflect the prevailing spirit and language of boys at the school. If anyone, who is a stranger to Harrow, would fain learn what is the essential character of that famous school, it is not to the stories of Harrow, but to the school songs, that I would refer him. There he will learn the charm, the interest, the elevation of the school; there, too, as he catches the spirit of that poetical literature which in its rich diversity is Harrow's, and Harrow's alone, he will learn what the school owes to Mr. Bowen.

It is a curious, and possibly fortuitous, circumstance that Harrow among Public Schools has attained a special distinction in literature. Eton and Winchester, as they have been drawing to themselves, through their collegiate foundations, during four or five centuries, the young talent of the country, might not unnaturally have been expected to be more prolific of literary distinction than other schools; but no school can show

such names as Sheridan's and Byron's, which are Harrow's —not even Eton, for they are greater names than Gray's or even Shelley's. In recent years, too, Harrow masters, such as Westcott, Farrar and Bosworth Smith, have surpassed the masters of all other schools in the value and the variety of their writings. It may not be fanciful to discern in the traditions of Harrow the secret of the literary promise, and, indeed, the literary success, attained by so many young Harrovians of successive generations, and not least, I hope I may say without vaunting, of the generations educated there during my headmastership. For a headmaster is generally allowed to take credit, whether he deserves it or not, for the performances of his pupils in after-life. It can scarcely be owing to him that a boy becomes a poet or an artist or a discoverer in science; yet the interest which he feels in his pupils' lives leads the world, no less than himself, to assume that all the seed of future distinction is sown at school.

Eton and Harrow are not only rival schools; they are, in a sense, complementary each to the other. To know them both is to feel that, if Harrow has much to learn from Eton, yet Eton in turn has something to learn from Harrow. Eton is too great to dispute or belittle the merits of Harrow or any other Public School. But a loyal Etonian, while he looks with no unfriendly eye upon other schools, will yet silently, if not overtly, confess that they do not, and cannot, vie with Eton. He will feel that whatever Harrow has been or is, another school, with equal purpose perhaps, and with equal fortune, might become; but that no other school can ever become what Eton is. If there is a privilege in the associations of aristocracy, and even of royalty, it belongs, he will think, pre-eminently to Eton. He will feel that for every distinguished son

whom another school has given to the nation and the Empire, Eton has given three or four, and not improbably a much larger number. Nowhere is the charm, the variety, or the spontaneity of Public School life so conspicuous as it is at Eton. In no other school, or in Winchester alone, is there an intellectual society comparable with College at Eton. Whether the fulfilment of early promise is, or is not, greater among Etonians than among Harrovians in after-life, there are more of the interests of culture at Eton than at Harrow, and they are more freely sustained by the boys themselves. Sir H. C. Maxwell-Lyte devotes several pages in the last edition of his well-known "History of Eton College" to an enumeration of the literary undertakings, such as magazines, which were started by the boys at Eton in the second half of the nineteenth century; and these were only the successors of a series of magazines, among which *The Etonian* has attained the greatest celebrity, during the early years of the century and before it. Life, it may be said, is more various, more attractive, at Eton than at Harrow, partly owing to the delights of the Thames, and partly to the proximity of the glories of Windsor; and the natural association of Etonians with the great events in the national history, stir, in the minds of Eton boys, hopes, ambitions and aspirations which are less easily and less frequently conceived elsewhere. It is possible, then, and indeed not improbable, that some Harrovians may wish they had been educated at Eton; it is less probable that any Etonian in after-life should wish he had been educated at Harrow.

It has been no thought of mine in this chapter to emphasise the natural or historical differences between the two schools. I have known and loved them both. For both it is well that they should be rivals; for both

it is still better that they should be friends. May that rivalry continue; may that friendship ever increase!

Through the vista of long years, memories happy and sacred, yet sometimes tinged with sadness, flow in upon the soul. There are the old, precious friendships of boyhood; for there are no friends upon earth like those who have grown from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, side by side. Yet the thought of friendship recalls some lives, bright and beautiful at school, but stricken too early, as men judge, by suffering or death; lives whose "sun is gone down while it was yet day."

The headmaster at Harrow stands, it may be, in a closer relation to his boys than at Eton; and the relation bears fruit in many strange ways. Whether any headmaster of Eton has enjoyed an experience like my own, I cannot tell; but I have found that some boys of whom I saw most, and for whom I may have thought I had done most, in their school-lives, have been, or have seemed to be, strangely oblivious of the past; others, again, whom I scarcely knew when they were boys, have been my true and loyal friends all through their lives. In many far parts of the world, in India, in Burma, in Australia, in South Africa, in South America, I have come upon evidences of the tender and grateful feeling which the associations of a Public School inspire. I remember a boy, whose school-life had been so strangely chequered that I should have thought he could have cherished no feeling towards me but dislike or ill-will, coming to meet me in the harbour of Cape Town, although I was not then aware that he was living in South Africa at all; clinging to me as a guide during my stay there; and when I went out of Cape Town, after taking leave of him, appearing once more upon the platform of the station at which the train

first drew up, to bid me a final farewell. I remember a little Harrow boy, whom I could scarcely have known by sight or by name, writing to me, when I was in Calcutta, to tell me, among other local news, as he thought I should like to hear how he was going on, that he had "got a new white waistcoat for Speech-Day."

But the thought most present to a headmaster's memory, as he reflects upon old years, is, after all, that he made too little use of the opportunities and responsibilities which once were his. He wishes he could begin his headmastership over again; for, then, he thinks it would be infinitely more successful than it was.

The privilege of incorporation in two such schools as Eton and Harrow, the most famous, I suppose, of all English Public Schools, is such as never ceases or wanes, but is more and more consciously realised while life lasts. It can never fail; but at all times, and in all parts of the British Empire, it is a title to the best and happiest intimacies. It is a recompense for such disappointments and misfortunes as must, from time to time, fall like shadows upon all human lives. Every member of a great Public School, and above all, perhaps an Etonian or Harrovian, is inspired by the abiding consciousness of membership in an ancient community of the great and wise and good. That the two schools side by side, yet with widely different characters and traditions, may still, century after century, send out their sons duly qualified, in the language of the Bidding Prayer, "to serve God both in Church and State," must be the desire of all Englishmen who are loyal at heart to both of them or to either, and not least of him who has enjoyed the unique good fortune of having been first the head boy of one school, and afterwards the headmaster of the other.

CHAPTER VI

EDUCATION

SO much of my life has been spent in educational work that it would be difficult for me, if not impossible, to write anything like an autobiography without some special reference to education. Not, indeed, that I am anxious or able to construct an educational treatise. But in education the divorce between theory and practice has in England been a serious evil. Some of the best-known writers upon education have never, or seldom, taught a class, or, if they have tried to teach it, have failed for lack of disciplinary or other power. But practical schoolmasters or schoolmistresses have seldom, until lately, shown much respect for educational theory in itself.

My own experience in education has perhaps been more various than such as falls to most people. It has been my fortune to be connected more or less closely with four great Public Schools, and these schools of very different types, two of them being almost exclusively boarding-schools, the third almost exclusively a day-school, and the fourth a school both of boarders and of day-boys or home-boarders, not, indeed, in equal, but in fairly equal, numbers; to hold office also as lecturer and tutor in a distinguished college at one of the ancient Universities; and, since I came to Manchester, to be Deputy Chairman of the Education Committee, which is not, I think, second to any committee of the whole

country in its systematic and comprehensive method of dealing with the educational needs of the children in the Elementary Schools throughout a great community. I spent some months, too, at one time of my life in a well-known German boarding-school, the St. Afra School at Meissen in Saxony; I was a student in the University of Leipsic; and I have tried to gain some local knowledge of educational problems not only in France and Germany, but in the United States of America. Perhaps I may add that I presided over the Educational Section of the British Association at Portsmouth in the year 1911.

The relation of educational science to politics suggests what is the true object that all teachers in colleges and schools should set before themselves. The goal of education is citizenship. It is for the creation of good citizens that colleges and schools exist. So far as they achieve this object, they deserve to be regarded as successes; so far as it is not attained by them or through them, they must be accounted failures. Knowledge, discipline, habit and character, which are the natural products of education, must be treated not only as valuable in themselves, but still more, as valuable in relation to the State. No nobler expression of the educational ideal has ever been given than in Milton's stately words, "I call a compleat and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and publick, of Peace and War."[1] Citizenship, then, or, in other words, the training of good citizens, both men and women, is the Alpha and Omega of educational science. Citizenship directs and decides the aims of all true teachers—not politics, but citizenship, or politics only in the lofty sense of Burke's great principle,

[1] Of Education. To Master Samuel Hartlib.

"To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots, and not to forget we are gentlemen." [1]

But when citizenship is once recognised as the determining factor in education, there are some necessary consequences which flow from it.

First among these is, as all great educators have held, the supremacy of character. If a special interest or importance has, in the eyes of a good many foreign observers, attached, in the past as in the present, to English education, it is because the Universities and Public Schools of England have, upon the whole, produced an honourable type of character. Canning may have set too high a value upon English education when he declared, "with the prejudices perhaps of Eton and Oxford," that England would not be what she is without her system of public education, and that no other country could become what England is without such a system. But it is not the method of imparting knowledge, it is the method of forming character, in England, which has seemed to foreigners peculiarly worthy of imitation.

When I was travelling in Japan, I was requested, through the kind offices of a Japanese friend, to call upon the Minister of Education in Tokio. He invited me to deliver a lecture upon English education before the students of the University. I told him I would gladly respond to his invitation; but I added, "I think I ought, perhaps, to say that the English Universities and Public Schools have probably been more successful in the cultivation of the character than of the intellect among their students." I remember how he looked me in the face, as he quietly replied, "Perhaps, then, you will kindly lecture upon character; I think we

[1] "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontent," p. 90 (Payne's Edition).

can take care of the intellect." So I chose as the subject of my lecture "The Training of an English Gentleman."[1]

It is not altogether easy to decide what are the elements of character that have given to the British race its special influence and distinction in the world. If I were to base a judgment upon my experience of Public School life, I should say that the quality which boys most highly value in their masters is justice, and the quality which they most highly value in boys themselves is courage. Boys will do much and bear much, however painful it may be, rather than incur the reproach of cowardice. If only moral courage were honoured as highly as physical courage in the Public Schools, it would be a more general attribute of Englishmen than it is. But it is not so much courage as justice which has given Great Britain a superiority over most other nations. Boys do not resent harshness, or even rudeness, in a master, so long as they feel that he is just. The well-known description of Archbishop Temple, when he was headmaster of Rugby School, as "a beast, but a just beast," was intended, and no doubt it was accepted, as a compliment. The one unpardonable offence, as boys regard it, in a Public Schoolmaster, is favouritism. If a master be just, they will respect him, even though they may not like him. The union of courage and justice in British administrators has made a profound impression upon the native races under their control. Instances of personal courage, not only in military but in civil life, crowd upon the memory; there is no need to recount them—they are too many; and the courage which is taken for granted all over the Empire, characteristic as it is of Englishmen, is not confined to them; it has been an attribute

[1] The lecture was afterwards published in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, September, 1906.

of martial races all over the world and at all periods of human history. But no people have been so widely and amply trusted as the British. There are, even beyond the limits of the British Empire, countries in which the phrase "to speak English" is equivalent to speaking the truth. In South America, for example, the *palabra inglés* is a synonym of good faith. So too the honesty of an Englishman is generally acknowledged, not only in commercial or social life all the world over, but in administration. It is not too much to say that the respect for British justice in India is a stronger support of the Government than the 70,000 or more British troops who are normally quartered there.

There can scarcely be a doubt that education in all schools, and perhaps in English Public Schools especially, tends to foster the noble virtues of truth and justice. Boys and girls are not naturally untruthful. If they tell a lie, they generally tell it in self-defence; but when the first lie has been told, they will often tell a number of other lies to support or excuse it. It is, therefore, wrong to place any boy or girl in such a position that a lie is the obvious, or easy, way out of a difficulty. I used to tell young schoolmasters that, if they had seen a boy do what was wrong, or knew for certain that he had done it, they must not ask him whether he had done it or not; or, again, that they must not take him at a disadvantage by asking him suddenly if he had done a thing which was wrong, without giving him time to reflect before answering. Above all, a boy must never suffer for his own word; he must know that, if he confesses an action which cannot be proved against him, neither he nor any one of his schoolfellows will be punished for it. Dr. Arnold is said, in Dean Stanley's well-known biography, to have gained a wonderful influence upon his pupils by believing them.

Truth begets truth: it is an invigorating and ennobling grace in human lives, and most of all in young lives. A boy's word, if it is deliberately given, should always, I think, be accepted by a master. Wherever confidence is reposed, it may indeed be occasionally abused; but it is better that a master should be deceived than that he should be suspicious or incredulous; and the public opinion of a school will sufficiently punish a boy who is known to have escaped other punishment, when it was deserved, by telling a lie.

Truth and justice are concomitants; but it has sometimes seemed to me strange that boys should so strongly resent injustice, or even the appearance of injustice, being done to them. I used to tell them that injustice was extremely rare, and that, if ever they were unjustly punished, it would be well to consider how often they had justly deserved punishment and had escaped it. Yet the love of truth and the love of justice—strong factors in nobility of character—are both encouraged by the English educational system in all its grades.

Discipline produces a marked effect upon human character. It is curious to notice how a boy or girl becomes, after a short time, almost a new being, when he or she passes from the more or less casual life of home into a society where every member is expected to be punctual, docile and self-sacrificing. It was well said in Greek philosophy that obedience and command (τὸ ἄρχεσθαι καὶ ἄρχειν) were the essential elements of a citizen's life, and that command could not be learnt, except as the sequel to obedience. It is the duty of every teacher to demand the unquestioning obedience of his pupils. He must, at least in a Public School, stamp upon their minds the conviction that he will be master at all costs; but when once perfect discipline is so attained, he may give them almost any liberty.

If the end of education is citizenship, it follows that boys and girls, so long as their early years are made happy, begin life well. They enter upon civic duties with a favourable impression of life's possibilities and opportunities. For many generations it seemed that teachers and parents alike felt a moral obligation of darkening and saddening the years of childhood. No mistake could well be graver or more less pardonable. To mar the beginning of life is, or may be, to mar life itself. Sydney Smith, who, because he was a wit, has scarcely enjoyed all the credit due to his wisdom, said once, "If you make children happy now, you will make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it."

If, then, there is one change upon which it is possible to look with unalloyed pleasure in the education of the young, it is that, as life has become more humane, schools and homes are no longer scenes of cruelty. Corporal punishment was at a quite recent date regularly inflicted, not only by schoolmasters, and in less degree by schoolmistresses, upon boys and girls, but by parents upon little children. The late Mr. Thomas Mozley noticed, as a striking social change, that the sound of wailing, which was in men's ears as they passed in front of many houses when he was a boy, had ceased to be heard in his old age. But schoolboys from Horace to Augustine, from Augustine to Luther, from Luther to the victims of Busby and Keate, were always treated as natural objects of cruelty. It was the severity of the flogging at Eton, which led to the "running awaie of divers scholers from the schole for fear of beating," that was the occasion of Ascham's "Scholemaster." "The scholer," he says at the beginning of the "Scholemaster," "is commonlie beat for the making, when the master were more worthie to be beat for the mending, or rather, for the marring

of the same." Thomas Tusser, the author of "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," who went to Eton about 1540, was the pupil of Dr. Udall, "the best schoolmaster and the greatest beater of our day." He tells the story of his school-life in the moving lines :

> "From Paul's I went to Eaton sent,
> To learn streightwaies the Latin phrase,
> Where fifty-three stripes given to me
> At once I had ;
> For fault but small, or none at all ;
> It came to pass thus beat I was ;
> See, Udall, see, the mercie of thee
> To me, poor lad."

Inhumanity, whether it be of masters to boys or of boys one to the other, produces a lasting ill-effect upon young minds and spirits. It is a happy circumstance, then, that bullying tends to die out in Public Schools. I am far from denying that cruelty exists in Public Schools, or that, even when it does not take the form of physical violence, it is not painfully and bitterly felt by sensitive souls ; but it is less frequent and less formidable than it was, and if it were so grave as to ruin or injure a boy's life, the sentiment of the school would, I think, be declared against it. Probably one reason why it is not so much practised as once it was is that boys no longer enter the Public Schools at so tender an age as in the eighteenth century, when a boy went to Winchester at the age of six years, and a boy, if report is true, to Eton at the age of four years and a half.

Whatever may be said or thought as to the existence of bullying in Public Schools, there can be no doubt that fighting among the boys has died out, as duelling has among men, and that it has died out for the same reason, because it is now condemned by public opinion. Yet the "Milling Ground" at Harrow, although my

predecessor, Dr. Butler, made an attempt, I think, to disguise its purpose by calling it the "Quoit Ground," is a silent witness to the extinct pugilism of the school. Byron says somewhere that at Harrow he "fought his way very fairly"; he thinks he "lost only one battle out of seven." Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay), in her entertaining "Memoirs," tells, under the date Saturday, February 10th, 1787, an amusing story of a conversation between King George III. and Dr. Jacob Bryant, the Provost of Eton College. "You were an Etonian, Mr. Bryant," said the King. "For what were you most famous at school?" "We all expected," says Miss Burney, "from the celebrity of his scholarship, to hear him answer, his Latin exercises. But no such thing! 'Cudgelling, Sir; I was most famous for that.'" She concludes: "While a general laugh followed this speech, he very gravely proceeded to particularise his feats; though, unless you could see the diminutive figure, the weak, thin, feeble little frame whence issued this proclamation of prowess, you can but very inadequately judge the comic effect of his big talk."

One remarkable instance of fighting at Harrow, if only one, I still recall. Among my pupils there was an Egyptian boy of high rank, who was admitted to the school, I think, at the instance of Lord Cromer, as it was judged on political grounds to be important that his education should take place in England rather than in France. One morning this boy appeared in school with two black eyes. I wrote to his house-master, asking him, if possible, to find out who had been fighting the Egyptian boy. After some inquiry, he sent me, as the culprit, the last boy whom I should have suspected of an aggressive pugilism. I said to him, "B——, you have been fighting. Have you any

excuse to give? You know fighting is an offence against school rules. What do you mean by giving that boy two black eyes?" He hesitated a moment, then he raised his eyes and said apologetically, "Please, sir, he said something bad about the British race." The only possible reply which I could make was: "That is enough, my boy; you may go." But that was practically the only fight which came to my official knowledge at Harrow.

As severity diminishes and kindness increases in schools, boys go out into the world not only with stronger and healthier bodies, and with happier memories, but with higher and better sentiments about human nature. Boys who have been habitually flogged and bullied soon or late acquire the vices of oppressed nations. Short-sighted people sometimes point the finger of scorn at the characteristic faults of the Jews, or the Christian subjects of the Turkish Empire, or the natives of India; but in so far as such faults exist, the responsibility for them devolves upon the rulers whose tyranny in the past has produced them. The reign of justice and freedom is no sooner inaugurated than, as people cease to be slaves, they gradually cease to practise the vices of slavery. So it is that boys, if they spend their school-lives, or a great part of them, under tyrannical oppression, necessarily lose something of their natural courage and openness; they resort to deceit as the best or only means of evading cruelty. But a change in the spirit of the school brings a change in the temper and even in the very aspect of the scholars; they become frank, candid and generous, as they no longer fear, or no longer fear in the same degree, the severity of the boys and the masters who tyrannise over them.

Dr. Arnold made a signal advance in the training of character when he invested the boys at the head

of the school—monitors or prefects or præpostors, as they are variously called—with privilege and responsibility. For "office," according to the Greek adage, "reveals the man"; and experience teaches that a boy who has learnt the art of command, not so much in games, although it is valuable there, as in the higher relations of school-life, and who, in the exercise of his command, has sometimes discharged an anxious and arduous duty at a moment's notice, is not likely to fail, if in after-life he suddenly finds himself in a position where some great event turns upon his personal authority.

It is by the rapid acceptance of responsibility in difficult, unforeseen circumstances, as much as by any other quality, that Englishmen have done their great work in the world. The history of the Indian Mutiny is replete with examples of English men and English women, who, in the hour of their spirit's testing, knew not what it was to flinch or fail. Nor is it without a sentiment of admiring surprise that a traveller in India to-day finds two or three Englishmen, sometimes little more than boys, holding sway, and maintaining public order, over a community of many thousands of coloured people. But the lesson of India has been repeated all over the British Empire. If there is in the British race, as I think there is, a special aptitude for "taking up the white man's burden," and for leading the less advanced races of mankind in the ways of peace and progress, it may be ascribed, above other causes, to the spirit of organised games, and to the self-reliance which many a master of the Public Schools has wisely cultivated in his pupils or has allowed and encouraged his pupils to cultivate in themselves.

The training of the young in honour is as valuable as their training in humanity; for the code of honour in schools, and in Public Schools especially, is not less

binding than in the services or in professional life; and few are the boys or girls who dare to act against it. But the code of honour works for good only so far as the actions which it prescribes or forbids are in themselves truly honourable or dishonourable. It is by instructing and elevating public opinion, which is the strongest force in modern society, that teachers of all grades render high service to the State. Much needs to be done, and may well be done in schools, to enlarge and to quicken the sympathetic feelings; for narrow-mindedness, and as its consequence the estrangement of creeds and classes, in a community, often arises as much from ignorance as from bigotry. The Board Schools and Council Schools have, without set purpose, produced a marked effect in making the children who are educated in them kinder to animals. It is probably the hardships of the poor that have evoked the mutual helpfulness which is the most touching feature of their pinched and darkened lives. But the poor often fail to appreciate the rich as much as the rich to appreciate the poor. It is good, then, that the poor should see the rich, whom they are apt to stigmatise collectively as idlers, serving the State with self-sacrificing devotion. The war now raging Europe has already done much to reinstate the British aristocracy in the esteem and admiration of their fellow-countrymen. Not less good is it that the rich should gain some acquaintance with the needs and sufferings of the poor. Perhaps everybody who lives at ease ought to experience hunger at least once in life; he will never afterwards lose his pity for the hungry. The idea of placing the Public Schools, through their missions, in direct contact with the slums of great cities was a happy inspiration of the late Mr. Thring. For whatever tends to bridge the gulf between different social classes strengthens and sweetens society itself.

It may be feared that schoolmasters and schoolmistresses in the present day lay too little stress upon the sublime motive of duty. Yet duty has been in all ages the motto of British manhood. It was the actuating principle of Nelson at Trafalgar, of Wellington at Waterloo. It has been inculcated upon many generations of English men and women through the solemn and austere teaching of the Church Catechism. But the man, who has learnt the lesson of duty for duty's sake, will set small value by the external rewards which duty may bring. The multiplication of prizes, not only intellectual, but athletic, in school-life, has tended to lower the dignity of English character. It naturally engenders a passion for honours, titles and orders in after-life. Testimonials have become so common as to be little more than certificates of inefficiency. Nobody, it seems, can perform a meritorious action but he wishes to see it blazoned in the newspapers. The golden rule of "not letting" the "left hand know what" the "right hand doeth" has largely fallen into desuetude, if not into contempt. But the manhood or the womanhood which is the highest educational product, is independent of external recognition; it is ready and proud to render services without seeking praise for them; it finds a sufficient reward in the sense of having rendered them; it knows that the supreme virtue lies in doing good, and doing it not only without earthly recompense, but in doing it to the unthankful and the evil. *Bene facere et male audire regium est.*[1] It seems to me that schools, whether Secondary or Elementary, might do more than has been done of late to create a spirit of simple allegiance to duty. I have sometimes wondered that biography is not more freely used as a vehicle of teaching; for nothing excites in young minds the thought

[1] "To do good and to be abused for doing it is the part of a king."

of noble aspiration and imitation so much as the record of a noble life. The lives of the saints, if by the "saints" are meant the good and holy men and women of all the Christian ages, are perpetual incentives to virtue. It were well that boys and girls should be encouraged to make, each for himself and herself, a roll of honour, by associating every day of the year with the birth or the death or some conspicuous action of a famous man or woman. I have known a schoolmaster aim at impressing upon the memories of his pupils a battle fought on every day of the year. Far better would it be to connect every day with some golden deed. For it is the mind, which dwells from day to day upon instances of virtue, that instinctively longs to be virtuous.

Plato taught long ago how strong is the influence of art upon the young, and how vitally they are affected by the artistic atmosphere in which they grow up. The influence of human beings is stronger than that of paintings and statues; yet it too seldom happens that the young are sedulously and systematically taught to admire what is admirable in thought and conduct. The silent influences of school-life form habits; and habits become chains which can scarcely be broken. It is by the discipline of habit that the Japanese people have been trained to a wonderful loyalty. When I was in Tokio, I visited a Secondary School; the schoolmaster was good enough to describe his methods of teaching; I asked him what he thought the majority of his pupils, if free choice were given them, would choose to do and to be, and I remember how he pointed to a portrait of the Mikado, saying: "I think eight out of ten among them would choose to die for the Emperor." But if it is the supreme interest of the State that citizens should be schooled to lofty and noble character, there is a

value passing words in setting before the young the highest objects of admiration and imitation.

The teaching profession is in some ways the most responsible upon earth. It is the only profession which is necessarily concerned with all the parts of man's composite nature, his body, his mind and his spirit. It claims as its own the early, formative, impressionable years of life, during which character assumes such a mould as is afterwards seldom altered or alterable. It aspires to the two ends of supreme dignity in life, viz. the diffusion of knowledge, and the encouragement of virtue. In no profession, perhaps, may a man or woman hope to do so much good with so little alloy of evil; in none may he or she do so much harm, not through want of principle, but through failure in some one aspect of scholastic capacity, e.g. in discipline. But character is in general wholly or mainly the product of character. It is not what a schoolmaster or schoolmistress says, or even does, but what he or she is, that vitally affects the young. Pupils may or may not be influenced by the lessons of their teachers; they will certainly be influenced by their examples. The Highest of all teachers could say, "I have given you an example." It is possible that teachers have not always appreciated the importance of acting themselves as they wish boys and girls to act. Many years ago, when I visited in Jerusalem the Convent of the Sisters of Mount Zion, my eye fell upon a notice prescribing complete silence among the girls after eight o'clock in the evening. I said casually to the Sister who was my guide round the Convent, "Do you find it easy to enforce that rule?" She replied, "Yes, it is not difficult, for, you see, we always keep silence ourselves after eight o'clock."

It is hardly possible that boys should regard themselves as criminals or culprits, if they do what they

see their masters doing every day. I used to think boys resented being punished for smoking by a master whose own house reeked perpetually of tobacco. Industry, generosity, good temper, religion, can scarcely be taught as duties by one who is himself or herself idle, mean, sullen or irreligious. No standard of duty can be too high for persons whose office it is to inculcate duty upon others. Whoever rebukes vice must himself recommend virtue. It is for this reason that punishment, when it is inflicted, should, if possible, be such as leaves no sting behind it. The young, if they have done wrong, and are fairly caught in doing it, accept their punishment with fortitude, and often with cheerfulness; but a taunt or a jibe rankles in their minds. A little humour not only keeps a punishment from cutting too deep, but it may render the punishment itself more severe. It is said that a well-known schoolmaster once wrote his initials, A. S., on the title-page of one of his books; a saucy boy in his form, who got hold of the book, added a second S.; but the master discovered the addition, and, knowing who had made it, simply handed the book back to the boy with the words, "I wish you would not write your name in my book." The lesson of so delicate a retort was not lost upon the offender or upon his companions. There should be always a feeling of sympathy behind the punishment; but still more, there should be the feeling that the master who inflicts it is just and upright; that he is free from *amour propre;* that he acts not only in the interest of the boy who is punished, but with some personal pain in punishing. Above all, the love of learning and the love of virtue, the highest attainments in human life, are imparted not so much by direct exhortation, as by the whole tone and manner, conduct and intention of the teacher's life.

CHAPTER VII

EDUCATION (*continued*)

FROM the value of character to citizenship, and therefore to education, arises at once the educational value of religion. Education, or instruction, in itself—for there is no true education without religion—if it diminishes some vices, may create or accentuate others. It may, and often does, foster humanity; but it may, and I am afraid it does, promote dishonesty. The statistics of crime in civilised nations show that, while offences of violence lessen, except in special circumstances, as education advances, offences of fraud and trickery are apt to increase. The evils of secular education have been only too bitterly realised by honest observers in France, in certain colonies of the British Empire, and in India. Among educationists in England, as upon the Continent of Europe, it is generally acknowledged that in any sound educational system some considerable place must be reserved for religious teaching. The school of English Nonconformists, who at the passing of the first Education Act advocated secular education in Elementary Schools, did not dispute the supreme value of religion; but they held that the teaching of religion was an obligation lying upon the Churches, and not upon the State. Experience, however, has told against them. It has brought about a change in public opinion. Most religious men and women, whether within or without the Church, have come to see that

the religious training of the young in Elementary as in other Schools is too vital an interest of the State to be left to agencies which, as they are voluntary, are, and must be, more or less precarious. They admit that the State must somehow make itself responsible for the religious education of its children. This reaction in the popular attitude, even of Nonconformists, towards religious teaching is the more remarkable, as it is educational rather than ecclesiastical. It has not been preceded or followed by a similar reaction in the attitude of liberal citizens, especially of Nonconformists, towards the existence of an established and endowed National Church. But Nonconformists, while strongly advocating a severance between Church and State, have in large measure modified their advocacy of a severance between the State and religious education.

The Church, it is true, anticipated the State in making provision for the religious training of the young. It was natural that the Church, as being charged with the care of souls, should attach a high value to moral and religious education; and the wonder is not that Church Schools came into being, but that they did not come into being at an earlier date. The National Society for the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church was founded in 1811. Great credit is due to the Church, and to other religious bodies within the nation, for all that they did, and all that they spent, not only after but before that date, in behalf of their schools. But none the less the nation, as its history proceeds, necessarily outgrows the Church; and, in consequence, duties which were once discharged, and not inadequately discharged, by the Church are taken over by the State. When the State succeeds to the function of the Church, it may easily forget or ignore the past services of the Church. Cardinal Newman has sarcastically

observed that the philosophers, who have written most bitterly against the Church, have owed to the Church herself their power of writing at all; for it was the Church, and the Church alone, that kept the lamp of learning aglow in the Dark Ages. But the truth is that, when a service becomes national, it exceeds the capability of voluntary institutions; and the State alone can effectively perform it.

Similarly, education so recently as in the first half of the nineteenth century was the affair of the Church or of religious bodies alone; but in the second half of the century the State took it over, not as excluding the Church and other religious bodies from their natural interest in religious education, but as supplementing and amplifying their work by its own. The late Bishop Creighton has said that, when the Church has done a national service, and has done it well for a long time, the State usurps it and claims the credit for it. But, whatever serious point lies in his taunt, it is impossible to censure the State for concerning itself with national interests, when the State is evidently capable of achieving results too high or too large for voluntary effort.

The theory that the religious care of the young could be safely entrusted to such institutions as Sunday Schools and Ragged Schools in connection with the Church or Churches is a well-earned tribute to the influence of these schools upon the national welfare. It would be difficult to estimate what a debt England has owed to Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools, and John Pounds, the founder of Ragged Schools. According to so dispassionate an observer of Sunday Schools as Adam Smith, "no plan" which "promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity"[1] had been called into existence in Christendom

[1] Rae, "Life of Adam Smith," p. 407.

since the apostolic days. But the Sunday School, in an age of universal compulsory education, can never again be what it used to be, when it was the centre not only of religious education, but of all such education as the children of the people received. It may be permitted me to quote the words of a man who was well acquainted with the educational and religious life of the North of England in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign. He says: "Among the quiet but effective labourers for the production of thought have been the Sunday School teachers. Earnest to impart religious and moral instruction, they have been awakening powers of thought which might have lain dormant and useless, or, otherwise directed, have become mischievous and destructive. There, in their upper rooms, Sunday by Sunday, year after year, sacrificing the ease and comfort of their own days of rest, did they, in the discharge of an imperative religious duty, toil on untiredly, in the full faith that the bread thus cast upon the waters would be seen after many days. If there were to be any hero-worship, let it be paid to those patient, unregarded, unrewarded, unknown, often much despised workers in the overcrowded, stifling garret or the dark, underground schoolroom. With the single, undivided purpose of promoting the eternal welfare of their pupils, they were preparing them for the fit discharge of their social and political duties. They were creating *thought* amongst the hitherto unthinking masses."[1]

For a long time, until education was recognised as a national concern, the Sunday School and other such schools held sway in education. If there is now a comparative decline in the attendance of children at these schools, it is a natural, perhaps inevitable, result; for these schools attained their acme of prosperity at

[1] Prentice, "Recollections of Manchester," p. 116.

the time when people were beginning to value education, and education had not yet been provided for them through Elementary Schools in any degree by the State, or in sufficient degree by the Church. Parents willingly sent their children to the Sunday Schools then, not only, perhaps not chiefly, that they might learn religion there; but that they might learn reading and writing, and the elements of human knowledge. It does not follow that they would be equally willing to send them, if the children already spent five days of every week in other schools. The Sunday Schools still play their useful part in the national life; and the loss of them, if it should ever happen, would be a serious blow to the spiritual interests of the nation; but it is scarcely probable that they will regain their old importance, and, if the religious teaching were left to them alone, it would become a less and less important factor in the education of the community as a whole.

It is clear, from the evidence which accumulates on all sides, that, if religion is to exercise a powerful control upon the nation's life, religious teaching must be given to all children, or to all but the few whose parents on strictly conscientious grounds withdraw them from the opportunity of receiving it, and that it must be given under the authority of the State. For the State, and the State alone, can compel schoolmasters and schoolmistresses to give, and the children to receive, religious lessons; and this compulsion the State may justly exercise in its own interest, so long as it does no violence to the conscientious beliefs either of the parents who send children to school or of the teachers who instruct them when they are there. It is unquestionable that parental rights demand respect, and nowhere do they demand it more strongly than in education; but those rights imply no more than that the State must do no

injustice to parents; they do not imply that parents may do an injury to the State. The State, then, should, if possible, ensure the religious teaching of all children, because children who are brought up without religion may prove to be sources of peril and damage to the State itself; and it is just where parents are, or may be, themselves indifferent to religion, as in the criminal or outcast class of society, and where they would be least favourable, or even most hostile, to the religious teaching of their children, that the State incurs the highest obligation of giving the young generation a moral and spiritual chance, which would or might never be theirs, if it were made dependent upon their parents' voluntary action. Fathers and mothers such as these will prefer the poor earnings which their children may gain in the streets, or the children themselves will prefer their games, to religious teaching in schools; but the State surrenders a part of its solemn function, if it does not, as far as possible, guard the children not only against themselves but against their parents.

Religion, then, is and must be an interest of the State. It is, indeed, the supreme interest of the State. For if belief influences action, as it must so far as actions themselves are reasonable, and if creeds soon or late issue in deeds, there is no escape from the conclusion that a person, who believes himself to be finally responsible for his conduct in life to an Omnipotent and Omniscient Judge, possesses a stronger motive to virtue than he who can look for no sanction outside the present visible, material world. To make the reward of a man's actions, as the Positivists necessarily make it, dependent upon the express approval of his fellow-men, is not only to trust in a partial and fallible judgment necessarily ignorant of motives, and not seldom ignorant of facts, but

it is to sacrifice the culture of that highest virtue which does good, and shrinks from being known upon earth to do it. High-minded, conscientious, self-sacrificing atheists and agnostics there have been; nor have any Christians set a nobler example than they; but it is necessary to estimate human nature on a large scale; and a wholly irreligious society has never yet existed in the world. Short-sighted conclusions, hasty generalisations, are prolific sources of error. It is not individuals, but communities, that afford the test of principles. A large scale is the only true standard of moral judgments. An individual Mohammedan or Hindu may be a better man than many an individual Christian; yet a Mohammedan or Hindu society is wholly different from a Christian society; it embodies other and lower principles than such as spring from the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and, in so far as it approximates to the Christian standard, it is often consciously or unconsciously affected by Christianity itself. Similarly, an atheist or an agnostic who lives in a Christian society reflects, however unwillingly, the Christian law of ethics; but if society itself were wholly atheistic or agnostic, it would be morally indifferent or hostile to the Christian law.

From the standpoint of the State, then, any religion, or any religious teaching, is probably better than none at all. The State is concerned in its own interest to provide that the largest possible number of citizens should enjoy the benefit of religious education. But it is clear that the State may discharge this obligation in more ways than one. Where the people of a country are irreconcilably divided in religious belief, as in India, and still more where the rulers of a country profess a religion not accepted by the vast majority of their subjects, as in India again, the utmost that the State can do may be to encourage, by subsidising, the different religious

bodies, upon more or less equal terms, in their educational office and influence. It cannot inculcate one religion, least of all can it inculcate its own; but it may take care that the children, who will grow up to be citizens, shall be religiously educated, and it may, directly or indirectly, help to promote the highest aspects of the religions which it supports.

There are in Europe and in England a good many people who hold that the State should give this, and no more than this, sort of encouragement to religious education in schools. It seems to them that, even in a Christian country, Christians are so widely separated in faith and doctrine as to allow no hope of community in religious teaching. Undenominationalism, as it is called, they declare, almost exultantly, to be a moral monster. But it is possible that, when they call upon the State to recognise, and therefore to accentuate and perpetuate, in all schools the existing lines of cleavage among Christians, they forget what is the true educational object of the State. For the State aims, or it should aim, at educating not good Churchmen, or good Roman Catholics, or good Nonconformists, but good citizens. Whatever may or may not be practicable in a social system which strikes its roots deep down into past history, it is not *a priori* reasonable that the State should spend its money, or the most part of its money, upon any schools, except such as are calculated to educate the best citizens. But if citizenship is the end of education, it is clearly better that the children of all Christians, and, indeed, of all citizens, should, as far as possible, receive their education in the same schools. It is true that Denominational Schools, as they are called, possess some conspicuous merits: they evoke enthusiasm; they satisfy the feelings of those parents who attach great importance to definite religious

teaching; and they are characterised in all the various aspects of school-life by an admirable unity of principle and purpose. But in proportion as schools are narrowed to the limits of a particular Church, or a particular party within the Church, they are apt to lose the true spirit of citizenship.

The Church has done much good educational work. In that work all Christian bodies, or nearly all, may lay claim to an honourable part. No more vigilant, energetic, conscientious, devoted teachers have existed anywhere than among the religious orders, both male and female, of the Roman Catholic Church. But the one peril of entrusting education to religious orders, or to religious bodies generally, is that their primary care is not education, but religion. They are naturally inclined to use education as a means to a theological or an ecclesiastical end. It is almost inevitable that they should care less for sending out pupils trained to make the best and highest use of their intellectual faculties, than pupils attached to some special religious creed or system. It is thus that the atmosphere of a school is sometimes held to be a graver concern than the teaching given in the school; for the teaching, it is felt, may and often does evaporate, but the influence of the atmosphere is lifelong. The atmosphere of a school, then, assumes importance in such degree as individual freedom of inquiry and conclusion is distrusted. For there is a sharp, absolute demarcation between teachers, according as they wish that a pupil should think in after-life as they themselves think, or should think for himself or herself, by making a full use of the intellectual powers which God has bestowed upon him or her. It cannot be doubted that the Church which sets the most store upon controlling the education of the young, is the Church which is most strongly bent

upon giving a certain direction or inclination to youthful minds. But here the interest of the State and of the Church come into conflict. The Church wants or may want to guard the children against external influences; the State wants to make those influences as powerful as possible. For if a child spends all his early life in the sheltered precincts of a Denominational School; if he never comes across any teachers or other children whose religious creed is not the same as his own; if he is taught to look upon aliens from his own Church as heretics and outcasts; if he is sedulously kept from making friendships, or reading books or papers, or even looking at pictures, except such as accord with the religious doctrine which has been from infancy enforced upon him; then, however faithful a member of his own Church he may be, he cannot prove as good a citizen as if he had been trained in a larger, and therefore a more comprehensive or sympathetic, spirit. For it is one of the most valuable elements in education that a person should learn to think well of people with whom he does not agree, to know them and like them; to work with them; and to subordinate private differences to the public good. It is as important to the State that Protestants and Roman Catholics as that Liberals and Conservatives should get to understand and appreciate each other in their early years. For citizenship demands co-operation, and citizens who are ignorant or suspicious one of another find co-operation to be always difficult, and sometimes impossible. President Roosevelt in one of his papers upon "The Strenuous Life" —it is entitled "Fellow-feeling as a Political Factor"— has not unjustly emphasised the value of the sympathy which is the outcome of co-education among the various classes and creeds of the United States. Speaking of Elementary, or, as they are called in the United States,

Public Schools, he says: "This is one reason why the Public School is so admirable an institution. To it, more than to any other among the many causes which in our American life tell for religious toleration, is due the impossibility of persecution of a particular creed. When in their earliest and most impressionable years Protestants, Catholics and Jews go to the same schools, play the same games, and are forced in the rough-and-ready democracy of boy life to take each at his true worth, it is impossible later to make the disciples of one creed persecute those of another. From the evils of religious persecution America is safe." [1] The co-education, then, of children belonging to different branches of the same religion, or even to different religions, is, so far as it is practicable, a benefit to the State; for it encourages a sympathetic habit of mind, a disposition to look not so much at religious divergencies as at common religious principles, and to recognise the underlying good in all religions. In a word, it produces, or promotes, civic unity; and this is what the State necessarily desires. It is the divisive or disruptive power of religion which has been in Christian history the great drawback to the beneficent influence of religion and of Christianity itself.

There are, indeed, and there always will be, many persons of strongly marked convictions; and they will attach perhaps more importance to the education of their children on the strict denominational lines which they themselves approve than in accordance with the general interest of the State. It does not lie within the province of the State to decide that such persons shall not be permitted to educate their children in their own particular creeds; but they cannot justly complain, if the State gives its support, not indeed wholly, but

[1] p. 65.

mainly, to the educational system which produces the best citizens.

The problem of co-ordinating distinctive religious views with a common educational life has been solved, like so many other problems in England, not scientifically, but in a rude, empirical manner. The great Public Boarding Schools, for instance, have been generally associated, if not in theory, yet in practice, with the Church of England. The religious teaching given in them has been Anglican teaching. Probably the reason for this teaching has been that the majority of the boys educated at these schools were members of the Church of England. But the Anglican teaching has been practically modified by two considerations. On the one hand, some of the masters, and perhaps an increasing number, have been men of broad religious opinions; men who were professedly and avowedly Churchmen, but who put their Christianity before their Churchmanship. On the other hand, there has always been in the schools a minority of boys who were Presbyterians and Nonconformists. Some of these boys, but only a few, such as Roman Catholics or Jews, in the school, and, indeed, not all these, have required exemption from the common teaching and worship of the school; but they have not been numerous enough to destroy or impair the uniform religious character of the school as a whole. It would have been impossible to hold a Public School together as a unit in the religious aspect of its corporate life, had the headmasters or masters who were responsible for the teaching of religion, whether within the School Chapel or without it, been disposed to press unduly upon their pupils the particular articles by which the Church of England is separated in belief as in practice from other Christian bodies. A schoolmaster, if he is trusted by the parents of his pupils,

generally enjoys a wide liberty in religious instruction and influence; but he would break up the unity of the school, if he insisted upon Confession or fasting Communion, or treated Nonconformists contemptuously as heretics, or taught, with recurring emphasis, the necessity of Infant Baptism or Episcopal Ordination. It is not too much to say that the religious unity of the Public Schools has been saved by the moderation of the masters, and especially of the headmasters, who have governed them. There may be persons who argue that it has been saved at too great a sacrifice of Anglican doctrines and principles. All that can be said is that it could not have been saved in any other way. If a Public School, in which the religious education of the young could not be left to their parents or their ministers of religion at home, because for three parts of every year they were living as boarders at the school, has been upon the whole a temple of religious peace, it has been so because it has reflected the spirit of men who were conscientiously disposed to avoid what has been so well called "the falsehood of extremes." The history of Public Boarding Schools is, in fact, an abiding witness to the necessity of religion as an element in every true educational system, and yet to the impossibility of teaching religion, under the conditions of Public School life, except upon broad, general lines. It is a curious fact that most Englishmen, being Public School men themselves, have contentedly or resignedly accepted for their own children a system of religious teaching which some of them have severely reprobated for the children of the poor.

Hardly less instructive is the experience afforded by the great Secondary Day Schools, whether of boys or of girls, throughout the country. It would seem *a priori* to be not unnatural that, where children of all creeds

come from their homes to the school every morning, and return to their homes every night, their religious teaching should be left in the hands of their parents. Religion would then be treated as an affair not of the school, but of the home, and it would not endanger the unity of the school. Yet everywhere, or almost everywhere, religious teaching has been given, and a certain amount of religious worship has been observed, in these schools. The traditional feeling of the English people for religious teaching, and even for religious worship, as a necessary element in education, has proved irresistible. The Public Day Schools have stood in a less close relation to the Church of England than the Public Boarding Schools; but they attest not less strongly the same truth, that religion is indispensable to education, not because it is not primarily the affair of the home, but because it is also essentially the affair of the school, and that religion can effect a wider area of the school-life, in such proportion as it is not sectarian, but is broadly and simply Christian.

It is not my wish to minimise the strength or the justice of denominational convictions; but, so far as I can judge, in Secondary no less than in Elementary Schools, the number of parents who do not prefer religious to secular education, or who are not content to let their children receive simple, undenominational, Christian instruction, so long as it can be supplemented at school or at home by more definite teaching, is practically infinitesimal. Boys, indeed, and, I suppose, girls, will occasionally plead conscience as a means of escaping religious instruction, but they would probably plead it, if it were equally available, in order to escape other instruction as well as religious. When I was Master of Dulwich College it was the custom that the boys should attend Divine Service in the College

Chapel on certain great ecclesiastical days, such as Ash Wednesday or Ascension Day. There was no obligation put upon them to attend the services, but I do not suppose there were more than a dozen absentees out of the whole school. One morning, when such a service was going to be held, two little boys came up to me with a letter from their mother, saying she must ask that they should be excused from attending the service, as they were Plymouth Brethren. It was my duty to tell them that I should not think of urging them to go to the Chapel; but I added that, while it would not be fair to them that they should be forced to attend the service, it would not be fair to other boys that they should be idle during the time of service; they would, therefore, spend the time, under proper supervision, in translating some simple sentences into Latin, and I would look over their translation after the service. The sentences were duly translated, and the two boys were set free to go home. I said no more; but I could not help noticing that, when the next terminal service came round, and the school was passing on its way to the Chapel, my two young friends had taken their place among the worshippers, and their conscientious objection to Divine Worship had apparently vanished. It might almost be held that they had been converted by Latin prose. All things, it is said, are fair in love as in war. But it is a little difficult for me to forgive the Harrovian who, when he had left the school for Sandhurst, fell desperately in love with a fair actress, who used to spend his Sundays with her in London or elsewhere, and who always told his mother, as an excuse for not going home, that he was so fond of listening to my sermons in the School Chapel at Harrow.

Boys are a little disposed, not unnaturally, to use religion, if possible, as an excuse for gratifying their secular

tastes. There was once a boy at Harrow, whose aunt, a lady of high social position, came to spend the day of his Confirmation with him. She gave him a couple of sovereigns when she went away; and a few days afterwards the boy wrote a confidential letter to his father, saying how grateful he felt for the present, and adding that after much thought he had decided to spend it upon a cigarette-case—an article which, by the way, he would not have been allowed to possess, if I had known of it—as the cigarette-case would always remind him of the sacred occasion.

One curious incident I can recall, as touching a real difficulty of conscience. There was at Dulwich College a Roman Catholic boy, whose mother came more than once to ask me whether she ought to let him receive religious instruction from his form-master. She herself wished him to receive it; but her priest had often told her it was wrong. I did not think the form-master, who was a particularly mild, venerable gentleman, would do the boy much harm; but I left the mother free to decide according to her conscience. For a while the boy attended the religious lessons. But it happened one day that the form-master was ill; his place was taken by a substitute, who knew nothing of the boy's religion; he told the boy to construe a passage of the New Testament; the passage, by an unhappy accident, was our Lord's declaration to St. Peter about the building of His Church upon the rock; he asked the boy what the rock was; the boy told him "The Pope," and he then proceeded to lecture the boy, possibly with needless severity of manner or diction, upon the ignorance or heresy displayed by such an answer. After that event the priest triumphed, and the boy attended no more religious lessons.

It is somewhat of a paradox that the religious difficulty

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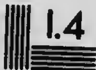

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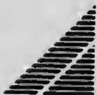

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in education should have been solved, however rudely, in Secondary, and should have proved to be almost insoluble in Elementary, Schools. For whatever religious differences exist among Christians must be less easily perceptible to the children in Elementary Schools than to boys and girls of a greater age and a higher rank or culture in Secondary Schools. In fact, to one who remembers, like an old schoolmaster, how great, in the sphere of religion, is the ignorance of boys who enter a Public School at or about the age when children leave Board or Council Schools, it may well seem almost incredible that elementary education should have become the battlefield of hostile ecclesiastical parties.

The idea of such a thing as a common Christianity has been frequently and bitterly scouted. Yet there must, I think, be a common Christianity, if there are Christians at all. There must be in doctrine, as in practice, some distinguishing features which separate Christians of all denominations all the world over from non-Christians. It may be difficult in a Christian country to discern this basis of Christianity, just because all Christians more or less unconsciously build upon it; but nobody who has lived among a Mohammedan or heathen population can well doubt that in these countries Christians stand by themselves, in sharply defined contrast with their neighbours who are not Christians. The fact of a common Christianity, if it is not patent to Christians, is at least patent enough to non-Christians. But it does not at all follow that the common Christianity, which may be said to be the greatest common measure of all Christians, will, or can, represent the faith of advanced and experienced Christians.

If then the interest of the State calls for such teaching as is the common element in all Christian Churches, the interest of the Church calls for more precise denomina-

tional teaching. It seems to me that no Church can ultimately fight a winning battle against the State in education; for the financial resources of every Church are limited, and the resources of the State are practically unlimited. The Church of Rome can, perhaps, fight the battle with better hope of victory than any other Church; partly because it is a matter of life or death to her that she should retain the education of her children, and partly because she can depend, beyond other Churches, upon the voluntary, unpaid services of her religious orders. But even the Church of Rome may be forced in the end to come to terms with the State. The Church of England has hitherto fought the State not altogether successfully; the Nonconformists have yielded to the State from the first.

If the State, then, in its own interest demands the religious education of children, and if the State alone can give it, or can insist that it should be given, or can pay the persons who give it, to the great majority of children in a country such as England, it follows that the Church of England, far from treating the religious education which is given under the authority of the State as an unclean thing, should spare no pains in making that teaching as beneficent as possible in its effect upon the children who receive it. The fuller, or the more definite, the religious education which the children can receive, the better will it be. But whatever the religious education is, it will be worth maintaining; for any religion is better than none at all. Suppose the State can authorise the teaching of the Apostles' Creed in its schools, that is a great gain; suppose it can authorise the exposition of the Bible, that, too, is a gain; but if all that is possible is the mere reading of the Bible without note or comment, and such prayers as are acceptable to all Christians, or

to all Christians of the Reformed Churches, then I would gladly accept even that as the irreducible *minimum* of religious teaching. For a child who has heard only the story of our Lord's life and of His death, His parables, and His simple precepts, has learnt something that can never wholly die away; such a child is altogether different from a heathen. It stands to reason that parents must be able, if they wish, to withdraw their children even from this common religious teaching and worship; but the parents who will so withdraw them are few. The religious difficulty in schools is the creation, not of the children or their parents, but of politicians and ecclesiastics. It does not exist, or it exists in so mild a form as to be easily met, whenever common sense is allowed to gain the victory over the fanaticism which would sooner see children brought up without any religion at all than brought up with such Christian teaching as does not satisfy its own canon of orthodoxy.

But while the State rightly provides religious teaching for the children, and provides such teaching as the children in general can receive with their parents' knowledge and sanction, it is not entitled to decide that that is all the religious teaching which they shall receive. There will be an undoubted hardship in a School, whether Secondary or Elementary, if common or elementary Christianity enjoys an absolute preference over the special tenets of the Church or any other denomination. It is only just that a parent, whether Churchman or Roman Catholic or Protestant Nonconformist or Jew, should be entitled, not only to guard his children against getting a religious education which he does not approve, but to ensure their getting such an education as he does approve. But the persons who are best qualified to impart denominational teaching are the clergy and ministers or other accredited representatives of the

various denominations. All these persons therefore should possess the right of entry into the schools, and the right of giving, within school hours, their particular denominational teaching. It is difficult to see any reason, except intolerance or suspiciousness, which would forbid the entry of these persons into the schools. They should not, I think, be wholly paid by the State, as their religious work would be not so much civic as sectarian ; but it is not unfair that they should be paid partly by the State, and partly by their own denominations They would not be, like the masters and mistresses of the schools, regular servants of the State. The elementary religious teaching, on the other hand, should be given, as far as possible, by the masters and mistresses of the schools; and they should be wholly paid by the State for giving it, as for giving their secular lessons.

The ideal of religious teaching in Elementary Schools is, so far as I am aware, more closely realised in Australia, under the educational system of New South Wales, than anywhere else. Such an ideal would ensure, or would go as far as possible in the direction of ensuring, results which are generally held to be desirable, but are frequently held to be incompatible. It would provide for the religious education of all children whose parents do not formally withdraw them from such teaching. It would secure the co-education, within the same schools, of children professing different religious creeds ; and their co-education not only in secular subjects, but, up to a certain point, in religion as well. It would do no injustice to conscientious beliefs; for parents would be able, if they wished, to withdraw their children either from the common, elementary religious teaching, or from the special, denominational religious teaching, or from both. It would sustain and quicken the interest

of the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses themselves in the religious teaching of their pupils; and that is a great gain. For a complete severance between secular and religious education, or, in other words, the exclusion of the teachers generally from religious teaching, does harm not only to the general life of the school, but to religion itself, as any breach between the Church and such a body as the National Union of Teachers naturally impairs the strength of religious sentiment in the teaching profession; and children are apt to feel less respect for religion, if they see that their regular teachers choose to abstain, or are precluded, from giving the religious lessons. Yet this ideal system, by recognising the right of entry, as it is called, into the schools, and so by associating the clergy and other accredited teachers of religion with them, would at once set the Churches in sympathetic relation to the schools, and would afford all children the opportunity of receiving denominational teaching in accordance with the distinctive tenets of their own Churches. It would lay upon the State the duty of paying for religious teaching so far, but so far only, as that teaching directly subserved public utility; for the interest of the State lies not only in the morality, but in the unity, of its citizens. The probability is that the great majority of children would receive both the common and the special religious teaching; but whether they received either or both, they would be religiously educated, and the State would be freed from the serious peril of a generation growing up, in the Duke of Wellington's well-known words, as "clever devils," with increasing knowledge, but diminishing moral and spiritual control.

After many years of educational experience in various schools, I may perhaps state, as my own testimony, that, apart from the difficulty which is the result of violent

ecclesiasticism, it is not in itself so difficult as many strong Churchmen and most Roman Catholics suppose to give religious lessons to children of the various Christian denominations, without sacrificing any vital elements of religion, and without offending the conscience of any parent or child. When I expressed this opinion some time ago to a well-known diocesan bishop, he exclaimed, "Why, all Public School masters say what you say!" I could only reply that, if that was the opinion of all Public School masters, it was probably the result of experience, and it might well be the expression of a truth.

The Church of England has, in recent years, laid great stress upon the denominational teaching of her children in schools belonging exclusively to the Church. It would, perhaps, have been better to lay that stress upon the religious training of teachers in colleges belonging to the Church. To label children in accordance with the denominations, or the supposed denominations, of their parents, is to perpetuate, if not to accentuate, ecclesiastical diversity; and such diversity is, if viewed from the standpoint of the State, necessarily an evil. But it is difficult to estimate how much depends upon the religious belief, and *a fortiori* upon the religious spirit, of the teachers. The State is only storing up trouble for itself, if it exercises any such pressure as may force or lead teachers to receive the training for their profession in colleges where the atmosphere of thought and life is essentially secular. I do not, indeed, look with favour upon religious tests in the educational or in any other profession. It seems to me that tests too often affect the wrong consciences. They are readily swallowed by men and women of little sensibility; but other men and women, who cannot bear the thought of doing anything against

their consciences for advancement or reward, are kept out of a profession, or are made unhappy as members of it, if over its portals is inscribed any sort of religious formula as a test. Better is it—far better, I think—to prescribe, at least in general terms, the nature of the religious teaching which is given in a school; to ask every teacher if he or she is willing to give it; to put no pressure upon anyone to give it; to subject no one to any disadvantage for not giving it; and so to secure that it shall be given by such teachers as are ready and willing to give it. If only teachers are trusted, they will not prove unworthy of the trust reposed in them. The majority of them will, I think, gladly give the religious teaching; the minority, who decline to give it, will be respected for not giving it. Few, indeed, will be the cases of teachers who elect to give religious teaching, when it is not demanded of them, and yet give it in an irreligious spirit, by using the hours which are intended for faith and devotion as opportunities of sowing the seeds of unbelief; and such teachers, if any there were, would be amply condemned by public opinion within and without their own profession.

CHAPTER VIII

EDUCATION (*continued*)

THE training of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses in Public Schools has been often a subject of discussion. When I was a headmaster it was the fashion of the Headmasters' Conference to pass academic resolutions in support of such training; but the resolutions did not issue, and were probably not meant to issue, in much definite action. To me it seems that a distinction may not unreasonably be made between theoretical and practical training. Schoolmasters and schoolmistresses alike must gain some advantage by familiarising themselves with the educational treatises not only of ancient classical writers, but of Comenius, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and others, down to quite modern writers upon education like Mill, Spencer, Thring, Fitch, and, at the present time, Montessori. But a certificate of practical efficiency, even if it carries the authority of a syndicate in the University of Cambridge, may mean little or nothing. No doubt an expert in education may, and does, give any young teacher a good many hints which may save him or her from initial mistakes. I used regularly to spend half an hour with a young colleague who came to Harrow in telling him facts, and giving him rules, which he could not have learnt all at once for himself; but it is only by practice that a schoolmaster or schoolmistress can become practically efficient, as it is by going into the water

that he or she can learn to swim. Still, the teaching profession in England has in the past been too empirical; it has trusted too much to a teacher's own good sense; it has been scornful or oblivious of lessons learnt in other lands by other teachers than the teachers of to-day; and the study of educational literature, if only it is not taken as a cure for educational inexperience, cannot but beneficially enlarge the interests and sympathies of all teachers.

The science of teaching, if it is properly concerned with human nature as a whole, must yet begin with the body. Local educational authorities now agree in recognising that children must be fed before they can be taught. Nor must they only be fed; they must be medically inspected; and it is a pity that Parliament, when it prescribed medical inspection, did not afford the pecuniary means of carrying it out. For a doctor, if he inspects the children in a school, discerns incipient maladies which call for treatment; he enforces, or suggests, means of improving their health; and he relegates children who are mentally or physically unfitted for the ordinary education in schools to special institutions. Then it is the duty of the State or of the city to see that the schools are not insanitary, but sufficiently spacious and well lighted; that the children can take physical exercise in playgrounds adjoining the schools; and, if possible, that they enjoy occasional opportunities of breathing the fresh air of the country. Fifty years or less ago there existed in the most costly Public Schools, such as Eton and Harrow, conditions of housing and teaching which would have been condemned by any present inspector of the Board of Education. Neither governing bodies nor headmasters can always be trusted to take proper thought for their pupils' good health;

their good will may be sincere, but they are often restrained by pecuniary difficulties; and I hold that every school, however exalted, should be subject in respect of sanitation to authoritative public supervision. The feeding, too, has been often wholly inadequate. It is difficult to believe that boys, whose parents were paying the highest educational fees, should have been sent into school morning after morning at an early hour, in winter as in summer, without tasting food; and, when the school was over, should have been compelled either to eke out their meagre breakfast by buying food at some confectioner's shop, or to go without any breakfast except bread-and-butter. One of the urgent reforms in Public School life is, I think, that a master's income should not depend upon his or his wife's skilful economy in the domestic administration of his boarding-house.

It is strange that the Public Schools, and in some degree Secondary Schools generally, should have lagged behind the Elementary Schools in matters so nearly affecting the vigour and vitality of their scholars. Few were the Public Schools in which, when I was a headmaster, it was the custom to test the boys' health, growth, and strength by metrical standards and other means under expert medical control. It would be difficult to estimate how many boys suffered all through their school-lives from defects which might have been alleviated, if not remedied, by a surgeon, a physician, an oculist, or even a dentist. In the matter of physical exercise alone was the health of the boys regularly safeguarded; for organised games were compulsory, and, if adequate pressure was not put upon boys by their masters to make them play games, it was put by their schoolfellows. Thus the rule of passing an examination in swimming has been eminently valuable

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at Eton, and it has been imitated by other schools which do not possess the natural advantage of a river like the Thames. Where it has been the law of Public Schools that the whole form would gain a holiday as soon as every member of it had "passed" in swimming, the one boy, who may have kept his form from the enjoyment of the holiday, did not himself enjoy much happiness in life until he, too, had "passed."

But the deficiency of playgrounds, which has been seldom felt in Public Schools, has been often a serious evil among municipal Secondary and Elementary Schools. There is every reason to wish that neither the Church nor any other religious body should, on economical grounds, disparage the need or the value of playgrounds close to the schools. It has often occurred to me that, where the opportunities of outdoor exercise are difficult, something may be said for the encouragement of dancing among boys as well as among girls. Not so long ago the dancing-master was a well-known official in a Public School. Dr. Warre, I think, once told me that he could recollect the appearance of the dancing-master's name in the School List at Eton. There was a dancing-master in my young days at Tonbridge School. The dancing-master, in fact, is a much more historical functionary of English Public School life than a mathematical or a scientific master. It is well known that Locke, who was himself an old Westminster boy, in his "Thoughts concerning Education," dwells upon the value of dancing, not merely as an exercise, but as an accomplishment. "If by a little negligence," he says, "in this part," i.e. in manners, "the boy should not put off his hat nor make legs very gracefully, a dancing-master will cure that defect, and wipe off all that plainness of nature which the *à la mode* people call 'clownishness.'"[1]

[1] sect. 67.

It was the Protestant or Puritan spirit which condemned dancing on moral grounds. To the Moravian Church, or to its great Bishop, Amos Comenius, the dance seemed "a circle of which the devil is the centre." But dancing possesses its own value, as a movement or exercise which is a delight to children, and perhaps especially to the children of the poor, as they show whenever a barrel-organ plays—where it ought to play, if anywhere—in a slum street. It seems to me, therefore, that dancing might be practised with no moral loss and with much physical gain among children in the Elementary Schools.

There is, however, in drilling perhaps a benefit still higher than in dancing. For drilling not only improves the aspect and bearing of boys, but it fits them to do their duty in an army of citizens. It is possible, as recent events have tended to show, that universal military conscription may at once foster the hateful spirit of militarism, and deteriorate the moral character of soldiers. For conscription turns men into machines; it destroys the spontaneity or originality of action; it creates a spirit of complete dependence upon the word of command. Yet it is difficult to look upon the street arabs, hooligans, larrikins, and *apaches*, as they are variously called, hanging about the street corners in great cities, without feeling how much they would gain, physically and morally, if they were all subjected for a time to military discipline. Nor can it well be doubtful that every citizen, in view of his manifold indebtedness to the ordered society of which he is a member, should be trained to defend his country, if not abroad, yet against actual invasion. For the patriotism of Englishmen, although it is always displayed suddenly and splendidly in the hour of national danger, is apt to be a latent quality during

peace. No sudden outburst, however, of patriotic feeling can supply the lack of the discipline and organisation which are essential to modern warfare. A soldier, if he is to be useful in time of war, must be trained to be a soldier before the war breaks out. For the first weeks, or even the first days, of war are often decisive. It is during peace that the lesson of service or sacrifice should be impressed upon all children. But nowhere, perhaps, is that lesson so easily or so forcibly learnt as in the sphere of patriotic duty. The Union Jack is a symbol which, in its historical significance, should be understood by all the boys and girls of Great Britain and Ireland. Empire Day, now so widely observed, is a unique opportunity of evoking the thoughts and instincts of imperial duty. For as the British Empire expands, not in territorial magnitude alone, but in influence and dignity; as it assumes and maintains the paramount obligation of promoting peace, justice, liberty, progress and religion among the nations of mankind, the teaching of a true imperial patriotism becomes increasingly valuable. It is a matter of public concern that the children of to-day, who will determine the policy of Great Britain as citizens to-morrow, should enter in a serious and lofty spirit upon their high responsibilities.

It can scarcely be doubted that the compulsory education of children in Elementary Schools comes to an end at too early an age. The standing conflict between the educational interests of the State and the pecuniary interests of the parents should, as the law of citizenship demands, be determined in favour of the State. The one clear benefit, which the employment of pupil-teachers affords, is that it prolongs to some extent the school-life of some children. Evening classes in continuation of the teaching given to children in the

schools have not, in spite of the efforts made by local education authorities, generally succeeded in securing the attendance of boys and girls after the age of fourteen; and the boys and girls who have attended them are too often the best scholars, and not those who, as being the worst scholars, would naturally gain the greatest advantage from a continuance of their education. It may be not unfitly suggested, then, that all children, boys and girls alike, who are not engaged in regular work, should be compelled to attend classes both in physical and in intellectual training, at least up to the age of sixteen. For education is now by far the most important factor in commercial and political relations; but it is in education, rather than in any other attainment or faculty, that English people generally fall behind their rivals.

Citizenship, as it enforces the value of education, may suggest also the relative importance of educational subjects. Whatever teaching is imposed by the State upon children should be such as possesses a definite civic utility. But civic utility, as a condition of educational science, is far-reaching. It includes not only the knowledge which qualifies the citizens of a country for commercial success, but the culture which elevates and dignifies their corporate life.

In the Elementary Schools, then, the "three R's," as Sir William Curtis so strangely called them, naturally occupy the first place. They constitute the basis of all education. Yet it is perhaps not too much to say that the arts of writing a good hand, and of reading aloud with a correct and distinct enunciation, should rank, not among easy and common, but among rare accomplishments. The spelling of children, when they leave the Elementary Schools for business, or, in a higher social class, when they leave the Preparatory

Schools for Public Schools, is frequently deplorable. Spelling, indeed, is a matter of the eye, and some persons find more difficulty about it than others; but there can be no other reason for the grave inaccuracies of spelling among many people all through their lives than that, when they were young, their teachers did not take trouble enough to make them spell aright. Orthography, for all its sounding dignity, is no more than spelling, and it ought to be assured by early education.

Again, if manual skill is valuable to boys, not less valuable is culinary skill to girls. Good cooking is the secret of many a happy home. It is by a wise foresight that Schools of Domestic Economy are now established in many large cities. The interests of boys and girls alike are readily expanded by some acquaintance with music and art; as when inspiring hymns and ballads are sung in a school, and chromographs or engravings of noble pictures are exhibited on its walls. Much happiness is caused, too, by lessons upon objects of natural beauty, and by occasional visits to museums. But the lesson of all lessons is that the children should love learning, and should not throw it to the winds when their schooldays are ended. Above all, the duty of local and national patriotism should, by wise teaching and example, be made the very fibre of children's lives.

It is the experience of men of business that the youths who enter their offices as clerks are sadly deficient not only, as sometimes happens, in spelling, but still more in the capacity for writing a good letter, in knowledge of geography, and in acquaintance, however slight, with foreign languages. The number of Germans, who have been until lately employed as correspondents by English firms, is a sad testimony to the defects of English education. There has been among English youths too great a

love of amusement, too little desire for self-improvement. "Read, and you will know," was the invariable answer of Sir William Jones's mother to his questions; and it is well known how much he profited by her counsel. I have sometimes asked professors in the Universities, and editors of newspapers and magazines, if they have often, or ever, received from humble, unknown sources communications, showing how intelligence and industry in persons of the working-class had been spent upon some particular subject of study; and the answers have been generally disappointing. Yet the greatest practical inventions of modern history, as in locomotive science or in the steel-trade or the cotton-trade, have been almost invariably made by men of humble birth, but of strong observing and reflecting power. To open the gates of original experiment, so that every man or woman may make the most effective use of his or her brains, is the aim of true educational science. It should be the effort, then, of teachers to impress their pupils with the belief that Nature has not yet yielded more than the first-fruits of her treasury to human research; and that they themselves, by patience and intelligence, may reveal something more of her secrets than the world has ever yet known.

All education, in fact, as Socrates said long ago, properly consists not so much in driving facts into the minds of the young, as in drawing out their native faculties. It is here that the Public Schools have of late, I think, made a mistake. They have insisted upon discipline at the cost of injuring originality. They have sacrificed, or have been in danger of sacrificing, the clever, original boy to the mass of ordinary boys. If the failures of Public School life have been fewer than they were half a century ago, it is possible that the successes have been less brilliant. It has been too

much the fashion to fill boys' time with necessary duties, and to leave them no opportunity of self-education. No doubt it is true that, if boys possess much leisure, a good many of them will use it badly, or will not use it at all; but it is equally true that without a certain amount of leisure a boy cannot attain the highest excellence. For the best part of all teaching is the teaching which the pupil gives himself. To the few exceptional boys an open library may be worth more than many hours spent in school. For whatever intellectual taste a boy developes in the few years which he spends at school will be his comfort and inspiration all through life. It would be wrong to deny contemporary schoolmasters the credit due to them for their heightened standard of professional duty. A Public School is the scene of far more care, foresight and sympathy than it used to be. But it sometimes happens that the best service which a schoolmaster can render a boy is to leave him alone. Genius is rare; but, when it exists, it is the salt of the earth. It has been defined by Carlyle as a "transcendent capacity of taking trouble."[1] But that is just what genius is not. Genius is the capacity for attaining results which ordinary people cannot attain by any amount of painstaking. There are many boys, too, who fall short of genius, and yet would be all the better and happier if they could, within due limits, cultivate their own tastes and even pursue their own hobbies. It is uniform mediocrity which is the peril of modern life everywhere, and not least in the Public Schools. But one genius may do more for the world than a thousand ordinary people; and the worst blunder which a teacher can commit is the crushing or the ignoring of genius.

If the curriculum of a Public School is to be judged

[1] Frederick the Great, Book iv., ch. 3.

according as it does, or does not, subserve the purposes of citizenship, it seems evident that the problem of adapting education to modern needs has been profoundly altered by the number of educational subjects which now claim a place in Secondary School life. Time was when it was difficult to find subjects enough for the hours which a boy spent in school every week; but since the recognition of mathematics, of natural science in its various branches, of modern languages, of the English language and literature, and other subjects as educationally valuable, it has become impossible that all boys should cover the whole or nearly the whole field of learning. There must be a division between the subjects which all boys learn, and learn more or less all through their school-life, and the subjects which some do and others do not learn. The educational time-table will not represent the principle of bifurcation or trifurcation; it will resemble the trunk and the branches of a tree. It will ensure that all boys shall, up to a certain point, be educated alike; but it will provide that from that point upwards, every boy shall be allowed to follow in a large degree his own special tastes and aptitudes. A common basis of education is essential, because knowledge loses a great part of its value, unless he who possesses it shares it with others who also possess it. If one person knows nothing but languages, whether ancient or modern, another nothing but mathematics, another nothing but natural science, there can be no community of information or intercourse between them. But specialisation is essential also, not only because a boy or a girl cannot now learn everything that is taught in the school, but still more because it is the facility of choice among various subjects which enables him or her to make the best use of his or her own brains.

Psychology, a study far too much neglected even now

among teachers of all grades and classes in England, suggests that, apart from religion—the greatest of all subjects—there are four main subjects which enter as necessary constituents into the full intellectual discipline of the young. It is by mathematics that they gain the habit of accuracy; they learn to distinguish between proof and the absence or insufficiency of proof; they come to know in a word what can, or cannot, be known. It is by observation and experiment in natural science that they gain a true attitude towards the universe in which they are placed; they widen their interest; they move in the world with open eyes and open minds; they live, not partial, but full and rounded lives. History, and, as is only reasonable, the history of their native land, including, as it must, geography, not only excites a vivid enthusiasm, but it implants a scientific habit of regarding all contemporary events not in themselves as isolated phenomena, but as striking their roots deep down in the past. For no event of to-day can be understood except by reference to the past; and, if history does not literally repeat itself, yet, at least, the historian is better prepared than anyone who is ignorant of history to deal with the various, but not illimitable, problems which arise in national and international life.

The study of language and literature, whether ancient or modern, is the supreme instrument of education, if only because it is the most human study, as, indeed, the phrase *Literæ Humaniores* implies; for the questions of taste and judgment which arise in it are questions of probability, and, according to Bishop Butler's well-known adage, "To us probability is the very guide of life." [1] It may reasonably be held that neither a boy

[1] 'Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature.'—Introduction.

nor a girl can divide his or her time equally between these four main subjects all through school-life; but I am convinced that nobody, so long as he or she remains at school, should sacrifice them all except one; and I think there should be few boys or girls who do not retain the study, at least, of languages and mathematics to the end of their school-lives. There has never been a guarantee of better education than the old Double First Class in languages and mathematics at Oxford and Cambridge; and the paucity of such Double First Classes in the present day is, I am afraid, a sign of educational decadence. For premature or excessive specialisation is an evil almost as serious as the denial of all opportunity for specialisation.

Assuming, then, that educational science demands a common basis, I frankly admit that the subjects which should constitute such a basis are open to some difference of opinion. In my presidential address to the Educational Science Section of the British Association, I defined the basal subjects as religion, English, French, Latin, mathematics and natural science; meaning by basal subjects those which all pupils should learn at some period of their school-lives, and as many as possible should learn during all their school-lives. The educational basis, whatever it is, should be so laid as to support in the best manner possible the various superstructures which will be built upon it. There is a consensus of opinion that students who have gained, when they are young, an adequate knowledge of subjects outside the professions of their after years, will make the best progress, after leaving school, in those professions. When I was at Harrow I took counsel about the institution of an engineering department; and I was advised by high authority that boys would prove the best engineers, if they did not begin their

technical study until they had acquired a good general education.

In the Public Schools, and probably in other schools as well, the great difficulty is now the limitation of time; for, while the brain-power of the average boy has increased but little, if at all, the demands made upon it, by the number of subjects which might well be included in the curriculum, are always increasing. It is necessary, therefore, to clear away all such dead weights as encumber mental activity. I do not deny that the acquisition of knowledge may, in some instances, be made too easy. Notes, translations, commentaries and illustrations, if they lessen the difficulty, are apt to lessen also the bracing and elevating effect, of knowledge. It is touching and inspiring to notice how the scholars of the Renaissance rejoiced in literary discoveries which were the results of their own patience and perseverance. Yet time must be saved, if work is to be done; for it is only by rigid economy of time that boys and girls can hope to be equipped with the requisite *minimum* of information in the present day. School hours may be too long or too short; but no time should be wasted in the study of subjects which are unprofitable in themselves, or even less profitable than other subjects which might be studied.

No classical scholar would disparage the educational value of the two dead languages, Greek and Latin. It is, indeed, possible that, if a boy studies either of these languages or both in a perfunctory spirit while he is at school, and abandons the study as soon as he leaves school, he gains little or no mental profit. But to one who has drunk deeply the waters of Greek and Latin literature it may seem scarcely less than an impiety that he should propose or condone the sacrifice of either in education. Yet, however great may be the pleasure

of Greek and Latin when they are thoroughly studied, it is impracticable under the conditions of modern life to retain two dead languages as elements of all secondary education, even in the Public Schools. So long as the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge demand some knowledge of Greek and Latin at matriculation, both languages must be taught in the Public Schools to all boys who are, or may be, going to the Universities; but if the study of these two languages were in all cases efficient, it would, in not a few cases, preclude other studies of higher interest and importance to some pupils. There is, indeed, more chance that both these languages will be lost, than that both will be retained, by a rigorous insistence upon them both. If one of them is retained as a common educational subject, it must clearly be Latin, in virtue of the relation in which Latin stands to the romance languages, and to the literary, juristic and political history of Europe. Latin deserves the study of all educated persons in its linguistic as much as in its literary character; but I cannot help thinking that, while Latin books are read in the future with the same care as of old, they will be read in a less grammatical, but a more literary spirit; and I feel sure that educational authorities a hundred years hence will regard the metrical—for they cannot be called the poetical—compositions once imposed in a dead language, or even in two dead languages, upon boys who were never encouraged or expected to write a verse in their own, with something of the amused and amazed curiosity with which ordinary visitors to a museum now regard the fossil remains of antediluvian creatures. Nor is it possible to conceal my opinion that the difficulty of retaining Latin as a common educational subject will be greatly augmented if the pronunciation of Latin, instead of being, as it has been, accommodated to the

English language, is made pedantically conformable to the real or imagined practice of Roman antiquity. Probably no one can pronounce Latin now as the Romans of Cicero's time pronounced it. Nor indeed does it greatly matter how Latin is pronounced. Latin is not now a medium of oral communication even amongst scholars. The important point is that Latin should be studied by as many boys and girls as possible; and the study of Latin will less and less commend itself to parents, and possibly to schoolmasters themselves, if the Latin words are, by an unnatural usage, etymologically severed in sound from all the corresponding English words, and are pronounced in a way which must render every Latin quotation or allusion a difficulty, if not a positive pain and offence, to English ears.

Upon the whole it is desirable, if indeed it is not necessary, in the conditions of modern life, that the education given in the schools should be such as avoids all needless difficulties. There are so many claims upon the time-table, and so many obstacles to satisfying them all, that, when a study is once admitted to a place in the curriculum, everything which would render the study more arduous or less attractive should, as far as possible, be eschewed. The stimulating effect of difficulties upon the mind or temper of the pupil is in general more than compensated by the loss of time, and the consequent restriction of the field of study.

One great educational defect, as it seems to me, in all schools, but more in Secondary than in Elementary Schools, is the habit of looking for results at too early an age. Schoolmasters and schoolmistresses have eagerly pointed to the success of their pupils in passing examinations or in winning scholarships and other prizes. Even masters whose schools are preparatory to the Public Schools have, alike in work and in play, prided them-

selves upon the results attained at the early age at which boys leave their schools, without thinking, or thinking enough, about the results in after-life. It was once my experience that a Preparatory School master sought my advice upon the award of pre-preparatory scholarships, as he called them, in his own school; his idea being that, if by pecuniary rewards he could attract to his school clever little boys, after a competitive examination, at the age of nine or ten years, these boys would perhaps in time win entrance scholarships at the Public Schools, and that he could use the scholarships so won by his pupils as advertisements for attracting other and still younger boys to his school. A sadder reversal of all true education could scarcely be conceived. It is bad enough that clever boys, or some of them, should be physically and mentally exhausted at the age when they leave Public Schools; but that the process of exhaustion should begin before they enter Preparatory Schools would seem to be actually inhuman. Yet the policy of this Preparatory School master is only an extreme instance of the policy which seeks results too soon. I do not hesitate to assert that some boys who came to Harrow had been subjected to an exhausting pressure not only in work, but in play, before they came there; they were at their best about the beginning of their school-lives; they were never quite so good afterwards. But schools exist for boys, not boys for schools; and he is not in the best sense an educator who thinks only what boys are and do under his control, and does not think at all what they will be or will do afterwards.

Some great headmasters of Public Schools have, it must be feared, carried the desire of seeing their pupils win scholarships and exhibitions to such a point that many of their pupils have begun to flag before the time of winning fellowships, and still more have rendered

little or no service to the State in their mature years. But the question which needs ever to be asked is not what boys are at the age of twelve or fifteen or nineteen or twenty-two; it is what they are as mature citizens in the discharge of private and public duties. If only it is possible to know whether the boys of a Public School are characterised all through their lives by a high sense of civic duty; whether they serve the State with keen-sighted intelligence and devoted self-sacrifice in civil, military and ecclesiastical offices, or in humbler positions not less honourable because they are less conspicuous, it is easy to appraise the value of the education which has been given in that school. The thought ever present to a high-minded teacher will be: "Let me be judged not by the prizes which my pupils attain, but by the services which they render to the State." For citizenship, as I am never weary of saying, is the end of education, and it is to create good citizens that schools, colleges and Universities exist.

Success or failure in education may turn in some degree upon other than personal matters. Thus the classes, whether of boys or of girls, are frequently too large. Educational science is, or ought to be, so delicate that no teacher can do justice to more than a strictly limited number of pupils in a class. It would be my own inclination to specify the extreme limit of a class as twenty-five boys or girls; but classes in all, or nearly all, schools are a good deal larger. Strangely enough, at least from an educational point of view, they are larger in Elementary than in Secondary Schools; and in the same school they are often larger where the pupils are youngest, and smaller where the pupils, as being oldest, would naturally stand in less need of individual care or sympathy. The size of forms and classes, as, indeed, of boarding-houses, is, and must

be, more or less dependent upon finance; but it is, I think, a sound rule applicable to boys' and girls' schools alike, that no class should exceed thirty members, and no class of young children should exceed twenty-five or, if possible, twenty. For in scholastic, as indeed in spiritual work, where a school or a form or a diocese or a parish is too large, the actual administration can go on, and it is not always seen to be defective; but it necessarily lacks the intimate personal relation which is the highest element in all moral or spiritual culture.

True education depends upon psychology, and psychology is so difficult a study and so incipient, that few schoolmasters and schoolmistresses as yet appreciate or can apply its significance. It is necessary to consider not only what teaching a child's mind can receive, but what it can best receive at a particular age. For the mind, like the body, demands a variety, yet not more than a certain limited variety, of food. There are many psychological moments in education.

But teachers do not always realise the difficulty of implanting new facts in stubborn soil. Few experiences of my life have been more humiliating than when I have thought I had made a subject clear, and I have asked a pupil to repeat what I have said, and have found what was his impression of my meaning. A witty schoolmaster, whom I knew well, used to relate the story of a governess who tried to give her pupils some idea of the relative size of distant countries by saying, "Cambodia is about as large as Siam"; but when this information was reproduced in a written exercise, one of the girls put it in the words, "She says Cambodia is about as large as she is."

Above all, a schoolmaster or schoolmistress must not forget that it is the difficult pupils who are the tests of his or her educational skill. Anybody can teach

pupils who are docile and clever; but to make the indolent studious, and the intractable willing, is the end of education. When I was a headmaster, I could never endure the thought of turning boys adrift, whether by a law of superannuation or otherwise, just because they were duller than others, so long as they were not doing harm in the school. There are intellectual as well as spiritual conversions; the story of Polemon repeats itself in modern school life; and a schoolmaster or schoolmistress can never be so justly thankful as on seeing, by the spirit or manner or the very aspect of a pupil, that the great change from darkness to light has passed upon him or her.

The highest educational achievement is that boys and girls should be so trained as to leave school with a generous prejudice in favour of learning, duty and religion, and with an indomitable resolve of serving the State, whether their service is or is not regarded and rewarded by their fellow-countrymen. "I do not attempt to instigate you by the prospect of direct rewards either earthly or heavenly; the less we think about being rewarded in either way, the better for us," said J. S. Mill to the students of the University of St. Andrews.[1] If boys and girls are taught to find the recompense of learning in learning itself, and of duty in duty itself, they will, as citizens, think less of gaining some advantage from the State than of making the State some return for the benefits which it confers upon them. It sometimes happens that, after a long era of peace and pleasure, the severe discipline of warfare is the only means of lifting citizens to the lofty mountain-height of patriotic duty.

But the fountain-head of education is not, and cannot be, and ought not to be, the school; it is

[1] Inaugural Address, p. 48.

the home. The lessons which the child learns at home are more powerful and more permanent than any others. It is, therefore, in modern English life an unhappy feature that parental interest in the children's education has been greatly weakened. Free education is, indeed, a popular boon ; but where parents are exempted from all responsibility for the education of their children, they cease to care much about it; or, at the best, they leave it in the hands of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, without troubling themselves to ask what the education is, or how it is given. Scholarships, bursaries, and other such prizes, while they create a ladder by which children may climb to such educational opportunities as would otherwise have been shut against them, yet tend to impair the relation in which parents once stood to the intellectual progress of their children. In the Public Schools, and even in the schools preparatory to them, or at least in the schools which I have known well, it is remarkable how willing parents are to surrender their direct concern in the education of their children, handing them over with few or no questions to the schoolmasters, and feeling themselves to have discharged their full duty by paying the school-fees. In most elementary educational subjects, and pre-eminently in religion, the father's or mother's influence upon a child's learning in the early years of life tends to disappear. The office of the schoolmaster or schoolmistress gains fresh importance from the educational indifference of parents, but gains it at a more than equivalent loss.

It can scarcely be questioned that the aggregation of boys in boarding-schools, far away from the influences of home-life, creates a more or less artificial society. But in an artificial society, whether a school or a monastery, certain evils are apt to occur. Neither in educa-

tion nor anywhere else can Nature be violated with impunity. It is not natural that boys should be alienated for three parts of every year from their parents and sisters, and from the conditions and relations of home life; and Nature, being outraged, works her revenge. The great boarding-schools have played so conspicuous a part in English life that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to replace them; but every wise master in a boarding-school will aim at maintaining, as far as possible, the sympathies of home. He will not treat his pupils as slaves or enemies; he will try to be their friend; he will not resent, but rather welcome, occasional visits of his pupils' mothers and sisters to the school; and he will think the life of the school is all the truer to Nature, if he sees a prominent boy kissing his mother or his sisters without the least appearance of embarrassment, and not seeming to be ashamed of them, when it is, as I used to say, too often more probable that, if all were known, they might have some cause to be ashamed of him.

If the boarding-school, then, needs some assimilation to the home, it becomes a question whether the better educational system is that boys during their school years should live in their own homes or in boarding-schools away from their homes. Day-schools are, indeed, largely exempt from some peculiar besetting dangers of boarding-schools. It is probable that some boys live more innocent lives in day-schools than any boys in boarding-schools. Parents, who are not seldom regarded as the enemies, are, or ought to be, the allies of the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. Where the home and the school are united by a happy bond of mutual confidence, they produce the best possible effect upon character. It may, indeed, happen sometimes, if not often, that parents are too

forward and eager in support of their children's teachers. Once, as I remember, when I was Master of Dulwich College, the father of a boy told me that, if ever I saw reason to give his son a caning at school, I might rely upon his giving him a second caning at home. More frequently, perhaps, a certain friction exists between parents and teachers. It may be that parents expect too much of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. I remember a lady coming to me once in tears to prefer the strange request that I would set her son a heavy imposition for making an offer of marriage to a young lady in the vicinity of the school. It is perhaps enough to say that I succeeded in breaking off the projected engagement without the infliction of a further punishment. But it has never been my inclination to sympathise with invectives against parents. For, after all, the greatest compliment which a father or mother can pay to a schoolmaster lies in entrusting him with the education of his or her son; and it is far better that parents should show too much than too little interest in their sons' school-lives.

I have not found parents to be generally unreasonable; but I think when they are unreasonable, and still more when mothers are unreasonable, as in times of illness, there is no limit to their unreasonableness. If I have tried to avoid criticising the parents of my pupils, and have been, as I still am, deeply grateful for the confidence which they reposed in me, it is difficult to help reflecting with some amusement that, in the not infrequent differences of opinion between the fathers and mothers, the mothers generally won the day. It has been my fortune to receive on the same day various rival telegrams from the father and the mother of a boy, the father bidding me to keep the boy at school, and the mother to send him home. If the discipline of

the school allowed me, it generally seemed the path of wisdom to agree with the mother.

If day-schools afford boys a greater moral shelter than boarding-schools, it is in the boarding-schools that the *ethos*—the sense of honour, the feeling that *noblesse oblige*, the pride of ancestry, the consciousness of duty, and the spiritual communion between succeeding generations of school-fellows — has attained its sovereign grace of elevating dignity. It is my opinion that the great day-schools will, in future, make an ever-increasing contribution to the public life of the nation. But the boarding-schools, both ancient and modern, have struck their roots so deeply in the national life that all Englishmen must wish and pray to see them flourish.

Whether in the future the co-education of boys and girls in the same schools will become the rule rather than the exception, it is a little difficult to forecast. They are already educated together in infant-schools; they are educated together, at least to a large extent, in the Universities. It is not improbable that day-schools of all kinds and grades may lend themselves to such co-education. That boys and girls, young men and young women, should pursue their serious studies together, is, upon the whole, a gain to the national life. But wherever boarding-schools exist, they will necessarily be confined to one sex; for there problems arise which do not arise elsewhere, and they are such as forbid the free association of the sexes in study and in play. But as womanhood advances in culture and respect, it will more or less approximate to the educational goal set before men.

My object in this chapter has not been to sketch a plan of educational reform; it has rather been to indicate some reflections suggested by my own educational experience. The reflections, I am well aware, are

not new, but I hope they, or some of them, are true. I have always sympathised with a remark of the Abbé St. Pierre, who, when his friends took him to task for repeating himself in his sermons, asked what were the truths that he had so often repeated, and being informed of them, said only, "You see I have made you remember them." At all events the world is not one in which a truth, when it has once been stated, can be left to take care of itself.

As I cast my eyes backwards over the years when I was a headmaster, it seems that the troubles and sorrows of the past die away, and only the pleasures remain. I think of the many kindnesses which I have received from friends and colleagues, from the parents of my pupils, and from not a few of those pupils themselves when their school-lives were past. I could wish it were possible to begin my educational work again, not with less than the old energy, but with more, much more, than the old tact and wisdom and sympathy. At all events, he who has once been a teacher can never wholly lose the spirit or manner of the teaching art. He feels that he has consecrated a part, and the best part, of his life to a high and holy object. My address to the Educational Section of the British Association I ventured to speak of as a schoolmaster's reverie. It is such a reverie, or, if the truth be told, rather such a dream, that my memory of school-days in boyhood and manhood, as I have tried to record it in this section, seems to me now.

CHAPTER IX

INDIA

WRITERS upon India and upon Indian affairs are apt to fall into two classes. Some there are who spend a few months, or possibly a few weeks, of the cold weather, once and only once during a lifetime, in India. They land in Bombay; they travel by one of the Trunk Railways to Calcutta; they make brief halts at the historical cities of northern India, such as Allahabad, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Benares, Delhi, and Lahore; they go to a dinner-party or a ball at Government House in Calcutta; they associate for a week or two with a few administrators and merchants in Bengal; perhaps they make their way southwards to Madras or even to Colombo; and, as soon as they get home, they expand their diaries, in which the names of Indian persons and places are frequently misspelt, into books of merely trivial and ephemeral value. It is possible that they are not so fortunate, or unfortunate, even as Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Padgett, M.P.," in unlearning the prejudices of Europe, and they learn little or nothing about the real India.

In striking contrast to such European or American travellers as these are the men, and of late not seldom the women, who have written books upon India after spending the best part of their lives there in the service, or in connection with the service, of the Government or sometimes of Christian missions. Whether their

books reflect the political or the military or the social or the evangelistic interest of life in India, at all events they embody a vast amount of knowledge attained, and only attainable, as the result of a prolonged experience.

It is evident that authors of both kinds of books are exposed to certain dangers. When I have been asked, as I often have been, to express in public an opinion upon events in India, I have been tempted to reply that I spent just too long a time in India to write a book of the first kind, and not nearly long enough to write a book of the second. A visitor to India, whose journey there and back to Europe does not occupy more than three months, may write a book not altogether useless, as it conveys his first impressions; and such impressions, when they are honestly and carefully recorded, may give a picturesque, if only superficial, idea of the country. But about the deep-lying life of the many peoples who constitute the more than 300,000,000 souls of India, he knows, and therefore he can tell, practically nothing. It often happens that he insists passionately upon impossible reforms, as he judges India from the European point of view, and does not think it worth while even to inquire whether the natives of India desire or would consent to be so reformed. An old resident in India, on the other hand, may assume as inevitable social conditions which are practically altering from day to day.

The danger of the traveller is that he takes everything to be wrong; that of the resident, that he takes everything to be right. Habit accustoms the mind to any practice, however unreasonable in itself—even to the wearing of tall hats and swallow-tail coats at Harrow. It is no injustice to the official world of India to suggest that Anglo-Indians of high standing, who have risen to rank and power under the present

administrative system, may unconsciously become purblind to its defects. There is the possibility, then, that an observer who records the impressions made upon his mind before his judgment has been dulled by familiarity, and yet who has tested his impressions by reference to the highest authority both at home and in India, may in some, if only in a few, respects form a truer view than one who has spent so much of his lifetime in India as to get more or less out of touch with any practices or theories which are not traditionally Anglo-Indian.

It will be best for me, so far as I write about India at all, to keep myself within the limits of my own personal knowledge. A bishop of the Church in India has, as such, nothing to do with political or administrative questions. He is not in the secrets of the Government, nor does he come into official contact with the governing class, except occasionally, and then often indirectly, in the sphere of religion and morals. It may be his duty to suggest, or at least to support, certain reforms, if they tend, in his opinion, to the welfare of the people. I remember preaching a sermon at Calcutta in behalf of the Pasteur Institute, which had been lately established at Kasauli; but before preaching it, I had spent a day in watching the processes and ascertaining the results, of the Institute; and I preached it in the hope of doing a little good, because the Anti-Vivisectionists had made what I felt to be an unjust attack upon the Government and its servants who were occupied in stamping out a terrible disease.

But if there are occasions when a bishop may feel justified in advocating reforms, whether they have or have not as yet been undertaken by the Government, he will never forget that he, with his necessarily imperfect knowledge, is not the best judge whether the reforms are immediately practicable or desirable.

The principal object of his sermons should, I think, be to set the Christian view of such problems as fairly come under his notice before men's eyes, or, in other words, to ask for himself and for others, "How would Jesus Christ wish His followers to act in particular circumstances?" but to content himself with seeing that the law of Jesus Christ is not forgotten or not ignored in the public life of India, and not to show surprise or annoyance, if it is found impossible to accept his view of Christian duty in a non-Christian society, or, when it is accepted, to act upon it at once.

The Church in India is, indeed, the one thoroughly established and endowed Church within the British Empire. Churchmen at home, when they speak of Establishment, not infrequently ask, "Where is the Act of Parliament by which the Church was established?" or, if they speak of Endowment, "Where is the Act by which the State gave the Church, or any body within the Church, her property?" The High Church school of theology, disliking, as it justly does, the control of the State over the Church, repudiates the assumption that the Church has owed to political measures either her status or her property. Nor does that school unreservedly approve the part played by the Crown, or by the ministers of the Crown, in the appointment of ecclesiastical dignitaries, although it is far easier to criticise the method of choosing bishops and deans in the Church of England at home than to suggest a better method. But there is no doubt that the Church has been established in India by a definite Act or Acts of Parliament, and that many of the bishops and clergy are appointed and paid by the Government.[1] It is necessary, however, to

[1] Anybody who cares to know the position of the ecclesiastical establishment in India may best consult Sir C. Ilbert's "The Government of India," Part X.

understand that the missionary bishops, and missionaries in general, do not officially enjoy either recognition or remuneration from the Government. There are, in fact, bishops of three classes in India: some, like the bishops of the Presidency cities, being paid wholly by the Government; others being paid partly, as senior chaplains, by the Government, and partly from endowments; and others, again, being paid from endowments, or by missionary societies, without any pecuniary dependence upon the Government. But the ecclesiastical establishment, whether Anglican or Presbyterian, was created by Parliament, and Parliament might, if it would, at any time terminate it.

When I was in India I used to reflect with some little interest that, whatever may be the feeling of Nonconformists at home about the relation between the Church and State, and especially about what they sometimes describe as a State-paid clergy, the Nonconformist chaplains in India were as ready as the Roman Catholic chaplains to receive payment for their services from the Government, and, if the payment was a capitation fee, were eager to get as much of it as possible. So far at least it seemed that the familiar line of Horace,

> "Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,"[1]

was not wholly applicable to ecclesiastical bodies.

There is one respect in which the Bishop of Calcutta, as Metropolitan of India, may be said to occupy an exceptional position. So many people who write or speak upon Indian affairs know a part of India and no more. They have spent their official lives wholly, or chiefly, let me say, in Bengal or in the Punjab or in Rajputana or in the Madras Presidency, and they are

[1] "People who cross the sea change their climate but not their spirit" (Epistles i., 11, 27).

well acquainted with the people or peoples among whom they have lived ; but for judging India as a whole they are not much better qualified than if they had studied Indian history in the Reading Room of the British Museum, without ever setting foot in India. For it is as serious a mistake to suppose that India is one country or one nation as it would be to suppose that Europe is so. India is a conglomeration of races united in some degree by geography, and now in some degree also by allegiance to the same Imperial Power ; but, except so far as the East is always and everywhere distinct from the West, the fighting Mohammedans of the Himalayas have scarcely more in common with the Bengali babus than with the white-skinned foreigners who live and act as representatives of the British *Raj* all over India. Every book upon India, then, possesses more or less value, as its author possesses a greater or smaller knowledge of India as a whole. There are in India three official persons, and three only, whose authority is relative to the whole country from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, viz. the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Metropolitan. It would be ridiculous to place the Metropolitan, in point of authority or influence, on a level with the other two chief officials. But it may happen that the Metropolitan knows India better than the others, if only because he not only travels officially, as they do, over the whole country, but he holds office, or may hold it, for a much longer time than the period of five years which generally circumscribe the tenure of the highest political and military offices. The Metropolitan, indeed, exercises his jurisdiction, such as it is, beyond the limits of India. He is Metropolitan not only of all India, including Burma, but of Ceylon. It is of his territorial jurisdiction only that I speak here ; for it is evident that he possesses

no authority over non-Christians or over any Christians who are not members of the Church of England. Perhaps there is no other equally striking instance of the contrast between the ostensible dignity of a title and its reality.

It has been my fortune to experience some abrupt changes in life; but the change from Harrow to Calcutta was the most abrupt of all. The headmaster of a Public School is often regarded as the last surviving autocrat in modern English society. I am afraid the autocratic spirit in him sometimes dies hard. Whatever the reason may be, headmasters have not always been entirely successful when they have exchanged scholastic for academical and ecclesiastical functions. The relation of a headmaster to his school is such as can find no parallel in after-life. He cannot take his pupils into counsel upon the administration of the school; he must tell them authoritatively what they are to do, and they must do it at all costs. Nor can he always follow, although, if he is wise, he will generally seek, the counsel of his colleagues, in regard to the administrative problems of school-life; for upon him, and upon him alone, in the public view, the ultimate responsibility for the prosperity of the school devolves. It was something then of a consolation to me in India to reflect that one of the most highly honoured of my predecessors in office had, like myself, been the headmaster of a Public School—Bishop Cotton.

Still, it was not loss of authority which struck me as the most deeply marked experience of my new life in India. After all, authority is never quite complete when it is subject to free criticism, and criticism of the headmaster was not unknown at Harrow. A bishop in India, too, possesses, if he cares to exercise it, a stronger power over the clergy of the Establishment than a bishop over his clergy at home; for he can move

them at will, nor need he assign any reason for moving them, from one station to another. The great change which I felt lay in the transition from a society full of youth, vigour and happiness, to a society, as it seemed to me, unspeakably full of painful scenes and incidents. A Public School is, upon the whole, a bright and joyous body. Dr. Arnold, who took a more gloomy view of school-life than I should take, used to say that he could not escape a sentiment akin to awe at the spectacle of a society in which there was so much sin, and yet so little sorrow or suffering, as a Public School. It may be that the grosser vices of Public School life, such as bullying, were more common in his day than they are now. But to boys, and even to masters, in a Public School, the sad, stern realities of human life are but little known. Now and then it may happen that the revelation of some grave moral turpitude casts a cloud over the sunshine of school-life. Or the death of a boy in term-time—an event which may occur perhaps once in two years at a school as large as Harrow—touches the heart of the whole school with a deep, if transient, pathos of mourning. But a Public School master, even if he is a clergyman, is not much brought into contact with the needs and distresses which form the common lot of humanity. He sees little of suffering, and still less of poverty; he seldom watches at a death-bed. Perhaps his most painful experience is when he is called to tell a boy of his father's sudden death in some far-off region of the Empire. All around him is life and laughter; the unchequered happiness of youth. But in India death becomes to him as familiar as a daily companion. He lives among people who stand ever on the border line of death, and easily cross it. The natives of India, or most of them, are so poor that they are not afraid of death, and so weak that they do not struggle hard against it.

There is less apparent suffering in the death of twenty natives than of one British soldier. The natives lie down and die; but the soldier, when he realises that he is stricken by a mortal disease, makes a gallant and painful fight for life. The poverty of India is so great that nobody who has not lived among the people there can realise what it is. But a single year of life in India, if it is spent among the toiling mass of ryots, and not in the few great cities, is long enough to dispel the fable of the gorgeous East. A bishop of the Church in India was wont to say that only one who had seen the pains with which a gari-waliah, after lighting one of his lamps, would try to prevent the match from being extinguished by the wind before he could light the other, could understand what Indian poverty really was. It has happened sometimes, since I came home, that I have listened to preachers enlarging upon the destitution of the poor in the slums of East London; and the life which they have described has seemed to me such as would be luxury to the people in the Far East. No doubt the climate of India makes amends for many privations, and long habit for more. The natives of India do not suffer from cold, and they do not greatly feel the lack of comforts which neither they nor their forefathers have ever enjoyed. But, when all is said, the poverty which is the mark of native life all over India is, and must, I think, be an ever-increasing pain to one who passes from the Western world into the East; or at least to one who has known as much of brightness and as little of sorrowfulness as I did at Harrow, and who finds himself standing at once face to face with the heart-breaking problems of want, disease, suffering and death among the many millions of India.

About the time when I went out to India, the two great evils of plague and famine were rife in the country. India

is never free from such maladies as fever, smallpox and cholera; perhaps it is never wholly free from plague and famine; but it is only at intervals that the gaunt spectres of plague and famine brood with deadly effect over whole provinces. Bubonic plague, as it is called, is not, indeed, afflicting to see; nor does a European in India, unless he is a doctor or a nurse, need to see much of it or to be at all afraid of catching it; but, when it is virulent among the natives, it simply mows down whole families in a few hours. I remember driving one day in the suburbs of Calcutta with the late Sir John Woodburn, when he was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. There had been of late a recrudescence of the plague in Bengal, and I remarked to him that it was, I feared, growing daily worse in Calcutta. He replied, "Yes, indeed it is. It was only yesterday that I visited a plague-stricken house. There were thirteen inmates of the house. Twelve of them were lying dead of the plague, and the thirteenth was dying of it." The solemn phrase of the Burial Office, "In the midst of life we are in death," possesses in India a significance of which English men and women living at home can scarcely dream.

It is the suddenness of death, it is the suddenness of burial after death, which makes life so dreadful in India. A European in India literally knows not in the morning what fate may be his before the evening. Nature executes her revenge with terrible rapidity upon any offence against her laws. In England men look upon the sun as a friend, and as a friend whose appearance is only too rare and fitful. There is an abiding force in the well-known reply of a Parsee gentleman to an Englishman, who expressed his surprise at the worship of the sun in the Zoroastrian religion, that the people in England could not be expected to worship the sun,

because they never saw the sun in his strength. But in India a young Englishman may be playing cricket, as I have myself known, on Tuesday ; he may thoughtlessly take off his cap while he is bowling ; and on the following Friday he may be lying in his grave.

In the Western world there is always, or generally, a definite period between death and burial. It is to that period that some of the most touching offices of domestic life belong. But in India death and burial come together ; and they come, as it were, at one stride. The survivors can find no time to mourn the dead whom they have lost, before committing their bodies to the grave. It is necessary to bury the dead at once out of sight, that they may not infect the living. Once, when I was travelling through the Central Provinces of India, I paid a visit to a certain station ; the Commissioner who was good enough to welcome me there accompanied me to the little church, and, while we stood within it, I pointed to a tablet upon the wall, as it bore the name of one of his predecessors in office. I asked him some question about the man whose name it recorded. When he had answered it, he added quietly, " His end was very sudden. When the last Bishop of Calcutta came here, he consecrated an extension of the local cemetery. The Commissioner presented to him in the morning a petition for the consecration of the new cemetery, and at nightfall he was himself buried in it." It is difficult to describe the effect of such familiarity with death, and with death in a guise so sudden and so awful, upon one who comes out to India from conditions in which the Angel of Death is almost an unknown visitor, as he is in a Public School.

But it is the sight of famine, and of all the incidents connected with famine, which most deeply affects the mind of a new-comer in India ; or, at least, which most

deeply affected my own. India, in all its long history, has been periodically subject to the dread visitations of famine. No records, indeed, exist to show the frequency or the severity of famines before the age of British intervention in Indian affairs; but it is not unreasonable to believe that a deficiency of the monsoon occurred as often in ancient as in modern times; and, when it occurred, no ruler acknowledged the obligation of trying to mitigate its consequences. The efforts made by the British Government for the relief of the people in times of famine are embodied in the reports of the Indian Famine Commissions. Sir William Hunter, in his "History of the Indian Empire," enumerates no fewer than sixteen great famines between the years 1770 and 1878. What was the approximate number of deaths owing to starvation in all these years it is simply impossible to calculate. The relief afforded officially and unofficially by British residents in India to the starving population has been a signal example of organised Christian charity. Yet it has been estimated that, in the famine of 1899 to 1900, of which I was not only an eye-witness, but, if I may express my sympathy in a single word, a heart-witness too, a million of people lost their lives, directly or indirectly, through want of food. The spectacle of emaciated corpses floating down the Ganges, or lying by the roadside, was sadly familiar in those days. Critics at home, and even in India, when they censure the inadequacy of the measures taken by the Government for the relief of famine-stricken natives, are apt to forget how grave are the difficulties of organising and administering relief. Not seldom it happens that the starving people and the supplies of food are comparatively close; yet it is impossible to bring them together. For transport is necessary, and it is just the transport which fails. The cattle die before the men,

women and children; and as soon as the cattle die, the means of communication, except on the main lines of road or railway, come to an end. When I heard of the work that was being done during the time of the famine by the devoted missionaries in the Golond country, I wrote telling them that it was my wish to share with them, at least for a while, the heavy burden of saving their converts from death; I would, therefore, come, with their permission, to make a short stay with them; but their reply was that, glad as they would be to welcome me, my journey into their country would necessarily absorb some part of the scanty transport still remaining, and would involve the temporary loss of the food-supply, which was already not plentiful enough to keep the people alive.

The scenes incidental to a great famine in India are frequently painful beyond words; yet they are half redeemed by the splendid devotion of the European officers, and by the pathetic resignation of the natives. Who that has seen can ever forget the touching picture of men, women and children in all stages and degrees of hunger clustering by hundreds or by thousands about a relief-camp under the control of a single European officer, patiently waiting, hour after hour, by night as by day, for the one sorry meal which is all that holds death at arm's length for twenty-four hours? The work of feeding natives during famine used, as I was told by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, to cost not more than a rupee or, to be exact, a rupee two pice a head *per mensem;* yet the contrast between their quiet resignation and the loud impatience, justifiable though it may be, of the wage-earners at home, in the presence of any pecuniary loss, is such a lesson as impresses itself in indelible characters upon the mind and heart of one who learns it for the first time.

It is not my wish to relate harrowing stories of the suffering which occurs in seasons of famine. Yet so few people who read books in England have ever experienced real hunger that it is desirable to bring home to them what famine is. A doctor whom I met at Simla told me he had sometimes been able to clasp his hand around the waist of a nearly starving baby in the Central Provinces; he had known a child, whose age he estimated at two and a half or three years, to weigh only fifteen pounds. Once, when I was travelling by train through Delhi, the station-master remarked to me that it was not fair to use the platform of the station as a hospital for sick and dying patients. I did not understand his meaning at first; but he added that, a day or two before my arrival, when a party of children had been passing through the station on their way to a home supported by the missionaries, three of them had died on the platform while they were waiting for their train. But the most moving story of life in famine-time that is known to me may be simply told. It often happens that, when famine is abroad in the land, the missionaries or their agents go out to rescue starving children who have lost their fathers and mothers, whether by death or by accidental severance. Children are cheap articles in India during famine-time. If I say that it is easy to buy them for a rupee a head, even when their parents suspect, however unjustly, that the children, if so bought, will become converts to Christianity, I am saying what is less than the truth. For children at such a time are easily obtainable *gratis*. They can be picked up in the fields; nor, indeed, is it easy to leave them there; so weak are they, so sure to die, if nobody takes charge of them. A missionary of the American Methodist Episcopalian Church, who was a friend of mine in Calcutta, once gathered a number of these famine-orphans into

a home which he had founded somewhere in the *mofussil.* For some time he and his wife fed, tended and educated the children. Then, as more money flowed in to him, he gathered a second company of famine-orphans into the same home. The children, who had first been saved, were drawn up at the doors of the home to receive the new arrivals, when, to the surprise of the missionary and his wife, a boy of the first group, as he saw the second group approaching, suddenly rushed out, made his way to a little girl who was standing among the new-comers, caught her in his arms, and with tears in his eyes passionately kissed her. She was his sister. He and she had lost each other, as they had lost both their parents, during the famine, and they met again in the compound of a Christian missionary home.

It is not only at times of plague or famine that a certain gloom seems to hang over Anglo-Indian society. English men and women who live in India are living an unnatural life. White people were not meant by Nature to live there. Soon or late the climate tells upon them. It affects their character as well as their health. It affects women even more than men. The Government of India has long recognised that a European cannot serve more than twenty-five or thirty years in India without losing something of his efficiency. But English ladies, who spend, as they often do for their husbands' sake, two or three successive hot seasons in the plains, bear only too evident traces of the suffering so patiently, and often so heroically, borne. The pale wan faces of the English children, who may be seen languidly playing on the Maidan at Calcutta in the cool of the evening just before the monsoon breaks, because their parents cannot afford to take them home or send them to the hills, are haunting memories.

Europeans of all ages, after a certain length of

residence in the East, are apt to become suspicious, irritable, exacting. They lose in some degree the saving grace of humour; they put a sinister interpretation on the harmless words and actions of their neighbours. They do not deserve to be blamed for the inevitable effect of the climate. It is possible that Nuncomar himself would have been sentenced to a punishment short of death, if he had not been tried at Calcutta in the hottest weeks of the year,[1] when neither a punkah nor an iced drink was available to mitigate the temper of a European judge sitting in Bengal.

Apart from the climate, the severance between the small governing class and the mass of the subject people in India produces a depressing effect upon European society. Lord Curzon once likened the few Europeans in India, by a fine simile, to the white foam on the dark surface of the ocean. It is possible that, in spite of all the schools, colleges and Universities, the railways, the telegraphs and telephones, which distinguish the India of to-day from India as it was when it originally passed under the rule of the British East India Company, the gulf between the East and the West is still as wide and as difficult to bridge as it was a century and a quarter ago. There is some reason to fear that the facilities afforded to many officials of Government in India for coming home on short furlough at frequent intervals, if not, as sometimes happens, every year, have tended to impair the intimate acquaintance of Europeans in India with the life, the language, the mental habit and the political spirit of the people whom they govern. The old Anglo-Indians, who returned to England once or twice at the most during the long period of their service in India, knew the people better

[1] The trial of Nuncomar began on June 8th, 1775. See "The Story of Nuncomar and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey," by Sir J. F. Stephen, K.C.S.I. Vol. i., p. 104.

than their successors know them to-day. But no European fully understands, or perhaps ever will fully understand, the natives of India.

"Oh, East is East, and West is West,"

as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written in some graphic familiar lines, and it may well be that

"Never the twain shall meet"

morally and spiritually upon earth. But it is an error to blame for this severance, such as it is, wholly, or mainly, the European governing class. The severance lies in the nature of two contrasted civilisations. Once, when I was in Calcutta, an Indian gentleman of high position and distinction, a Hindu, called upon me, at his own request, to discuss the relation of his compatriots to English men and women in India. He expressed with great earnestness his desire for a better understanding between them; I told him how fully I sympathised with him; but I added, "You will forgive my saying that there is a difficulty in your own social usages. If you pay an Englishman a visit in his own house, he introduces you not only to his sons, but to his wife and daughters; but, if he pays you a visit, what is his chance of introduction to your wives and daughters?" I remember the only reply which he could make was: "My lord, you must give us time. Such changes take a long time."

The result of the social divergence between Europeans and Indians is a sort of silent disquietude. It is impossible to forecast what will happen in India. The remembrance of the Mutiny has stamped itself upon European minds; but, thank God, it will, I hope, be dimmed by the splendid loyalty of India to the British *Raj* in the war raging, as I write, nearly all over Europe and over a great part of the civilised and

uncivilised world. Nobody who attends a parade service in an Indian cantonment, as he hears the rattle of the rifles on the floor of the church when the soldiers kneel in prayer, can well help recalling how it was at the time of Divine Service, when most of the officers and soldiers were expected to be engaged in the offices of religion, that the Mutiny broke out at Meerut. The well of dreadful memories at Cawnpore is guarded to this day by British soldiers against the approach of any native; so easily might it give occasion to a disturbance. An angel holding two palm-branches stands above the well; it seemed to me that the angel's face bore on one side a stern and on the other a gracious expression, as though typifying both the past and the present. Upon the well, or over it, are inscribed the sacred words: "These are they which came out of great tribulation."

The dawn of a better day is discernible upon the horizon, and every true friend of Great Britain or of India will not only hail, but, so far as he can, will hasten its coming; but it will take a long time to dispel the feeling of strangeness, and to some extent, of sadness, necessarily existing among the men and women who are called to spend their lives as exiles from home for their country's sake amidst a population differing from themselves in all, or nearly all, the physical and moral characteristics, feelings, traditions and associations which constitute the unity of a social or political body.

Some writers who have known India well, such as Kaye in his "Administration of the East India Company,"[1] have perhaps exaggerated the difficulty of acclimatising Europeans not only physically, but morally and spiritually, in India. They have thought or spoken, if I may quote Kaye's language, of "an impassable gulf" between "the English conqueror and his Hindoo

[1] p. 52.

subject." "There is nothing," they have said, "in common between them." English officials in India "have brought their own costume and their own customs with them, and they keep them on the banks of the Ganges as they would on the banks of the Thames." They live alone, "separated from the mass of the people," they are "in many respects an astonishment and a reproach in Indian eyes." Such language, if it were wholly true, would be a condemnation of British rule in India. But it is only one side of the truth, and that side is overdrawn. For against it must be set the justice, the honour, the devotion, the charity, which have won the respect, if not the affection, of all India for the governing race.

Still, it is not too much to say that English men and women seldom feel at home in India. They spend perhaps many years of their lives there; they do their duty in a self-sacrificing spirit; they learn to appreciate the good qualities of the native population; but their eyes, like their hearts, are always set towards England. They are sojourners in a land which both attracts and repels them; which, in spite of its attraction, puzzles, irritates and distresses them. It is because they are aliens in India that they are seldom, if ever, happy there. They are on the look-out, yet they must never own themselves to be on the look-out, for strange events; they are conscious of being scrutinised by keen, and perhaps unfriendly, eyes; they know not what the natives are thinking, and in times of stress they do not like to let the natives know what they themselves are thinking; they amuse themselves sedulously, and even severely, in games such as polo, cricket and football, in shooting and pig-sticking, in balls, dinner-parties and dramatic entertainments; but their very gaiety is felt to be an obligation, and it is clouded with anxiety, or

at the best with a painful disquietude. They are like people dancing under the shadow of a volcanic mountain. They make the best of to-day; but they are prepared in their hearts for the worst to-morrow. At least, that is the way in which Indian society struck me when I first entered it; and I never succeeded in overcoming my first impression, although it is difficult to express my feelings of indebtedness to the English friends, both men and women, who were so good to me in Calcutta, at Darjeeling, and at Simla.

It may be that a clergyman, and above all a bishop, realises more than most people one element of sadness in India. He is a Christian; he is an official representative of Christianity; yet he lives in a non-Christian atmosphere. Many Europeans in India do not, perhaps, feel pain at the contrast between their religion and their environment; but to me it was an overpowering reality. Sometimes, since I came home, I have heard or read of excitable Christians stigmatising England itself as a pagan country. Then I have been tempted to wish that such persons could spend a year, I will not say in India, but in some really pagan country. No doubt it is true that neither Eng[illegible] nor any country in Europe is thoroughly Christianised, if to be Christian is to express not in thought or word only, but in life both private and public, the full spirit of Jesus Christ; but there is all the difference in the world between a country where the rules, principles and traditions of Christianity are axioms of the national life, and a country which is wholly, or mainly, organised upon a non-Christian basis of belief and habit. The non-Christian atmosphere of India is not, indeed, equally sensible everywhere; yet it was constantly present to my thoughts. Many and many a time have I painfully realised its oppressiveness in Calcutta, when I have been driving from the Palace in

Chowringhi to the Oxford Mission House in Dharamtolla ; it used to seem to me that the cross pointing heavenwards over the roof of the Oxford Mission House amidst the purlieus of a vast Hindu population was as a light shining in a dark place ; and I felt then, as I feel now, a profound reverence for the English gentlemen who devote themselves, as Christian missionaries, in such surroundings to the moral and spiritual welfare of the natives. What is true of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta is not less true of the Cambridge Mission at Delhi, or the Trinity College, Dublin, Mission at Ranchi. Never has it been my fortune to see Christian humility or self-sacrifice carried so far as when English and Irish gentlemen, who have been educated at Oxford, Cambridge or Dublin, are found waiting at table with their own hands upon the natives, whose servants, for Christ's sake, they choose to be, or are borne to their last resting-place, each upon a simple wooden bier, without the slightest funeral trapping, but with words of Christian faith and hope spoken over their graves.

It is at Benares that the shock given to the Christian conscience is most acutely felt. Who can ever forget the sight of the worshippers crowding the narrow lane which leads to the Golden Temple, throwing flowers into the Gyan Kup or " Well of Knowledge," and drinking its fetid water, as a priest draws it in a bucket and pours it upon their hands, then passing by the huge painted figure of the sacred bull to the shrine of Siva and his wife Durga, where they throw some water of the Ganges with a spoon upon the images, and make offerings of rice and flowers before them. The scene in the Temple of Annapurna I could view only from a side gallery. But the impression made by the gong perpetually sounding ; by the Brahminy bulls standing or lying round the temple, and receiving food at the hands of devout wor-

shippers; by the interminable crowd of men and women passing in and out of the temple, offering rice or flowers or small coins to the priests who sit there, or bestowing alms upon the beggars congregated outside, can never fade from the memory.

There may be visitors who can look unmoved upon Hindu worship at its height, or, to speak more truly, at its depth, in the Sacred City of Hinduism; but I am not one of them, and I know that I was moved almost to tears, not only by the thought of such worship being possible to-day, but by a sense of the infinite distance by which it is, or seems to be, parted from the spirituality of true and pure religion. I have schooled myself, or tried to school myself, into sympathy with other creeds and rituals than my own. Even in Mohammedan mosques, as in St. Sophia at Constantinople, and in the Jumma Musjid at Delhi, the recognition of the one God has seemed for the moment, when I have watched the worshippers bowing their heads to the ground with their faces turned towards Mecca, to overcome the profound and awful gulf between the Crescent and the Cross. But the religious worship at Benares well-nigh forbids the feeling, which, after all, if it were only possible, would be true, that even here lies a strength or solace for the many millions of Hindus all over India.

Religion is undoubtedly the principal barrier between the East and the West. But religion itself at once creates and expresses national character. The accepted moral standard of Christendom, and of European Christendom especially, has been formed in the process of long centuries, during which the Gospel of Jesus Christ has been the most powerful influence upon the lives both of individuals and of nations. It has come to pass that Christians are expected to adopt certain rules of conduct. They are not, indeed, always or everywhere

true to these rules; but, so far as they are good Christians, they aim at fulfilling them; and, when they fall below them, they generally confess and regret their failure. It is just because the Christian standard of duty is due to Christianity that the problem of trusting the natives of India with responsible offices, which cannot be adequately discharged without the acceptance of Christian morality, has not yet attained, either in political or in ecclesiastical affairs, its final solution.

It is possible that the moral axioms of Christianity will not always maintain their authority in Europe. There are some signs that they are losing it now. It is possible, too, that, if India ever becomes Christianised, these axioms will slowly but surely govern Indian thought and life. Then the people of India will be brought into closer sympathy with European civilisation, and in public as in private life they will act according to the Christian standard of duty. At present, however, European society rests, and Indian society does not rest, upon a Christian basis. It follows that a Christian in India, and especially a Christian bishop, experiences an almost daily sense of pain in the presence of social and religious observances which are essentially alien from his own.

CHAPTER X

INDIA—*continued*

ISOLATED, however, as a Christian bishop must feel himself to be in India, yet, if he is as fortunate as I was, he may find much conpensation in the character of Anglo-Indian society. It is somewhat the fashion to criticise that society as it exists in the Presidency cities, and still more at the hill-stations, such as Simla, Poona, and Ootacamund. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories and poems have given vogue to such criticism. But it is possible that Mr. Kipling, who was, I think, originally a correspondent of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Simla, was not then so intimate with the rather exclusive official society of a hill-station as he was with the city of Lahore, where his father so long and so ably directed the Art Gallery, or with the great military cantonment a few miles off, at Mian Mir. It was there, near his own home, that he gained such unique familiarity with the natives, as he shows in his well-known story, "Kim," and, as in so many of his writings, with the British private soldiers, upon whom the familiar name of "Tommies" had been long conferred by public usage. There are some persons who think he felt a malicious pleasure in satirising a society which had not welcomed him within its pale at Simla. Certainly, the Simla of my time was wholly unlike the Simla described in "Plain Tales from the Hills." Such ladies as Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Reiver were unknown there; or, if they were known, they

were kept in the background. It is true, perhaps, that society in India, and most of all at the hill-stations in India, derives its tone naturally from the example of the high officials who preside over it. There were strange stories told, when I was in India, about the moral vagaries tolerated, if not encouraged, during one recent viceroyalty; and they were told upon such authority as could not well be discredited. All I can say is that my experience of Indian society has left a deeply pleasing impression upon my mind.

Sir John Woodburn, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, whom I knew so well, might be not unfairly called a Christian saint. It was worth while, I have often said, to go out to India, if only for the sake of knowing Sir John Woodburn. I happened to be brought into close personal association with him in many matters of common interest; and in his kindness and fairness of spirit, his keen sense of honour, his strong self-control—for he was naturally a man of sharp temper—his unswerving rectitude, his modesty and his piety, there was something which disarmed opposition and created such a personal affection as can never wholly die away. He is, I think, acknowledged to have been an excellent Lieutenant-Governor. He was popular—but never at the cost of sacrificing principle—alike among Europeans and among natives. There were many trials, and not a few difficulties and disappointments, in his public as in his private life; but the charm of his personality was never spoiled, and he died, leaving as few enemies as a man, who has done his duty in high office, can ever leave. Like a good many Anglo-Indians, he lingered on in India just too long. He was, I think, the only Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal who has for a long time died in office. His death took place after I had left India; but his memory is treasured in many hearts among

the associates of his Indian life, and not least in mine. Calcutta has now lost its capital position in India; but the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has become a Governor. Yet one who was familiar with Bengal and Calcutta under the noble succession of its last Lieutenant-Governors, Sir Ashley Eden, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Charles Elliott, Sir John Woodburn and Sir Andrew Fraser, will admit that India has known no high officials of stronger Christian faith or nobler Christian character than these since the great days of the Mutiny; and among them all, not the lowest place, and possibly even the highest, may be not unjustly assigned to Sir John Woodburn.

Lord Curzon, during his Indian Viceroyalty, was a man very different from Sir John Woodburn. If Sir John had no enemies, Lord Curzon had many; but he had also many, and, I think, far more friends and admirers than enemies. There are personal reasons which forbid me to pass judgment upon his Viceroyalty; but, so far as I understood his policy in India, it seemed to me, perhaps with one marked exception, to be generally right, even if it was not always carried out in the right way. It is possible that he set the standard of Viceregal dignity a little too high in relation to Europeans, if not to natives; for Europeans in India are suspicious of "a Sultanised Governor-General," to quote Sir James Mackintosh's expression; yet I think the elevation, and indeed the isolation, which he affected was deliberately chosen upon grounds of public expediency.

It is possible, too, that, after the fashion of strong men, he laid too heavy a burden of administration upon himself. Great as his administrative success was, it might have been still greater had he used his able subordinates a little more freely; for not the strongest or the wisest man can by himself govern three hundred millions of

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human beings; and, wherever individual rule is the note of administration upon a large scale, the consequence is that a good many questions, which are ripe for decision, are apt to be neglected or postponed.

If it is the distinction of a Viceroy to achieve important results by assiduous work during his five official years in India, no Viceroy will or can stand higher than Lord Curzon; for, among all the rulers of India since Lord Dalhousie, it was he who saw and seized the most opportunities of reforming activity. That the series of historical events by which Great Britain rose to be the sovereign power in India had come to an end before his birth, or while he was still a boy at Eton, was perhaps his misfortune; it was certainly not his fault. But the secret of accomplishing great administrative reforms without friction, or with as little friction as possible, was not altogether his. India, or at least official India, was perhaps more deeply agitated when his first period of office terminated, and still more after his return to office, than it had been at any time since the Viceroyalty of Lord Ripon.

Like other statesmen of commanding character, he wished all the officials who worked under him to go his way. He preferred able men who went his way to stupid men who also went his way; but he preferred, I think, an inferior man who would follow him to a superior man who would resist him; and it seemed to me that he was a little disposed to overvalue subordinates or to undervalue them, according as they did or did not comply instinctively and immediately with his demands. He did not possess the art of eliciting and utilising the best services of administrators who did not see eye to eye with himself, and not only India but he himself experienced a certain loss in consequence. If the truth must be spoken, he was at times

somewhat too negligent, perhaps even too contemptuous, of human feelings. Had he paid more regard to native sentiments or prejudices, the partition of Bengal might have been effected with less difficulty. He met opposition, and almost always met it effectively, by putting his finger upon its intellectual weakness. But the supreme leaders of men, in the East as in the West, have appealed to their hearts; and it is by affection, rather than by admiration, that the multitude of men are led to follow a statesman, no less than a general, with unhesitating and unfaltering loyalty.

Yet as years pass, and the sentiments excited by personality come to be merged in the appreciation of public services, it seems certain that Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty will rank as high in the estimation of Anglo-Indians in India itself as it already ranks in that of his fellow-countrymen at home. Even when he was at the head of the Government in India, it was, I think, impossible that the most hostile critic of his administration should not be struck and touched, and, indeed, at times even awed, however unwillingly, by his splendid industry, which never failed or flagged, although he was seldom, I am afraid, free from pain, or at times from acute pain; by his consummate ability in the treatment of subjects ranging over the whole wide area of Indian political and social affairs; by his capacity alike for originating large schemes and for elaborating them in minute detail and for expounding them with equal facility and authority, whether in speech or in writing; above all, by his romantic and almost heroic devotion to all that he conceived as being the true and high interest of the peoples of India. It is the literal truth that I often shrank in Calcutta or Simla from referring to him questions upon which his advice, however casually given, would have been valuable or decisive,

as I knew that, if I sent him a letter, I should receive in a few hours a full reply, generally extending over two or three sheets of quarto paper, and all written in his own handwriting. Once, as I remember, when I had gone out for a ride, which cannot, I think, have lasted more than an hour and a half, round the racecourse in Calcutta, I came back to find three such autograph letters lying one above another on my study table. Lady Curzon, who would sometimes send me at Simla a *chit*, begging me to take him away from his labours for a short walk, said to me one day that, although he was sometimes compelled to lie in bed at Viceregal Lodge or at the Retreat in Mashobra, yet the illness which kept him in bed was no rest from daily toil, but rather an increase of it, as it enabled him to spend upon public affairs the time which would otherwise have been given to dressing and undressing.

Lord Curzon, as I knew him in India, was in my eyes almost literally Aristotle's ὁ μεγαλόψυχος, the man "who thinks himself worthy of great things, and who is worthy." Ordinary men easily and rightly acquiesce in such a claim, if it is made by such a man. Whatever achievement is possible to high intellectual gifts in association with unwearying industry and stately eloquence was amply achieved by Lord Curzon; and many years will pass before India fully knows, and many more before it fully repays in gratitude, the sum of its indebtedness to his Viceroyalty.

It is not, however, so much to his intellectual as to his moral elevation that I would bear my testimony here. Some of his critics there were, as of his friends —and I was one of them—who felt, rightly or wrongly, that he showed less insight in his attitude towards Christianity, and especially towards Christian missions, in India, than to any other aspect or subject of Indian

administration. The impartiality which the Government of India, in accordance with the Queen's proclamation of 1858, has conscientiously and consistently observed in relation to the various faiths of the Indian peoples, should, I think, as strongly deter a Viceroy from exhorting the natives not to abandon Hinduism or Mohammedanism or any other religion, as from exhorting them to become Christians. Civil administrators in India are apt to be keen-sighted rather than far-sighted. They see sometimes the difficulty which may arise, as they think, from Christian missionary work, if it disturbs the traditional creeds and customs of India; but they do not see, or they affect not to see, the far greater difficulty which will arise, if, when such a disturbance comes about, owing not to Christian missions solely or chiefly, but to the whole western Christian civilisation which has been planted down in India, the religious life of the most religious people in the world is vitiated by secularism.

Whatever may be the judgment passed upon Lord Curzon's religious policy in India, Indian society in my time could not be too grateful for his unfaltering insistence upon morality. Perhaps the best proof of the austere moral code, which prevailed at Government House and at Viceregal Lodge during his Viceroyalty, would be supplied by the articles, in which the less creditable newspapers now and again lamented that the old days of loose morality had passed away. Lord Curzon was so austere in his official treatment of private morals that I used to say laughingly I had once or twice been constrained to use such little influence as I possessed on the side of vice. At any rate, I can think of one lady against whom, when she was paying a visit to Calcutta in the cold weather, the ban of exclusion from Government House would probably

have been issued, had I not urged upon the Viceroy's military secretary that she was only passing through Calcutta, and that, if she was suspected of misconduct, it had not been proved against her in any court of justice. But I recollect with what severity and yet sympathy Lord Curzon treated the case of a lady who had, I think, been admitted by some oversight, at the end of Lord Elgin's Viceroyalty, to the Viceregal Court; and I know that, if the full story of that case were ever told, it would show how ready he was to sacrifice not only his popularity, but, if need were, his personal feeling, for the maintenance of the moral standard which he felt to be an indispensable condition of British rule in India. Nor would anybody who knows India well hold that he was wrong; for it is essential to British authority that the educated natives should recognise, as most of them do frankly recognise, the supremacy of the Christian moral law in determining the public no less than the private conduct of Europeans in India.

It is difficult here to say, yet it is impossible to forbear saying, a word, if it be little more than a word. about Lady Curzon. I was so fortunate as to know her well in England, and afterwards still better in India. Anglo-Indian society admired her—who, indeed, could help a feeling of admiration for her beauty and grace?—but I am not sure that it did her full justice. Perhaps it was a little critical of her as an American lady. It did not, I think, wholly appreciate her self-sacrificing goodness of heart. Had she been quite a free agent, she would have taken even a greater part than was actually hers in the promotion of charitable and philanthropic causes. It was an idle fancy that she ever stood upon her dignity, or demanded of her staff or her associates any services which were not willingly accorded her. She was as true a friend of India and the Indians as Lord

Curzon himself. It was scarcely recognised, except by her few intimate friends, that she was a sufferer all through her life in the East. There are persons to whom the climate of India is simply fatal, and she was one of them. Within a month of reaching Calcutta she was ill, and I doubt if she was ever well afterwards. Her return to India after the painful malady, which had brought her so near to the grave that she took leave more than once, I think, of her own children, was in literal truth her death-warrant. But she hid her pain and weakness as far as possible from the eyes of all who stood near her, and above all from her husband's. To him she was utterly devoted, and for his sake she was contented to live or to die. Of all the ladies who have occupied the supreme position in Anglo-Indian society there is not one who deserves to be regarded, whether by Europeans or by natives, with more affectionate reverence than Lady Curzon. When I paid her a last visit in London, I ventured to say to her that the world had seen only the glamour and the triumph of her life; but that she, I knew, had had many sorrows to bear. She bowed her head, but she made no reply. It was not long afterwards that I was called to lay her body to rest in the little graveyard at Kedleston. There were few mourners at her funeral, only just the members of her husband's family and her own; but all who stood beside her grave had known her in the lustre of her days, and nearly all when she was Vicereine of India. It has been my duty to officiate at many funerals in many parts of the world, but never at one like hers. The feeling of contrast between the present and the past, the thought of a glory that had vanished as in a night, was too deep for words. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum.*[1] So much had

[1] "It is a world of tears."

happened since she had come as a bride to England—so much that was happy and mournful and sacred. I was thankful for the shower that began to fall ere the funeral sentences were fully spoken. But for it we should all, I think, have broken down. The vision of Lady Curzon remains, and will ever remain, in my heart as of a being almost too beautiful, too ethereal, for earth.

Anglo-Indian society in India is different from English society at home, and the points of difference are only realised by experience. It is, in the main, official society. Its interests, therefore, are more or less limited to such duties, whether civil or military, as attach to the various offices under Government. There is plenty of conversation about parades, manœuvres, promotions—whether anticipated or announced—sport, life in the Hills, furlough, and the history which officials and their wives are helping to make; but literature and art are not, as a rule, topics of discussion. Now and again, a prominent civilian, such as the late Sir Alfred Lyall or the late Sir William Hunter, evinces by his writings how deeply he has penetrated the life or thought of India; but, upon the whole, Anglo-Indians do not read so many books as people of the same class at home.

It is difficult, indeed, to preserve books in India. The climate is almost everywhere injurious to them; and anyone who takes his library with him to India will bring it back, if at all, only as a ruin. Circulating libraries scarcely exist. The newspapers which are published in India, honourable as many of them are, are produced under conditions not altogether suited to European journalism. There is no music. There are practically no theatres. For the native idea of the drama is wholly alien from the English; and a babu

representing Clive or Warren Hastings upon the stage is, as I can testify, a strange impersonation.

Even in Government House at Calcutta or Madras or Bombay a dinner-party followed by a ball is the one possible entertainment. It was rather a surprise to me that theatrical companies, which pay visits so frequently to Australia and New Zealand, and even to South Africa, seldom or never think of visiting India. I suppose the European residents, even in the Presidency cities, are not numerous enough to pay the expenses of transporting a whole company and its properties to India. Yet it is said that the railway companies are prepared to carry them on favourable terms. When I was in India there was a curious story of a party of missionaries, who wished to travel from Calcutta by the Darjeeling-Himalaya Railway at a reduced rate in the hot weather, and who found that no way of cheap locomotion was open to them under the by-laws of the railway except by travelling as a theatrical company. All I would say is that social life in India would be more exhilarating, if it were possible to introduce the pleasures not only of literature, but of music and the drama there. Yet it would be unfair to forget the spirited administration of the little theatre in Simla, where I have seen the plays of Gilbert and Sullivan excellently performed—not without occasional "gags" of a personal kind—by amateur actors and actresses.

It is, I hope, not disloyal or ungrateful to suggest that the rigid law of precedence casts a rather depressing shadow upon Anglo-Indian society. I could never fully understand why the etiquette of precedence should be so far more serious an affair in India than it is at home. Probably it is so because society is official and officially-minded. There is a similar law at home; but, except in its application to the highest personages of the realm,

it is not, I think, observed with the same stringency as in India; and when a person goes out to dinner, he does not know instinctively upon entering the drawing-room who will be his partner at the table, nor does he generally feel himself to be aggrieved, if his seat at the table is a little lower than he may think it ought in propriety to be. But in India the table of precedence reaches from the Viceroy downwards to the "Deputy Accountant, office of the Director of Ordnance Factories"; and among them all it is a point of honour to insist upon the recognition of the dignity so assigned to them. It sometimes happened that husbands avowed they did not attach the value of a straw to social precedence for themselves, but they felt bound to insist upon it for their wives' sake; or it happened that wives protested they were themselves wholly careless about social precedence, only they must demand it, so far as they were entitled to it, in the interest of their husbands. But the result was, or I thought it was, that social festivities were greatly marred. The host was always afraid of giving offence to some of his guests. If a gentleman or lady of high rank failed at the last moment when a dinner-party was given, it was necessary to change the whole order of the guests. The *bara mem-sahib* is a figure well known and dreaded all over India.

An official occupying a high position upon the table of precedence is pretty well bored to death during the season in Calcutta or Bombay by the necessity of always taking the same lady, or one of the same two or three ladies, in to dinner. I am afraid I was a little too much of a democrat for Anglo-Indian society; and to me the privilege of saying grace before dinner at the Viceregal board was not an ample solace for exile from home. But I think there is some ground for feeling that Anglo-

Indian society, enjoyable as it often is, would be easier and happier, if it were a little less tied by etiquette. I know I would often have given a good deal to take a lower than my official position on occasions of state.

It is, I suppose, the same prevalence of officialism in Anglo-Indian society which explains the passionate love of titles, orders and medals. Somehow I cannot help thinking that the multiplication of these distinctions, at home as well as in India, has, in late years, become a little degrading. The old English theory of duty for duty's sake is stricken to death, when every service which a citizen renders to his State is felt to call for some mark of royal or official favour. It was my own wish, when I was in India, that the clergy, especially the missionaries, should not accept decorations, not even the Kaiser-i-Hind medal. There is an amusing story that, when the medal was awarded to a member of the Oxford Mission, he received a telegram of congratulation from the Viceroy; he was away from home when the telegram arrived, and it was specially forwarded to him; but, as he did not imagine who had sent it or what its purport could be, he declined to pay the fee which the post office charged for delivering it. I think he refused the medal itself afterwards. There seems, indeed, to be an essential distinction between the officials of Government and the servants of the Cross in India. The men who serve under Government go out to India in the ordinary course of life; their service is their profession; and whatever rewards or prizes it brings them they naturally and justifiably accept. But the missionaries go out in a different spirit; and, although I welcome the recognition which the Government bestows from time to time upon Christian missions, and should be slow to blame any missionary for accepting what is often at the best but a poor

reward of a life-long self-sacrifice, yet it is possible that the motive or nature of Christian missions may be compromised a little in native eyes, if the missionaries, like the civil and military authorities, are ready to accept titles and badges as their rewards. However, people in India sometimes gain titles or distinctions in strange ways. It was while I was living in India that the rule conferring military titles upon doctors in the Indian Medical Service was passed. The rule was necessary, perhaps, as enabling them to claim their proper status at social functions. But, after all, there is no more honourable title in the world than Doctor, and nowhere is it, or ought it to be, more highly honoured than in India. I can recall the case of a doctor who carried on his profession for a number of years at Jubbulpore. The rule of Government made him a colonel as well as a doctor; then, after his retirement from the Medical Service, he took Holy Orders, and, in consequence, the title by which he was, or might have been, known among his compatriots, if he had cared to insist upon it, was that of "The Reverend Doctor Colonel."

Indian society, to speak frankly, struck me as sometimes a little dull. The hand of Government lay constantly and heavily upon it. There was a tendency to regard all actions and all questions from the official standpoint. A distinguished lady, who happened one day to arrive late for Divine Service which I was conducting, intimated to me in conversation afterwards that she and her husband could scarcely be expected to come to church, if the service began before they were seated there. It did not seem to me quite reasonable that the Almighty should be kept waiting for her.

The bishops and the chaplains upon the Establishment are clearly in some sense responsible to Government, and I think they would generally be unwilling to

do or say anything that might cause trouble; but the Church, whatever may be her relation to the State in England or in India, cannot become the mere mouthpiece of the secular authority. It is, however, in my mind a pleasant thought that society, so far as I was familiar with it in India, was, upon the whole, not only moral, but religious. The society may not have been better, but it was, as I can testify, certainly not worse, than society at home. It is naturally exposed to special difficulties; for husbands are often obliged to spend months and years in trying circumstances under an eastern sky, many thousands of miles away from their wives and families; but at Simla and Darjeeling, if I may speak of the hill-stations which I knew best, as well as in Calcutta, scandals were rare, and they were fully as much condemned there by public opinion as at home.

The congregation which worships in the Cathedral at Calcutta is strangely like a fashionable congregation in London. When I went out to India, I expected to see many dark faces in the Cathedral; but, except on rare occasions, I saw few or none at all. It is not improbable that the European worshippers would have resented the appearance of a strong native element in the congregation. Still, it is fair to say that among the official class in Calcutta there were but few persons who were habitual absentees from Divine Worship. Some of the regular worshippers were as devout Christian men and women as any whom I have ever known. Others there were who were good Christians enough, although they did not observe Sunday with equal strictness; they would often go to the early celebration of Holy Communion; then they would ride out to Tollygunj and spend the day there, but they would ride back in time for Evensong. There were more communicants Sunday by Sunday at the early celebrations in the Cathedral

at Calcutta than I have seen in many English Churches and Cathedrals.

It is with a solemn pleasure that I look back upon the services there. The Cathedral is not a magnificent building, although it is a graceful object as seen from the Maidan. In its architecture it resembles Norwich Cathedral on a small scale; but internally it is truncated, like the Chapel of Eton College ; and it is so for the same reason, that the funds which were necessary to complete it were never raised. Yet it lends itself with singular effect to dignified services. It used to be thronged on Sunday evenings in the season ; but the thronging ought, perhaps, to be discounted, as worshippers claim a greater space in India than in England. But I do not know that any congregation could include more varied elements of importance ; for sometimes the Viceroy himself, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Commander-in-Chief, the Chief Justice of Bengal, members of the Viceroy's Council, judges, leaders of commerce and industry, officials and residents of all kinds and degrees, would be gathered within its walls. I recall especially the services which were held there in memory of the Queen-Empress after her death ; before the sailing of Lumsden's Horse for service in the South African War against the Boers ; and, if it is not presumptuous to say so, at my own enthronement. Nor is it possible that I should ever think or speak too gratefully of the friends who were so often my associates outside the Cathedral ; so often, too, my fellow-worshippers within it.

India, I sometimes think, makes Anglo-Indians either better or worse ; it brings out what is highest in the English men and women who live there, or what is lowest. It has evoked the splendid qualities of human nature in such men as John and Henry Lawrence,

Outram, Havelock, Nicholson and Montgomery, to cite the heroes of the Mutiny, and these alone; may I not add, if only in thought, the many noble Christian men and women whose names are unknown outside India, and only too soon forgotten there?

There is, indeed, another side to the picture of European life in India. If a man suffers himself to be demoralised by an atmosphere in which he is cut off from the old restraining influences of home-life in a Christian country, he may fall, and I have heard—though I cannot say I have personally known—of men who did fall, to an even lower than the pagan level of morals. But if my own experience, brief as it was, counts for anything at all, it may, I hope, justify me in paying a tribute, however inadequate, to the lives of Englishmen and Englishwomen who bear what is so literally "the burden and heat of the day"; who render their country and the Empire a service of which others and they themselves are little aware; and who, knowing not what a day may bring forth, yet so live, and sometimes so die, as caring little for themselves, but wholly for the honour and glory of the name which they bear as citizens and Christians.

The high character of Anglo-Indians in India is probably the asset of highest value to the stability of the Indian Empire. The Oriental mind respects superiority; it respects moral superiority most of all, and it yields instinctive obedience to a Power which is recognised as morally superior. It is no exaggeration to declare that English men and women of high character in India are the best friends, and English men and women of mean or base character are the worst enemies, of the British *Raj*. For Europeans can seldom or never surpass Indians either in the good or the bad features of native Indian life. They are as sure to be beaten in the rivalry of

asceticism as of chicanery. But they can, and do, exhibit before native eyes another, and, as the natives themselves will admit, often a higher than the Indian standard of life, whether domestic, or social, or administrative, or commercial.

It was once remarked to me by an eminent person in India that the best way of treating an Oriental was to treat him as though he were not an Oriental. Certainly the worst way in which a European can treat an Oriental would be to imitate the methods and principles of the East. It is far better that Europeans in the East should live their own lives, without accommodating themselves to a society which is not, and cannot ever be, their own. They will do India the most good, not by emphasising obtrusively the distinctions between Western and Eastern life, or by accommodating themselves, in the poor degree which is all that is possible, to the usages of native society, but by elevating the natives, not so much through exhortation as through example, to the highest moral dignity of the West. It is, in my judgment, a mistake that Europeans in India should compromise their own moral principle by attending *naches*. It is a still worse mistake that they should sacrifice their religious principle by taking part, however formally and officially, in Mohammedan or pagan religious worship, or by giving presents to mosques and temples. The law compelling British soldiers to salute heathen idols was not less a political blunder than a religious apostasy; and since Sir Peregrine Maitland, as Commander-in-Chief of the army in the Madras Presidency, refused to recognise it in 1837, it has passed into abeyance, and nobody has thought of reviving it.

The British government of India is at once the most surprising and the most commanding fact of modern history. It has frequently been described as an accident;

but there are no accidental events in the world; and if such events there were, it would be an accident only in the sense that it was not intended, not in the sense that it was not, or might not have been, foreseen. To any statesman who understood both the East and the West it would have seemed improbable that the contact of Europeans, when once they had set foot in India, with the natives could be ultimately limited to affairs of trade. For in the East, or, at all events, in India, human life, whether social or personal, is all one; it cannot be divided into compartments; there is no broad, final discrimination between commerce, administration, warfare, politics and religion. It is true that the charter granted by Queen Elizabeth to the East India Company on the last day of the last year of the sixteenth century allowed the Company "as well for the honour of this our realm of England as for the increase of our navigation and advancement of trade of merchandise" licence to "send out ships by way of traffic and merchandise to the East Indies, and the countries and parts of Asia and Africa, and to as many of the islands, ports and cities, towns and places thereabouts, as where trade and traffic may by all likelihood be discovered, established and had." It is trade, and the honour of England only so far as it may be advanced by trade, that is the keynote of the whole charter. But in the long run commerce led inevitably to political negotiation with the natives, political negotiation to administrative responsibility, and local administration by slow degrees to universal, or all but universal, empire.

An interesting question is whether Great Britain has attained as high a degree of success as is possible, or, indeed, how high is the degree of success it has actually attained, in relation to the subject people of India.

It sometimes happens that critics of the British *Raj* in

India underrate the difficulties which have been encountered there. They expect to find not only a complete administrative system, but a complete appreciation of that system among the natives all over India. If a small number of educated or half-educated natives, in Bengal especially, carp at the Government, their voice is sometimes taken in England for the voice of India. The supreme merit of the British *Raj* in India is that it has brought peace, justice and freedom to more than three hundred millions of human beings; and its reward has been not only the quietude or contentment of the natives, as they go about their daily occupations, but their ardent loyalty to the Imperial Crown in time of war. No other power has ruled so vast a population in such tranquillity; none has gained so great a recompense of devotion in the recent critical hour of the national life.

Yet the natives of India cannot reasonably be blamed, if they regard the white race of men who come from beyond the seas to govern India with a certain suspicion. The people of England would not readily acquiesce in the rule of Frenchmen, however just or equitable that rule might be. They would raise the cry of "England for the English," and it would be a stimulating, patriotic cry. But the difference between the English and the French is but as the small dust of the balance in comparison with the difference between the English and the natives of India. It is not an absolute difference of race or colour or language or religion. If, then, there are natives of India who believe that they ought themselves to govern India, and that they could govern it with more intelligence or sympathy than the English, their faith in themselves may be disproved, but it ought not to be decried, still less ought it to be condemned as though it were something in itself wholly illegitimate or unnatural.

The disappearance of the British *Raj* in India is at present, and must for a long time be, simply inconceivable. That it should be replaced by a native Government or Governments is the wildest of wild dreams. It is such a fancy as can suggest itself to persons who are strangely, and perhaps wilfully, ignorant of India. English people, if they have never set foot in India, seem to find greater difficulty in realising that India is divided racially than that it is divided religiously; yet the differences of race in India are more numerous, and not less serious, than the differences of religion. Nothing but the paramount authority of the British Government has welded them together in external harmony. As soon as the last British soldier sailed from Bombay or Karachi, India would become the battlefield of antagonistic racial and religious forces; and it is as certain as any event of the future can be that the "tiger of the north," or, in other words, the Mohammedan tribesman of the Hills, would, according to Lord Roberts's prophecy, descend with such impetuous energy as would make him master of all the low-lying country in northern India and beyond it. If this were the issue, it would, or it might, mean at the best the sovereignty of a new Akbar; but it would certainly mean that the peaceful and progressive civilisation, which Great Britain has slowly but surely brought into India, would shrivel up in a night.

There are, and there will probably always be, discontented native elements in India. Their discontent is partly, as I hope to show, the effect of an ill-conceived educational system. Still more is it the assertion of a genuine, although unenlightened, national spirit. It may, indeed, give occasion to much bitter criticism of the Government as a whole, and of its officials individually, in vernacular newspapers, and occasionally to outrages,

such as the attempted assassination of the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, and his wife in Delhi; but it shrinks into insignificance beside the universal loyalty evoked by the stress or peril of the British Empire in the throes of European warfare, and evinced among all classes of the native population, but especially by the princes and rulers, in a generous self-sacrifice which neither creed, nor tradition, nor the prejudice of long centuries, seems able to defeat or to impair.

The British *Raj*, indeed, has given the people of India peace, safety, justice and prosperity. They do not expect or altogether understand these blessings; nor do they know, perhaps, upon what causes they depend; but they cannot and do not wholly escape the feeling, which the facts of their daily life almost insensibly bring home to them, that, if they were left to themselves without the controlling power of Great Britain over their heads, they would not enjoy the fruits of their labours; they would be subject to oppression, violence and tyranny; and in the darkest hours of their ever-darkened lives there would be no one whose office or duty or privilege it would be to feed or succour them, or to shed a ray of comfort upon their stricken souls.

The principal fault to which the rulers of India are liable is that they look at India not through native, but through English, spectacles. They see facts as they themselves are inclined or disposed to see them; but the facts which they see are not always such as appear to the natives themselves. It is imagination which is necessary to the complete success of a Western government in an Oriental country; and this is just what the average Briton so often lacks. Justice, in fact, is a quality more common than imagination. But everyone who is occupied in the government of India should constantly ask himself how actions look in native

eyes; not how they look in European eyes, nor how they ought to look, but how they do look, in native eyes.

India is still to Europeans the land of surprising mysteries and paradoxes, and the Anglo-Indians who know it best are the most conscious that they know but little about it. The British Government of India has for a century and more been set upon winning its way to the confidence of its subjects. If it has not won its way completely, it may well find its solace or excuse in the necessarily inherent difficulties of its task. For, apart from the natural or historical divergences between an Oriental and an Occidental people, there is a difference of moral character and moral judgment. It does not follow that, because the West appreciates certain benefits, the East will equally appreciate them. Among European nations, for example, and in the British nation especially, progress is recognised as an object of supreme desire. It is assumed that every man aspires to improve his position in life. Educational systems are tested, and are either approved or condemned, according as they do or do not afford what is called an open career to individual talent. Competition is the prevailing law in business as in politics. Nobody feels any scruple at rising, by such means as are held to be legitimate, above his fellows. Ambition, although it has been oftener a curse than a blessing to the world, is inculcated, almost as a duty, upon the young by their parents and teachers. A successful career is the career of a man who dies in a higher position, or in circumstances of greater wealth and power, than he inherited from his parents.

But all this is the antithesis of Oriental, or at least of Indian, thought and feeling. The institution of caste is an absolute bar to personal advancement. That one who is born a *bihisti* or a *mehtar* should die a

bihisti or a *mehtar* is an axiom of Indian social life. Nobody complains of it; nobody fights against it; nobody feels it to be a grievance at all. English men and women, who are eager to "get on," as the phrase is, in their own lives, go wholly wrong, if they transfer their aspiration to the natives of the East. It is the simple, literal truth—although to Europeans it seems so strange as to be incredible—that the vast majority of human beings do not desire improvement or advancement; they ask only to live and die as their fathers and forefathers from time immemorial lived and died. The first principle of charity is to look upon benefits conferred and received from the side not of the benefactor, but of the beneficiary. There is no doubt that Orientals do not naturally regard many improvements which a Western government effects, and feels bound to effect, as boons at all. In European minds the feeling for justice is not less strong, and is often even stronger, than the feeling for progress; but nations, and most of all, Oriental nations, if they have been long inured to unjust treatment, do not immediately appreciate the blessing of justice. In the end justice wins its reward, and British justice is gradually winning it in India; but the reward is slow in coming. Neither Hinduism nor Mohammedanism insists, like Christianity, upon Divine justice and Divine mercy. It scarcely occurs to the worshippers of Siva and Krishna to inquire whether their Divine Beings are just or unjust. They do not associate Divinity with moral qualities. Nor is it justice so much as power which is the sovereign attribute of God in Islam. God, as revealed in the Koran, stands in the same relation, except for the vastly greater magnitude of His operations, to mankind as some Nizam or Nawab to his subjects. It is assumed that He will treat them arbitrarily, and that, as He is able, He will be entitled

so to treat them. They can only submit in patience to His will. Christian theology has been greatly disturbed and distressed in all ages of the Church by the convulsions and cataclysms of Nature, such as floods, tornadoes, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, pestilences which walk in darkness, and sicknesses which destroy at noonday. But to the theology of Islam such events occasion no speculative difficulties. The follower of the Prophet shrugs his shoulders, saying, "Allah is great," and with that sublime profession of faith his reason or his spirit is content. But men of races or religions, which do not expect justice from their gods, will not expect it from their fellow-men; and, if they experience it, they do not at first appreciate it.

So it is that Orientals are apt to mistake lenity or clemency for weakness. But, whatever may be thought of Divine justice, it is certain that the British Government in India confers many benefits, as the Western world counts them, upon the Indian people, without reaping a rich harvest of gratitude for them. It may be well in India to construct good roads, to bring pure water from the hills to the crowded *bastis* of large cities, to insist, as far as possible, upon decent sanitary conditions of housing and living among the natives; but unless these reforms are carried out with a scrupulous regard to custom and prejudice, it is only too likely that they will end in riots. For social, and still more, sanitary improvements may mean interference with the long-established rule or mode of Indian life. It is idle that an Englishman or an Englishwoman should advocate these improvements, as tending to prolong life and promote happiness; the natives do not care much for happiness, and for life itself they care still less. They would far sooner die, they would far sooner let those who are nearest and dearest to them die, than consent

to any intrusion upon their domestic privacy. If sanitation touches, as it well may touch, the zenana or the harem, it becomes at once provocative of angry and bitter feeling. The governors of India have not always understood that, as to Englishmen and Englishwomen there are some evils which are worse than death, there are evils, but not the same evils, which are, in Oriental eyes, not only worse than death, but so intolerable that in comparison with them death itself scarcely deserves a passing thought. I used sometimes to feel it was possible to sum up the paradox of Anglo-Indian life in India by saying that an Englishman in some dreadful hour, as when famine is most acute, would perhaps see a suffering, diseased native in the extremity of hunger; he would shrink instinctively from contact with so miserable an object, yet in pity or in mercy he would go to him; he would offer him with his own hands food which he himself could ill afford to spare, and in so offering it he would fulfil what is perhaps the highest and hardest dictate of his religion; yet he would find that, in persuading or exhorting the native to take the food, he had done him the irreparable injury of polluting him, and thereby ruining him body and soul.

Social reformers, in Great Britain no less than in India, are only too well aware that one of the chief difficulties confronting them is the sullen indifference, or the active opposition, of the very class or classes which they aspire to benefit. They carry out, or they try to carry out, let me say an improvement in housing, not with, but against, the wishes of the people who dwell in the worst tenements of the worst slums. In their efforts to redeem their country or their city from the reproach of intemperance, they may count upon the resistance not only of the brewers and the publicans

who sell strong liquor, but of many among the working-men and working-women whose homes are desolated by it. Such reformers can look for no gratitude from the objects of their charity. They "cast their bread upon the waters," and they "find it," if they find it at all, "after many days." But if ingratitude is in England frequently the return made for disinterested philanthropy, still more is it so in India. No official of Government in any part of the British Empire needs more conscientiously to cherish the habit of "patient continuance in well-doing," without any thought of earthly recompense or gratitude, than a civil servant in India.

Yet, when all is said, reforms, I am afraid, have sometimes, and perhaps not seldom, been introduced into India without a full understanding of the light in which they would naturally present themselves to the Indian peoples, or of the effect which they would probably, if not certainly, exercise upon the peoples' life and character. It has been so, I think, in the sphere of education. The educational problem is always and everywhere difficult. It has not been found easily soluble, nor has it as yet been completely solved, even in England. But the difficulty of organising a sound educational system in a country where all, or nearly all, the citizens are Christians (although some of them are Roman Catholics) would seem to be insignificant in comparison with the same difficulty in a country where the peoples are actually divided among several opposing religions, and where the religion of the governing class is accepted by less than one per cent. of the many millions of the native population under their rule.

Since the era of Lord Macaulay's famous educational Minute, in 1835, the Government of India has, in general, adopted the two-fold policy of educating the natives, however gradually, and of educating them, as far as

possible, upon English lines, but of giving them a wholly secular education, without any element of religion, whether European, i.e. Christian, or Indian. It has, in fact, divorced, or sought to divorce, education in a large degree from morals, and altogether from religion. This is, or has been assumed to be, the path of least resistance in a country like India; but it is not necessarily the path of highest wisdom. It is easier to discern the evils and difficulties which religious teaching, rather than the absence of it, will create in India; yet they may ultimately prove to be not more formidable. For, if a secular educational system is repugnant to Indian sentiments and traditions, it may be planted, but it will not take root, in India. The instinctive demand which India makes is not for education, but, if education is given at all, for religious education. The Government of India would be untrue to its function and office, if by any means, direct or indirect, it endeavoured to force Christianity upon its subjects. Christians of all people, in England or in India, would be the first to shrink from the idea of proselytism by compulsion. For compulsion is opposed to the spirit of Christianity, and converts who embrace the Christian religion from any motive of interest or necessity are not converts worth having. But the enforcement of secular education is hardly less an offence to the peoples of India than the enforcement of Christianity itself would be.

It is curious that the Government of India have persisted so long in an experiment which had been tried, and had failed, at home. In the early days of national education it was the favourite tenet of some authorities, and of the so-called Birmingham School especially, that the State was not, and could not be, properly concerned with the religious teaching of the children, and should leave it altogether to voluntary agencies. There was much to be said in favour of such a policy; but it broke

down, partly because of the innate English unwillingness to think of education as separable from religion, and partly because of the moral danger which was instinctively felt to lie in education apart from the sanctions and restraints of a religious creed. For, wherever secular education has been tried upon a large scale, it has resulted, or has been held to result, in a considerable increase first of juvenile, and then of adult, criminality. But whatever may be the immediate evils of secular education in a country which has long been Christian, such as Great Britain, they are sure to be more serious in India.

The great missionary educator, Dr. Duff, warned the Government of India long ago what would be the effect of imposing a secular education upon the Indian peoples. "In the metropolis of British India," he said, "the experiment has actually been tried. It has had more than twenty years for its development. And what have been the fruits? Of these we have seen enough with our own eyes, and heard enough with our own ears, to satisfy us that, in the present corrupt state of human nature, the genuine native tendency of any institution which attains to full maturity in the communication of knowledge without religion is inimical not merely to true religion and sound morals, but also to the political peace and well-being of the community. We hesitate not to affirm that every such institution in India will ultimately be found, when perhaps it is too late, nothing better than a manufactory of infidels as regards all religion, a manufactory of rebels as regards the British Government." [1]

It would be impossible for me to endorse the strong and sweeping language of Dr. Duff. The loyalty of India to the King-Emperor in the present war proves that his language, at least in its political import, is

[1] "India and Indian Missions," p. 429.

exaggerated. Dr. Duff knew Bengal better than other parts of India ; and I do not think that anyone who has been placed in close association with the young educated, or half-educated, Bengalis, known as babus, would deny or dispute the grave peril of their lapsing, under secular educational influences, into a state of almost complete moral apathy. Such instances of moral elevation as occur to-day, and probably occurred in Dr. Duff's time, among the Indian gentlemen of Bengal, are exceptions only the more striking for their rarity. Bengal, it is true, is the region in which the seeds of secular education have sprung up most rapidly, and have yielded their harvest most visibly. Yet whatever may be educationally practicable or desirable in India, it is my definite belief that the enforcement of a secular educational system upon the peoples of India against their own will is a blunder scarcely less serious in its political than in its moral and spiritual consequences. For religion in the East is not as it is in the West. Spiritually, indeed, it may mean less there ; for Hinduism is scarcely a religion at all, according to Western ideas of religion ; it is rather a code or system of daily life. But on the social side it means far more. For if, in the West, religion colours a part, whether greater or smaller, but only a part, of human life, in the East it colours the whole life—nay, it is the whole life. Even in the Western world, as teachers in English schools and colleges know well, a youth who loses his religious faith may, and often does for a time, lose his moral integrity as well. But in the East the loss of religious faith generally involves the subversion or distortion of a man's whole nature. He is thrown altogether off his balance ; he feels as though the solid earth were rocking beneath his feet ; and the very difference between right and wrong seems to vanish from his eyes. It may be laid down,

then, as a principle of government in India, that any such change as upsets the old, without substituting new, religious standards of thought and conduct is fraught with a serious danger to Indian society.

There are, indeed, three several ways in which Anglo-Indians, who recognise the gravity of the educational problem, have thought to harmonise the religious neutrality which is, and must ever be, the guiding principle of the British Government with the interests of morality and religion. It is theoretically possible that the Government might teach the natives of India, or allow them to be taught, their own religious faiths in Government schools and colleges; or that they might provide for the teaching of religion as regards man's responsibility to God, without going beyond it; or that they might allow the teaching of Christianity in its simplest form to all scholars whose parents might wish, and might expressly declare their wish, that their children should receive it. It is my own judgment that any one of these three courses, even the first, would be preferable to mere secularism. But the teaching of the native religions under the auspices of the Government would be not only difficult in itself, it would be repugnant to the feeling of many Christians. Nor would Christians in India or in England generally assent perhaps to a purely Theistic teaching, although the experience of Freemasonry, which is so great a power in India, may be taken to establish the possibility of uniting the votaries of many different religions in the common worship of one Almighty Creator.

The remarkable willingness of non-Christian natives in India to entrust missionaries with the training of their children leads me to hope that the day will come, when it will no longer be felt impracticable to give Christian teaching in Government schools and colleges, so long as

no attempt is made to press it upon any parents who are not ready, and even eager, to accept it for their children. Indeed, I am more afraid of difficulty arising among the representatives of different Christian Churches in India than outside the Christian Churches altogether. But until that time comes, if it ever does come, it is probable that the Government of India will find such remedy as is possible against the danger, which it now, I think, recognises more openly than it did when I was in India, of secular education, in encouraging and subsidising schools and colleges upon religious lines, whether Christian or non-Christian, but not under the direct authority of the Government itself.

Education, whether it be partly religious, or wholly secular, cannot fail to produce a certain effect. It may be right or wrong, wise or unwise, to educate the natives of India. The one thing wholly impossible is that, if they are educated, they should, under rapidly changing intellectual conditions, be content to remain themselves socially and politically unchanged. It is, or has been, not unusual in India to hear Anglo-Indians complain or lament that the old instinctive deference of the natives fifty years ago or more for the governing class is notoriously waning. There was a time, it is said, when a native, if he chanced to be riding when he met a *sahib*, would get off his horse to make a *salaam* at the roadside. But this cringing spirit is dying out, and I think it ought to die out. Education as it spreads, not less in India than in England, necessarily destroys or impairs respect for race or class or privilege, or for anything except acknowledged superiority. For education, as it induces self-respect, diminishes respect, except where it is personally merited, for others. If, then, the natives of India are educated, they cannot and will not be treated as if they were uneducated. It is now

many years since Kaye predicted that "the admission of the natives of India to the highest offices of state" would prove to be "simply a question of time." The years which have elapsed since his prediction was made have accentuated the claim of the natives to participation in the government of their own country. All that has been done, of late years especially, in England as well as in India, to invest educated Indian gentlemen with direct administrative responsibility, as members of the Indian Council in Whitehall, or of the Viceroy's Council in Calcutta, or other legislative bodies, has been the outcome of a prescient and generous policy. Nor is it easy, so far as I can see, to define by any arbitrary rule the limits within which the Government of India may be ultimately controlled or influenced by the sentiment and the opinion of Indians themselves. So long as the loyalty of India to the King-Emperor and to the British Empire is maintained and, if possible, enhanced, it is eminently desirable that India should be governed in conformity with the wishes of the Indian peoples; and the natives of India are naturally the best representatives and interpreters of popular feeling among the different sections or classes of the peoples. The supremacy of Great Britain in India will, for an indefinite time apparently, be essential to the harmony of the various races and religions in India, and to the social and political welfare of India as a whole. There is ample room for caution or hesitation in a reforming policy which, if it were hurried, would probably divide the peoples of India not only from their British rulers, but among themselves. Yet the cardinal principle of Anglo-Indian administration is that Great Britain governs India for India's own good; and if so, Great Britain will best learn what India feels and owns to be good from the native expositors of Indian life and thought and feeling.

If criticism, and at times vehement and indignant criticism, of the British *Raj* is not uncommon in India, and particularly in Bengal, it would be difficult to discover a native of India who, however anxious he might be, or might affect to be, to shake off the yoke of Great Britain, would wish to change it for the yoke of such a country as Russia or Germany. Still, it is possible to doubt whether the officials of Government in India, or other Anglo-Indians, have taken pains enough to ingratiate themselves and the policy for which they were responsible in the national mind and heart of India. I have sometimes thought that they have made few mistakes of policy, but many mistakes of spirit and manner. They have been deficient in the sympathetic imagination which would help them to see their reforms as the natives of India see them. It is not, I hope, impertinent to suggest that they may sometimes have talked a little too freely or too frequently about the blessings which Great Britain has conferred upon India. The servants of Government in India, whether soldiers or civilians, are perhaps the most exemplary body of officials in the world; but it may be thought they are a little too conscious of their own virtue. Not only when they are resident in India, but after they have come home, it is possible that the supreme value or merit of the British *Raj* is a little too common a topic in their speeches and writings. But even in private life, if a man has conferred a benefit upon his neighbours, he does not propitiate them by constantly telling them that they have received it, and have received it from him. A benefit, indeed, is more or less valuable in the eyes of recipients according to the less or greater self-consciousness of the benefactor. In India, as elsewhere, it is not from the governors, but from the governed, that the appreciation of government should naturally proceed. Even the long review which

the Viceroy, when I was in India, used to deliver, before leaving Calcutta for Simla, upon the good work of the Government during the past twelve months, was, so far as I could observe, not too warmly received among the various classes of Indian society; and I think it was felt not only by natives of India, but by some Europeans, to be a little wanting in modesty.

Great as has been the value of the British *Raj* in India, it would, I think, have been still greater, had Anglo-Indians generally entered into a closer sympathy with native feeling. I know only too well how difficult such sympathy is and must ever be. But now and again some British soldier or civilian in India—a Clive, a Nicholson, or a Roberts, to mention no others—has succeeded in winning the heart of the native population; and these are the men who afford the utmost strength and security to the Government of India.

CHAPTER XI

INDIA (*continued*)

EVERY true friend of Great Britain and of India will spend himself unwearyingly in seeking the best means of creating and diffusing sympathy between the white and dark races so strangely associated by the will of Providence in India. It is only too easy to discern the grounds of severance or misunderstanding, but the points of social and spiritual union are less easily visible. It has often occurred to me that neither civilisation nor education has as yet done much to bridge the all but impassable gulf between the East and the West. Yet an Englishman, who gives his life or a great part of his life to India, will not rise to the height of his opportunity, except in so far as he places himself in intimate contact with the native population.

Military service is probably the foremost instrument or occasion of good feeling between Europeans and Indians. It does not indeed operate equally all over India; for some natives of India, and particularly the Bengalis, are not fighting people. But the martial races and tribes, who are chiefly Mohammedans, eagerly and instinctively respond to the call of arms; nay, it sometimes happens that they are more anxious to fight somebody and somewhere than careful about the cause in which they fight. At the time of my visit to the Khaiber Pass I was accompanied by an escort of Afridis, who had not long before been at war with the

Government of India; but under the auspices of the late Sir William Lockhart they had transferred their allegiance to the King-Emperor, and they were ready to do battle under the British Flag. The comradeship of arms, whether in the battlefield or even on the parade-ground, has ever been an inspiring source of mutual confidence. It is, I think, the truth that no Anglo-Indians, except the missionaries who have long resided in one part of the country, are so well acquainted with native thought and feeling as the British officers of regiments in the Indian army. The loyalty of the officers of these regiments to their soldiers, the impossibility of their believing that the men whom they knew so well and had led so long would ever turn against them, was a touching, if saddening, feature of the Mutiny. Now, when Indian regiments have been brought to Europe for the support of the Empire against a European enemy, the solidarity of feeling in the Indian army itself has become strengthened; and if it results, as I think it must, in a demand for a greater approach to equality between the governing and the governed classes in India, it will itself render the demand not only more natural, but less difficult of acceptance in European eyes.

Next to military service, with its community of effort, hardship, trial, achievement and victory, may be placed, I think, as a harmonising factor, the common interest of Britons and Indians in athletic sports. Polo, as everybody knows, is a game which has been introduced from India to all parts of the British Empire. Cricket is popular in India, at least among the highly-placed Indians, as well as in England; and a few years ago an Indian cricket Eleven played a series of matches, not without some distinction, upon English cricket-fields. It happens not infrequently that cricket professionals

go out from England to spend the cold weather in India, teaching the sons of Indian rajas and maharajas the secrets of batting and bowling. The name of Prince Ranjitsinhji as a cricketer is a household word in India as in England. But football is a game still more popular than cricket among the natives of India, as indeed it is in the Northern Counties of England. Many a time, when I have been riding across the Maidan in Calcutta, I have felt a lively pleasure in seeing the number of barefooted natives, who were kicking a football from one to the other after the manner of "kickabout," as it is called, at Eton, or looking in hundreds and thousands at a football-match. In July, 1911, when the Indian football team, known as the Mohan Bagan, defeated the East Yorkshire Regiment in the final match for the Challenge Shield of the Indian Football Association at Calcutta, no fewer than 80,000 Bengalis, according to the newspapers, were, or tried to be, spectators of the match; as it was impossible that they should all see the play, kites were used to inform them from time to time how the game was going; and at the end of the match they tore up their shirts, waved them in the air, and then in a truly sportsmanlike spirit cheered the English soldiers as heartily as their own successful compatriots. I incline to hope that in the coming years games like cricket and football, which have long since proved themselves as effectual bonds of sympathy between Great Britain and her Colonies, may do much, and perhaps even more than any other agency, to unite the governing and the governed classes in India by a strong community of interest and admiration.

There are, it may be believed, other points of union than military and athletic between Great Britain and India. All education, in so far as it is rightly ordered, is in some degree a unifying force. So, too, in a still

higher degree, is the study of literature. The habit of sending Indian boys of high rank to be educated in English Public Schools and Universities has not been entirely successful. They are more easily cut off from their fellow-countrymen and co-religionists than bound by ties of sympathy to Great Britain. Sometimes they gain more insight into the vices than into the virtues of English society. The story of "The Broken Road," so well told by my old pupil, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, is not only a truth but a warning. At the best the natives of India who study in Great Britain law, or science, or any other subject, or who live there for a time without studying any subject, are but few; they do not exercise a considerable influence upon the general relation of classes and creeds in India itself; and their influence, such as it is, is not always, or perhaps usually, beneficent. It is better that they should be first-class natives of India than second or third-class imitators of Englishmen. If it were possible to educate them on English lines in schools and colleges of native chiefs in India itself, they would, I think, be better qualified and better disposed to guide their peoples in the path of loyalty and virtue. The time may come, and I hope it will come, when the Oriental nature can assimilate the tone and spirit of European life; but to hasten that time unduly may be to retard it indefinitely.

If it is a mistake, however, to anglicise the natives of India by education or by any other means, the study of the best Oriental literature among Europeans, and of the best English literature among Orientals, may be said to be a gain without alloy. There is, indeed, an English literature which can only do harm to the religion and the morals of India. But the more the Indians know of Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Addison and Macaulay, the more easily will they enter into spiritual

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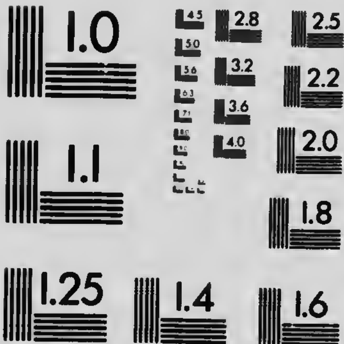

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union with England. Great scholars such as Sir William Jones, Colebrooke and Max Müller, who have brought the sacred books of the East to the knowledge of the Western world, have been consciously or unconsciously the missionaries of good feeling. Hardly less valuable has been the service of the few English writers who have caught the spirit of the East, as the late Sir Alfred Lyall and Mr. Rudyard Kipling have caught it. It is true that familiarity with Oriental thought has produced some strange religious developments, such as Theosophy or Esoteric Buddhism, in the Western world; but the infiltration of Oriental thought through the Vedas or otherwise into Europe has done much for mutual understanding in religion. It is possible that Englishmen, and some Anglo-Indians themselves, do not realise how vigilantly some natives of India follow the tendencies of theological and ecclesiastical opinion in Great Britain. I remember getting a letter from a Parsee gentleman who wrote from Bombay to tell me that, although he was not a Christian, he assented to the tenor of some articles which I had written upon the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament, and that he thought a divine such as the late Dr. Cheyne could not conscientiously remain a clergyman of the Church of England. This intercommunion of thought upon the highest subjects has become, or is from year to year becoming, a bond of mutual understanding between Great Britain and India.

Experience shows that, while the East, in consequence of its profoundly speculative temper, does not always or generally set the same value as the West upon practical human qualities, yet it does pay an instinctive homage, not always perhaps in the same degree, to the same ideal of character. Among the rulers of India there have been some, but not, I am afraid, many, whose personality

has deeply touched and moved the Indian imagination. One name honoured and beloved all over India may serve as a signal example. It is difficult, I think, to overrate the influence of the late Queen Victoria upon the relation of India to the British Empire. Writers upon India fifty years ago could scarcely have dreamed that India would come to venerate a Queen-Empress with passionate loyalty. Sir George Trevelyan, in his "Cawnpore," remarks that "among the numberless symptoms of our national eccentricity, that which seems most extraordinary to a native of India is our submitting to be governed by a woman." [1] But whatever may have been the secret of the spell which Queen Victoria exercised upon the mind and heart of India—whether it was the generous language of her proclamation after the dark days of the Mutiny, or her long widowhood, or her conscious pride in her Indian Empire, or her affectionate interest in her Indian subjects—it was impossible that anyone, who was living in India at the time of her death, should mistake the deep sincerity of the mourning for her loss. There is no need to dwell upon the significance of the religious services then held in churches, mosques and temples, or upon the native official utterances, or upon such popular demonstrations as I myself saw on the Maidan at Calcutta. For displays of feeling are easily organised in India; and where the Government leads the way, the rulers and the peoples naturally follow. It was rather among the humblest social class that the unstudied signs of mourning were profoundly impressive, as when the poor vendors of sweetstuffs at the roadsides chose of their own free will to shut their little booths, and to forgo their meagre profits, on the day of the Queen-Empress's funeral. The heart of India naturally inclines

[1] Ch. ii., p. 95.

towards monarchy; but it turned with a peculiar veneration toward Queen Victoria; and it will be long before the Government of India loses, if ever it does lose, the invaluable asset of the appeal made by her personality to Indian sentiment.

It was at Trichinopoly that I heard of Queen Victoria's serious illness. I was then on my way to Ceylon. When I reached Colombo, there was no definite news about her. I travelled by the night train to Nuwara Eliya, and in the early morning, as I drove with the Bishop of Colombo to the Governor's house, we stopped at the post-office and learnt that she was dead. Never, it may be, in human history has the pall of mourning fallen upon so vast a part of the world's population as at her death. I was called back by telegraph to Calcutta for the Memorial Service in the Cathedral there. As I crossed to the mainland, I noticed with pathetic interest the Union Jack flying at half-mast on the lonely rock known as Hare Island amidst the waters of the Indian Ocean. The Memorial Service, as I well remember, was attended by natives of all creeds in Calcutta, not by Christians alone, but by Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, Jews, and members of the Brahmo Somaj; and although I have been present at a good many great imperial services, particularly at the services in Westminster Abbey at the Golden Jubilee, and outside St. Paul's Cathedral at the Diamond Jubilee, of Queen Victoria, and at the Coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, I do not think any service has more powerfully brought home to me the majesty and the unity of the British Empire than that Memorial Service in the Cathedral of Calcutta.

It is personality, not theory, which dominates India. Everywhere in life, indeed, I have come to realise more and more deeply, as years have passed,

the significance of the personal element. There are, I think, but few questions of principle; there are many questions of personality. But in India, if the British rule is permanently ensured, it will be owing to the native acknowledgment of the personal qualities, which render government not only possible but acceptable.

In the thought of personal influence I have sometimes wondered that the personality of our Lord Himself has not more strongly appealed to the heart of India. Probably, indeed, though I cannot say certainly, His personality has been a principal agent in effecting conversions to Christianity. But the conversions, at least of educated natives, have not been numerous; ar[illegible] although I have heard little criticism, yet I have not heard so much veneration as it would seem natural to hear, of our Lord as a person. Yet I think the natives of India generally regard Him as embodying in His teaching and in His life the supreme morality. Some of the choicest spirits among them, although they were not Christians, yet have paid Him a moving and inspiring homage. It will be enough to quote an eloquent passage taken from one of the published addresses delivered by Keshub Chunder Sen, the well-known founder of the Brahmo Somaj, upon the subject "India asks, Who is Christ?"

"Who rules India?" (he says). "What power is that which sways the destinies of India at the present moment? You are mistaken if you think that it is the [illegible]ty of Lord Lytton in the cabinet, or the military genius of Sir Frederick Haines in the field, that rules India. It is not politics, it is not diplomacy that has laid a firm hold of the Indian heart. It is not the glittering bayonet, nor the fiery cannon of the British army that can make our people loyal. No, none of these can hold India in subjection. Armies never conquered the heart of a nation. Muscular force and prowess never made a man's head or heart bow before a foreign power. No. If you wish to secure the attachment and allegiance of India, it must be through spiritual influence and moral suasion. And such indeed

has been the case in India. Gentlemen, you cannot deny that your hearts have been touched, conquered and subjugated by a superior power. That power—need I tell you ?—is Christ. It is Christ who rules British India, and not the British Government. England has sent out a tremendous force, in the life and character of that mighty prophet, to conquer and hold this vast empire. None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus ever deserved this bright, this precious diadem, India ; and Jesus shall have it." [1]

The Brahmo Somaj is perhaps more highly estimated in Europe or in America than it is in India itself. It is a small body, practically limited to Bengal, and its founder did not wholly act up to his own religious principles. The language of its leaders is apt to be more Christian than their thoughts or beliefs. The Brahmo Somaj would, I think, have played a greater part in modern Indian history if it had not set itself in opposition to Christianity, but had become professedly an Indian Christian society. Still, its leaders, such as Mr. Mozoomdar, whom I knew pretty well in Calcutta, have been men of high character ; and they deserve much credit for their courage in severing themselves at great personal cost from the least desirable practices in the social and religious life of India. It was a happy incident of my life in Calcutta that I received a memorial, signed by a number of cultivated non-Christian gentlemen, most of them members of the Brahmo Somaj, asking for my co-operation in the effort which they were making to abolish such Hindu ceremonies as the Holi Festival.

The great and wide problems of Indian society lie necessarily outside the range of my knowledge or capacity. But some little interest may, perhaps, attach to the experience of a bishop who came into contact with a good many races and classes of people in India, especially on the religious side of their life. It is only

[1] Lectures on India, p. 280.

just that I should bear my grateful testimony to the kindness which was almost uniformly shown towards me. I have travelled over a great part of India. In nearly all the cities which I visited not only have I preached sermons to Christian congregations, but I have delivered addresses—generally, or frequently, at the instance of the natives themselves—to non-Christian audiences. It was my custom to choose not, of course, strictly religious, but rather moral subjects, such as duty or conscience; but I spoke, as they expected me to speak, from the Christian standpoint, and I did not hesitate at times to insist upon the moral supremacy of Jesus Christ and His Gospel. It has been my fortune twice, but twice only, when I have been wandering about the world, to be conscious of something like positive ill-feeling in the atmosphere around me. I have seen scowling faces, and I think I have heard a sound of low murmuring or hissing, in the Al Hazar University at Cairo, and in the crowded streets of Peshawar. In India, however, my lectures or addresses generally evoked nothing but courtesy. The number of persons who came to hear them, perhaps out of curiosity, was always large. At Dacca, I remember, the crowd was so great that I was afraid a breach of the peace might occur as the result of my visit. What the effect of my words or whether there was any effect I do not know; but the idea that the peoples of India generally cherish ill-feeling towards a Christian bishop would, so far as I could judge it, be wholly untrue.

Sometimes—not, indeed, often—addresses were presented to me in the lecture-room, or upon my arrival at the railway-station; and they were apt to be a little comical, as when at one town (which it is better perhaps not to name), where the Hindus and Mohammedans had been at loggerheads, and I think had actually come

to blows, a few weeks before my visit, upon the ever-burning question of respect for cows, I was solemnly told that good feeling had at last been restored, and the two parties to the fracas were now living side by side "in a Christian spirit."

But no event of my relation to the ancient faiths and customs of the people was, I think, so striking as an interview which I was allowed to hold with the pundits at Benares. I owed it in part to the office of a well-known missionary, Mr. Johnson, but in part to the kindly wish of the pundits themselves. It is impossible that I should forget the double line of weird, impassive faces on both sides of the hall in which the meeting was held. The original proposal had been that I should address them upon the immortality of the soul, as it was a subject on which I happened to have written a book, and that, when I had expressed my own view about that high subject, some of them, by way of replying to me, should express theirs. But the proposal was abandoned, not so much, I understood, from any fear of discord between the pundits and myself, as from fear of division or difference among the pundits themselves. Although a theological discussion was found to be impossible or undesirable, a pleasant interchange of civilities took place. The pundits presented me with an address in Sanskrit—which is still used as the language of scholars in Benares—Mr. Johnson replied on my behalf in that language, and afterwards such conversation as was possible took place upon general topics. It may be worth while to mention, as a sign of the pundits' good feeling, that a day or two afterwards somebody found fault with them in one of the newspapers for not having risen in their places to greet me when I entered the hall, and they, or some of them, were good enough to send me a private letter, telling me they had remained

seated, not from any failure of respect, but only to give me a better opportunity of greeting them.

An Englishman who tries to get into close touch with the natives in many parts of India must make a point of addressing them in their own language or languages. Even if he does not speak a vernacular language well, his hearers will generally understand him better than if he addresses them in English; and although it is sometimes necessary to use interpreters, a sermon or speech as interpreted loses much of its effect, and often suffers a good deal of change, in the translation. I have heard of a bishop preaching in the Central Provinces of India by double interpretation. His English was translated, I think, into German, and then the German was translated into the vernacular language. I should not like to inquire too closely what the sermon was, as it reached the native audience. It is not, indeed, difficult, at least if one has spent his life in teaching languages, to learn so much of a language as is necessary for the composition of a set address. He can write it out; he can get his composition corrected by an expert or a native; and he can read the corrected composition from manuscript.

The difficulty is not so much to preach a sermon in a vernacular language, as, when the sermon is over, to converse with the people in the language. I am afraid I used to feel I was more at home in the pulpit than out of it. For I have preached in three or four different vernacular languages, but I could not well carry on a conversation in any one of them. Still, I ought perhaps to confess that a rigid rule of avoiding the English language may occasionally place a speaker so presumptuous as I was in India under a strong fire of criticism. Once, during the hot weather, when I was living in Simla, where it is not possible to do much ecclesiastical work, I thought, as I was anticipating a visit to Ceylon, I would prepare a

couple of sermons in Tamil. I got hold of a Tamil-speaking babu from one of the Government offices. He used to come, when his day's work was over, to Chadwick, the house in which I was living, and he and I composed the two sermons in Tamil, not, I am afraid, in equal contributions, as I supplied only the substance, and he all, or nearly all, the language. However, I wrote the sermons out in English characters, and by his help learnt more or less how the sentences ought to be pronounced. A short time afterwards, when I was staying at Trichinopoly, on my way to Ceylon, I discovered that the congregation of the little church in which I had promised to preach there was Tamil-speaking, and I resolved to make use of one of my sermons. A correspondence in the newspapers followed my visit; it is hard to say why. One of my critics in a Madras newspaper called me, not very considerately, a humbug, for having preached in Tamil a sermon of which I did not myself understand a single word. I should have been content to leave the censure alone; but a veteran missionary who felt bound to defend me, whether with or without a latent humour, replied to my critic by saying, in a letter to the same newspaper, that the charge brought against me was untrue; I had, indeed, he said, preached a sermon in Tamil, but I showed by my manner and gesture that I fully understood my own sermon, but he added he was afraid I was the only person in the congregation who did understand it. I consoled myself, as I recollect, by hoping the congregation understood the sermon at least as well as if I had preached it in English.

It is reasonable to expect that an Englishman, perhaps most of all an English bishop, who preaches sermons in other languages than his own, should now and again come in for rather hard blows. But his

attainment, such as it is, if it is sometimes under-valued, may at other times be possibly over-estimated. One of my predecessors in the Bishopric of Calcutta was a good linguist, far better than I could ever hope to be, although I have been told that his sermons and his speeches were marred by his indistinct delivery. It is recorded in his biography that he made a deep impression upon the natives in a certain part of India, which I will not specify, by addressing them in their own vernacular language. I happened once to visit that part of India. The train in which I was travelling was delayed three or four hours by an accident on the line; and as I was accompanied by a missionary who was resident in the part of the country to which I was going, I suggested to him that, while we were sitting idly together in the railway carriage he could teach me just so much of the vernacular language as would enable me to use it in the act of confirming the candidates, and that all the rest of the Confirmation Office he could translate for me. Thanks to his help, I took the Confirmation in this hybrid manner. When it was over, I went with him to call upon a missionary of some forty years' standing in that part of India. From him I gathered some interesting reminiscences. I asked him if he remembered my predecessor, of whose linguistic accomplishment I had heard so much. He replied that the Bishop had come, as I had come, to hold a Confirmation in that district, and that he had seen a good deal of him there. I said, " The Bishop was, I believe, a first-rate linguist. What did you think about his command of the vernacular language here ? " He looked at me with a shrewd smile as he replied, " I think, my lord, it was very much like your own "

The use of the vernacular languages, so far as it was possible to me, I felt to be a means of sympathetic relation between the natives of India and myself. A

European is never free from serious difficulty in trying to read the mind and heart of a native. It is as though a mist were spread between the thoughts or sentiments of the East and the West. How little in such a crisis as the Mutiny could persons who knew, or were supposed to know, the natives best tell whether their soldiers or their servants would be faithful or unfaithful, loyal or disloyal, to them! A general condemnation would be as unjust as a general eulogy of the Indian people. If a judgment upon the characters of the different native races in India were necessary, it could be passed only by one who had spent as many years as I have spent months in India, and had divided his years in something like equal measure amongst the principal parts of India. My own experience lay in the main among the Bengalis, especially those Bengalis who have received an English education. It is difficult to do justice to the babus. Their faults and failings lie so much upon the surface that some persons can see little else. Beyond question, the babus are often neither brave nor truthful; they are self-opinionated; they are audacious in their pretensions; they believe themselves, or talk as believing themselves, to be capable of governing all India; they are curiously ignorant of their own ignorance; and in their use of the English language, although they speak it with remarkable fluency, they lapse at times into comical blunders which excite the ridicule of the Anglo-Indian world. Few Englishmen perhaps, who have spent but a short time in India, can have come across more frequent babuisms than I; for the language of the Church is always a snare to the natives of India, and it is a snare into which the babus are particularly fond of running. It is little to say that I have been addressed as "your divine worship," "your holyship"; as "my paternal old father,"

by one who signed himself "your affiliated son"; as "civilised sir," and "honoured enormity"; and have even, as I was told, been spoken of as an "honoured and spanking sir." A telegram sent by a well-known maharaja to his agent before my arrival in a certain city of Bengal was couched in the terms, "Prepare to receive the metropolis."

Begging letters perhaps contain the most striking examples of more or less theological English, as when one babu writes: "This your humble, clotheless and foodless petitioner begs humbly to be pardoned, and gracefully beseech your Worship to shelter him under the Ecclesia's mighty wings, just to support with the family"; or another begs, in terms of humble supplication, for "baptism, absolution, and a pair of shoes." There is not, I am afraid, much humour among the Bengalis; or it could not happen that the Lieutenant-Governor would be greeted by the word "Welcome" on a large placard put up outside the Gaol, or the Viceroy by an inscription, which evidently dated from the time of the late King Edward's visit when he was Prince of Wales to India, "Tell Mamma we are happy." It may be difficult to decide whether there was intentional humour or not in the letter of a Eurasian who wrote to me, when I was in Darjeeling, a complimentary letter, telling me that, out of respect for my saintly character, he wished me to accept the dedication of a small volume of his poems called "Twenty-five Music-hall Songs, and other Ditties," the titles of his compositions being such as "The Disappointed Flirt," "The Spooning Coon," etc. I have known a babu describe himself as "a dark brunette"; another put up over his shop an advertisement of himself as "English Loafer," meaning to intimate that he baked English bread; and a third, in a story which has been told before, when he was asked if the

female client whom he represented in court was an adult, replied, "No, my lord, she is an adulteress." I have received from a babu an essay upon character in which he argued that, where good natural principle existed at the bottom, education could "give it the *couleur de rose* and the *coup de grâce*." Another babu, who had got leave to visit his "ancestral acres," told me that "by the grace of the Almighty" he and his family were "in salubrious health," and he added, "I hope your honour is *vice versa*." In an article contributed to a newspaper called *Sophia*, I have seen certain persons described by an angry writer as "prepared to die with their drawn salaries in their hand"; and, if I remember the language rightly, I was once sarcastically told in the same newspaper that my "whiskers had been wrung, and no wonder that" I "should wince." I have known a prodigiously stout babu, who called upon the brothers of the Oxford Mission at Calcutta, in explaining his pecuniary needs declare, with as profound an obeisance as his size permitted him to achieve, that it was impossible for him to "make" his "two ends meet." But the babuism which would win the prize for ingenuity in my experience was that of a Bengali landlord who, when trying to sell or let a house to my honoured friend Mr. James Monro, C.B., in the neighbourhood of his Mission at Ranaghat, told him the house was not nearly so far off as Mr. Monro had supposed it to be; it was "only three or four miles away, *as the cock crows*." It is not perhaps necessary to prolong the list of such errors in the use or meaning of the English language. Anybody who is interested in babu language need only study the "Memoir of Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee." It is a masterpiece unparalleled in literature. Two passages of the death scene I may perhaps quote here,

and with them my citation of babuisms shall come to a close.

"Justice Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee departed this life at the age of 42 on the 2nd of Vaddur, 1278 B.S., corresponding with the 17th of August, 1871 A.D., of paralysis and ruptum of a blood vessel, leaving four issues, two male and two female. On Wednesday the 16th, he attended the High Court and delivered a judgment in a certain case; he then came in his chamber to take his wonted tiffin, and felt a slight headache, which gradually aggravated and became so uncontrollable that he left like a toad under a harrow; with great difficulty he spoke to his friend Justice Mitter to manage his removal to his lodging at Chowringhee, at the same time to inform or apprize Justice Jackson with whom he was sitting on the same Bench, of his indisposition, which will cause him to be absent from the Bench for that day,—and who knew to EVERNESS! He reached his Chowringhee house at about half-past two . . . . . when he felt himself so debile that he could not be removed to the upper-story-room and was laid down on a sofa in his chamber on the ground-floor; he exchanged a few words with his friend one Gosain (who was ever and always in his company and whose family subsisted upon his liberal bounty), in so melancholy a tone, that sorrow segregates my heart to write them here. . . .

". . . And having said these words he hermetically sealed his lips not to open them again. All the well-known doctors of Calcutta that could be procured for a man of his position and wealth were brought, Doctors Payne, Fayrer, and Nilmadhub Mookerjee and others. They did what they could do, with their puissance and knack of medical knowledge, but it proved after all as if to milk the ram! His wife and children had not the mournful consolation to hear his last words, he remained sotto voce for a few hours and then went to God at about 6.0 p.m. The doctors all returned with tears in their eyes that they could not cure him—his wife, 'whose anguish it would be impossible to describe,' shrieked bitterly, weltering on the ground and tearing her hairs in frenzy that she will never be able to exchange a word with him any more—his children did *fondre en larmes* that they will never never be able to see their dear father any more—his friends all who came to see him could not see him alive and departed broken-hearted—his servants cried out for him whom they will never serve any more; and there remained in the hall the corpse of him who was a day before on the Bench of the High

Court deciding the fortunes of thousands of individuals! The body was removed, and consumed to ashes according to our Hindoo rites and ceremonies. The house presented a second Babel or a pretty kettle of fish."

Yet it is as ungenerous, and I think as unfair, to sneer at the Bengalis as at the Eurasians in India. The Bengalis are not indeed distinguished by the virtues which are most highly esteemed in the Western world. They are an unmilitary people, perhaps the only people who cannot be drilled by British officers, as the fellaheen in Egypt have been, into soldiers, and who, as they do not display, do not apparently admire, personal courage. If they are not naturally truthful in speech or in life, it must be borne in mind that in India facts are not appreciated as they are in Europe; there is not the same absolute sense of truth. The Bengalis were never, I am afraid, robust in moral character, and their morals have been greatly weakened, if not altogether upset, by the influence of European life upon India. But if the moral sense of the Bengalis in the present day is the result of British influence, it is not the representatives of the British *Raj* who can justly point at them with derision. The students in the University of Calcutta are more numerous than the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge put together; but it is much to be wished that they were morally stronger than they are. They are only too apt to condemn loudly in Europeans conduct which they readily condone in themselves or in one another. There is, indeed, a lamentable absence of a definite moral standard. But as to language, it is far more surprising that the babus should speak English so well as they do than that, in speaking it, they should now and then commit absurd solecisms. English men and women would, I think, be less disposed to laugh at the

extraordinary phrases which occur in the English language as spoken by the babus, if they could realise how their own use, if they make any use at all, of the vernacular languages in India appears to the natives. Still, the babus suffer for their mistakes because they entertain so good an opinion of themselves. They seldom know or admit what they can or cannot do. Words can hardly express what public speakers in India endure owing to the incompetence of stenographers. Perhaps the art of reporting speeches never sinks so low as in the hands of a babu who does not know English well and has scarcely learnt shorthand at all. For then a speech as delivered and the same speech as reported are wholly different things. Nobody, I think, whose lot it is to deliver speeches in India should, unless his words are taken down by an official reporter of the Government, be judged by any report of his speeches.

It is natural, however, that I should try to estimate not so much the general character of the natives, or of any natives, in India, as their relation to Christianity. For a bishop of the Church in India occupies a difficult and delicate position. He is the official functionary of a religion which is not accepted by the vast majority of the people. It is impossible that he should not wish to press the claims of his religion upon Indians as well as upon Europeans; but he is bound by every consideration of duty and honour to refrain from wounding non-Christian sentiments.

It is only right to say that, when I was bishop in India, I did not feel I could make any just complaint of the native attitude towards Christianity. The people are not, of course, generally Christians, and they do not wish or mean to become Christians. They adhere, with a tenacity which even a Christian may admire,

to their own religious faiths and practices, all the more because those faiths and practices have remained as their inalienable possessions, when so much of their political independence has in the course of history been taken from them. Whatever, then, is the feeling of a Christian for his own religion, it is only right that he should believe the feeling of the natives of India to be the same for theirs. But, so far as I could form an opinion, the natives, and especially the educated natives, entertain no bitter feeling against the Christian religion. They are ready, and often eager, to hear what the Christian teachers have to say. It is possible that of late years too many Christian teachers have gone out from England to India with a view of lecturing Hindus and Mohammedans upon the moral and spiritual virtues of Christianity. The babus are, or were when I was in Calcutta, growing a little tired of such lectures. Nor would it be reasonable to suppose that, because the natives of India are willing to hear, and let their children hear, Christian teaching, they intend to become, or to let their children become, Christians. Nothing is more remarkable than their willingness to entrust Christian missionaries with the education of their children in schools and hostels, and yet their repugnance to the very thought of their children receiving baptism. I have known a Hindu mother, when she suspected her son of inclining towards Christianity, threaten not only to poison him, but to poison herself. Perhaps the truth is that the natives recognise the intrinsic superiority of Christian morals, but feel so deeply rooted in their own religious faiths as to scout the possibility of their children's conversion. If I were to find any fault with the non-Christians whom I knew in Calcutta, it would be that they have not so far learnt the lesson of religious tolerance as to look upon secessions from Hinduism or Moham-

medanism with equanimity. A native doctor, whom I knew in Calcutta, had become a Christian a quarter of a century ago; but, although he lived in one street and his mother in the next, every letter which he had addressed to her since the day of his conversion had been returned to him unopened. But religious toleration is almost the last lesson which the world lays to heart; and if Hindus and Mohammedans have not learnt it, or do not put it into practice, in India, neither have Jews or Roman Catholics, or even some extreme Protestants, in Europe.

While the non-Christian natives of India do not generally dislike Christian teaching, still less do they dislike Christian teachers. There may have been in the past, there may be even now, some few missionaries who have used violent prejudiced language about the native faiths in India; but they are few, and they are not generally approved. If a strong prejudice against missionaries ever existed, it does not exist to-day. The old missionary, as Sir William Hunter has portrayed him, is a familiar and popular figure among them. No European in India knows more of the people than a missionary. He generally speaks their language and understands their life better than a civil or military official. It has happened more than once that a missionary has stood up for their rights, or, like Bishop French, has chosen to share with them their dangers and their sufferings. Students of Indian life can scarcely have failed to notice that in recent days, when the spirit of disaffection or disloyalty had permeated a certain class or certain members of a class in India, the objects of attack were not the missionaries; they might be officials of Government from the Viceroy himself to the humblest collector and his wife; but I do not think any attempt was made upon the life of a missionary.

It is the exercise of official pressure in favour of Christianity that the natives deeply, and, as all Anglo-Indians hold, rightly, disapprove. They are unanimous in holding that the Government ought to be, as indeed it is, in religion impartial. No pledge or promise that the Government of India has made to its subjects is regarded by the natives as more sacrosanct than the passage in which the late Queen Victoria, in the proclamation issued "To the Princes, Chiefs and People of India," after the Mutiny, made use of the memorable words: "We declare it to be Our royal will and pleasure that none be in any wise favoured, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all should alike enjoy the equal impartial protection of the law; and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of Our subjects on pain of Our highest displeasure. And it is Our further will that, so far as may be, Our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely and impartially admitted to offices in Our service the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability and integrity duly to discharge."

The Queen's Proclamation is the charter of religious liberty and equality in India. It is the supreme expression of the principles underlying the government of British Empire all over the world. It has done more, far more, than any other official declaration or action to ensure the loyalty of the people of India. It was a noble pledge, and, upon the whole, it has been nobly redeemed.

The Government of India, like the British East India Company before it, has been not infrequently criticised for its attitude towards Christian missions.

It has been attacked from two opposite quarters. Sometimes the criticism has been that the missionaries have not been excluded from India, and at other times that they have not been encouraged in their work there. It is possible that Anglo-Indians have not always realised the inevitable results of contact between a Western governing Power and the great body of Oriental religious beliefs and practices. They have spoken as if it were possible and desirable to leave the people of India undisturbed in their religions. But so long as Great Britain governs India, it will, and must, affect the religious life of its subjects. If it were the policy of Great Britain to leave the religions of India severely alone, then the whole Government of India from the Viceroy downwards, and all the Europeans whose presence in India depends upon them, must sail from Bombay and must never return. It is not so much the missionaries as the officials of Government, the soldiers, the merchants, and the white people in India generally, whose presence produces an abiding effect upon Indian thought and life. It is possible, and I am myself inclined to think, that the members of the Government would have acted wisely, if they had recognised, in public as in private speech, the necessary dislocation of Indian beliefs and practices, and the consequent duty of staying the moral decline which might be, and in fact was sure to be, the result of it. But the great missionary societies which have worked for more than a century in India, or the individual missionaries, would not, I think, generally feel that the spirit of the Government in relation to Christian missions, if at times it has been, or has seemed to be, unsympathetic, has ever been intentionally unjust.

The East India Company may have looked with some suspicion upon Christian missions. But the Company was in its nature a trading body. It was not concerned

with the moral or spiritual circumstances of the native population. It was only gradually, and almost unintentionally, that the Company became a governing power. Nor was it easy to foretell in the early days of Christian missions how far they would or might be resented by the people of India. The memorial which was presented by the directors of the East India Company to Parliament in 1800 has often been quoted as showing that, in their opinion, " the sending of Christian missionaries into our Eastern possessions was the maddest, most extravagant, most expensive and most unwarrantable project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast." But the memorial, strongly worded as it was, did not, as recent authorities have shown, express a settled, invariable policy. The Company soon initiated the system of appointing chaplains for the spiritual care of their own servants in India. Henry Martyn, although he is commonly regarded as a missionary, was, in fact, a chaplain of the East India Company. His life in India is the abiding witness that the Company did not prohibit its chaplains from all missionary work, and especially from the translation of the Scriptures. It was expected then, as it is now, that the chaplains should act with common sense in their attitude towards native religious principles and practices. The difficulty arose when missionaries went out to India in the spirit not so much of Schwartz and Ziegenbalg as of Carey and the Serampore Brotherhood. But upon the whole the directors of the East India Company were less unreasonably prejudiced against these good and great men, whose services to India are now universally acknowledged, than were some English Churchmen, such as Sydney Smith, at home.

A chaplain upon the Ecclesiastical Establishment in India, apart from any opportunity of Christianising

the natives, occupies a serious and important sphere of duty. The chaplains, whether Anglican or Presbyterian, are not military chaplains. They are subject not to the Chaplain-General, but to the bishops of the Church in India. They are chaplains not of cantonments, but of stations. But it is understood that they are primarily responsible for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers. In every station the chaplain is, or ought to be, the representative of Christian faith and Christian character. It is by his ministry that English men and women, or Scots men and women, living in a non-Christian country, with Hindu and Mohammedan usages all around them, are largely sustained in the Christian life. Among soldiers especially the influence of a good chaplain may be almost incalculable. At one of the great cantonments in the Central Provinces of India, the commanding officer told me that the crime in his regiment had diminished by nearly one-half in the few months preceding my visit; I asked him how he accounted for so happy a change, and he answered in a single sentence, "We have got a new chaplain." I have heard of a chaplain who had spent so much of his service among soldiers that one day in the vestry, before Divine Service, when he ought to have said "Let us pray," he inadvertently said "Attention!" Very touching at times is the simple confidence of the soldiers in the chaplain as their friend and their guide. One of the chaplains whom I knew well related to me the following story. There came to him a "Tommy" who said that he wanted to be married; the chaplain congratulated him, and asked him when he would like the marriage to take place; the soldier answered, "I leave that to you, sir." The chaplain was a little taken aback, but he ventured to ask further who the soldier's fiancée might be, and again the reply was, "I leave that to you, sir."

Next to the chaplains, and scarcely beneath them in spiritual influence, it is right to mention the ladies who, as workers in the Young Women's Christian Association and other such bodies, exercise in a cantonment a strangely elevating and refining power. I have known one lady who spent a good part of her time in writing love-letters for soldiers whose feelings were too strong for their limited vocabulary, and another who, sitting at the piano, could keep hundreds of soldiers occupied in singing hymns all a long Sunday evening. Nor would it be right to forget the Christian laymen, who seem in India more perhaps than anywhere else to rise, in the face of heathendom, to a high level of Christian piety. For I have known men who have conducted, month after month and year after year, the service in their church with only such help as chaplains, by occasional visits once a month or even once in three months, could afford them; and one layman who was authorised, I think by Bishop Milman, to go so far as to administer the chalice in Holy Communion. It is the Church of England abroad, rather than at home, that has realised the vast latent stores of spiritual grace in the laity.

The official sanction or recognition of Christian missionary work in India dates from the year 1813. It was then, at the revision of the East India Company's charter, that Wilberforce, with an Evangelical body of supporters in the House of Commons, succeeded in carrying resolutions which affirmed it as "the duty" of Great Britain "to promote the interest and the happiness of the native inhabitants of the British dominions in India," to adopt "such measures as may tend to the introduction among them of useful knowledge and of religious and moral improvement," and, in furtherance of these objects, "to afford by law sufficient facilities" to such persons as might be "desirous of going to and

remaining in India for the purpose of accomplishing these benevolent designs." The creation of the Bishopric of Calcutta, the first bishopric of the Church of England in India, was the outcome of these resolutions. Dr. Middleton was consecrated Bishop of Calcutta in the Private Chapel of Lambeth Palace on May 8th, 1814. The sermon preached by the Dean of Winchester, Dr. Rennell, at the Consecration was not allowed to be published, lest it should give offence to native non-Christian opinion in India. The history of the Indian episcopate, then, reaches over a period of just a century. But the resolutions which opened the way for bishops and other clergy of the Church of England opened it also for missionaries of all denominations. It is easy to exaggerate, as it is to depreciate, the effect of Christian missions. But nobody, I think, who has studied the religious condition of India as it was a hundred years ago, and as it is now, will doubt that Christianity has made remarkable strides in all, or nearly all, parts of that vast country.

The Abbé Dubois, whose book upon "Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies" still deserves careful attention, lived in Southern India from 1792 to 1823. His high character, his unshaken faith in the Christian religion, and his intimate knowledge of the people among whom he lived as a missionary lend a pathetic interest to his confession of failure. "Every time," he says, "that I compare the grand simplicity of our Holy Scriptures, the sublime teaching of our Gospel, the solemn splendour of our religious services, with the inconsistent and disgusting myths contained in the Hindu Puranas, and with the extravagant, barbarous, and often terrible religious ceremonies to which the Hindus are addicted, I cannot help feeling that the Christian religion shines with new splendour. I cannot help experiencing an irresistible

feeling of gratitude for the blessing of having been born in a part of the globe to which God's divine light has penetrated." And then, after some observations upon the nature of missionary work, he adds, "The Christian religion to which Europe owes its civilisation—that blessed and humane religion so well adapted to alleviate and improve the condition of a wretched people crushed under the yoke of oppression; that religion whose manifest truths have softened the hard hearts of so many barbarous nations—has been preached without success to the Hindus for more than three hundred years. It is even losing day by day the little ground which it had once gained against a thousand obstacles, through the zeal and persevering efforts of zealous missionaries. The seed sown by them has, in fact, fallen upon stony ground. It must be acknowledged that the conduct of the Europeans who have been brought up in the profession of Christianity, and who are now to be found all over India, is too often unworthy of the Faith which they are supposed to profess; and this scandalous state of affairs, which the natives of India can in no way explain, is a powerful factor in increasing the dislike of the latter for a religion which apparently its own followers do not themselves respect."[1]

To-day a student of Christian missions in India, if he journeys over the country, will, I think, feel more surprise that the missionaries have effected so much in their Master's cause than that they have not effected more. He will not, indeed, imagine that India is, or promises within any measurable time to become, a Christian country. But he will feel that the Church of Christ, if it is not in possession of India, is at least in evidence there. He will be struck, in the great cities

[1] Vol. II., pp. 61[illegible]-17 in the Translation and Edition of H. K. Beauchamp.

especially, by the number of Christian buildings, churches and chapels, mission rooms, colleges, schools, hospitals. He will feel that the natives of India, whether they accept Christianity or reject it, cannot help asking themselves what is its claim upon their consciences. He will learn, perhaps with some surprise, that, although the native Christians are only a handful of the population, scarcely more than one per cent., still they are increasing more rapidly than the votaries of any other religion. He will realise, too, how powerful an influence Christianity is gradually coming to exercise upon the non-Christian religions themselves. The census of 1911 showed an increase of 7·1 per cent. in the population of India ; but an increase of 32·6 per cent. in the Christian population. It showed the native Christians in the Punjab to have multiplied twenty-fold, and in the United Provinces to have multiplied ten-fold within a decade of years. If in Bombay the increase of the Christian population has been only 12 per cent., in Bengal it has been 30 per cent., and in Bihar and Orissa as much as 58 per cent. There is good reason for the belief that Christianity has made as much progress in India during the last century as it made in the Roman Empire during the first century of the Christian era. Nor is it easy to mistake—for some of the most highly educated among Indians who are not Christians have expressly recognised it—the slow but sure attraction of all that is best in the minds and hearts of the Indian people to the pure spirituality of Jesus Christ.

Nowhere, indeed, is the Church confronted with greater or graver difficulties than in India. Of these, the foremost, undoubtedly, is caste. It is so great a difficulty that a missionary in China, with whom I once travelled home from the Far East, told me he thought the conversion of China, hopeless as it looked

at times, was yet less improbable than the conversion of India. It is caste more than any other factor of Indian life which sets a bar to conversion. Missionaries have often been tempted, and sometimes inclined, to make terms with caste. I have myself been asked to sanction the use of several chalices in the celebration of Holy Communion, evidently in order that the converts to Christianity might not be compelled to violate their caste. But the Church of England in India, since Bishop Wilson's time, has resolutely declared that every convert must once and for ever fling away caste.

It is well known that a good many Anglo-Indians, and some who are devout and earnest Christians, do not look with great favour upon missions. In the Cathedral of Calcutta it was always possible to rely upon a large collection for work among poor Christians, as at Scott's Lane in the slums of the city; but by no means easy when the collection was devoted to direct missionary propaganda. I have known in India a Civil Servant, who was so good a Churchman that he would write to me, begging that a priest might be sent to administer Holy Communion in his station on Easter Day; yet even he was unfriendly, or at the best indifferent, to the missionary obligation of the Church. There may be an unconscious feeling that the natives would stand too close to European Christians, if the difference between them were bridged by a community of religious faith, or perhaps that the Government of so vast a country as India is made easier by the division of the people into different religious bodies. But, be the cause what it may, every Christian Bishop or clergyman in India is familiar with taunting remarks upon the moral quality of native converts to Christianity.

It is not, indeed, altogether surprising that the converts should not show their newly-adopted religion

at its highest level. The question of admitting converts is one which causes grave anxiety to all Christian missionaries. Some of the best missionaries—particularly, I think, American missionaries—take converts into their Churches more easily than missionaries of the Church of England. They may be right or wrong; but it is impossible to deny the force of the plea, which they sometimes urge, that, although they do not expect their converts to prove good Christians, yet by admitting the parents as converts they get the education of the children into their own hands, and that so, even if the first generation of converts is a failure, the second will, as they hope, be a success.

It is this easy admission of converts which accounts for a good deal of the discredit attaching to native Christians in India. At times, however, it is difficult, if not impossible, to surround proselytising work with adequate safeguards. For conversions in India are apt to be not individual, but conversions of whole villages, and indeed of several villages, at the same time, as during famine. When these wholesale conversions take place, the local missionaries are numerically unequal to the task of testing the moral characters of all the natives who offer themselves as candidates for baptism. It happens, therefore, that, among many genuine candidates, some impostors are recognised as Christians. In fact, if a native loses caste, or in some way becomes discredited among his co-religionists in India, it is his natural temptation or disposition to call himself a Christian, as his alleged conversion, he thinks, will give him a new start in life. But Anglo-Indian opinion is, perhaps, unduly censorious or suspicious of native converts to Christianity. I used to say that, if such a convert were a bad man, he was not really a convert at all. There are bad as well as good native Christians

in India; but, if so, the Christians there are not unlik
Christians in other parts of the world. It is obviou
in the New Testament that the converts of St. Pau
and his fellow-apostles were not always exemplar
Christians. Even in Great Britain to-day Christian
do not always live up to the standard of their Divin
Master. But Anglo-Indians reveal their ignorance c
movements which are going on before their eyes, or a
least within the range of their own possible knowledge
if they declare, as sometimes they do, that native con
verts do not exist, or that all native converts are morall
worthless. It is possible to live a long time in Indi
without seeing a snake, except perhaps in captivity
So, too, it is possible to live there without seeing a nativ
convert. But it is pretty clear that Christianity afford
a hope of progress such as is practically impossibl
in Hinduism. Nor is it doubtful that, when a nativ
abandons Hinduism for Christianity, he passes, as i
were, out of darkness into light. If the light is dazzling
perhaps disturbing, at first, it will in the end prov
a blessing beyond words. I was told by a distinguishe
Anglo-Indian official that at one time he would hav
been unwilling to engage any native Christian as a ser
vant; but at the time when he spoke to me he would
engage a native Christian as a servant rather than any
other native. The Mutiny proved not only that nativ
Christians in India were a considerable body, but tha
they were supremely loyal to he British *Raj*. It is not my
wish to overrate the native Christians, whether numeri
cally or spiritually; but they are valuable intermediarie
between the governing class and the immense non
Christian population in India; and some of them, i
only a few, are not unworthy, I think, to be ranked
with the Christian saints of all the ages.

When I try to anticipate the future of Christianity

in India, it is, I think, not impossible that, at some date not now close at hand, a powerful native prince will declare himself a Christian, and, like Constantine or Clovis, will, by his personal influence or example, convert his subjects to Christianity; or that a native Christian prophet will arise, and by his preaching will diffuse the religion of Christ over a large part of the country. If either of these events should occur, the Christianisation of India, which now seems so far off, would be brought much closer. For in India, as in the Alps or the Himalayas, the sun shines during many a long year upon the mountain slope without seeming to make any difference; but at last the mass of snow and rock is loosed from its moorings, and with accumulating force plunges into the valley below.

India, so far as I can judge, is being and will be profoundly affected by Christian missions. But the influence of missions will for a long time be rather indirect than immediate. It will be seen even more in the elevation of non-Christian moral and spiritual thought and feeling than in the conversion of non-Christians to Christianity. If no native had ever yet professed himself a convert to Christianity, yet Christian missionary work in India would, in my opinion, be fully justified. Lord Lawrence, who knew India better than any Viceroy has known it, held that the missionaries had done more good than any other class of Europeans in India. It may be that India will be Christian in fact before she is Christian in name. Perhaps the last thing that she will do is to call herself Christian. But if and when the peoples of India accept Christianity, they will, I hope and think, enrich the Church with a treasure intellectually and spiritually not less valuable than was the rich gift of Greek thought, in its influence upon theology, to the Church in the third and fourth centuries.

Christianity will then be seen to be the natural lin
between the Eastern and the Western worlds. Eve
now the East and the West are never perhaps brougl
in spiritual sympathy so close together as when tl
European missionaries and their native converts kne
side by side, as I have seen them, in Holy Communio
It is not the return of Christianity to the East, if ev
it takes place, which should excite the wondering su
prise of Christian hearts; it is rather the triumph
Christianity, as an Eastern religion, over the West. F
in the Western world Christianity is an exotic. If
ever returns, as a conquering religion to the East, it w
be going home. For of all the powers which will ult
mately tend to break down "the middle wall of part
tion" between the sundered classes and nations
India and in the East, the strongest, and in the er
the most successful, will probably be the Gospel
Jesus Christ.

Meanwhile, the office of Christian missionaries
relation to the government of India lies, I think,
preparing the way for reforms which, however admirab
and desirable in themselves, may yet be impracticab
until native opinion itself is ripe for them. It is po
sible to draw a parable from two incidents in the li
of the great Baptist missionary, William Carey. It w
on April 1st, 1799, that he wrote in his diary how
had seen on the bank of the Hoogli his first case
sati, or widow-burning; the act filled him with su
horror that at the risk of his life he tried to stay i
but "the spectators," he says, "told me it was a gre
act of holiness, and added in a very surly manner th
if I did not like to see it I might go farther off, ar
desired me to go. I told them that I would not g
that I was determined to stay and see the murder, ar
that I should certainly bear witness of it at the tribun

of God." Thirty years passed away, and then, in 1829, the Government of Lord William Bentinck resolved upon the abolition of *sati*. The proclamation abolishing it needed to be published in Bengali as well as in English. But the scholar who was best qualified to translate it into Bengali was Dr. Carey. It was on a Saturday afternoon that the Governor-General's secretary was sent with the English proclamation to Serampore. He found Dr. Carey preparing his sermon for the following Sunday. The sermon was put away. All the rest of that Saturday and all of the following Sunday Dr. Carey spent in composing and revising his translation. Before the sun went down on Sunday he had finished his work. He handed it to the secretary, and it was taken back to the Governor-General. Then he knelt down in his little chapel to thank God that he had been spared to see the attainment of the object which had so long been dear to his heart.

I have tried in this chapter to avoid transgressing the bounds of the province which naturally belongs to a bishop in India. I have limited myself, as far as possible, to my own personal and official experience. Nobody who has known the Far East can ever wholly lose the sense of the spell belonging to it. Nor can anybody who has lived even for a few years in India, that patient and pathetic land, among its deeply religious people, ever regard it with any feeling but affectionate interest and sympathy.

It is not, perhaps, necessary to explain how my episcopate in India came to an end.

CHAPTER XII

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

IF the change of passing from Harrow to Calcutta w
great, scarcely less great was the change of passi
from Calcutta to Westminster. Yet it was with
grateful heart that I welcomed the opportunity of livi
for a short time—I knew it would not be long—benea
the shadow of the great Abbey. My health was ter
porarily broken by a malady of long standing ; I w
called to undergo a serious operation ; and I cann
forget how, when after many weeks I came out of t
nursing home, my surgeon, Sir Alfred Fripp, to who
I owe a debt unspeakable, and my nurse, Miss Monso
who had taken the greatest care of me, came wit
singular kindness to hear the first sermon which I preache
after my convalescence at the Abbey in the evening
Easter Day, and afterwards to visit me in my hous
that they might assure themselves I had suffered n
injury from the strain of preaching.

In the old days when I was at Harrow I used som
times to tell those masters, who were the habitu
companions of my rides, that of all offices in the Churc
of England there was none which I should like so muc
at the expiration of my headmastership, as a Canonr
at the Abbey or St. Paul's. For I had been brought u
at the feet of the two great Bishops Lightfoot and Wes
cott, when they were Professors of Divinity at Cambridg
They had both taught me to look upon the Abbey an

St. Paul's as the most delightful positions of spiritual influence in the Church of England; and it is a curious coincidence that one of them should afterwards have held a Canonry at St. Paul's, and the other a Canonry at the Abbey. St. Paul's Cathedral is in ordinary times the centre of a more regular and definite spiritual activity than the Abbey; for it is the Cathedral Church of the See of London. The Abbey is not, indeed, a backwater in the life of the Church; but it is, I used to think, like a reach unruffled and untroubled in such a river as the Thames. It lies apart from the stress and strife of ecclesiastical affairs; it is not troubled by passing events in the Diocese or in the City of London; it possesses its soul in the peace, the happiness, the independence, of a life which is wholly its own. For neither the Bishop of London nor the Archbishop of Canterbury can officiate in the Abbey Church without the express permission of the Dean; and the successive Deans of Westminster have been duly careful to insist that this permission should from time to time be formally sought and formally granted. Yet the Abbey has always touched my imagination and my interest even more than St. Paul's; whether because of its antiquity, or of the amenity which reigns in its precincts, or of the long unbroken national history which seems to invest every stone of its venerable buildings with a marvellous beauty and sanctity.

Westminster Abbey, or, to give it its full title, the Church of the Abbey of St. Peter at Westminster, is not, although I have heard it by a preacher within its walls styled, a Cathedral. A Cathedral is exactly what it is not; for a Cathedral is the church in which a bishop has his *cathedra* or throne; and, as I have said, no bishop exercises any control over the Abbey Church. The two Deans of Westminster, under whom I served

during my short tenure of a Canonry there, were ne
more justly indignant than when a preacher or lectu
described it as a Cathedral. For a brief time, ten ye
only, in the reign of King Henry VIII., the Abbey w
a Cathedral, and there was a Bishop of Westminst
Dr. Thirlby was consecrated Bishop of Westminster
1540. He was translated to the See of Norwich in 155
and the Abbey then became once more, and has sin
then ever been, a peculiar. Had the Bishopric of We
minster not ceased to be, the Bishop, whose diocese e
tended over nearly all Middlesex, might have been a mo
important prelate than the Bishop of London himself.

It was my good fortune to hold a Canonry which d
not carry with it one of the two parishes, St. Margare
and St. John's, attached to Canonries at the Abbe
and to live in the house which the present Bishop
Oxford described to me, when I succeeded him in i
as the most charming house in Westminster, if not
London. As at the Abbey the houses are not assigne
to particular Canonries, except, indeed, the Recto
of St. Margaret's, the Canons can, if they will, migra
by right of seniority from one house to another, whe
they fall vacant. The two pleasantest houses, I thin
—more pleasant even than the Deanery, as they com
mand a view of the Abbey garden, and the sunligh
comes streaming into them on fine days—are my hous
No. 4 in the Little Cloisters, and the house next to i
which was then occupied by that true Christian gentle
man, the late Canon Duckworth, the Sub-Dean of th
Abbey. In my house it was easy to forget Londo
altogether. I could sit in my study, with the gree
grass in the garden spreading before my eyes, and with
out the consciousness of any sound except the strikin
of "Big Ben" and the occasional whistle of a distan
steamer on the Thames.

There are still a few oases left in the heart of London. One of them is the Temple; another, the Charterhouse; but none, perhaps, is quite so tranquil as the Little Cloisters. Few persons of the many thousands who visit the Abbey make their way past Littlington Tower into the Little Cloisters. Yet what could be more beautiful or romantic than that ancient court, as old in part as the fourteenth century, where the fountain plays in the midst under the plane-tree, and the sun irradiates the falling water like a rainbow, and the twittering sparrows bathe themselves in the basin beneath?

It was rather a strange coincidence that the house in which I lived, so long as it had been a canonical residence, had been always associated with Harrow School. Dr. Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, came to it, when Sir Robert Peel gave him the Canonry. It was there that he wrote a great part of that wonderful product of learning and industry, his Commentary on the whole Bible; and the hall or passage leading from the cloister to the house itself, once a part of the old refectory, bears witness, in the quotations inscribed upon its stained glass windows, to the range of his classical learning. Dr. Wordsworth as Canon was succeeded by Canon Prothero, and he by Canon Gore, both old Harrovians, and I had been headmaster of Harrow School. But the Harrovian lineage of the house has been broken since my time.

It was always a delight to me to reflect upon the historical associations attaching to the Cloisters, as, indeed, to all the precincts of the Abbey, and to my own house especially. For the great Saxon cloisters of Edward the Confessor, through which I passed as often as I walked between the Abbey Church and my house, have been the silent witnesses of every coronation in English history; they stood at the crowning of

William the Conqueror as they stood at the crown
of King George V. What a tale they could tell
their venerable stones could speak! Adjoining my
house, too, was all that remains of one of the wa
I think the north wall in the South Aisle, of the anci
Chapel of St. Catherine. It was in that Chapel t
St. Hugh was consecrated to the See of Lincoln in
1186. It was there that King Henry III., "with
gospel in one hand and a lighted taper in the othe
as Dean Stanley says, swore allegiance to Magna Char
It was there, too, that the fight for precedence betw
Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Roger, Ar
bishop of York, led, in Henry II.'s reign, to the Pa
decision by which the Archbishop of Canterbury w
made Primate of All England, and the Archbish
of York Primate of England. Fuller, in his Chur
History, describes ho at the synod of Westminst
the Pope's legate was present, "on whose right ha
sat Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, as in
proper place. When in springs Roger of York, an
finding Canterbury so seated, fairly sits him dow
on Canterbury's lap (a baby too big to be danc
thereon), yea, Canterbury, his servants dandled th
child with a witr ss, who plucked him thence, a
buffeted him to rpose."[1] But the Archbishop
York was forced yield precedence to the See
Canterbury after all.

In the Little Cloisters I began my life at Wes
minster with the sort of feeling which the poet Crab
describes in his "Borough"—

> "That ease be mine, which with all his cares
> The pious, peaceful prebendary shares."[2]

The Dean of Westminster then was Dr. Bradley

[1] Book iii, sec. 2

[2] Letter ii, The Churl, 9, 10

and it was a peculiar pleasure to me to serve under him; for he, like myself, had been a schoolmaster, and there were many scholastic interests and memories common to us. A quarter of a century before, when he was master of University College at Oxford, he had examined me for the Newcastle Scholarship at Eton. He was fond of talking of his own school-days at Rugby under Dr. Arnold. I remember his saying that the most famous Rugby schoolboy among the boys who were or nearly were his contemporaries was Clough, far more famous in the eyes of the school than Vaughan or Stanley or Matthew Arnold. I have heard him assert decisively, as is now pretty well known, that Stanley was not, and could not have been, the Arthur of "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

The old Marlburians, whom I used to know at Cambridge, were wont to speak of Dean Bradley as an awe-inspiring headmaster. But if there was ever, as I know there was, a severity in his manner or language, it had all died away, as the shadows of old age closed upon him; and no more patient, kindly, courteous, lovable Christian gentleman could be pictured than he was, as I knew him in the Abbey. The coronation of King Edward VII. came upon him as a burden to which he was physically and perhaps mentally unequal. He desired to do his full duty in that memorable service, but it was too much for him. He was, I think, not a little pained at the way in which he was, perhaps inevitably, kept in the background during the official arrangements for the coronation. It is a curious fact that, at the coronation of Queen Victoria, Dean Ireland was unable to officiate, and Lord John Thynne, who was so long a Canon and Sub-Dean of the Abbey, acted in his behalf, and that, at the coronation of King Edward

VII., more than sixty years later, Dean Bradley, altho
he was present, took hardly any part in the ser
itself. The task of assisting him during the coronat
fell upon me at his daughter's kind request ; and I h
I did not by any act or word let him suspect that
full prerogative of his office was not accorded to h
It was on August 6th, 1902, three days before
coronation, that, as we were standing in the ann
which had been erected at the West End of the Abb
Dean Bradley told me he had resigned the Dean
of Westminster, and had received from the King
gracious letter accepting his resignation. The resig
tion took effect on the following Michaelmas Day.
happened that, on the preceding Sunday, the 28th
was the preacher in St. Margaret's Church, and I s
a few words then in recognition of his long serv
at the Abbey. Less than six months later, on Ma
17th, 1903, he was laid to rest beside the grave of Bish
Atterbury, who had himself been Dean of Westminst
in the nave of the Abbey.

Dean Bradley was not, perhaps, one of the b
known Deans of Westminster. He was so faithful
the traditions of Dean Stanley, as to let himself in t
public eye be overshadowed by his predecessor. B
he was a careful, vigilant guardian of the Abbey ;
his courtesy and sympathy, by the breadth of his spi
and the kindness of his heart, by his scholarly tast
his intellectual activities, and by his association wi
some of the noblest English men and women of his da
he did much to sustain and enhance the national i
fluence of the Abbey while he was its Dean ; and wh
he left it, there was nobody, from the Sub-Dean do
to the last-appointed Verger, who did not feel hims
to have lost a personal friend.

The Abbey, as all who have held office in it a

aware, is so unique in its ecclesiastical position, and, it must be owned, so uncertain in its legal constitution, that it makes a special demand upon the good taste and the good feeling of all who serve it. Nowhere is the temper of the Christian English gentleman—that temper which imposes laws upon itself, and refrains, it scarcely knows why, from saying or doing things which it would be so easy to say or do in the absence of gentlemanly feeling—more constantly needed than among the clergy of the Abbey. If the Dean on the one side, or the Canons on the other, or both, were disposed to press their rights unduly, the harmony which reigns in the precincts of the Abbey would soon be lost. For within those precincts there is no authority and no obligation, there is, indeed, no necessary interest, beyond the Abbey itself. But all who live there are bound together by close ties; they know each other well; they meet each other from day to day; and upon them all the spell of the Abbey exercises its subtle and sacred influence.

In the language of the Statutes the Abbey is described not unfitly as the "home of piety and letters." There is, it is stated, to be one Dean who is to rule or regulate the whole college. He is to be "like the mind in the body." The Prebendaries, as members of one body, are to cultivate the habit of mutual affection and assistance, and to support the Dean in deciding such questions as affect the Collegiate Church. Their duties are not exacting; for it is ordered that a Prebendary, during his period of residence, shall be bound to attend Divine Worship, "properly dressed," once, but once only, a day. It follows that, when there were six Canons at the Abbey, the duties of each Canon were limited to attendance at Divine Service once a day during two months of the year; and that now, when there are only five

Canons, his duties may extend to two months and a ha
but no more.

It is worth noticing, or it was so in my eyes, that t
Statutes distinctly contemplate the possibility of son
among the Canons being Bishops; for they enact tha
at the time of Divine Service, the Dean and the Prebe
daries, and the other clergy who possess academic
degrees, shall each "wear, unless they are Bishop
besides the surplice, the hood of his academical degree'
or, "if they are Bishops, the episcopal dress."
Prebendary, at his installation, takes a rather curiou
oath, pledging himself "to embrace with all his soul th
true religion of Christ"—as if he had not been a Chris
tian at all before—"to set the authority of Scriptur
above the judgment of men, to seek his rule of life an
his summary of faith from the Word of God; and t
treat everything which is not proved from the Word o
God as merely human; to regard the Royal authorit
as supreme in everything, and in no way subject to th
jurisdiction of foreign Bishops; to refute with all hi
power of will and of mind such opinions as are contrar
to the Word of God; and to prefer in the interest o
religion what is true to what is customary, what i
written to what is not written."

Westminster Abbey is a little world in itself. No
less in sentiment than in situation it is cut off from the
great world outside it. To pass beneath the archway
at the entrance into Dean's Yard is to become conscious
of a new atmosphere. All persons, from the highest
to the lowliest, whose privilege it is to live within the
precincts of the Abbey, are united by associations, duties,
interests, and privileges which are exclusively their own.
Every servant, man or woman, who resides within these
precincts, can claim the right of being married in the
Abbey. The life of a Dean and Canons, with their

families and dependants, in the Close of a Cathedral has been sometimes treated, not perhaps unjustly, by authors like Trollope, who has not even spared the Bishop of Barchester and his wife, as the target of a little good-humoured satire. It cannot, I am afraid, be denied that the members of so strictly limited a society, living, as they all do, near together day by day, may know too much, and talk too freely, each about the others. But whatever may happen in actual experience, there can be, or ought to be, no higher privilege than to breathe the spiritual air of a Cathedral. One of the most original of the masters of Eton in my school days, William Johnson, afterwards known as William Cory, said in my hearing that he would like his son, if ever he had a son, to spend the early years of his life beneath the shadow of a Cathedral. They who live, as it were, on holy ground; who meet Sunday by Sunday, and often on week-days, to worship in the same sanctuary; who receive, half unconsciously, the sublime impressions of noble architecture, solemn music, religious history and stately ritual in Divine Worship, are, or should be, lifted above themselves into a lofty serene region of thought and feeling and devotion.

But, although the Abbey Church is not a Cathedral, yet of all the Closes or Precincts in England it is at Westminster that the *genius loci* seems most to forbid meanness or narrowness of conduct, and to preach with silent eloquence the gospel of the things which are honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.

It is not in my power to write a history of Westminster Abbey. That task has been performed once for all by Dean Stanley; and his "Historical Memorials of the Abbey" have been supplemented, as far as possible, in recent years by such books as Mrs. Murray Smith's "Roll-Call of Westminster Abbey." All that need, or

can, be told about the Abbey is easily accessible
English readers. The simple duty which I lay u
myself, in writing a chapter upon my official connex
with the Abbey, is to describe such thoughts as w
present to my mind when I was there, and to reco
some interesting events in which I took part, or of wh
I was an actual witness, as a Canon of the Abbey.

The Abbey Church, then, is the spiritual centre-
may, indeed, be not unfairly called the heart or
soul—of the British Empire and of the English-speak
race. As there is no secular institution compara
with the British Empire, nor any language spol
among men so widely diffused as the English langua
so there is no sanctuary comparable by its interest
influence with the Abbey in relation to the Empire a
to the English-speaking world. If the Abbey be regarc
as the Church in which English kings and queens ha
received their coronation, then the Cathedral of Rhei
may claim some rivalry with it. If it be regarded as t
resting-place of the mighty dead, then it ranks w
the Church of Santa Croce at Florence, or the Panthé
at Paris; only it is historically, as well as archit
turally, far grander. But when all the various assoc
tions of the Abbey are taken into account, there
not, nor has there ever been, a Church equal to it in
the world. The Abbey Church excites admiration, li
St. Peter's at Rome, or the Church of Notre Dame
Paris, or St. Paul's in London; but above them a
even above St. Peter's itself, it touches the heart of
great nation and a greater Empire.

It is thus that the Abbey Church has won litera
tributes of unique value and beauty not only fro
English writers such as Goldsmith, Addison and Lam
but from the American writer Washington Irvin
Colonial visitors, when they come to London, often thir

more of attending a service in the Abbey than of participating in any other ceremony, or visiting any other building, in London. For Americans of the United States the Abbey is a sort of Mecca, belonging, they feel, scarcely more to the Mother Country than to their own. They like to think that a bust of their own poet Longfellow has been placed in Poets' Corner. Some of them have dreamt, and it may not be wholly a dream that the time will come when even the great name of Washington will be commemorated in the Abbey. It is told that General Benedict Arnold, with "a lady who, doubtless, was his wife," was once seen standing beside the grave of Major André;[1] could any incident, even in the long history of the Abbey itself, be more calculated to evoke feelings of wistful and regretful pathos than this?

In the days when I held a Canonry at Westminster it was ever my wish to accentuate the Imperial character of the Abbey. Many a time when I was in residence, I have gone back after Evensong into the great Church, have looked round among the thr[illegible] visitors for one who seemed to be particularly st[illegible]nd lonely, and have asked if I could serve him, [illegible]r more frequently her, as a guide. For the Abbey is so vast a Church, so rich in its historical and architectural interest, so full of monuments, many of them beautiful, some romantic and some grotesque, but all alike interesting as records of national life and taste, that a stranger, who has not set foot in it before, and does not know how to find his or her way about it, is apt to be lost amidst the multiplicity of the objects appealing to the patriotic sentiment of one who, however far he or she may have been born from English shores, yet has been wont from childhood to think and speak of England as "home." Delightful

[1] Sir G. O. Trevelyan, "George the Third and Charles James Fox," Vol. I., p. 338, note.

friendships, some still surviving, have been born of t
little service so gladly offered, and always, I think,
gratefully accepted.

Dean Stanley is said to have originated the idea
conducting parties of working men and working won
over the Abbey on Saturday afternoons. Since his ti
not only the Dean, but every Canon during his mon
of residence, has, I think, generally followed his exam
But no less an interest or value attaches to the vi
paid to the Abbey, under the auspices of the Dean a
Canons, by visitors from far regions of the British E
pire, and from the United States of America. I v
fond of pleading that the Abbey, as it is free from
diocesan responsibility, would best assert its Impe
function, if it were often, or usually, the scene of c
secrations to the episcopate in the Colonies and Dep
dencies of the Empire; if it freely welcomed the bish
and clergy of the Colonial Churches, and of the Epis
pal Church of the United States, to its pulpit; and
in the exercise of the ecclesiastical patronage belong
to the Chapter, it should, as far as possible, reward
services of clergymen who had ministered during lo
years in the mission-field or in the Colonies, and w
were only too likely to be forgotten or passed over
home. It was so, also, that I succeeded in getting
resolution passed by the Chapter in favour of revivi
the ancient ceremonial connected with the installati
of the Knights of the Bath in Henry VII.'s Chapel-
resolution which has happily, since I left the Abb
been carried into effect; for the Dean of Westmins
has always been Dean of that Order, and there see
to be no reason why the Order of the Bath at t
Abbey should not be as living a reality in the eyes
the nation as the Order of St. Michael and St. Geor
is, or is coming to be, at St. Paul's.

The Abbey Church, as I conceive it, does in a measure, or may, supplement the office of the Book of Common Prayer in regard to the nation and the Empire. It is the visible embodiment of the highest and holiest aspirations, whether national or Imperial. The Prayer Book is a singular monument of excellences and limitations. Its Liturgy is, next only to the Bible, the most precious spiritual heritage of the Church of England and of the English-speaking world. But the Prayer Book, as a witness to the religious life of the nation, stops short in the middle of the seventeenth, or more strictly of the sixteenth, century. Subjects of such deep national and spiritual interest as the creation and the expansion of the British Empire, the moral responsibility of Englishmen to the native races which they govern, the relation of the Church of England to the daughter Churches which are ever "rising up and calling her blessed" all over the Empire, nay, the duty of inspiring the Empire as a whole with Christian principle, and of bringing the Mohammedan and pagan peoples within the Empire to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, the Prayer Book practically ignores; they are, so far as its language tells, ideas which have scarcely come to the birth. The Prayer Book, to some extent in its contents, and to a larger extent in its omissions, is something of a spiritual anachronism. But he who has eyes to see may read upon the stones of the Abbey Church the record of the lives and the deeds by which England became Great Britain, and Great Britain became the British Empire, and the British Empire became, as it still remains, and as, pray God, it shall never cease to be, the greatest secular institution in the world, the custodian of the principles and liberties which elevate humanity, and the object of hope, admiration and reverence among all downtrodden or threatened nationalities.

It may be permitted me, then, to record some memo
of the great ceremony with which I was intimately c
nected as a Canon of the Abbey—the coronation of K
Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, on August 9th, 19
The nation and the Empire, if not the whole world, l
looked forward to that coronation with eager inter
For, apart from its intrinsic dignity and sanctity, it
felt to possess the singular charm of novelty. So ma
were the years which had passed since Queen Victor
coronation, that few persons then living, and am
persons holding high office none, could remember h
the ceremony of crowning or "sacring" a sovereign l
been performed. Even if the memory of Queen Victor
coronation had been more truly living in men's mi
than it was, it would not have been a satisfact
precedent; for the ordering of the coronation was t
so ill understood that the young Queen in the cou
of it turned more than once, it is said, to the clergy w
stood near her to ask, and to ask without finding any
who could tell her, what it was her duty to do next.

It was, however, the sudden illness of King Edwa
VII., and as its result the abrupt postponement of
coronation, which made a profoundly mournful impr
sion upon the whole country. Never shall I forget t
fatal Tuesday, June 24th, when the news that
coronation could not take place on the appointed d
was brought to the Abbey. It came just about elev
o'clock in the morning. Sir Frederick Bridge,
organist of the Abbey, was actually conducting
rehearsal of the music which was to be performed
the coronation service, when, as he stood with bat
uplifted to direct the singing of the choir, Lord Es
quietly entered the Abbey by the West Door, a
whispered to the Bishop of London that the King w
seriously, and perhaps dangerously, ill; that an ope

tion would be performed upon him within the next hour; and that the coronation must be indefinitely postponed. The Bishop of London, taking his stand on the theatre which had been erected in front of the High Altar, announced the sad news. There was a momentary pause. Then the hearts of all who were present turned instinctively to prayer. The Bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the two bishops whose office it has been, at least since the reign of Richard I., to support the sovereign on the right and the left hands at his coronation, repeated one by one the petitions of the Litany; the choir, who had been chosen for the coronation, sang the Responses, and then Watts's solemn hymn, "O God, our help in ages past"; the venerable Dean pronounced the Benediction; and slowly and sadly the choir and the congregation filed out into the Cloisters.

The news of the King's illness spread like wildfire. Everywhere, in Dean's Yard, in the Sanctuary, in Whitehall, and especially around Buckingham Palace, men and women, some of them emissaries who had journeyed to London from distant quarters of the world, were gathered in knots, discussing with anxious faces the prospect of the King's recovery, and wondering if his coronation, so tragically interrupted, would ever take place.

It is not necessary to describe the events, the balancing hopes and fears, the postponements, changes and renewals of festivities, between that fatal Tuesday, June 24th, and the actual day of the coronation, August 9th. I was present at the arrival of the Regalia from the Tower in the evening of Friday, August 8th. They were brought by an escort of cavalry under the command of General Sir Arthur Ellis. The Dean and Chapter received them at the entrance of the Cloisters, and

followed them to the Jerusalem Chamber, where
Sub-Dean, Canon Duckworth, acting for the De
numbered and identified them. In accordance w
ancient custom, they were watched in the Jerusal
Chamber all the night before the coronation by
Yeomen of the Guard.

There is, I hope, something more than a mer
personal interest attaching to one incident of
coronation itself. In the Procession of the Regal
as it is called, the Regalia themselves are carried
the clergy of the Abbey. At the coronation in 19
St. Edward's crown, which is the crown set upon t
King's head, was carried down the Abbey Church
the Sub-Dean; the Queen's crown by Archdeac
Wilberforce; the Bible by Canon Robinson; the Chal
by Canon Henson; and the Patin by myself. B
a question had arisen, without my knowledge, and h
been decided while I was out of England, as to the du
of consecrating the Oil used in the anointing of t
King. The Unction has always been an important pa
of the coronation. Selden, in his "Titles of Honour
devotes a whole chapter to the "anointing of Kin
and Emperors." According to the ritual of the coron
tion, at one point of it four Knights of the Garter ho
a rich pall of silk or cloth of gold over the King's hea
and the consecrating Archbishop anoints the King wi
a cross on the crown of his head, on his breast, and o
the palms of both his hands; he then prays that "o
Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who by his Fath
was anointed with the Oil of gladness above his fellows,
may, "by his Holy Anointing, pour down upon" th
King's "Head and Heart the blessing of the Hol
Ghost," and may "prosper the works of" his "hands.
The question was whether the Oil, in accordance wit
ancient custom, should be consecrated; and if so, wh

should consecrate it. Dean Stanley, in his "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," asserts that "the Dean and Canons of Westminster alone of the clergy of England stand by the side of the prelates. On them, and not on the Bishops, devolves the duty, if such there be, of consecrating the sacred Oil." But it seems clear that consecration is an episcopal function, and that the Deans of Westminster generally performed it, because they were bishops; but that if a Canon of Westminster was, and the Dean was not, a bishop, it was the Canon who consecrated the Oil. Archbishop Laud, for example, in the instance which Dean Stanley himself cites, was Bishop of St. David's, as well as Prebendary of Westminster, when he hallowed the Oil at the coronation of King Charles I. Atterbury, as is well known, was not only Dean of Westminster, but Bishop of Rochester. It was long, however, since any Dean or Canon had, at the time of a coronation, been in episcopal orders. But after some historical research, it was decided that the Oil should be consecrated, and consecrated by myself. So it was that, at an early hour of the morning, the Procession of the Regalia moved slowly through St. Faith's Chapel and the South Transept, and passed along the Ambulatory into the Chapel of Edward the Confessor. There it paused; and, as I stood before the Altar, after laying upon it the Ampulla and the Anointing Spoon, I performed the two-fold ceremony of hallowing the Altar and hallowing the Oil. It may be worth while to quote the actual language of the prayers which were then used, as they were not, I think, published at the time of the coronation. The prayer at the hallowing of the Altar ran thus: "O Lord, who of old didst put into the heart of thy servant Edward to build a house unto thy Name; Hallow, we beseech thee, this Altar

which we have erected at his Tomb; and grant t
we and all who serve thee in this place may fulfil
several ministries to thy honour and glory, and
enlargement of thy Church; through Jesus Christ
Lord. Amen." It was immediately followed by
prayer used at the hallowing of the Oil in the foll
ing terms: "Bless, O Lord, this Oil, with which
chosen servants, our gracious Sovereign and his Ro
Consort, are this day to be anointed and consecra
King and Queen of this Realm. And, we bese
thee, O Holy Father, plenteously to pour out up
them both all the gifts and graces of the Holy Spi
which thou didst of old confer upon thy chosen serva
by this Ministry; through him, who was anointed w
the Oil of gladness above his fellows, Jesus Christ t
Son, our Saviour. Amen."

The day of the coronation, August 9th, was co
not without some threatening of rain; but upon t
whole it was fine; and the coolness of the day was
some sense a blessing, not only to the throng of peo
who sat or stood during long hours, many of them w
little protection against the sun, in the streets throu
which the King and Queen drove to and from the Abb
but to the congregation in the Abbey Church during th
protracted waiting, as well as during the service itse
and not least to the Dean and Canons, who were cl
in richly embroidered copes of much beauty, but a
of sadly trying weight.

It is not my purpose to describe the coronatio
so many are the writers and the artists who have ma
known its details; but the incidents which struck r
as especially interesting, perhaps because I enjoy
so favourable an opportunity of observing them, I ma
I hope, not unsuitably relate. As one of the Cano
or Prebendaries of the Abbey—for the Canons, in t

official documents relating to the coronation, are correctly described as Prebendaries—I occupied a seat in the Sacrarium, on the south side of the Altar, close to the chair on which the King sat through all the early part of the service until the actual moment of the crowning or "sacring." It was easy for me, therefore, to see every part of the ceremony, particularly the demeanour of the King himself.

There had been a good deal of anxiety about the coronation service. For not only had the King been ill, but the Archbishop of Canterbury, Archbishop Temple, had also been so ill that he could not take his part or be present at most of the rehearsals, and it was thought to be doubtful whether he would be able to endure the fatiguing strain of the service itself. However, the ceremony passed off well, far better than any of the rehearsals which had preceded it. It was free from confusion or interruption; nor did I notice any mistake in it, except that Sir Frederick Bridge, who, as organist of the Abbey, was naturally director of the music, seemed to anticipate two processions only from the Western Door to the Altar, viz., the procession first of the Queen and then of the King; whereas there were actually three processions, viz.,

I. That of the Queen and her Regalia.
II. That of the King's Regalia.
III. That of the King himself.

Sir Frederick, acting, as I suppose, upon a sign prematurely given to him, began the Introit too soon. It became necessary, therefore, to repeat the *Vivat Rex Edwardus*, which had been already sung during the procession of the King's Regalia, during the procession of the King himself; but the repetition was effected with singular skill at a moment's notice; and I dare say the congregation were unconscious that

anything was wrong, and assumed that the same mus
had been intentionally sung twice over as a greeti
to His Majesty upon entering the Annexe or Nav
and again upon entering the Choir.

The King on the day of the coronation looked we
surprisingly well, as I thought, after so recent and serio
an illness; he seemed to move without pain or effo
and I could not help noticing that he knelt at tim
when it would have been easy for him, if he had wishe
to spare himself pain or trouble by remaining seated
his chair. Any tribute to his reverent behaviour or t
Queen's would, I feel, be an impertinence; but I cou
see his lips moving in prayer, as he knelt, immediate
after entering the Sacrarium, before the actual servi
began; and at times in the course of the service, b
especially during the administration of the Holy Con
munion, he shaded his face with his hand, as though h
were wrapped in thoughts of devotion. How, indee
could any sovereign help being stirred to the depth
his heart, when such a ceremony, in which he was t
chief actor, was taking place in such circumstanc
before the eyes, as it were, of the whole Empire and t
whole world? The Queen was, I thought, a litt
nervous. As she moved to and fro, she gave her han
to the Bishop of Oxford, casting an anxious glance abo
her now and again, as if she were eager to avoid makin
any mistake.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was apparently muc
feebler than the King. When he knelt, it seemed th
he could not rise from his knees. Once he made a
effort to rise, but fell back. Then the Bishops of Wi
chester and of Bath and Wells tried to lift him, but agai
he fell back. At last he was led, or rather borne, to hi
chair on the north side of the Altar; and sitting ther
while the Prince of Wales and the representatives of th

different orders in the peerage paid their homage, he recovered himself sufficiently to continue and complete his part in the service. I remember the thought flashing upon my mind, How dreadful if the Archbishop were to die in the Abbey Church during the coronation! It was only his wonderful strength of will which carried him through a service trying to everybody in its length, but especially trying to him in the personal responsibility which it imposed upon him. It was with reference, I think, to the Archbishop rather than to the King, that the Bishop of London said in my hearing he had never been so glad to hear the final Benediction pronounced at any religious service as he had been that day.

The Dean of Westminster, although he was not, like the Archbishop, troubled by the failure of his sight as well as of his strength, yet was evidently restless during the service, as though he were conscious of his impotence to do all that would naturally fall to him in the service, but had, in consideration for his weakness, been delegated to the Sub-Dean. It had been arranged that he should hand the crown to the Archbishop when the time came to place it upon the King's head; but I think it was the Sub-Dean who handed it. The only part that the Dean himself undertook was the administration of the Chalice in the Holy Communion, The communicants were the Archbishop as celebrant, the King and Queen, the Archbishop of York, and the Dean; there were no others.

I thought the grouping of the distinguished persons round the Coronation Chair upon the theatre at the moment of the homage was singularly effective and suggestive. It was touching to notice with what affection the King kissed the Prince of Wales, when receiving his homage. That was, as it seemed to me, the moment

when the supreme dignity of the Throne, as concentrat
in itself the sum of all the national powers, memor
and associations which constitute the British Emp
was most emphatically brought home to the heart
mind of the vast congregation then assembled in
Abbey Church.

CHAPTER XIII

WESTMINSTER ABBEY (*continued*)

THE coronation is, or is generally felt to be, the strongest of all bonds between English Royalty and the Abbey Church of Westminster. But it is not the only bond. For it was in the Abbey Church that the Kings and Queens of England during five centuries were generally buried. From Henry III. to George II. there was a prolonged, but not unbroken, succession of Royal interments within the Abbey Church. There were, indeed, not a few exceptions. Edward II. lies at Gloucester; Henry IV. at Canterbury; Henry VIII. and Charles I. at Windsor. But there is no Cathedral or church so rich in memories of the Kings and Queens who lie there as the Abbey Church of Westminster. The Chapel of King Edward the Confessor, surrounded as it is by the tombs of the mighty dead, is almost an epitome of English history. What thoughts, solemn and sacred, are evoked by Torrigiano's sumptuous monument, where the grave of Henry VII. and his wife Elizabeth of York seems to mark the burial of the bitter strife between the Red and the White Roses, or by the tombs of the sisters Mary and Elizabeth, lying side by side in the North Aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, with the Latin inscription which tells that the two sisters, who had been partners in the same throne, and now are partners in the same urn, sleep there side by side in hope of the Resurrection!

It is sometimes thought that the Abbey Church w
originally intended as the resting-place of the gre
dead in all the annals of English history. But that
not the witness of the Church itself. The Abb
Church became the resting-place of Henry III. becau
of his affection for the memory of the Confessor, who
bones he had laid there, and afterwards of Henry III
successors, who wished to lie at rest beside him. B
where the Kings and Queens were laid to rest, it w
natural that their courtiers and retainers should seek
death to lie near them. So it came to pass that the Abb
Church was first the resting-place of the Kings a
Queens, then of the nobles who had belonged to th
courts, and at last, but only as it were by accident,
the English men and women who had won fame in
the various lines of public duty and public service.

It is a significant fact, although not always recognise
that the person who conceived the idea of treating bur
in Westminster Abbey as a tribute to supreme pub
service was not any English King or Queen, but t
Protector, Oliver Cromwell. He granted the privile
of such burial to his favourite admiral, Robert Blak
If Oliver Cromwell was chronologically the secon
founder of the British Empire—for the empire dat
from the colonisation of Newfoundland in the rei
of Queen Elizabeth—it was only natural that he shou
be the author of the Imperial sentiment which, with
its dignity and glory, has since his day ever attach
to the Abbey Church. Nor could any naval he
have been better fitted to inaugurate the association
the Abbey Church with deeds of gallantry at home an
abroad in behalf of the Empire than the admiral wh
had swept Van Tromp's victorious fleet from the Engli
Channel.

But the relation of Oliver Cromwell, and, indee

of Blake himself, to Westminster Abbey found a tragical issue. At the eastern end of Henry VII.'s Chapel, behind the High Altar, lies a plain stone slab inscribed with the following words:—

In this vault was interred
Oliver Cromwell 1658
and in or near it
Henry Ireton his son-in-law 1651
Elizabeth Cromwell his mother 1654
Jane Desborough his sister 1656
Anne Fleetwood.

Anne Fleetwood, it may be said, was Cromwell's grand-daughter, being the child of his daughter Bridget, who first married the well-known Parliamentary general, Ireton, and after his death, another Parliamentary general, Charles Fleetwood. Below these names, but on the same slab, are commemorated six "officers" of the Protector's "Army and Council," who were buried at different times near him and his family in the Abbey Church, the best known being "Robert Blake, Admiral, 1657," and "John Bradshaw, 1659," who is described as "President of the High Court of Justice," and beside him "Mary Bradshaw, his wife." At the foot of the slab, beneath a line drawn across it, may be read the words, "These were removed in 1661."

Those words, profoundly touching in their simplicity and brevity, refer to the one only act of public sacrilege, which has taken place in the Abbey Church of Westminster during all the long centuries of its existence. At the Restoration, by order of King Charles II., the remains of the Protector, of his mother and sister, and of the friends who had been most intimately associated with him, were ruthlessly disinterred, only two years after the last of them had been laid to rest in the Abbey Church. They were carried away, some to the church-

yard of St. Margaret's Church, beneath the shadow
the Abbey; others to Tyburn, the site of the pre
Connaught Place; the heads of Cromwell, Ireton
Bradshaw were set up on the roof of Westminster H
and the fact that their bodies had reposed, for how
short a time, in the hallowed precincts of the Ab
Church was, so far as possible, blotted out of rem
brance. There was one member of Cromwell's ho
and one alone, whose remains seemed to have esca
desecration. Elizabeth Claypole, Cromwell's favou
daughter, whom he visited in her last illness at the
of his own health, and whose death he mourned du
the remainder of his life as an unforgettable sorr
had been buried not with him and the other memb
of his family in the Chapel of Henry VII., but in
aisle on the north side of his tomb. Why and how it ca
to pass that her remains were left in peace, when thos
the Protector himself and of so many other member
his family were subjected to extreme dishonour, i
not altogether easy to surmise. It may be that
grave escaped notice in the hurry of desecration;
that the hearts of Cromwell's enemies relented in
thought of a good and gentle woman's life. Dean Stan
thinks it was her husband's favour at Court wh
shielded her grave from insult. Whatever the rea
was, visitors to the Abbey Church to-day may s
look upon that grave, and may look upon it as
only surviving memorial of the Rebellion and
Protectorate in the Abbey Church of Westminster.

In the years when I was associated with the Abb
the thought occurred to me, and I remember asking De
Bradley if he felt it to be possible, that the remains
the great Protector could be recovered and restored
their original resting-place. Apart from all histori
feeling for Oliver Cromwell himself, I should have be

glad, if the one act of sacrilege which disgraces the Abbey could have been, not perhaps wholly, but partially, redeemed. I am not sure that the thought which I suggested to the Dean, if it had proved practicable, would have found favour in his eyes; but after as full an examination as it was possible for me to make of the evidence concerning the fate of Oliver Cromwell's remains, I satisfied myself that nothing remained, not even his head or part of his head, which could with any certainty be reinterred, as being his, in the Abbey Church. The reasons which led me, not very willingly, as I must admit, to this conclusion can be found, if anybody cares to form a judgment upon them, in an article which I contributed to *The Nineteenth Century and After*, in June, 1905.

Since the Kings and Queens have ceased to be buried in Westminster Abbey, it is as the burying-ground of the most illustrious English men and women that the Abbey has mainly exercised its peculiar spell over the heart of the English-speaking world. In comparatively recent times the Abbey Church has indeed suffered a certain limitation of interest. It used to be the last home of all that had been highest and noblest and most famous in English life. Not only statesmen, and men of letters and science, but great sailors and soldiers, philanthropists, inventors, artists, musicians and explorers, were all interred there. Nelson at the battle of Cape St. Vincent looked forward to a peerage or Westminster Abbey. But he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral; and St. Paul's has come, with tacit assent, to claim the mortal remains of the Englishmen who have won imperishable fame in war by land or by sea. It is by prescriptive right, too, the resting-place of the benefactors whose life-work was most intimately connected with the City of London. The Abbey, as

is natural in view of its proximity to the Hous
Parliament, has never lost its touch with the st
manship of the nation and the Empire. There is
Prime Minister, and, I think, one only, Lord
bourne, whose monument stands in St. Paul's.
heroes of discovery in science, such as Herschel
Darwin, have naturally been laid to rest beside
monument of Sir Isaac Newton. The Nave of the A
Church must seem pre-eminently hallowed ground t
Englishmen who, having visited India, have realised
horror, and yet the splendour, of the events w
occurred in the Indian Mutiny; and to all, who, fo
sake and in the memory of David Livingstone, have d
with devout thanksgiving upon the abolition of the s
trade in Africa. But if there is a Holy of Holies in
Abbey Church, it is the South Transept, or, to s
correctly, the southern half of the Transept, whic
everywhere known as "Poets' Corner." No part of
Abbey Church has evoked so many literary tribute
the space in which the men of letters have been lai
rest.

Yet "Poets' Corner," like so much else in W
minster Abbey, like so much in English history, m
be said to have been what is so lightly deemed an accid
Most visitors to it, or many, suppose that in its or
it was designed, and in its history it has been util
for such a special object as its popular name den
But the association of "Poets' Corner" with po
was an afterthought. The first poet who was bu
there was Chaucer in A.D. 1400; and he received bu
there not as a poet, but because in his later life, w
he fell on evil times, he had been glad to become Cl
of-the-Works in the Palace of Westminster. He l
in a house on the site now occupied by Henry V
Chapel, and it was his local connection with W

minster which seems to have won him the privilege of burial in the Abbey Church. But the fame of his poetry spread widely; and all but two centuries later the poet Spenser was buried, at his own desire, near Chaucer's grave. From that time the privilege of burial in "Poets' Corner" has been felt as belonging almost by hereditary right to the great English poets; or if, for some reason, it has been their will or their fortune to be buried elsewhere, they have, except in a case so sad as Byron's, generally received some commemoration in the form of a bust or a tablet among their compeers in "Poets' Corner."

It has been, among the Churches of Christendom, the peculiar distinction of the Church of England that she has always paid due honour to the Stage. Few facts of Christian history are more puzzling than that society, while deriving constant pleasure from the performance of stage-plays, should have treated not only stage-players, but the authors of plays intended for the stage, with marked indignity. It would be superfluous to quote the bitter censures of Fathers of the Church, such as Tertullian, Cyprian and Chrysostom, upon the stage. In comparatively modern times, books like Prynne's "Histrio-mastix," and Jeremy Collier's "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage," were indeed justified by the licentiousness of the drama in their days. William Law and Bishop Wilson, in their writings, show a survival of the long-standing prejudice against the profession of actors and actresses. But that the profession should have been subjected to ignominious treatment by the Roman Catholic Church, especially in France, and above all in Paris, where love of the stage kept the theatres open even in the dark days of the French Revolution, is a phenomenon which it is difficult to understand.

Very different has been the spirit of the Churc
England, and above all, of the Abbey Church of W
minster. When I lived in the Abbey, I never wa
from my house into the Church without passing
the grave of Mrs. Bracegirdle. She lies in the Eas
and Mrs. Cibber in the Northern, Cloister. An
the actors who are also buried in the Cloisters
Betterton, Barry, Foote, and Henderson. Mrs. Sid
and her brother, John Kemble, are commemor
within the Abbey Church itself by cenotaphs in
Andrew's Chapel. But the most interesting na
representative of the dramatic profession in the Al
Church is in some sense perhaps that of Mrs. Oldf
She was buried there on October 27th, 1730. Sh
the only actress whose remains lie within the Ch
itself. In the same year had occurred the deatl
the celebrated French actress, Adrienne Lecouvreur.
had been Voltaire's intimate friend, and had died al
in his arms. How bitterly he resented the actio
the Church in refusing to let her body be buried
Christian rites, and in exposing it to maltreatmen
the streets of Paris, may still be read in the poig
verses which he wrote upon her death. In them
draws a stinging contrast between the Churche
France and of England.

> "C'est là," he says of London, "qu'on sait tout dire, et
> récompenser,
> Nul art n'est méprisé, tout succès a sa gloire";

and he goes on to speak of Dryden, Addison and New
and of Mrs. Oldfield, whom he calls "la charm
Ophils," as resting in peace in the Abbey Church,
"temple consacré à la Mémoire."

There are many graves in "Poets' Corner,"
all of them, or nearly all, are dear to British he

all the world over. But I used to notice, when I was living at the Abbey, that there was one grave upon which flowers were placed by unknown hands in greater quantity, and with more unfailing regularity, as the birthday of him who lay there recurred year by year, than the grave of any other among his compeers in literature. It was the grave of Charles Dickens. With that grave a happy reminiscence will always associate itself in my memory. It happened that I was Canon-in-Residence when the French fleet paid a visit to Portsmouth. I received an intimation that a party of French officers and bluejackets would like to visit the Abbey. It seemed to me that I should afford them the most pleasure, and perhaps the most instruction, if they were divided into a number of groups, each escorted by some official of the Abbey who could speak a little French. When my own group arrived at the West Door of the Abbey, the young English naval officer who accompanied them told me he would be glad, if the task of explaining the history of the Abbey Church might devolve upon me rather than upon himself. So I did my best; and when we were all standing in "Poets' Corner," and I had given them some account, however brief, of the illustrious men who lay there, I pointed to the slab which bears the name of Charles Dickens, and remarked how deep and wide was the affection still felt among English-speaking people for his memory. I added that not long before I had been asked to sanction the placing of a splendid floral wreath sent by an admirer of his writings in one of the Western States of North America on the anniversary of his birthday. At this point the young naval officer drew himself up. "Please, sir," he said, "I am Dickens's grandson."

One thought, which was ever present to my mind

when I was at the Abbey, was how it could, with
limited space, meet the ever-growing demands of fut
generations. For the Abbey Church is practica
filled with monuments now. There is no room in
North Transept, where the figures of statesmen star
there is none, or hardly any, in the South Transe
among the poets. It is only the Nave which rema
vacant; and nobody who cares for the architectu
effect of the great Church would care to place stat
in the Nave. For some time past the questioл
interments in the Abbey Church has caused mu
anxiety. It has even been a subject laid before
Parliamentary Commission. But nothing has been do
to make provision for the needs which are foresee
or, if anything has been done, it has been the rat
unhappy insistence upon the cremation of all bod
which are buried within the Abbey Church. Yet
seems clear that, unless the Abbey is able to receive
memorials of statesmen and men of letters, soon
late they will be erected elsewhere; and :˙ the Abb
were to lose its association with the public life of
nation, whether in politics or in literature, by ceasi
to be the resting-place of the mighty dead, it wou
gradually forfeit something of the historical meani
and value which have made it the central sanctua
of the English-speaking world.

As a Canon of Westminster I used sometimes to enj
the opportunity of talking about the Abbey with
Clerk-of-the-Works, Mr. Wright, who has since pass
to his rest. He was a remarkable man, a little rou
in speech and manner, perhaps a little self-opinionate
but keen and honest, and devoted to the Abbey, whe
he had spent all the best years of his life; and it seem
as though, by long familiarity, he had wrung fro
the very stones the secrets of their history. His kno

ledge of the Church which he served was not, perhaps, scientifically exact; but in practical acquaintance with the building itself he was unrivalled. On rare occasions, when he threw aside the reserve which generally characterised him, he was fond of telling how, in digging the graves of persons who were to be buried in the Abbey, he had often come upon the remains of the men and women who had been buried there for centuries. I have heard him declare, in somewhat gruesome language, that Chaucer was "a short, stout man," and Spenser "a big man with a backbone," as he would say, "like a bull's." Whether his knowledge was as exact as his statement was positive, I cannot say; but there is at least a possibility that he had actually seen what he described; for the opening of graves has not seldom led to the proof or disproof of legendary traditions; and in particular, the story that Ben Jonson was buried in a standing posture was, I believe, verified by the Clerk-of-the-Works when digging a grave close to his in 1849. Anyhow, my friend, Mr. Wright, whom I used to look upon as a titular, if remote successor in his office to the poet Chaucer, was confident that the Abbey Church could still admit as many as fifty more burials, without any disturbance of the remains already lying there. He did not, I think, approve cremation; and I am afraid that, if it is the rule of the Dean and Chapter that bodies shall no longer be themselves interred in the Abbey Church, but only the calcined bones which are enclosed within the narrow compass of an urn, they will give pain to the survivors of illustrious English men and women, and will give it at a time when it is peculiarly desirable to avoid giving it. They may even lose the privilege of welcoming within the Abbey the remains of some whose natural resting-place the Abbey Church, and no other place, would seem

to be. I do not, indeed, know what the reason
but it is difficult to help regretting that, in the last
years, the friends of such persons as Lord Kelvin, I
Lister, Lord Strathcona, and, above all, Miss Nighting
have alike declined the honour which the nation w
so gladly have paid to the dead, if it had been
mitted to inter them in the central sanctuary of Eng
Christendom.

But whatever may happen in particular ca
where the privilege of interment in the Abbey Chu
is offered and accepted or refused, the future of the Abl
as the burying-place of men and women famous in t
generation throughout the country and the Empir
a question which it is necessary to face, and, as I h
to face at once. The actual graves appeal more stro
to the imagination than the statues ; yet if the illustr
dead could no longer be buried, nor could even be c
memorated, in the Abbey Church, or within the preci
of the Abbey, not only the Abbey itself, but Lon
and all England, would become conscious, soon
late, of a national loss. It is difficult to suppose
anyone who possesses the historical sense, anyone
considers the existing memorials, however inarti
they may be, as witnesses to the thought and fee
of the past, or who remembers the beautiful and to
ing words which have been written about them b
many literary visitors to the Abbey, will seriously w
as has been now and again proposed, to gain space
carrying away, or even by cutting down, any sculpt
which have so long stood as they stand to-day, altho
they be ever so pretentious in size and tawdry in or
ment. But one obvious way of providing for
memorials of statesmen in the coming years would se
to be the utilisation of the Chapter House, and perh
of the Cloisters adjoining and surrounding it. For

Chapter House is in a sense the birthplace of the Imperial Parliament. At least, it was the assembly room of the House of Commons from the time when the Lords and Commons ceased to sit together. There the Commons sat irregularly from the reign of King Edward I.; there they met, and nowhere else, from the reign of Edward III. until the end of the reign of Henry VIII. The Chapter House, unlike the rest of the Abbey, is the property not of the Dean and Chapter, but of the nation. It would seem, then, that the Chapter House in its origin and history, in its national character, yet in its close association with the Abbey Church, would be the natural place for the erection of statues commemorating the statesmen who have fought their fiercest battles and won their highest honours in the Parliament of Westminster. Nor could any voice be raised against the Chapter House as the home of such statues, even if the severance between Church and State should, at some future date, be felt as a difficulty in the way of placing national memorials in an ecclesiastical building; for the nation, and therefore Parliament, is supreme in all questions affecting the Chapter House.

Supposing, then, that no structural addition is made to the Abbey, I hold that the proper place for the memorials of the statesmen who have served the country and the Empire will ultimately be the Chapter House at Westminster. But from time to time proposals have been made for the extension of the Abbey Church in one way or another. The most recent of these proposals, and perhaps the most remarkable, was the offer of Mr. Henry Yates Thompson to build a chapel, as an addition to the Abbey Church, facing the House of Lords. But the proposal, after much discussion, was not accepted. It is easy to understand the general hesitation about the experiment of adding to the Abbey

Church a structure which might prove an eyesore, as being out of harmony with the solemn and complete effect of the ancient Church, although there were a good many critics who acknowledged that the Annexe, which was temporarily erected at the west end of the Abbey Church for the coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, proved the successful extension of the Abbey to be at least a possibility. But whatever may have been the reason for thwarting Mr. Thompson's generous offer, the problem of the Abbey Church remains unsolved.

If I may express, not with any authority, but by way of suggestion only, the policy which, if it were possible, would commend itself as the best to my mind, it is, as was, indeed, advocated by the late Sir James Knowles,[1] that, when all the space available for interments within the Abbey Church itself has been filled, the dead should be buried in the Garth, or enclosure within the Cloisters, a comparatively large open ground, which has served from time to time as the resting-place of persons officially connected with the Abbey, and would still, if it were thoughtfully utilised, afford room for a large number of interments. For the Garth is part of the Abbey; it is separated from the Abbey Church only by the Northern Cloister; it enjoys the ancient sanctity of the Abbey precincts; and everyone who might be laid to rest there would be felt to receive in death the meed of such honour as has historically pertained to burial in the Abbey. But I desire not so much to press the suitability of the Garth for the funerals of the great dead in future days, as to urge the necessity of looking ahead in such a way as to make some provision, before it is too late, for such funerals.

The object lying nearest to the heart of everyone

[1] "The Nineteenth Century,' March, 1889.

who loves the Abbey should, I think, be to preserve the comprehensiveness of its national character. It has been the fortune of the Abbey to acquire associations which endear it to all classes and to all parties, ecclesiastical as well as civil, among English-speaking people. The Abbey is the sanctuary not only of the Church of England, but of the British race. The shrine of the Confessor reaches backwards in its memories far beyond the formal division of Western Christendom; it appeals to the religious sentiments of Roman Catholics as well as of Protestants; and there is one day in the year, the festival of his Translation, or to speak accurately, of his second Translation, October 13th, when Roman Catholic pilgrims may still be seen kneeling in prayer upon the marble pavement around his shrine.

The Abbey was once a home of the Benedictine order of monks. It was told, at the time of the coronation of King Edward VII., that somebody had expressed to the Duke of Norfolk his sympathy with the Dean and Chapter in being temporarily ousted from the control of their own Abbey Church, and the Duke had replied, he felt more sorry for the Benedictines. But, among the religious orders of the Church of Rome, there is none which has rendered such services to learning as the Benedictine; none, therefore, whose spirit might so suitably be thought to brood upon the Abbey of to-day. For if the Cathedral and other closes of England prove to be, as may well happen in a hurrying age like the present, the sole refuges of peaceful study within the Church of England, it is to the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey that the privilege of study belongs more perhaps than to any other home outside the ancient Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; and while the religious duties of the Abbey could no doubt be performed, as they are at St. Paul's, by four Canons, instead

of the six who used to live even in recent days, or tl
five who live now, under the shadow of the Abbe
yet it would be well to retain the full number of Canon
so long as they are either distinguished preachers,
scholars who make serious and permanent contributio
to learning.

The Nonconformists may feel even more truly
home in the Abbey than the Roman Catholics. Fo
with the broad ecclesiastical spirit characteristic
the Abbey, they have long been welcomed and honour
there, whether in life or after death. It has happen
more than once that representatives of the Nonco
formist Churches have given public lectures there,
Dr. Moffat, Livingstone's father-in-law, who touch
all hearts by apologising for having almost forgott
some idioms of his own native language; so many h
been the years of his missionary labour in Bechuan
land. The author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" is no
commemorated there by a window, the joint gift
Churchmen and Nonconformists. On the south w
of the Nave are placed memorials to the founders
Methodism, John and Charles Wesley, and to the Co
gregational hymn-writer, Isaac Watts.

It is perhaps in the Jerusalem Chamber that t
catholicity of the Abbey may be said to find its mo
enduring expression. For it was there that the We
minster Confession was completed on February 22n
1649, after no fewer than 1,163 sessions, it is said, of t
assembly of divines at Westminster, a curious birt
place of a document so profoundly influential upon t
Church, not of England, but of Scotland. It was the
too, that the Authorised Version of the New Testame
was finally revised in November, 1880, by a bo
in which divines of the Church of England and of t
Nonconformist Churches had long laboured side by si

It would be easy to burden this chapter with reminiscences of my life at Westminster, especially with such as relate to the coronation and to the days following the coronation ; but I will content myself with recording three events of special interest.

Soon after the coronation itself, I was asked to conduct the Maharaja of Jaipur, whom I once visited in India, and a party of native soldiers over the Abbey Church. The Maharaja, as a good Hindu, had brought with him to England, not only the image of a god, but a supply of water taken from the Ganges ; but he was a cheerful and intelligent visitor, unlike the Shah, to whom I also acted as guide; and, although he spoke no English, he showed a keen interest, not only in the structural and artistic arrangements which had been made for the coronation itself, but in the Coronation Chair, and in the shrine of Edward the Confessor. The Maharaja and the Indian soldiers visited the Abbey, I think, on the same day. It was amusing to notice the surprise of the vergers in the Abbey Church at the attitude of the soldiers as they stood beside the Coronation Chair. For the natural instinct of Hindus is to worship an object so august as the chair on which the Emperor of India sits at his coronation ; but the *salaams* paid to the chair suggested some evil design to the minds of men unacquainted with the methods of Oriental devotion. Probably the soldiers were not aware that in marching up the Nave of the Abbey Church they had passed the last resting-place of the heroes who had saved India to the Crown in the stress of the great Mutiny.

There was another visitor whom I recall with still deeper feelings of interest. I was sitting one day in my study when one of the vergers came to my house in the Little Cloisters, asking if I could go

into the Abbey Church, as a dark-skinned foreign
wished to be guided over the church, and especially
see the grave of Livingstone. I found a tall Afric
of stately appearance standing near the West doo
He proved to be the Katikiro, or Prime Minister,
Uganda. We stood together side by side at the sp
where Livingstone lies in the Nave; and as I reflect
upon the history of the Church in Uganda, and st
more upon the presence of this native Christian state
man in the Abbey Church, it seemed to me that Livin
stone's life and death had not been in vain, but th
there had been a fulfilment of the Divine promise ma
in the text which Dean Stanley had so suitably chos
for his grave, "Other sheep I have which are not
this fold; them also must I bring: and they sh
hear my voice; and there shall be one fold [or 'flock
and one shepherd."

A few days after the coronation, when I was
residence at the Abbey, I received from Lieut.-Colon
Cameron, the commanding officer of the Australi
corps which had been sent to take part in the ceremoni
of the coronation, a request that the Colonial troo
might be allowed to attend a special service in th
Abbey Church before returning to their distant hom
in all parts of the Empire. It was not altogether ea
to comply with the request, as the Abbey Church ha
passed for the time into the control of the Earl Marsha
it had been structurally altered; the transepts we
filled with temporary galleries; and the removal
the trappings, which had been used on the day of th
coronation, had already begun. However, I manag
to arrange a service. The troops sat in the gallerie
Besides them, a few privileged worshippers were a
mitted to the Abbey Church, one of them being the la
Sir James Knowles, who listened to my sermon ar

published it in the next number of *The Nineteenth Century and After*. I do not think I can be wrong in quoting part of the letter written to me on August 17th, 1902, soon after the service in the Abbey, by Colonel Cameron, as it shows how strong is the feeling of the Colonies for the Abbey Church of Westminster. "Pray allow me to convey through you to the Dean and Chapter the deep and sincere gratitude of the whole of the Colonial Troops of His Gracious Majesty in being allowed to attend Holy Worship in Westminster Abbey. It is the final Public act that the Representatives of His Majesty's Colonial Armies will take part in before returning to their homes. The deep, impressive service, and great and weighty words of your Lordship, will remind us in our distant homes of the work before us to develop that character, based on the true traditions of the Church, which will enable the British race to maintain its virility and uphold the heritage which the memories of Westminster have handed down."

So I bring to a close my memories of Westminster Abbey. It was my good fortune to be associated with it for four years; and of all positions in the Church of England, a Canonry at Westminster, excepting perhaps the Deanery itself, is in my eyes the most pleasing and the most inspiring. For Westminster is the centre of the highest national interests. Everybody goes, soon or late, to the Abbey or to the Houses of Parliament; and there is a never-failing opportunity of meeting and entertaining friends there. I used sometimes to say that I had travelled over nearly all the world, and I had come to the conclusion that there was only one country, and only one city, and only one part of that city worth dwelling in. For all that is most historical, and all that is most sacred in the life of the Church and the nation, may be said to be gathered around the Abbey.

In it art, history, and religion are made one. It see
as though every stone of its sacred precincts w
instinct with records of the past. The daily reme
brance of the great and good men who are bur
there is an incentive, so potent that it is alm
irresistible, to nobleness of life. For he who wo
realise the qualities which have built up the Brit
nation and the British Empire can nowhere le
them so well as among the monuments of
Abbey. To live there is, I could almost say, the ac
of happiness, as to be buried there is the summit
fame. Looking back through the vista of years up
the Abbey itself, its monuments, its associations,
privileges, its worship and ritual, I can think of
words so truly expressive of my gratitude and rev
ence as the Psalmist's: "Pray for the peace of Je
salem; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace
within thy walls, and prosperity within thy pala
For my brethren and companions' sakes I will n
say 'Peace be within thee.' Because of the House
the Lord our God, I will seek thy good."

CHAPTER XIV

MANCHESTER

IN 1905 Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman became Prime Minister at the head of a Liberal majority unexampled in the House of Commons since the Parliament elected after the great Reform Act in 1832. It was somewhat of a surprise to me that he should have wished, as soon as he became Premier, to give me preferment in the Church; for I had not often met him; my acquaintance with him was only slight; nor was there any reason to suppose that I agreed with him in theological opinion. He was not, I think, well known to many persons outside the range of his political associates; certainly he was not well known to the clergy and the laity of the Church of England; and, as a Presbyterian, he did not himself know, or profess to know, much about the Church. The two elements of his character, which struck me as deserving a larger recognition than they attained from the English-speaking world generally, were his political Radicalism—which was deeper and stronger, if I am not mistaken, than that of the Liberal Prime Ministers who preceded and followed him—and his genuine religiousness, which showed itself even more in his private than in his public life, and especially—as the Archbishop of Canterbury could, I think, testify—on his deathbed.

Although I am a South-countryman by birth, and had spent all my life, except when I was out of England, in the South country, there were circumstances which drew

me towards such a city as Manchester. The Chur
England affords many various spheres of duty and ut
Among her clergy are "diversities of gifts" as well
operations, and I am far from thinking that al
clergy should or could look upon their vocations
looked upon mine. But it has long appeared to me
two special ministries of the Church, and perhaps
alone, are pre-eminently attractive, as possessing w
may perhaps call a romantic character, or an inspir
in themselves, or, at all events, as satisfying those
spiritual instincts which ought to be regnant in all
tians, but especially in all who voluntarily take
themselves the obligation of Holy Orders. One of
is the work of the Church in the foreign mission
the other is the work in a large city. Upon the
I should put the missionary work first, as it involve
greater sacrifice, and perhaps affords the higher o
tunity. It seems to me that, despite the awakeni
interest in foreign missions, the Church is still too re
less or oblivious of her sons and daughters who
their homes and families and all that makes life de
them, for the cause of evangelising the Mohammeda
heathen peoples of the world. But next to, an
little after, the missionary office of the clergy a
stands their office in relation to great cities
is a good many years since a religious news
declared that Christianity or the Church was not i
session of South London; and after all the labou
sacrifices of Churchmen, laity as well as clergy, it
I am afraid, remains true that the Church is not i
session, or not in anything like true and full possessi
the great cities all over the country.

Many are the causes which impede the effic
of the Church in the main centres of industry-
as the accumulation of the poor in crowded slum

rookeries, far away from the sight or hearing of the rich; the severance of feeling, no less than of interest, between classes, as the employers tend more and more to live at a distance from their works—they come by train or motor-car in the morning, and go out in the same way at night, without getting any personal knowledge of their employees; and the workmen, at least in certain trades, or without any trades, migrate so frequently from city to city, or from one part of a city to another, that as many as a third of the inhabitants in some parishes within a year of their arrival have gone away—and as a third cause it is necessary to add the conversion of private businesses into joint-stock companies, with the resulting loss of personal contact or sympathy. The organisation of the Christian Churches, in fact, and of the Church of England, among them, has in a large measure broken down. It is in the great cities of England, then, that the battle of Christianity must be fought and won anew. I speak for myself alone; I would not criticise, still less would I censure, anybody else; but I felt it was not in my nature or in my power to do much good, whatever office I might hold, in a rural diocese, and among small parishes; on the other hand, the social and spiritual problems of a great city had long appealed to my interest, and now, at last, I found the opportunity of familiarising myself with them.

Among the great cities of England it is not too much to say that a peculiar importance, not everywhere recognised in the South, attaches to Manchester. Manchester is the centre of a periphery of large towns. The citizens of Manchester are fond of asserting that the population resident within forty miles of its Cathedral numerically exceeds the corresponding population within forty miles of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. A chastened modesty is not perhaps the most salient characteristic of

the North of England ; yet every traveller by rail o
road may easily learn for himself that, however
it may take to get out of London, he does at last
himself in open, beautiful country ; whereas, if he
neys from Manchester, he never gets into the cou
at all, except on the side of Cheshire or Derbys
and even there in an ever-lessening degree, as h
and streets of houses spring up from year to year
arrives almost at once at some great town of 50,00
100,000 or 200,000 souls, like Bury, Rochdale, Old
or Bolton. All South Lancashire, nay, all Lancas
perhaps all Lancashire and Yorkshire, will in time be
practically one city. Already it is possible to trav
tram-car—not, of course, by the same tram-car—
tram-car and motor-omnibus, from Liverpool, whi
thirty-seven miles on one side of Manchester, to L
which is forty-eight miles on the other side. O
great and growing population congested within this
Manchester is the natural centre ; and the proof
central dignity and energy is that, in the last n
year of business, 1913, the returns of the bankers' cle
house in Manchester amounted to a total su
£370,703,469—a sum exceeding the returns of Edinb
Birmingham, and Liverpool added together.

Manchester, too, is coming by force of circumst
to be in some sense the northern capital of Englan
owes this distinction not to any intrinsic virtue o
berate effort of its citizens, but rather to its geogra
position. The great operative population, which sp
northwards from Birmingham to Newcastle-on-
probably is, or will be, the strongest force in the
and political life of the United Kingdom. But rela
to that population, and still more to the s
northern population between the Tweed and the
the two central cities are Manchester and

Newcastle lies too far to the north, Birmingham too far to the south, Hull and Liverpool respectively too far to the east and to the west. It is to Manchester, then, or to Leeds, that the capital position of the north geographically belongs, and Manchester may be said to have won it. As evidence of its position in the North of England, it is enough to point out that the metropolitan newspapers are beginning to be published in London and in Manchester simultaneously; for, if the North of England depends upon London for its supply of the metropolitan newspapers, they cannot successfully compete with the great provincial newspapers of the North itself, such as the *Manchester Guardian*, in their northern circulation. Lord Northcliffe, with his usual foresight, was, I think, the first proprietor of newspapers who discerned or appreciated the importance of the North of England in relation to journalism. The *Daily Mail*, when it began to be published in Manchester as well as in London, set an example which has already been followed by the *Daily News* and the *Daily Mirror*, and will, no doubt, in time be followed by other, if not all the, metropolitan newspapers. For it is not only in the North of England, but equally, I think, in the North of Wales and of Ireland, that the circulation of the metropolitan newspapers is dependent upon Manchester rather than upon London.

Again, the circumstances of political life have tended lately to invest Lancashire, and perhaps Manchester especially, with an exceptional importance. Political feeling has always been strong in Manchester, but it has not always been steady. If I may go back as far as to the Great Rebellion, Manchester at first took its stand on the side of the Parliament. But after a while it went over to the Stuarts, and for a century or more it remained a stronghold of Toryism. Saintsbury, in his

history of Manchester, says that "In Anne's r
little is heard of Manchester except that, by a revers
modern experience, it was the Tory headquarter
Lancashire, while Liverpool was the Whig."[1] I
chester and Liverpool have changed places since
time.

So far as the evidence which lies before me
it seems that Manchester became a great centre of W
or Liberal, opinion about the beginning of the r
teenth century. The date of the so-called Massacr
Peterloo was August 16th, 1819. At all events, the
association of Manchester with the cause of Parliamen
Reform, and with the repeal of the Corn Laws, is a
monplace of modern political history. But it is stil
most sensitive, or, as its critics would say, the
fickle, of great cities in political sympathy. It
elected and then rejected one distinguished polit
after another, from Bright to Mr. Balfour and
Winston Churchill. Even within the few years of
own life in the city, North-West Manchester, whi
somehow taken by the world as a typical constitue
although it contains two large indeterminate elem
viz. the Jews and the Roman Catholics, and a sm
and perhaps a decreasing element which should als
called indeterminate, viz. the Unionist Free Traders
been represented by Mr. Winston Churchill as a Lib
then by Mr. Joynson-Hicks as a Conservative who ou
Mr. Churchill, then by Sir George Kemp, now Lord R
dale, as a Liberal who defeated Mr. Bonar Law
present member is Sir John Randles, a Nonconformist,
is a Conservative and a Unionist, and he will be opp
at the next general election by Sir John Simon,
Attorney-General in the late Liberal, and Home S
tary in the present Coalition, Government. The scien

[1] p. 78.

political meteorology, whatever its attractiveness may be, is far from being an exact science, and the pendulum may or may not still swing to and fro in the city of Manchester as elsewhere. But, upon the whole, it is fairly safe to predict that, if a large conversion of political sentiment takes place anywhere in the near future, it is more likely to occur in Lancashire, or in the North of England generally, than in the South of England or in Ireland or Scotland or Wales. Lancashire and Yorkshire, in fact, kept the Liberal Government in power. It is probable that Yorkshire is more deeply pledged, by the strength of its Nonconformist element, to political Liberalism than Lancashire. Lancashire, which has been Tory before, and in and near Liverpool is still inclined to be Tory, might not inconceivably return to the fold of Toryism. Some political observers think it would already have returned, had not the late Mr. Chamberlain succeeded in identifying the Conservative party with Protection; and as Lancashire, and above all Manchester, is pretty widely regarded as exercising what the Romans called the "prerogative vote" in a political election, the influence of a change in the politics of Lancashire and Manchester would send a throb of feeling over the political currents throughout the nation.

There is some reason to fear, I think, that the North and the South of England are drifting further apart one from the other. They are getting to be more widely estranged in thought and feeling; they are becoming like two nations. If it is true, in accordance with a memorable passage of Lord Beaconsfield's "Sybil," that Queen Victoria, at her accession to the throne, reigned over two nations, the rich and the poor, with little or no contact and sympathy between them, there are to-day in England two nations of the North and

the South, as well as of the rich and the poor. Si
the dawn of the great industrial era which set in w
the railway system and with the development
machinery in the early part of the nineteenth centu
the North has become sharply opposed to the South
occupation and character. The life of artisans, if t
work above ground, and still more, if they work be
it, is so different from the life of agriculturists that
contrasted types of character are evolved in town
country; and during the last hundred years of Eng
history, not only has the industrial population gai
number and strength at the expense of the agricultu
but it has made a far more rapid educational and so
advance.

Society, as it is understood in London, does
equally exist in the great cities of the North. The So
is still, as it has long been, the home of refinement.
is to the South that North-countrymen of wealth
position chiefly send their sons for education in
ancient Universities and Public Schools, and that,
their active interest in business ceases, they th
selves frequently retire. But the robust character,
eager energy, the strong vitality, the independence
originality of the North, have given it sometimes,
often, a superior influence upon national history.
recent years, the issue of Free Trade and Tariff Ref
has widened the gulf between the North and the So
of England. Lancashire has, in the interest of the cot
trade, set itself resolutely against Protection. It
always been my rule to hold myself aloof from in
ference in commercial affairs, as they lie beyond
knowledge or experience of a clergyman; but, so fa
I can judge, the cotton trade is distinguished by
two special features, that it depends in great degree
its raw material upon the produce of a country out

the British Empire, and that it accumulates its wealth by small profits spread over an enormous territorial area. Manchester, it is sometimes said, clothes the world. At all events, wherever civilisation spreads, the demand for cotton goods increases. I remember hearing a magnate of the cotton trade declare, perhaps a little audaciously, that, if the Chinese would only take to blowing their noses in a civilised fashion, the trade would be safe for many a long year. His meaning, of course, was that 400,000,000 of human noses would require an almost unlimited supply of pocket-handkerchiefs. But the peculiarities of the cotton trade, if I understand them rightly, seem to explain why the manufacturers shrink from the thought of any protective duty, because it would, or, as they fear, it might, just destroy the margin of profit, which makes all the difference to the commercial relation between Manchester and the rest of the world. It is possible that Unionists who, as being Free Traders, have sometimes voted on the Liberal side at political elections, have become, or are becoming, less numerous; but their sentiment, like their interest, remains the same; and there seems to be little chance of Manchester's conversion to Tariff Reform, at least until the time when a sufficient supply of cotton is grown within the British Empire itself.

The Cotton-Growing Association has done excellent work by fostering the growth of cotton in such parts of the Empire as Egypt, Nigeria, and to some extent in India. Perhaps one who feels an interest both in India and in Lancashire may hope that the difficulty of producing cotton, or cotton of the right staple, in India will soon or late be overcome. The task of overcoming it is, I think, very much a matter of scientific education; and I know no reason why the ryots of India should not be taught to cultivate cotton in such a

way that, when it is imported into Lancashire, it
bc manufactured into goods of the highest quali
then the long-standing opposition of interest betw
Lancashire and India will at least be mitigated, i
cannot be abolished. At present, however, the cot
trade looks in the main to America; it is, theref
opposed to Protection; and its devotion to Free Tr
cuts it off from the Prtectionist feeling which r
in Birmingham, and in many parts of the South
England.

The North and the South, as they differ industria
socially, and politically, differ also in ecclesiast
sympathy. Since the origin of the Oxford Moveme
a great development of ritual has taken place in
Church of England. It has gone so far that it wou
perhaps, surprise, if it did not shock, such leaders
the Oxford Movement as Pusey and Keble. But it
on the whole, far more strongly pronounced in
South than in the North. A visitor to London fr
Yorkshire or Lancashire, if he enters a ritualistic chur
is apt to be utterly bewildered by the nature of
services which he attends there. He goes home w
the persuasion that the Church of England in the Sou
is drawing perilously near to the Church of Rome. I
probably true that the reason of the predominant Ev
gelicalism among Churchmen in Lancashire is tracea
partly to their own robust and manly character,
partly also to their familiarity with Roman Catholicis
For the Church of England is always greatly affec
by its surroundings. In a Presbyterian country, su
as Scotland, the Episcopal Church becomes what
known as High Church in doctrine and ceremon
in a Roman Catholic country, such as Ireland, it becom
narrowly Protestant. But the history of Protestantis
in Northern Europe at and since the Reformation

a curious problem; and even Lord Macaulay, in his famous essay upon the Papacy, made no attempt to explain it. For while the great wave of spiritual feeling which marked the Reformation flowed northwards with unbroken continuity not only through Great Britain, but over Scandinavia and as far as Iceland, there were parts of Lancashire, as well as the Highlands of Scotland, which stood as isolated peaks, wholly untouched by the new teaching. In Lancashire, the adherents of the old religion, the descendants of men who had not so much opposed the Reformation as had never been affected by it, have remained a numerous body; they have been strengthened, but naturally more on the west coast of Lancashire than in or beyond Manchester, by an infusion of Irish immigrants; and the strong Roman Catholic element, amounting, perhaps, to one-fifth of the population in Manchester, has acted upon the Church by creating among Churchmen, as well as among Nonconformists, a Protestantism stronger and deeper than anything which is known in the South of England. The Eucharistic vestments, which are commonly used in the South, are rare in Lancashire; evening Communions, on the other hand, which are seldom seen in the South, are common in Lancashire; and religious, like political, divergence is one of the factors which are tending to impair the unity of England, and to make of Englishmen not one nation, but two. But how great an evil a contrariety of sentiment or character within a single nation may be, will be acknowledged by all students who understand the history of the Northern and Southern States in America before the Civil War.

It is not altogether easy to decide whether the mutual ignorance between the North and the South of England is the cause or the effect of their estrangement. Certainly

they know less, and perhaps care less, than might be expected about each other. London is, not unreasonably, self-centred in virtue of its predominant magnitude; but it lacks the unity, and therefore in some sense the efficiency, of the great provincial cities. But if Londoners are often imperfectly acquainted with the parts of London itself and of its suburbs beyond their own residence or occupation, far less acquainted are they with the sentiments, interests, and conditions of life in the North. They live in detachment from the teeming industrial population upon which the prosperity of Great Britain and of London itself so largely depends. Personal names, which are household words in the North, are often unknown, or ignored, in the South of England. A South-countryman who migrates to the provinces finds that the metropolitan press has ceased to be an oracle, unless, indeed, as I have said, it is provincial as well as metropolitan. The *Times*, at least until it began to be sold for a penny, was not perhaps read by more than a narrow class of persons, such as frequent the social or political clubs, in a city like Manchester. It is such newspapers as the *Scotsman* in Edinburgh, the *Birmingham Post*, the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the *Yorkshire Post*, perhaps above all the *Manchester Guardian*, which largely form public opinion outside London and in the provinces.

If London is upon the whole ignorant of Manchester, it must be admitted that Manchester sometimes retaliates with equal ignorance of London. The indifference of local public opinion to the influence or example of the Metropolis is, in Lancashire, a striking phenomenon. It has often been a surprise to me to find how many of my daily companions in the tram-cars have never, or have hardly, seen the Tower of London, or the British Museum, or the National Gallery, or St. Paul's Cathedral, or

Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Not long ago, when I dictated the name of the Archbishop of York, who was then Bishop of Stepney, it appeared as "Bishop of Stephany." A chorister of the Cathedral came to me one day in great excitement, telling me that his father was going to London; I asked if his father intended to take him too, and he replied, "No, my father says he was forty before he ever saw London, and I must wait."

Lancashire is proud of its separate historical existence as the County Palatine. It delights in hearing or repeating the late Mr. Bright's complimentary dictum that "What Lancashire thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow." It believes in the superior virility and originality of the North to the South. It claims, not without some plausible argument, that the decisive movements in the political and social history of the nineteenth century, and of the twentieth century so far as it has run its course, the Reform Movement, the Free Trade Movement, the Co-operative Movement, the Labour Movement, and even the Suffrage Movement, originated in the North. In many minds there is a tacit assumption that the North leads, and ought to lead, the way of English progress.

It is possible that the Northern self-confidence or self-satisfaction is not an unqualified benefit. If it affords, as it often has afforded, an impetus to the conception and prosecution of great schemes, it has stood as an obstacle in the way of the docility or imitativeness which would have tended to the improvement of, or the introduction of other schemes, if the North had been willing to receive lessons as well as to impart them. In Manchester, for instance, such enterprises as the construction of the Ship Canal, and the derivation of the water supply

from Thirlmere, may be said to occupy a foremost place in the record of English municipal energy. But Manchester is, or was until recently, content to put up, in the lighting of its streets, with a system in-effectual at all times as a means of convenience, or a safeguard against crime, and, as often as a foggy season occurred, apparently subject to an almost absolute paralysis, and with a cab-service in which the degeneracy of the horses and their vehicles, the absence of taxi-cabs, or of taxicabs provided with meters, and the topo-graphical ignorance of the drivers and chauffeurs who seem to feel localities to be discoverable, if at all by instinct rather than by study, have produced a chaos such as excited surprise and indignation among visitors but among the inhabitants, so far as could be told scarcely a murmur of complaint or surprise.

It is with something like a sinking of the heart that anyone who apprehends the difference between the North and the South of England, if he happens himself to be a South-countryman, may well enter upon his life in Lancashire. The very language of the people is at times unintelligible to him. Once or twice, when, as I have been travelling homewards by train, the carriage has been invaded by a number of working-men who were returning from a football match, I have listened in sheer bewilderment to their conversation, knowing of course, that they were talking about the play in the match, but being at a loss to imagine who or what was the particular subject of their rapid and emphatic criticism. A friend of mine, who came from the South was travelling one day in a tram-car from the Deanery to the Cathedral. He was accosted by a man, apparently a miner, who, being a Lancastrian of Irish descent, and evidently not a teetotaller, insisted upon explaining to him, as a clergyman, the vital importance of belonging

to the true Church. The passengers in the tram-car were convulsed with laughter; but between the drink and the brogue of the controversialist, I doubt if my friend understood one sentence in three which were addressed to him. However, his bewilderment made him, I suppose, a good listener; and the man at his side, when preparing to get out of the tram-car, shook him warmly by the hand, and told him he was a downright good fellow. The familiarity, or let me rather say the friendliness, which is characteristic of life in Manchester, and especially the perpetual hand-shaking, is more Colonial or American than English. It recalls Washington to citizens of the United States. I have heard the ex-governor of an Australian Colony say that it reminded him of Melbourne. A shake of the hand is not only a more frequent, but a more serious, ordeal in the North than it is in the South. Men, and women too, do not shake hands in the languid fashion of Londoners; they shake hands in a manner so forcible that it is always remembered and sometimes regretted. It will be long ere I forget the evening when I was initiated at the Albion Hotel in Manchester as a member of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes. Some of my friends among the working-class had invited me to become a Buffalo, or, in their own phrase, a "brother Buff," and I gladly accepted their invitation. But when I reached the hotel, or approached it without reaching it, I found that the crowd of expectant Buffaloes had overflowed not only the room in which the ceremony of initiation was to take place, but the hall of the hotel, into the street. It was with the utmost difficulty that I forced my way into the hall. The atmosphere of the hall was so stifling that two or three stout Buffaloes were carried out in a swoon, and I thought I should have been carried out myself. But the incident which

stamped itself indelibly upon my remembrance w
the hand-shaking after the initiation. For so ma
were the "Brother Buffs" who came round me
shake hands, and so terrible was the pressure of the
hand-shaking, that I suffered acute pain for two
three days afterwards; and from that day to this
have felt a greater pity than before for the President
the United States.

In Manchester, there is comparatively little recognis
distinction of class. There is much respect for person
or for some persons, but not much regard to positio
The office which a man holds makes little difference;
is the man himself who counts. The rudeness or roug
ness of manner, and sometimes of language, often hide
or affects to hide, deep kindness of heart. I do n
think I do injustice to the citizens of Manchester, if
say their kindly feeling for persons in trouble or disgra
shows itself by a forbearance which at times falls litt
short of weakness. If a public servant is incapacitat
by illness from doing his duty, or even if he falls in
misfortune through some error of his own, it is remar
able to see how his fellow-citizens are disposed to ma
allowance for him, and how unwilling they are to g
rid of him.

Still, the frankness of speech, which is not, and
not intended to be, discourteous, is at times a litt
disconcerting. People in Manchester, if I may s
so, think aloud; they speak out the thoughts whi
South-countrymen leave unspoken; they tell you qui
openly what is their opinion of you. A nervo
reticence or reserve, an insincere suppression or disgui
of feeling, or such complimentary language as border
or may be thought to border, upon hypocrisy, is,
least among the common working-people, pretty w
unknown.

I remember being somewhat taken aback, although I think I ought probably to have felt flattered, some few months after my arrival in Manchester, when a fellow-passenger in a tram-car, to whom I had been talking as we travelled side by side, turning round at the entrance of the car, before he got out, said in a loud voice, perfectly audible to everybody in the car, "Sir, I say you're 'omely." Criticism too, honest and not unkindly, is to the full as common as eulogy; nor did I wholly dissent from the remark made by an elderly lady, also in a tram-car, "Dean, I tell you what it is—you spout too much."

It is easy to quote amusing instances of the blunt outspokenness which characterises the manners of men and even of women in Lancashire. A good many years ago a high ecclesiastic who prided himself, it is said, upon the dignity of his episcopal office, observed a porter at one of the railway stations saluting him, as he thought, by raising his cap with a deferential air. He walked up to the porter, and told him how glad he was to see such a recognition of his office in the National Church. "It is particularly gratifying," he added, "as coming from a working-man." The only reply of the porter was to say in a gruff tone, as he turned away, "Lord bless you, sir, I was only scratchin' my 'ead." Within my own experience a clergyman who succeeded to the incumbency of a parish near Manchester assumed an apologetic tone in talking to one of his parishioners; he said he knew how much the people must regret the loss of his predecessor, who had lived among them as a clergyman for more than a quarter of a century; he felt he himself could not hope to be all that a clergyman so long known and so highly respected had been to the parish. Then he paused, as if anticipating that some remonstrance would be offered to his

self-depreciatory language. But the only answer whic
he received was, "No, sir, we all know you're not
patch on him."

In my own clerical profession, it is brought hom
to me pretty often that the people of Manchester a
frank and fearless critics of sermons. If I may be s
bold as to criticise the critics of the preaching art, the
judge sermons, I think, as they judge persons, free
and forcibly, but they do not always judge them rightl
There have been some persons, clergymen as well a
laymen, who have, I think, been over-estimated i
Lancashire, and there have been others who have bee
unduly depreciated. A citizen may live for a lon
time in pretty close contact with the people, and y
not be able to judge at all infallibly who will or wi
not take their fancy as a speaker or a preacher.
happened once, not long after I came to Mancheste
that I invited a well-known dignitary of the Churc
to occupy the pulpit of the Cathedral. I was awa
from home on the Sunday when he preached, and
did not hear his sermon. But a day or two after m
return, a member of the congregation stopped me
the street. "What did you mean by asking that fello
to preach?" was his abrupt question. I replied wi
due humility that I thought the congregation wou
value the opportunity of hearing him. "All that I ca
say is," was the rejoinder, "that, if that man were
the haberdashery business, he wouldn't get any orders
A bishop who lived for some time as a clergyma
in the North of England is fond of telling that, as
came out of his church one day, he was met by an o
lady, a parishioner, who, without any introductio
said to him pointedly, "Vicar, I've heard you prea
worse." In particular, as it seems to me, people
the North of England do not believe that th

fellow-citizens are likely to derive much good from London. It is told that a young man, who thought of adopting the musical profession as a career, went to London for a course of singing lessons. When he came back to Manchester, his father invited a few old friends of his family to hear his singing, and after his vocal exhibition, one of them, turning to him with a solemn air, remarked, "I don't say nowt against you, my lad. You've done your best, doubtless. But if I ever got hold of that chap as gave you your lessons, I'd like to throttle him."

Whether the criticisms of men and things in the North are more correct, as they are certainly more candid, than in the South, I do not know; but I have been struck by the superior vocabulary of the common people in Manchester, and in Lancashire generally. My friends of the working-class, among whom I move from day to day, use words of greater rarity and dignity, and use them with an easier familiarity, than persons of the same station in London. I have often been struck by the expressions which fall from the lips of very poor people. The working-people of the North are not perhaps naturally more intelligent, but I think they read books, or at least newspapers, more attentively than the same class in the South.

It is, however, in the keen political interest of the people, and in their consequent habit of attending public meetings, or of listening to and taking part in debates on public affairs, that I am disposed to find the explanation of their enlarged vocabulary. It is possible that I exaggerate a little the command of language among the common people in Lancashire; but of their political shrewdness and sharpness there can be no doubt. The metropolitan newspapers have themselves allowed that Great Britain looks to Lancashire, and I hope I

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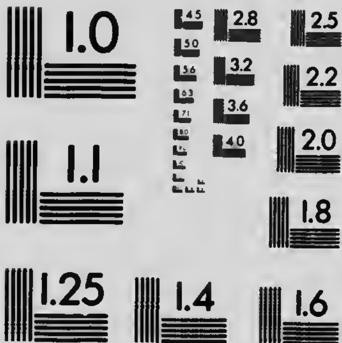

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am not wrong in saying particularly to Manch
for a leading voice in times of acute political contro
When I first came into Lancashire, I was invite
both the Conservative and the Liberal Parties to a
their meetings, and, indeed, to propose or second
of thanks both to Mr. Balfour and to the late Sir H
Campbell-Bannerman. It has been my rule to
strictly political meetings, as I think a minister of re
should be the last person to obey the Whip of
political party; he should speak as little as po
upon strictly political issues, and should speak,
all, as far as possible, with the utmost freedom o
interested conviction. Yet abstention from pol
meetings in Manchester is a heavy personal loss
they are full of interest and humour. How ke
the criticism of working-people there upon pol
speeches it is possible to judge by a single repart
extemporaneous and effective as any which is kno
me in the history of public meetings. It happened
a certain candidate for Parliamentary honours, wh
will call Mr. C., had begun life in humble circumst
with a monosyllabic name; then, upon his marriage
the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer, he assum
double-barrelled name, and became Mr. C.-D. In o
his electioneering speeches, when he was attacking
was then the Chancellor of the Exchequer's favo
doctrine of the unearned increment, he insisted upon
difficulty of defining and distinguishing the variou
crements of property. "What is unearned incremen
he cried. "I defy anybody in the hall to tell me
unearned increment is." From the back of the
came at once the crushing rejoinder, "It's the 'y
between C and D."

One incident in my own experience may be t
as showing how the interest in political and s

questions descends not only to the poor and humble classes, as is perhaps natural in a democracy, but to the young. It happened once, not long after my arrival in Manchester, that I was going to preach a sermon at the request of the late Canon Cleworth in the Parish Church of Middleton on Sunday morning; I got out of the train by mistake at Middleton Junction; and I found myself stranded at some distance from the church, carrying my robe-case, without time enough for walking to the church, and with no apparent possibility of arriving there otherwise than on my own feet. At this juncture, a little urchin, walking up to me, asked me where I wanted to go. I told him, and he said, "Come along, I'll carry your bag for you." We had not proceeded side by side many yards along the road, before he turned to me abruptly with the question, "Are you a Socialist?" Without waiting for my reply, he went on to say that his brother, who was a little older than himself, had adopted the socialistic creed, but that he himself had not yet made up his mind about it. Socialism is a difficult topic of conversation; and I must admit I was not altogether sorry, when the appearance of Canon Cleworth, coming to meet me in a cab, afforded me the means of parting from my youthful benefactor with courtesy, I hope, but without a precise confession of my social creed.

The people of Lancashire do not pride themselves upon good manners; perhaps they are a little proud of not showing good manners, as they are disposed to associate civility with unreality. They speak of themselves, in their own vernacular dialect, as "jannock," and they esteem and admire persons who are "jannock" —a word which cannot be readily defined, or perhaps understood, by anybody who has been born and bred outside Lancashire, but which, if I may make an attempt

at interpreting it, would seem to mean both "upri and downright." It would not, perhaps, be wrong describe them as a little exacting. They expect a g deal of attention, and if it is paid to them, they openly and constantly grateful for it; but if it is not p they feel themselves, and are a little indignant at fee themselves, slighted. When the working men wh I know talk to me about their dinner-hour, I tell th that a dean seldom gets an hour for his dinner; an could tell them that such time as he can spare for meals is not seldom interrupted by persons who call u him then, and if he sees them, begin conversation saying, "We knew we should catch you now," getting that the best, or the worst, human being m somehow or other take his meals.

If the people of Lancashire are at times a li exacting in their demands, there are no people wh loyalty to their friends is so abundant or so abiding theirs. Some critics have accused them of cherish grudges against people whom they do not like; a L cashire man, it has been said, will keep a stone in pocket for seven years, and will then throw it at a ne bour whom he has disliked all the time. It is a far t saying that the people in Lancashire do not make their minds about a new-comer for two or three ye then they resolve either to like or to dislike him, their likes and dislikes are equally hard to change. the affection of Lancashire, or at least of Man when once it has been gained, never fails. It many years; it survives many trials; and one who won his way to men's hearts in the County Palat however long his absence may be, can yet depend he comes back, upon a welcome so enthusiastic tha will make him feel as if he had left his old home yesterday.

Everybody in Manchester knows how deep and strong was, and I think I may say still is, the feeling for the late Bishop Fraser. His statue stands in Albert Square; it is said to be the only statue erected by public subscription, with the consent of the civic authorities, to a bishop in the centre of his own Cathedral city.

Bishop Fraser elicited in a singular manner and degree the pent-up enthusiasm of Churchmen, and, indeed, of persons outside the Church, in his Diocese, for the person and office of the bishop. He was probably more the bishop of the laity than of the clergy; he was often called, and is still called, "the bishop of all denominations." It is related that at his death the teamsters, as they drove their heavy carts or "lorries" past Bishopscourt, silently lifted their caps in mourning for his loss. The affection for him survives to the present day, and survives, as a traditional feeling, in the minds and hearts of many people who are too young to have known him. To resemble Bishop Fraser is, in the general judgment of Manchester, to be all that a bishop ought to be. Many a man has told me with a sort of evident personal pride that he had been confirmed by Bishop Fraser. Perhaps the most touching example of his influence, as I have learnt to know it, was that a poor fallen woman, who came to one of my teas, told me how she still treasured in her sad life the Prayer Book which had been given to her brother at his Confirmation, because Bishop Fraser had written his signature in it.

If there is one single word which would express better than others the secret of Bishop Fraser's popular influence, it would, I think, be his accessibility. Everybody knew him by sight; everybody could speak to him; everybody felt him to be a friend. Whatever was

the case of sorrow or need that was brought before hin
it was that which seemed at the time to appeal wit
unique force, as if it were the only case in his experienc
to his sympathy. In the beautiful epitaph written b
Dr. Vaughan, the well-known Master of the Temp
and Dean of Llandaff, for the Chapel built as a
addition to the Cathedral, by Mrs. Fraser, to contai
the monument, but not, alas! the earthly remains,
the beloved bishop, it is stated that "he won all hear
by opening to them his own." He seemed to be or
who spent his life upon the house-roof at Joppa, lear
ing to call nothing common or unclean. Among tl
classes too long and too often estranged from tl
regular ministries of the Church he was always su
of a cordial and respectful welcome. It was thoug
a stranger event in his time than it would be now th
a bishop should stand upon the stage of a theat
But he spoke freely at the time of the Mission in Ma
chester to actors and actresses, and they greatly appr
ciated his assurance that he was not afraid to "adve
ture himself into the theatre." It has often happen
that, when I have been visiting the operatives in t
great factories and workshops at their dinner-hou
I have been told of the addresses which Bishop Fras
had given there thirty and more years ago.

The fact is that much, if not everything, in La
cashire depends upon personal contact. The offi
which a man holds, whether in Church or in Sta
counts for little; it is the man himself who counts,
may count, for much. Nor is there any more disquieti
feature of modern industrial life than the severan
between classes, between the rich and the poor, a
between the employers and the employed. It is tl
severance more than any other cause which is the orig
of strikes. I am strongly convinced that the troubles

capital and labour would be diminished by one half, if the two sides or classes knew each other better. Time was, not so long ago, when the managers, who were themselves generally the heads, of great businesses lived near, or actually over, their works; they sat in their counting-houses day after day; they were practically acquainted with the methods of production and distribution; they knew their workpeople by name; they felt and showed personal interest in their lives and homes and daily concerns. It is possible that the relation in which they stood to the working-class was at times a little patronising; but, at all events, the relation was personal, intimate, and constant. All has been changed by the facility of locomotion, enabling, as it does, the rich to live many miles away from the city, or from the parts of the city, in which they make their fortunes, and by the institution of limited liability companies. Men of business to-day come into Manchester by motor-car in the morning, and go out by motor-car in the evening. Their relation to the city is slight; their relation to their own employees is still slighter. The "cash nexus," as Carlyle has called it, is sometimes the only bond of interest between masters and men.

Some time ago, when I was taking luncheon with the directors of one of the largest manufacturing industries in Lancashire, they told me, not without regret, of the change which had passed over the firm in three generations of its history. The grandfather, if I may call him so, who was the founder of the industry, had never missed taking his place in it every day of his life except Sunday; he knew every person in it, and every detail of its working; his sons, after a very brief personal service, had remained nominal directors, but, beyond attendance at the quarterly directors' meetings, had taken no part in the conduct of the business; and

his grandsons had lived all their lives in the South
England, showing no interest in the business from whi
they derived all their wealth, but rather seeking to d
guise their hereditary connection with the business its
There can be no wonder that strikes and lock-outs shou
occur in circumstances such as these ; for personal kno
ledge and personal sympathy are essential to an und
standing between capital and labour, and it is u
reasonable that the working-class should be expect
to toil long hours for employers, who are mere names
them, and who treat them as mere hands, and yet w
reap an inordinate share of the profits accruing from th
labour.

I know the railway men at the different stations
Manchester pretty well ; and during the great railw
strike I was invited to hold as many as five religi
services on Sunday for the men who, having been faith
to the companies, were practically imprisoned night a
day in the stations. I remember well the slight difficu
of passing the pickets. Some of them let me throu
with a smile, when I told them what my mission w
Within each station I ministered to a motley gro
containing as many railway men of all grades as co
be spared from active duty, a few barmaids from
refreshment rooms, and some hangers-on. In spite
the strike, there was a certain element of railway m
who showed the stuff that was in them. One old engi
driver, who had retired from regular duty, felt so stron
the wrong which the strikers were doing, not only to th
employers, but to the public generally, that he ca
back to offer his services in the hour of need, facing
unpopularity which, as he knew well, would fall u
him as a " blackleg." The loyal servants of the c
panies, as well as those who went on strike, were pre
well unanimous in complaining of the gulf between

directors and themselves. They said it was often only when their grievances had festered almost beyond healing that the directors knew anything about them; and they thought the hope of enduring peace upon the railways lay in such regular, organised communication as would enable directors to learn in good time, before any difference came to a head, what it was that the men wanted, and why they wanted it.

It seems to me that the principle of personal contact touches clerical as well as secular life in relation to the people. A clergyman, above all a highly-placed clergyman, if he would produce an effect upon the minds and the hearts of the working people, must be well known to them. His sermons and speeches may do something, his writings may do more, but his familiar presence will be his most effective means of influencing public opinion. A "tram-dean," as he has been called, is perhaps second to a "bus-bishop"; but it is in the tram-car or in the omnibus that an acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of people is struck up. Nobody makes any friends in a motor-car. In the North of England a bishop's or a dean's motor-car, if it is an indispensable help to him in one sense, in another is a necessary evil. No doubt a bishop, if he is called to travel great distances, and to visit remote villages, saves an immense amount of time by using a motor-car. Yet it may be doubted whether he is not expected to do more than it is possible to do effectively, and to do it in a hurry. He preaches so many sermons that he can scarcely find the leisure to prepare them in his study; he makes so many engagements that, as soon as one is finished, he runs off to another; he finds no opportunity of enjoying a little tea and talk with his clergy and their wives. So long as he was in the habit of travelling by train, he was known, by sight at least, to the station-masters, inspectors

and porters upon the railways in his diocese; some o
them he himself knew not by sight only but by name
There was often the chance of a few kindly words be-
tween him and some of them. But in the present day
he enters his motor-car at the door of his palace; h
leaves it at the door of the church or hall in which h
is going to speak; he does not exchange a word wit
any living human soul on his journey; nor do the com
mon people see or know anything of him, except tha
he passes on rare occasions at a rapid rate throug
the crowded streets in which they live, to the peril
and sometimes the injury (as they think or say), o
their children. It is a matter of high moment then
especially in the North of England, that a dioces
should not be so large as to forbid the friendly asso
ciation of the bishop with his clergy, and, although i
a less degree, with his people generally.

CHAPTER XV

MANCHESTER (*continued*)

WHEN I came to Manchester, it occurred to me that the Cathedral would, by its character and its history, perhaps afford the dean a special opportunity a little outside the regular methods and lines of Church work.

If there is one special feature of Manchester Cathedral, it is, I think I may say, its usefulness. The Cathedral is, indeed, no more than a parish church made into a Cathedral. It contains some few objects of artistic beauty, especially the stall-work of the fifteenth century in the choir. But the disproportion between the nave and the choir, and, indeed, between the width and the length of the nave, give it, architecturally, an unpleasing effect. The interior width of the nave is 114 feet, whereas the length of the nave and the choir together is only 172 feet. But it is just this great width of the nave which makes the Cathedral so excellent for preaching. It has been my fortune to preach sermons in most English Cathedrals, and I would sooner preach in Manchester Cathedral than anywhere else. There are more than 2,000 seats in the nave, and owing to the excellence of the acoustic properties everyone can hear, and owing to the slenderness of the pillars nearly everyone can see, the preacher. Double aisles are rare in English Cathedrals—the Cathedral of Chichester has them—but they are not uncommon in the Cathedrals of

France. They afford a great advantage, in that t
preacher finds or feels himself to be near his congregatio
Upon a rough estimate, it may be said that the worshi
pers in Manchester Cathedral at all the services whi
are held there during the year exceed a quarter
a million. It is doubtful whether any other Cathedr
could count so many actual worshippers, except S
Paul's. The Cathedral, too, is easy of access from ma
quarters. Three or four tramway lines converge up
it; it is close to two railway stations; it stands, if n
in the heart, yet close to the heart, of the city. T
result is, that it is never empty. At all times of the da
when it is open, if services are not going on, still th
are visitors inspecting it, or individual worshipp
kneeling within it in private prayer.

Several times the idea of building a statel
Cathedral, such as is rising at Liverpool now, has p
sented itself to the minds of Churchmen in Manchest
Once, the late Canon Woodard actually caused the pl
of a new Cathedral to be drawn, and offered a large s
of money as the nucleus of a fund for erecting it. I
whether the pr[illegible]ct was unfortunate in itself, or
fortunately launched, it came to nothing. Manches
would not hear of a new Cathedral. Perhaps the citiz
feared that a new Cathedral, even if it were more bea
ful, might be less useful than the old; or they reflec
that the old Cathedral was rich in historical memor
and that the one thing which it is impossible to buil
history. At all events, the opportunity of erecting
new Cathedral, or, indeed, a Cathedral properly so-cal
occurred when the diocese of Manchester was create
1847, and, as it was lost then, it is not likely to rec

The ancient Parish Church of Manchester —
present Cathedral—has experienced strange vicissitu
of fortune. It became a Collegiate Church in the reig

Henry V. The College was dissolved by Edward VI., refounded by Philip and Mary; again dissolved and again refounded by Elizabeth. But the charter under which the Cathedral still lives was granted by Charles I. in A.D. 1639. He reconstituted the College under the style and title of Christ's College. But the dedication of the College and of its church in the names of the Blessed Virgin, St. Denys and St. George still carries the mind back to the reign of King Henry V., when the Reformation was still a long way off, and the King of England claimed the crown of France. In the services of the Cathedral, two or three ancient usages still survive, such as the lighting of candles in the choir-aisle in front of the Lady Chapel between Christmas Eve and the Epiphany, and the turning of the choir and the congregation to the east at every recitation of the "Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto"; one being probably, and the other certainly, a custom strangely continued, without any breach, from the days before the Reformation in so Protestant a community as Manchester has now become.

The ancient parish church of Manchester naturally became the Cathedral at the creation of the See in A.D. 1847. Then the Dean and Canons took the places of the old Warden and Fellows. But the people of Manchester, with a strangely conservative instinct, still speak of the Cathedral as "t'owd church." They still think less of the dignity which belongs to it as a Cathedral than of the history which belongs to it as the ancient church of Manchester. Circumstances unforeseen, and perhaps unintended, have placed a bishop and a dean side by side in Manchester. But the parochial feeling remains strong among the citizens. It centres in the ancient parish church; and there are citizens of Manchester, young as well as old, who are less evidently conscious of possessing a Cathedral and a bishop than of possessing

an ancient parish church and a Rector of the church
The great change in the relation of the parish church t
the City of Manchester occurred in the first half of th
nineteenth century. It was then that Manchester be
came a large city. The era of machinery set in; th
population sprang up by leaps and bounds; in the histor
of mankind there have been few such local development
as took place then in Lancashire and Yorkshire; bu
the Collegiate Church remained the parish church of a
Manchester. Outside it, little or no provision ha
been made for the moral and spiritual needs of a dail
multiplying community. All baptisms, marriages, an
funerals within the ancient parish, even when it came
number nearly a million souls, could still be, and
large measure were, celebrated in that one church. F
some reason, which it is not easy in the light of mode
opinion to understand, the Warden and Fellows not on
resisted the building of new churches, but declined
accept responsibility, at least outside the walls of th
church, for the people who were spreading year by year
greater distances from the church itself. The moral sta
dard of one generation is never that of another. Nowhe
then, is a sense of historical perspective more desira
than when judgment is passed by the present age up
such views and actions as seemed natural in a past a
Yet it is impossible to doubt that the inertia of the cle
who served the ancient parish church of Manchester
hundred years ago, lies at the root of many troub
which have befallen the church since their days, a
even now are not ended. Whether owing to the v
population of the parish itself, or to the low ideal
worship and ceremony in the Church of England bef
the days of the Oxford Movement, the parish chur
the Collegiate Church of Manchester, became the sc
of events as surprising as they are distressing to

consciences of Churchmen to-day. The late T. A. Trollope, in his "Reminiscences," says: "At Manchester I find myself to have been much scandalised at a scene which I witnessed in the Collegiate Church there. There were seventeen couples to be married, and they were all married at once. The only part of the service to be individually performed being the 'I take thee,' etc., etc., I perfectly well remember at this distance of time the bustling about of the clerk among them, to ensure that every male should be coupled to the right female. After this wholesale coupling had been completed, says my diary, the daily service was begun, and was performed in a more indecent and slovenly way than I ever before witnessed, which is saying a great deal! While the Psalms were being sung, the priest, as having nothing to do, walked out, and returned just in time to read the Lessons. Such were the manners and habits of 1832."[1] Trollope's account of marriages as celebrated in the Collegiate Church of Manchester, at least if it referred to times like Eastertide and Whitsuntide, is probably below, not above, the actual truth. Before these festivals of the Church, the reading of the banns in Divine Service would, I have been credibly informed, sometimes occupy a quarter of an hour, or even twenty minutes. Marriages took place wholesale, for it was beyond the power of the clergy to marry people individually. If it is not true, as is generally believed, it might well have been true, that the well-known and eccentric Minor Canon, the Rev. Joshua Brookes, who is a prominent character in the "Manchester Man," exhorted the couples whom he had united so indiscriminately in holy matrimony to "sort themselves at the door." But what, indeed, was to be done when the ceremonies of the Church took place on so wholesale a

[1] "What I Remember," vol. i., p. 224.

scale? It is recorded in the memoir of Canon Wray th
an examination of the registers shows him to ha
officiated at 33,211 christenings, 13,196 marriages, a
9,996 funerals.[1] The late Minor Canon Elvy, who he
office for thirty-five years at a much later date—for
did not resign until 1905—states that he christened mo
than 19,000 children, and married more than 9,0
couples. Confirmations, when they were held in t
Collegiate Church, were held on the same comprehensi
scale. Mr. Elvy speaks of a thousand candidates bei
presented at one confirmation, and being confirmed
two bishops laying on hands, and, I suppose, deliv
ing addresses, simultaneously in different parts of t
church. But perhaps the strangest reminiscence of t
Collegiate Church is told by Henry Crabb Robinson, a
I quote it in his own words. Under the date Septemb
1st, 1816, he writes in his diary: "Strolling into the C
Church at Manchester, I heard a strange noise, which
should elsewhere have mistaken for the bleating
lambs. Going to the spot, a distant aisle, I found a r
of women standing in files, each with a babe in her ar
The minister went down the line, sprinkling each infa
as he went. I suppose the efficiency of the sprinkling
I mean the fact that the water did touch—was eviden
by a distant squeal from each. Words were mutte
by the priest in his course, but one prayer served for
This I thought to be a christening by wholesale; an
could not repress the irreverent thought that, being
the metropolis of manufactures, the aid of steam
machinery might be called in."[2]

Times have changed, and the offices of religion in
present Cathedral of Manchester are, I hope, regula
and reverently performed. But it is only within
last few years that the meetings of the Cathedral Ves

[1] p. 36. [2] "Diary," vol. ii., p. 17.

at Eastertide have been free from serious disorder. They used to be the occasions of bitter altercation between the High Church and the Low Church parties in the city, or between the Low Church party and the dean, if he was suspected of an inclination to ritualism. For a good many years they were held in the Cathedral itself; but the spectacle of parishioners leaping on the chairs and declaiming one against another in strident tones within the House of God became so painful that they were transferred to a large room in the Cathedral School. Still the tumult continued. What justification there was for it—if, indeed, there was any—I have not been able to discover. It came to a head when a new reredos was erected behind the high altar, with statues not only of our Lord, but, as was natural enough, of the patron saints of the Cathedral—the Blessed Virgin, St. Denys and St. George. One of the prominent agitators at the Vestries was a worthy man known in Manchester as a Protestant dentist. It is difficult to see how his Protestantism could have asserted itself in his dentistry, unless by causing an additional twinge of pain to such patients as might, in his eyes, have been guilty of ritualism.

I remember going to my first Vestry meeting with some trepidation. But fortune smiled upon me. It is not improbable that both sides were wearied and perhaps ashamed of the controversy, and were glad to find an excuse for letting it die. At all events, as soon as I took the chair a well-known leader of the Protestant party rose to address me, saying that he thought I ought to know—as, indeed, I did know well enough—that the meeting of the Vestry had in old days been less peaceful than it was then. He remembered the time when the room in which he was speaking had been crowded with parishioners, and they were sitting

not only on the chairs, but on benches which had been brought in, on the floor, and even on the window-sills. His speech gave me the opportunity of replying that I did not mind where the members of the Vestry sat, so long as they did not sit upon the dean; and I think the little joke tended to prolong or to assure the harmony. Since then the Vestries have been tame, perhaps even dull; but I cannot too cordially acknowledge my debt of gratitude owing to the gentlemen who year by year have served the Cathedral as wardens and sidesmen.

The historical relation of the Cathedral to the city of Manchester explains, I think, the light in which the dean is regarded by the citizens generally. Like the Cathedral itself, he is an institution of the city. He spends his life going up and down among the people. Everybody knows him, and he is supposed to know everybody. He is expected to interest himself in all the activities of civic life, except perhaps business and politics; he is the "maid-of-all-work" of the city; he is a younger brother, as it were, of the Lord Mayor; he sits on an indefinite number of committees; he makes speeches on all subjects known to him, and, sometimes, I am afraid, unknown. He attends so many meetings that I have sometimes said wistfully I hoped there would be no meetings in the next world. It is with a good-humoured sympathy that his office is recognised on such festive occasions as the annual procession of school children through the streets of the city on the Monday in Whitsun week. For it is a traditional custom that he should walk then at the head of the procession; and on his way from the Town Hall to the Cathedral he receives a good many popular greetings, most of them friendly and even complimentary, but not entirely outspoken.

The sympathetic familiarity of all classes towards the dean results at times in curious conversations. When the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Vansittart Bowater, who had begun his life in Manchester, paid a visit to the city, two little urchins, who generally stand outside the Cathedral, began talking to me about him. I asked them if they had seen his carriage of state. They had seen it, and they were much impressed by it. So I took the opportunity of telling them that the Lord Mayor had once occupied a humble position in a warehouse of the city. They seemed to be a little taken aback; but at last one of them, looking up at me, said, "Do you think he was like us?" I ventured to reply that, if they were good boys and kept out of the public-house, they might not indeed become Lord Mayors of London, but they might and would do some useful work as citizens, and perhaps rise to a responsible position in the city. At another time, when the question of allowing an exhibition of living statues had been recently debated by the Watch Committee, a hawker, who was selling photographs in Deansgate, invited me to purchase some of his wares. I asked him to show me his photographs, as I rather suspected that some of them might represent the questionable living statues. But he showed me a picture of a lady whose name, I understand, has achieved celebrity in the music-halls of Great Britain and the United States, Miss Billie Burke. I returned it to him, saying, "So you sell photographs of her, do you?" "Yes," replied the hawker, "and I sell you, too!"

The peculiar historical relation of the Cathedral, and perhaps I may add the singular personal relation of the dean, to the city of Manchester and to the borough of Salford—for, although the Cathedral is in Manchester, the Deanery is in Salford—seem to afford an almost unique opportunity of service. There is not in the

North of England, nor, indeed, is there practica
in the South, any exact parallel to the Deanery
Manchester. Nowhere, I think, is it possible to fi
in the Church of England an office of the same antiqu
and dignity, with the same natural privilege of inf
ence upon the life of a great manufacturing city. I
not at all mean to set the Deanery of Manchester
comparison with Diocesan Bishoprics. The interest a
the influence of a bishop extend over his whole dioce
far beyond the limits of any one city in it. But Ma
chester, as a city, large as it is, still retains something
its original unity. It is not, like London, a wildern
of human beings, among whom no one man, whate
may be his position or his personality, can hope
know, or to be known by, the citizens generally, or
produce an immediate personal effect upon the c
as a whole. Nor is the Deanery of Manchester mu
more than a titular Deanery as regards the ordina
prerogatives and amenities of decanal life ; it resemb
far more closely the Vicarage of Leeds, as Dr. Ho
when he was Vicar of Leeds, understood and exerci
his duties—only with an importance perhaps a lit
greater, as the church which the dean serves is
Cathedral, and as it sums up in itself the long spirit
history of the city.

When I came to Manchester, it was only natu
that I should consider how the dean could most usefu
serve the community in which he lives. It struck
that the Church in Manchester exhibited some encour
ing, but also some disquieting, features. The Church
of Manchester, and, I think, of Lancashire genera
is strongly marked. The feeling of Churchmen a
Churchwomen for the Church is almost everywh
intense. It is not, indeed, upon the whole comp
hensive, either ecclesiastically or politically ; it is d

nitely, I had almost said defiantly, Protestant; it is predominantly Conservative; it does not shrink, or it has not shrunk in the past, from a rather close association with the political fortunes of the Conservative party; it has not altogether disdained—although I think it is coming to disapprove—the unnatural alliance of beer and the Bible. Such as it is, in its spiritual aspect especially, it has been fostered and strengthened by those noble institutions, which every Churchman in the North of England regards, not unjustly, as bulwarks of the Faith—the Sunday Schools of the Church. Whatever may be the gains or losses of the Church in the coming days, it is as certain as any event can be that she will not retain her hold upon the consciences of her children, unless she maintains regular and definite religious teaching in these Schools. So long as men and women of fifty or sixty years are content to sit week after week, not only as teachers, but as scholars, in Church Schools, there will ever be in northern Churchmanship a massive strength against which the waves of materialism and agnosticism, however greatly they may be swollen, will beat in vain.

The influence of the Church in a city such as Manchester, if it is strong, as indeed it is, is yet, as it seems to me, rather narrow. Outside the clergy, it is, in the main, limited to a certain number or circle of Church people. At Diocesan Conferences, and at similar meetings, the same persons appear continually; they, and they only, or some of them, make speeches; they march to and fro upon the stage like soldiers in a theatre; but there is seldom a new-comer amongst them; and the great majority of quiet Churchmen and Churchwomen take little or no part in public diocesan life.

It is a common opinion that the indifference of t
laity to the organic life of the Church is explicable
intelligible, because the Church of England, as by l
established, leaves no legislative, and not much a
ministrative, power in the hands of her laity. It
argued, not without much truth, that in the Coloni
where the Church has never been established, and
Ireland, where it has been disestablished, laym
however busily they may be occupied, display a m
active interest in Church life. But I am inclined-
little doubtfully, indeed—to find the cause of lay abst
tion from the councils of the Church in the nature
such questions as are apt to occupy the mind and
heart of clerical assemblies. It has been my experie
that laymen generally do not trouble themselves ab
the minutiæ of doctrine or ritual ; they neglect—inde
they rather despise—questions of dogmatic subtle
and still more of ecclesiastical millinery ; and, if they
called to debate such questions, they feel like strang
in a country, where the language is unknown to them,
they are glad to keep silence, so long as they are
the country, and to escape from it as soon as possib

But a far more serious evil is the alienation of
mass of the people, not indeed, I would fain hope, f
the Church, still less from the Person and the Sp
of Jesus Christ, but from Christian institutions,
from the organised life of the Church. That Christia
should, as has been said, not be in possession of So
London, or of East London, or of the slums where
people are herded together in any great city, and
in these parts not more than one-tenth, or at the
one-fifth, part of the population should attend relig
worship on any Sunday in the year, or should pro
their personal allegiance to any Church, are facts wh
if they are credibly attested, as they seem to be,

statistical evidence, cannot but make a saddening impression upon Christians, and especially upon Churchmen. It is not my wish to assert that the habit of church-going is the sole or the chief test of religion. Nor do I think that organised Christianity appeals less strongly to the mass of the people to-day than it has appealed in the past; for, apart from the occasional eras of popular spiritual awakening or revival, as in the early days of Methodism, the mass of the people have seldom been regular church-goers. The evidence adduced by the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury, when, as Lord Ashley, he introduced into the House of Commons the Bills which have so greatly ameliorated the conditions of labour in mines and factories, and the general character of life and education among the poor, proves that, at or about the middle of the nineteenth century, the people, in their ignorance and misery, young as well as old, were degraded to a level which would be felt to be intolerable, if not actually unintelligible, to-day. Nor is the evil of which I am speaking, so far as it exists to-day, confined to the Church of England. The Nonconformist bodies, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, and especially the Protestant bodies, have been of late, I think, less successful than the Church in ministering to the social and spiritual needs of the poor. It is to the parochial system of the Church above all other agencies that I look for the possible regeneration of society. Like everybody who visits from time to time the slums of a great city, or who needs to get information about the dwellers in them, I would emphatically pay my tribute of admiring respect to the clergy and their wives and their fellow-workers who live and labour among the people. But the fact remains, or I think it remains, that the Church is, or has been,

too stiff, too rigid, I had almost said too "churchy"; she has stood, or has been thought to stand, too mu aloof from human needs; and it is difficult to thi or speak now of whole cities, or whole peoples, livi as in the Middle Ages, under the direct and consta influence of the Church and of the faith which t Church enshrines and enforces in her sanctuaries.

It seemed to me, then, that in a city such as Manches somebody might well try, as a free-lance—perhaps t dean better than anybody else in virtue of his dependent position—to break down, in however slig a degree, or at least to lower, the barrier which par or is supposed to part, the people from the Chur It seemed to me that the dean, if anybody, mig penetrate a little, directly or indirectly, into the cumstances among some of the lowly men and won who have lost touch with organised religion. The d of my heart has been, in fact, that the people sho feel the Church to be naturally their best friend, a the religion of Jesus Christ the governing influe upon their lives.

There were, when I came to Manchester, two three happy features in the religious life of the peo I have noticed a great change coming over the relat of the people to the Church and to Christianity. estrangement from the public exercise of religion n be as great, or nearly as great, as it was thirty or fo years ago; the suspiciousness felt towards minis of religion, if it is less pronounced, may not be wh removed; but of strong antagonism or hostility religion few traces survive.

The change of feeling among the people in regard the Church and Christianity, if I do not misunderst or exaggerate it, is a hopeful feature in the life Manchester, and, so far as I can judge, of the North

England, perhaps of England as a whole to-day. But it is not the only hopeful feature. The Church of England may have gained some ground, in comparison with other religious bodies, through the use which the clergy have made of the opportunity afforded them by the parochial system; she may have gained it too, at least relatively, if not actually, from the difficulty, which all voluntary religious agencies experience, to an ever-increasing extent, in trying to cope with the spiritual exigency of a crowded population. I am far from wishing to lay undue stress upon the more kindly feeling of the working-class towards the Church and the clergy; but, in going up and down the city of Manchester and the borough of Salford, I have found so much cordiality and so little antagonism that my heart is full of gratitude towards my fellow-citizens, especially towards those of them who live hard, narrow, cramped, penurious lives, and who might so easily dislike and resent offices, and above all spiritual offices, of far greater pecuniary ease, and, as they might think, affluence than their own.

But it seems to me that the Church has been somewhat aided in recent years by a change in the status of the religious bodies, or some among them, which lie outside her pale. In Manchester and Salford the Roman Catholics, although they constitute a large part of the population, live, as elsewhere, in a large measure by themselves. They are almost a city within a city; their churches, their religious services, their schools, and, to a large extent, their charities, are exclusively their own; and, although it often happens that they are enabled by their organisation to turn the scale in political and municipal elections, yet upon the whole the principles of modern life, such as religious freedom and equality, and the growing sympathy of religious

creeds, are not theirs, and the general stream of ci
life may be said to flow past them. In Manchest
at least, conversions from the Church of Rome to t
Church of England, and *vice versa*, are wholly exce
tional; I do not think any person who is promine
in the city has changed his religious position since
came to Manchester; but upon the whole I should s
judging by my own experience, that the Church
England gains as many converts as she loses.

Manchester has for some time past been hap
in that it is closely associated with some of the cl
Colleges at which students are trained for the N
conformist ministry. Such institutions as the Lancasl
Independent College, the Hartley Primitive Metho
College, and, let me add, the Wesleyan College
Didsbury, as well as the University, where the Th
logical Faculty is undenominational, have attracted
Manchester, as professors and tutors, Nonconformist m
sters of high scholarly attainments; and such minist
not only by their personal character, but by t
influence upon the general spirit of the Nonconforn
pastorate, help to create a sympathetic and pa
atmosphere in ecclesiastical life. A good many N
conformists, I think, worship in the Cathedral as we
in their own churches and chapels. Nowhere
theological bitterness between the Church and N
conformity been less acute than in Manchester of
years. But the smaller religious bodies, such as
Quakers, the Unitarians, and the Swedenborgians,
have all been more important in the North than in
South of England, tend to lose ground, not so m
perhaps in their relation, at least as far as the Qua
and the Unitarians are concerned, to public sentin
or policy, but in the number of their professing adhere

In all these three bodies, and possibly in others,

rising generation is drawn into more and more overt sympathy with the Church. Fifty years ago, when the Rev. W. Gaskell, the husband of the popular novelist, Mrs. Gaskell, himself a highly cultivated man, was the Unitarian minister of Cross Street Chapel, his congregation was crowded, and it was popularly said to contain two out of every three Mayors of Manchester. Cross Street Chapel has been subject to a decline since his day, partly, no doubt, owing to the removal of the Unitarians, as of other classes, into and beyond the suburbs of Manchester, but partly, also to the secession of the Unitarians from the Church of their fathers. It is possible that there has been more change of position than of conviction. Unitarians have not remained outside the Church of England, but have brought their theology, or a good deal of it, within her pale. Still, it remains true that the Unitarians, and like them, I think, the Quakers and the Swedenborgians, are less conscious than they were of an obligation to maintain the strongholds of their faith outside the Church of England.

It is pretty clear that, if various streams of thought and life flow into the Church, they will tend more, naturally, towards the Cathedral than towards any other sanctuary. The Cathedral of a great city is perhaps the last place which should aim at proselytism. But it should, I think, show as wide a sympathy as possible with the various forms of religious faith and sentiment. In a great city particular churches naturally assume their own complexion of doctrine or ritual. Uniformity all over a city would be spiritual decline, if not spiritual death; and a Churchman or Churchwoman, who does not feel at home in one church, can easily migrate to another. But the Dean and Chapter of a Cathedral will, if they are wise, so order its services

as to make the largest number of worshippers feel at ho
within its walls. In the first sermon which I preache
Manchester Cathedral, I said, "If there is any pl
in Manchester which ought to be, so far as any pl
can be, a meeting ground of all Churchmen, and perh
now and then of all true Christians, it can only be
Cathedral," and, so far as has lain in my power, I h
tried to administer the Cathedral Church of Manches
in accordance with that theory of its function.

A Cathedral in a great city may, I think, do a t
fold work. It is not, as rightly conceived, a rival,
a highly privileged rival, of the Parish Churches.
small cities, Cathedrals have sometimes done real ha
by impairing the energy and influence of the churc
For, by attracting to themselves Sunday after Sun
a great number of Churchmen and Churchwom
not only have they lessened the congregations,
with them the collections, in the churches of
hardly-pressed parochial clergy, but they have set,
have tended to set, a false standard of Church
Upon the whole, it is spiritually preferable that a Chris
should associate himself or herself with a partic
House of God, and with the ministries and chari
belonging to it, than that he or she should war
from church to church, or, perhaps, without a
sense of responsibility for anything outside his or
favourite place of worship, should take refuge in
congregation of a Cathedral. For the clergy, in t
several parishes, can always provide worshippers
opportunities of religious usefulness as district visit
teachers in day and Sunday schools, or as organi
and administrators of charity. A Cathedral, on
other hand, can give them services and sermons,
not much else.

It is possible, then—I am far from saying it is alw

true—that a person, who abandons a Parish Church for a Cathedral, may become not a more, but a less, active member of Christian society. Still, a Cathedral exists to set before men's eyes the ideal of Divine Worship. In it there should be nothing mean or common ; nothing that is not performed with the utmost care and reverence ; nothing that is, or can be fairly said to be, second-rate. Whether by its preaching or its music, or by other means, it should especially appeal to souls more or less alienated from the habitual observances of the religious life. There are men and women who like to worship, unseen and unknown. When Dean Bradley was Dean of Westminster, he told me once that he had been suddenly called late at night to visit a man, who was a complete stranger to him, upon his death-bed ; he asked why the man had sent for him, and the man faintly replied that he had never been a regular attendant at any church, but he had been in the habit of going to the Abbey on Sunday evenings, as he felt sure that nobody would recognise him there.

I have been in the habit of dividing the great evening congregation in Manchester Cathedral into three parts. There is a strong element of regular worshippers, but it is not the strongest. Larger even than this is the element of intermittent worshippers (if I may call them so), men and women, who come to the services from time to time, but not every Sunday, whether they are, as many of them are, Church-people of a less settled religious habit, or Nonconformists, who feel, and in this way show, their sympathy with the Church, and occasional Roman Catholics. It is, perhaps, from persons of this kind that I have received the most touching letters, as the results of their spiritual experiences. Not a few of them, I would fain hope, have found in the services of the Cathedral such strength and solace as

they had not known before. The third element cons
of visitors who chance to be spending a Sunday
Manchester, and these are men and women from
parts of the world. I have heard of persons who
known each other in early life, but had been par
for years, meeting again, when they happened to
seated almost side by side in the Cathedral. Bish
coming from far parts of the Empire, when they h
preached in the Cathedral, are frequently claimed
friends by persons who are living, or at one time li
in their dioceses. When the Bishop of Uganda v . s
preacher, there walked into the Vestry after his ser
a member of his congregation in his wn Cathedra
Uganda.

It is not only, then, by the stateliness of ritual, o
the eloquence of sermons, that a Cathedral produces
effect upon a city. If the statutory services, Mat
and Evensong, with the highly-trained choir of
and boys, are, as they ought to be, artistically inspi
and elevating, there is room, as on Sunday even
especially, for congregational services, which allow
elaboration of music, but only such psalms and hy
as can, owing to their simplicity and familiarity, be e
sung by the great mass of worshippers. In Manche
Cathedral the voluntary choir which sings the eve
services exceeds a hundred members; it is perhaps
largest voluntary choir in England. There is
reason to think that the services and the sermon
from time to time produce a real effect upon the h
and conscience of the people. But I should be s
if the Cathedral were felt as the rival, rather than
ally, of the Parish Churches; and it is my hope tha
such a centre of population as Manchester, the lo
the few worshippers, who may be drawn away from
particular Parish Church, is more than compens

by the general usefulness of the Cathedral in quickening the moral and spiritual life of the city as a whole. At all events, there is the comforting possibility that the Cathedral may afford any clergyman, who is not particularly successful in his own parish, an excuse for thinking or saying that his church would be comparatively well filled, but for the sinister influence of the Cathedral in drawing his people away.

The Chapter have often considered ways of making the Cathedral as useful as possible to the city. As the dean possesses little right of preaching at the statutory services in the Cathedral, i.e. at any other than the voluntary evening services, and, in fact, can call only two Sundays in the year, viz. Easter Day and Whit Sunday, his own, I have been altogether indebted to the courtesy of my colleagues for the opportunity of trying, on Sunday afternoons, experiments as means of gathering large congregations of various kinds within the walls of the Cathedral. Almost the first experiment was that of substituting on the first Sunday of each month a cantata for the sermon at Evensong; and I think I may say it has been successful, not only as increasing the congregations, but as appealing to a good many men and women, who have been musically attracted to the services, and, but for the excellence of the music, would not have attended them.

The Cathedral, and, indeed, the Church as a whole, is called to face the fact that, as many people think, the habit of church-going is decadent in England, or, if it is not so, that, as everybody allows, it is limited to a minority, and, in the great cities at least, to a comparatively small minority, of the population. It is probably a mistake to estimate religious belief or sentiment by a mere reference to the statistics of attendance at Divine Worship. Where

it is the fashion to go to church, many people go, with
necessarily acquiring or evincing a true spirit of religi
where it is not the fashion, many people absent th
selves, without ceasing to believe in religion or
revelation. But among the phenomena of ecclesiast
life in the present day, one is, as I have been led to f
that indifference, or apparent indifference, about atte
ance Sunday after Sunday at the regular offices of Di
Worship is not incompatible with a sympathetic inte
in services of a special and exceptional charac
"Twicers," as Mr. Gladstone used to call them,
people who go regularly to church twice on Sund
may have become sadly few; even the "oncers"
be fewer than they were; but no clergyman can
be unaware of the desire for memorial services, such
were looked upon with some suspicion not long ago in
Reformed Churches, and for services organised in be
of particular guilds, classes, and societies, or on
ticular occasions of civic or national life. Such serv
as these lie evidently within the legitimate province
Cathedral; for a Cathedral is the church of hig
dignity in a city; it is the largest and the finest an
the churches, and it appeals, as no other church
appeal, to the patriotism and the devotion of the citi
generally. Accordingly, it has seemed that the Cathe
Church of Manchester might be utilised as a fountai
centre of spiritual influence upon the life of the
through the various organisations and societies w
exist there. The railway-men, who are a powerful
in a city upon which so many lines of railway conv
as Manchester, were the first to set the exampl
organising their own special service. Year by
some two or three thousand railway-men, with
stationmasters at their head, march from Steve
Square, to the music of four or five bands wholly comp

of their own members, along the streets of the city to attend Divine Service in the Cathedral on a Sunday afternoon, generally the first or second Sunday in October, as soon as the excursion trains, which run freely in the summer months, have been taken off. The Cathedral has been crowded to its doors at every such service by the railway-men, to whom have been added as many ladies—their wives, daughters, perhaps their sweethearts—as could find seats, or even standing-room, within its sacred walls. All the arrangements for the service are annually made by the railway-men themselves. My own part in them is limited to one meeting on a Sunday evening, after service in the Cathedral, with the railway-men's committee, who are good [illegible] to tell me their wishes as to the number of tickets that should be issued, the method of issuing them, the advertisement of the service in the railway stations, and such charities as should, in their opinion, receive a share of the money accruing from the collection, which is generally devoted to some such cause as the support of the widows and orphans of railway-men who have been killed in the discharge of their duties. One happy result of these annual services is that they have given me the friendship of many men working upon the lines of railway not only in Manchester, but in all parts of Lancashire, as the men are often moved from one place to another; and it has often happened, when Convocation has been sitting in York, that I have run away for three-quarters of an hour from one of its sessions to address the railway-men in their dinner hour at their own invitation, or at other times that I have been invited to give the same sort of address at some railway station in Manchester itself, or in places like Bolton and Rochdale.

Next in chronological order to the railway-men were,

I think, the butchers of Manchester and Salford, v
when they had agreed upon the policy of closing t
shops on Sunday—a policy in which the Jewish butch
I understand, fully concurred—thought they would
to celebrate their decision by attending Divine Servic
the Cathedral, and ever since that time have maintai
the practice of attending a similar service year after y
It has been my wish—I think I may say the wish of
Chapter—to throw the Cathedral open to all classe
people who may wish to worship there. We have
that we have nothing to do with political or so
movements. We do not necessarily regard the pres
of certain classes or societies at Divine Worship as i
cating our agreement with them in the objects which
set before themselves, or their agreement with us.
long as their objects did not run counter to religio
morality, we have been ready to give them all a gene
welcome. We have seldom invited them ; for the r
part they have invited themselves ; but, whether
came to the Cathedral at their own instance or at
it has been in our hearts to offer them the help of
sympathy, and to elevate them, as far as might be, in
personal and professional lives by the influence of pu
worship in an ancient and venerable sanctuary of
Christian Faith. So it has come to pass that an
the various bodies which have attended services in
Cathedral, besides the railway-men and the butc
have been such orders as the Foresters, the Buffa
the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides, the member
the Teaching Profession in all its grades, the Lads' C
the Sunday Ragged School Union, the non-mil
advocates of Women's Suffrage, the members of
theatrical profession, who come year by year a
Christmas-time, when the pantomimes are runnin
Manchester, the representatives of the United King

Alliance, the Trades Union Congress, the Independent Labour Party, and, strangest of all perhaps, the National Evangelical Free Church Council. It is far from my wish to make too much of these services; but I think they have been a means of drawing a good many people who are not regular church-goers, in a way which they themselves have frequently valued, within the circle of Christian thought and devotion.

About two at least of these services, it is natural, I think, to say something more. A few years ago it occurred to the Precentor of the Cathedral that the actors and actresses and the other artistes in the theatres and music-halls of the city would not resent, but might perhaps appreciate, an invitation to the Cathedral. The managers of the theatres and music-halls, all, I think without exception, entered heartily into agreement with his proposal, and it was suggested, either by him or by them, that I might personally offer the invitation. I began then the practice of making a round of the theatres and music-halls. The managers themselves have generally met me; often they have accompanied me on to the stage when I have met the artistes there; and more than once they have themselves, in two or three sentences, kindly enforced the appeal which I ventured to make, by expressing the hope that the artistes would not forget or neglect their religious duties at Christmastide. The Cathedral has been filled to overflowing at the service to which the members of the theatrical profession have been invited; but it has not always been easy to tell how many members of the congregation were actors and actresses, and how many were ordinary local worshippers.

I recall two or three curious incidents arising out of the services, or at least out of my visits to the theatres in anticipation of the services. It has generally happened

that the only time at which it was possible to address t
artistes as a body, has been when they were all assemb
on the stage before the rising of the curtain for a n
act. All that I could do, then, was to wish them
prosperous season, and to say how glad I should be
they would come on the following Sunday to the Cat
dral. Sometimes I was half afraid that the curt
might go up, and my person, or at least my legs,
revealed to the audience before I could make my e
from the stage. Twice at least, as I was making
way to the *coulisses*, an actor dressed for his part
advanced to me, saying, "You don't recollect me, sir
He had been my pupil either at Harrow School or
Dulwich College. Once I found that an enterpris
photographer was lying in wait for me; I asked
principal lady if she would mind my being photograp
in a group with her and the other ladies whom I had j
invited to Divine Service, and she cordially replied t
she would like nothing better. Once a lady art
expressed the wish that I would appear on the stage v
her, but I told her I was afraid I might draw away s
part of her applause, if I were discovered before
footlights. There was one occasion when the mana
himself asked me not only to speak to the artistes
the stage, but to speak also to the audience in the thea

I remember, when I was travelling back one Sun
from Burnley to Manchester, a theatrical comp
was once waiting for the train on the platform
Burnley. Some of them, as I observed, looked at n
little curiously for a while; then, at last, two of t
advanced and politely inquired if I would mind telling t
whether I was a bishop or not. It was difficult to a
the suggestion that they had made a bet upon
character. However, they alleged as the reason
their inquiry that one of them was playing an episc

part in the drama which they were performing on their tour. My friendly relation to the theatre has brought me more than once a request for information about the niceties of episcopal dress, and once at least for the loan of a bishop's apron and hat, as such articles were not easily procurable at a moment's notice in Manchester. It was a pleasing reflection to me that the audience in the Gaiety Theatre would hardly suspect who was the owner of the apron and the hat which were worn on the stage.

Once it happened, when I was travelling up the Irrawaddy in Burma, that the captain of the steamer came to me after dinner, and holding out an English illustrated magazine, said abruptly, "Is that you?" I looked at the picture, and I saw that it did represent me as being in animated conversation with a young lady of the ballet, whose attire, although it was not at all immodest, was not perhaps so ample as I should personally have thought to be desirable. However, the picture was accompanied by some appreciative verses upon my sympathy with the theatrical profession. Whether that sympathy has done good or not, I do not at all regret it. I shall ever cherish a grateful memory of the reception which has been accorded me in the theatres and music-halls of Manchester and Salford. The managers might so easily and so naturally have argued that it was not their business to encourage a clergyman's visits, and that, if they did admit one minister of religion to the stage of their theatres, they must admit others as well. But neither from the managers nor from the artistes have I experienced anything but unvarying kindness. They have, I think, felt that the wish which prompted me in coming to see them sprang from a friendly feeling.

I know that actors and actresses, unless, indeed, they are at the head of their profession, are often a little

stranded when they come to a city such as Manchest
They are sometimes housed in uncomfortable lodging
they have few friends or none at all; and a little sympatl
if it is shown them then, may add something of brightn
to their lives, and may even save them from solitu
and temptation. It is only right that I should express
sense of the valuable work done by the Actors Chur
Union, generally, and in Manchester by its well-kno
Chaplain, the Rev. D. Dorrity, B.D. I have been stru
by finding that some at least among the artistes, althou
they might be themselves Jews or Roman Catholics,
far from resenting the appeal which I have respectfu
made to them, told me they liked it, and thought it w
quite right as coming from one who was representative
the National Church. So, in this instance, at least, a
I think I may say in some others, the establishment of
Church has facilitated spiritual work, which could
otherwise have been quite so easily done.

I have reserved to the last, in my account of spec
services held in the Cathedral, the service which v
attended in March, 1915, by the delegates to the ann
conference of the National Evangelical Free Chu
Council. It was, I think, the first time that the de
gates had offered to adjourn their proceedings for
sake of worshipping, officially and collectively, in
Cathedral of the National Church. As many as 1,
delegates, I believe nearly the whole number who w
present in Manchester, attended the service, am
them being, I am glad to recall, the ministers and
representatives of the Nonconformist bodies in Wa
who did not suffer such irritation as had aris
on the very morning of the service, over
fate of the Act passed for the Disestablishment
Disendowment of the Church in Wales to stay th
from participating in a common act of Christ

charity and piety. The Chapter of the Cathedral were unanimous in feeling that it was not only possible but proper to welcome the delegates, so long as the service held in the Cathedral was entirely a service of the Church of England. The religious service was preceded by three short addresses, one in which I welcomed the delegates in the name of the Chapter, and two others in which the President of the Conference, Sir J. Compton Rickett, M.P., and Dr. Horton replied to my welcome in the name of the Conference; and the Rev. F. Luke Wiseman, the ex-President of the Conference, read the appointed Lesson in the service. What may have been the effect of the service, if, indeed, there was any effect at all, upon the relation of sentiment between the Church and Nonconformity, I do not venture to surmise; but some letters which were written to me from different quarters showed a warm appreciation of the good feeling which it evinced or evoked for a time, if not permanently; and in a day which calls for sympathetic and co-operative action among Christians, it may be some gain to have facilitated even one conspicuous instance of charity in the sphere of public worship among Christians who have so often been politically and ecclesiastically divided each from the other.

CHAPTER XVI

MANCHESTER (*continued*)

THERE is a great deal of work which a clergy[illegible] and perhaps especially a dean, in a great city [illegible] as Manchester, may do outside the Cathedral. If [illegible] people, or a large number of the people, do not c[illegible] to him in church or elsewhere, he must go to th[illegible] There is no higher function pertaining to the Chris[illegible] ministry than that of seeking and saving the s[illegible] of men. Of all the spiritual blunders which an orda[illegible] minister of the Church may commit, none is [illegible] serious, none more lamentable, than if he limits [illegible] self wholly or mainly to multiplying the offices of reli[illegible] within the walls of his own church, if he says Ma[illegible] or Evensong, and celebrates Holy Communion [illegible] after day by himself, or with two or three fel[illegible] worshippers, and leaves his parishioners in ge[illegible] to bear the responsibility of absence from public [illegible] ship, without making, or attempting to make, hin[illegible] felt as their friend and their guide. It will no[illegible] thought that I disparage the regular offices of the Chu[illegible] but the whole spirit of the Liturgy of the Churc[illegible] England is congregational; and it is only by n[illegible] care and trouble that congregations in the s[illegible] of a great city can be gathered into church. [illegible] missions, such as were frequent a quarter of a cen[illegible] ago, although they are probably less frequent [illegible] are, or may be, pretty well complete failures, if [illegible]

principal feature is a temporary increase in the number of public services offered to people who are already habitual absentees from public worship.

It is my opinion, then, that a clergyman, and above all one who occupies an especially independent position like my own, should welcome every occasion of entering into practical sympathy with the mass of the people. Seldom, if ever, except where some previous engagement has stood in my way, have I refused an invitation to address a popular meeting upon any subject of common interest to the people and myself, outside the range of politics and commerce. I have told them as clearly as possible what my own knowledge of a subject was, or might be expected to be. I have claimed no more than that they should let me say what I held to be right. I have asked them to hear it and to weigh it; I have not asked them necessarily to agree with it. I have sought, as far as possible, to find common ground between them and myself. But my object has been to make friends rather than converts. It has not been a surprise or even a regret to me that members of the audience which I have addressed should sometimes express their dissent from my arguments or conclusions; but I have left the arguments to do their work silently, and I have hoped they might soon or late win adherence to the conclusions which I have drawn from them.

Many times, for instance, I have delivered addresses in Manchester and Salford upon Socialism. As being the local President of the Christian Social Union, I cannot pretend to think of Socialism as being, under all its many forms, intrinsically evil. It is, in my eyes, not iniquitous, but impracticable. Again and again have I listened to Socialists declaiming against the evils of society as it now exists; but they have seldom or never

gone beyond declamation ; and when I have invited the
to explain how it was their intention to reconstru
society from its very basis, and to reconstruct it wi
out doing grave injury to persons and classes, the res
has been silence, or if not, it has been, or I have thoug
it was, failure. But when I have stated, as I genera
have in the first few sentences of my addresses, that
meeting the Socialists I must assume them to be perso
who, whatever might be their private opinions on p
ticular questions, were yet not professedly hostile eitl
to morality or religion, I have everywhere, I thi
found acceptance of that assumption. At all events
feel sure that the cure of social evils, so far as it is p
sible, lies not in equality but in sympathy.

Sometimes a Socialistic meeting has issued in
curious personal relation. I remember giving a lect
upon Socialism in the Pankhurst Hall, a building nam
after the late Dr. Pankhurst, who is well remembe
for his own sake in Manchester, but is better kno
elsewhere as the husband of Mrs. Pankhurst, and
father of Miss Christabel Pankhurst and her sist
When the lecture was ended a man advanced from
body of the room. " Do you mind me putting a qu
tion ? " he said. " The chairman wouldn't let me
it at the meeting." I replied that he might put a
question which he liked, but that I could not prom
to answer it. " Well," he said, " what I want to kn
is this. Do you think an Atheist can be a good citizen
I told him that, however far I was myself from being
Atheist, I did not wish to associate good citizens
exclusively with Theistic opinions ; my answer
therefore, " Yes, he could." " I'm glad you said tha
he replied, " for I'm one myself." After some li
conversation, when I was taking leave of him, I told h
I hoped he would regard me as a well-wisher, and I

just beginning a little thoughtlessly to use the words which often rise to my lips, " Good-bye, God bless you," when he cried out, " No, no, you mustn't say that to me ! "

It happened by a strange coincidence that within a week or ten days after this conversation the Atheist, who had spoken to me, was locked up in Strangeways Gaol for the offence of breaking the shop windows of one of the principal tradesmen in Manchester. So I thought he had answered his own question respecting citizenship, but his answer had been different from mine. I learnt from the Governor of the Gaol that he had obstinately declined as a prisoner to attend Divine Service, or to accept the ministrations of the chaplain. Three or four months passed away, and I was walking one morning down the Bury New Road from my house into the city, when a man who was engaged in digging a trench at the side of the road suddenly looked up and cried out, " Hullo, you don't know me ! " I did not, indeed, recognise the man at once ; but he proved to be my friend of the Pankhurst Hall. I was glad to find that he did not bear me any positive ill-will, and I expressed my satisfaction at finding him engaged in useful work under the Corporation of Salford. Again I saw no more of him for weeks, and even months. At last I happened to attend a meeting of the Workers' Educational Association in the Free Trade Hall. The Rev. W. Temple, I recollect, was the chairman, and among the speakers were the Bishop of Oxford and Dr Michael Sadler, the Principal of Leeds University. After the meeting I was making my way out of the hall, when I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder. I turned round, and I found I was face to face with my friend of the Pankhurst Hall and the Bury New Road. We exchanged a few words. He told me he

had appreciated the speeches made at the meeting ;
then to my astonishment he added that he ha . mod
or abandoned his Atheistic position, and, if I did
misunderstand him, had come to think I was more ne
right, or less widely wrong, than he had felt me to b
our first meeting. This is only one instance ou
many which I might give as showing that a pers
intercourse, even with men and women who are serio
alienated from the Church and from Christianity, is
altogether valueless or hopeless.

It is, however, social as much as spiritual symp
which has led me from time to time to seek the frienc
of the classes lying in a great degree outside the reg
established ministries of the Church. May I say
greatly I have been helped by that noble instituti
undenominational, indeed, but essentially Christi
with ramifications extending all over Manchester-
City Mission ? To the chairman of the committe
that mission, Mr. Theodore Crewdson, and to its secre
Mr. Ernest Matthews, I rest under obligations whi
is no less a pleasure than a duty to acknowl
It is to them that I have owed the opportunit
such meetings as, but for the wide-reaching age
of the City Mission, would have been impossibl
think Mr. Matthews first made the suggestion
the "nippers"—as they are called in Manch
i.e. the boys employed by the railway comp
on "lorries" or wagons, to look after parcels
are conveyed about the city, and particular
look after them when the driver of the "lorr
delivering a parcel at some house—would be w
to be my guests at a tea in the Religious Inst
Since the day when he made his suggestion I have
tained them at a good many teas. They are a
ready for an invitation ; they are never prevent

unavoidable engagements from accepting it; and it does the heart good to see them clearing the tables of the sandwiches and cakes provided for them. It is difficult, without the experience of a "nippers'" tea, to understand how weighty an element in human life is food. The "nippers" are sharp boys, and their hearts are warm and true. My friend the Chaplain-General, Bishop Taylor Smith, who attended one of the teas, would, I know, bear witness to the cordiality with which he was received. I forget whether it was on that occasion or another that a little boy, who had stuffed himself with food, was asked by one of the ladies, who so kindly acted as waiters, if he could eat another bun. He reflected for a few seconds, and then gravely replied that he "thought he could eat it, but he couldn't swaller it." When the tea is over, the custom is that the boys should sing some hymns and hear a few words from two or three friends of the Mission and from myself. One of the hymns of which they are fond is particularly appropriate to their way of life; for it is an application of incidents occurring upon the railways to spiritual experience, as may be judged from its chorus:

> "Are you right, are you right for the mansions bright?
> Have you got your ticket? Are the signals right?
> For you never know how soon you may go,
> Get ready, brother, to-night."

It often happens, as a result of the "nippers'" teas, that, when I have been walking about the city, a rough voice has shouted to me from a "lorry" some such expression as "Hi, mister!" Once a little boy who had been one of my guests ran up to me late at night in the slums of Salford, saying, "I hope you 'ad a good time yesterday." I told him I had had a good time, but, as I had been the host and he the guest, I could not

help hoping that he, too, had had a good time.
teas have not unnaturally become so popular tha
is necessary now to limit the admission by iss
tickets ; and I shall not soon forget the sight of the s
hungry boys who have not received tickets waitin
the staircase or in the street outside the Relig
Institute, in the hope that some vacant places may
found for them. They are my good friends now ;
whatever may be the spiritual effect of the teas, there
be no doubt that their effect had been civilising and m
ising ; for, when they began, the boys were so noisy a
be pretty well intractable, and now it is always pos
to rely upon good order.

Next to the "nippers," the hawkers and pedlar
the city are a class in which I have long felt an inte
Then I invited a party of women taken from the poo
lodging-houses in the city. It is not necessary
mention other classes. Not unnaturally, perhap
always found my guests not only willing, but ready
eager to take part in the informal religious services w
follow the teas. Once, when I entertained a numbe
rough boys who spend their lives working undergro
in the collieries, they asked, after tea, if they m
go out for a few minutes to smoke in the street ; t
thought I should not like their smoking in the r
where they had taken their meal, but they could
forgo the comfort of their cheap cigarettes ; and t
promised that, as soon as they had done smoking, t
would come back for the hymns and addresses.
one who is not a smoker, like myself, and who dou
whether Sir Walter Raleigh has really increased the s
of human happiness by introducing tobacco into Euro
it seems astonishing that men and boys should
such slaves of smoking. But I remember a clergym
who had served as chaplain in the South Afri

War, telling me at Ladysmith that he had ministered once to a private soldier who, as he said, had been pretty well cut in two parts by a shell. He asked the doctor if there was any hope of the man's life, and the doctor shook his head; then he inquired, as delicately as possible, if there was anything the man would like in his sad condition, and the man, looking up in his face, said, "I think I'd like a pipe." Whatever may have been the expense or the trouble of such parties as I describe, it is far more than compensated by the kindly greetings which I receive every week from my humble guests as I go about the city, especially, I think, from the hawkers and pedlars, who are daily and nightly engaged in selling their wares; and nobody who is not acquainted with them could imagine what a variety of wares they sell in the streets of a city like Manchester.

However, the experiment which I made with the most anxiety, and which I have found to be the most interesting and encouraging, has lain in visits paid to the operatives of the great manufacturing works of the city. Public opinion generally connects Manchester with the cotton trade, and with that trade nearly alone. But Manchester itself, although it is a large distributing centre of the cotton trade, is not much occupied with the actual manufacture of cotton goods. The manufacture is carried on in the towns lying around Manchester. Manchester itself is far less dependent than it was at the time of the American Civil War upon the cotton trade. The great railway works, and such large industries as those of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Messrs. Crossley Brothers, Messrs. Beyer & Peacock, Messrs. Mather, Platt & Co., and the Westinghouse Company, employ many thousands of hands. To some extent the Dreadnoughts, the big guns, and the most recent aeroplanes, which have been used during the war, have been

built in Manchester. It is during the dinner-hour t
the men who labour in these great industries —
manufacturers, as I often call them, in the true sens
are most easily accessible. Some of them, of cou
if they live near the works, go home for dinner. Ot
take their dinners at the works, often in a spac
dining-hall provided by the managers, but administ
by the men themselves. Sometimes I have been
mitted to these halls. At other times I have spo
under some sort of shelter, with the men clust
around me in the open air. If I could not get admis
to the works themselves, I have been content to st
on an extemporised platform outside them. At
Westinghouse works I once spoke from a "lorry" v
a fortune-teller and a betting tipster exercising t
functions close beside me. I think I gathered the lar
audience of the three; and, as I told the men, I was
only one of the three who did not want their mon
but it is fair to say that I came there only once in a v
and my rivals were, I suppose, daily in evidence. Bu
was some satisfaction to notice, when I next visited
works, that the fortune-teller and the betting tipster
disappeared. It has been my rule that I would ne
visit any works, in order to speak at a meeting of
men, except when the men themselves invited me. T
they could not regard me as an intruder or a bore.
dinner-hour lasts from one to two, and I generally ar
at about twenty minutes past one; by that time the r
who take their dinner in the works have pretty v
finished it, and within the next few minutes a good ma
men who have gone home for their dinner, or have ta
it outside, come dropping into the room. A worki
man, chosen by the men themselves, occupies the ch
a hymn is sung, a short prayer is offered, the chairn
introduces me to the meeting, I speak for twe

minutes at the most, then one working-man proposes a vote of thanks, another seconds it, I reply to it and pronounce the Benediction, the meeting is over, and the men go back to their work. The directors frequently attend the meetings, but always, like myself, at the invitation of the men. The only difficulty which I experience lies in the choice of suitable subjects for my addresses, as I am naturally debarred from touching upon politics, or, indeed, upon religion, except in such a way as would not offend any consciences; and although I have sometimes noticed men reading newspapers a little ostentatiously when I began to speak, I have felt a certain gratification if, in the course of the speech, they put down their newspapers and were seen listening to me. But I have never been submitted to any discourtesy or interruption, except, I think, on one occasion when I was referring in humorous, but not, I hope, uncomplimentary terms, to Mr. Foote, the editor of the *Freethinker*, and a man in the body of the hall shouted, "Just you leave old Foote alone!"

It has seemed to me that a clergyman, who would address such meetings as I am speaking of, or at least who would address them commonly, must possess two or three characteristics. He need not be—perhaps it is better that he should not be—known as the member of a political party; certainly he would not stand much chance of doing good if he were a hidebound Tory; he must be, I think, a democrat, or at least sympathetic with the principles of democracy; he must be recognised as being in the true sense a friend of the people; but that he should be outspoken in telling the people of their faults, such as drinking and gambling, provided only he does not use violent or abusive language, is what they expect, and do not, I believe, resent.

At all events, I have found much interest and
unfriendliness in my meetings with the working
of Manchester and Salford. It will not, I hope,
thought that I claim to have done what other clergy
have not done before me. Rather have I sought
tread in their footsteps. It is only my office wl
has given me the chance of coming, perhaps not
closer, but into wider, contact than most other cle
men with the class of artisans and operatives.
body, I think, can live or move among them, nob
can understand their honesty, their open-mindedn
their patience, their generosity, without supren
desiring, so far as may lie in his power, to benefit
elevate them. Like all social reformers, I have b
called to fight the trinity of evils by which the worl
people of Great Britain are demoralised, viz.
gambling, and drink. Manchester has been and
largely indebted to the high purpose and the st
resolve of its Watch Committee. In no city of
British Empire, so far as I am aware, is greater st
laid upon the importance of cleansing the streets f
moral temptations, so that citizens may go about t
duties or their pleasures, by night as by day, wit
being enticed against their wish into such evils as
ruin their health and degrade their character.
Watch Committee has exercised a firm control
places of public amusement. Sometimes it has
the example to London, or has refused to follow
example of London, as when it prohibited Miss M
Allen's so-called "Salome Dance," or put a summ
stop to the exhibition of living statues. It has been
that the purveyors of evil literature have sarcastic
designated Manchester as "the holy city." If it is
no title of the city to respect or fame could be n
honourable.

The evil of gambling is more subtle, and therefore more difficult. It has always been a surprise to me that intelligent operatives should be so easily cajoled by tipsters who possess no knowledge, except such as is common to all the world, upon the prospects of racing, and who, if they did possess it, would be slow enough in imparting it to other people. In talking to audiences of the working men I have often told them that I could give them as good information as the tipsters. I have shown them from statistics collected by the National Anti-Gambling League that, if they follow the "tips" given in the sporting newspapers or elsewhere, they are practically sure to lose their money. They were, I think, a little startled when it appeared that the racing prophet, who wrote under the name "Captain Coe," had by his will prohibited his son from having anything to do with betting and gambling. Missionaries, who carry on evangelistic work in the city of Manchester, have assured me that the habit of gambling does more injury to a man's spiritual nature than even the habit of drinking. It seems to paralyse the nobler feelings and the tenderer sympathies. There is less hope, they say, of converting a thoroughgoing gambler than a confirmed drunkard. But it appears to me that gambling, often as it leads to crime, does not in general produce the appalling scenes which are the results of indulgence in alcoholic liquors. It does not, for instance, cause the same cruelty in the treatment of women and children; it does not so speedily, and so utterly, destroy homes. To me, at least, when I came for the first time into daily personal contact with the life of the poor in a great city, the liquor trade appeared as an evil dream, a terrible nightmare. I often wonder when that trade began to be known as "the trade," *par excellence*. I do not wish to speak

of it with undue harshness. Least of all would I cens
the publicans, who sometimes lie between the up
and nether millstones in their two-fold relation to
brewers and to the police. Once, when I was lay
the foundation-stone of a church, a man walked up
me saying timidly, "Do you mind shaking hands
a publican, sir?" I was only too glad to shake ha
with him. Many publicans conduct their business
an honourable spirit amidst grave difficulties. Bu
it be realised how soon the money spent every year u
strong drink in Great Britain would pay off the Nati
Loan of the present war; if it be remembered t
according to the testimony of the most experienced ju
on the Bench, it is drink which produces three-fourth
the national crime, there is no possibility of denyin
ignoring what a loss the habit of drinking inflicts u
the strength and dignity of the nation. There is
wonder that men's consciences rise up against it.
no wish of mine to treat the brewers, and still r
the shareholders in breweries, with injustice. It is
wish to destroy a great industry. I do not pr
to think that a man commits a sin if tak
glass of wine or beer. But I do think every br
should look upon his trade as one in its natur
dangerous as to call for a self-denying policy, w
should make the brewer himself the enemy, not in n
but in deed, of excessive drinking, because he is wi
and glad to forgo something of his legitimate p
for the sake of his city and his country. If G
Britain, following the example of the allied nat
France and Russia, in the present war, should bec
for a time a wholly temperate country, it is p
certain that the citizens would never wish for a re
to the old days of indiscriminate drinking. But so
as the liquor trade dominates, or threatens to domi

the country, the true England in her power and her beauty can never be seen.

But I must not allow myself, tempting as it is, to linger upon the story of my life in Manchester. In writing about it, I have not attempted a review of the manifold activities—social, intellectual, commercial, and political—which are the expressions of the eager, teeming life in Manchester. A history of the Free Trade Hall, or of the successive Free Trade Halls—such as might well, I think, be published—would be almost an epitome of recent English public life. My object has been only, or chiefly, to indicate some special aspects of my own work, by which I have tried, however imperfectly, to broaden the influence of the Church and to set her in direct relation to all classes in a great city. Nobody, perhaps, has come from Eton and Harrow among a more democratic people than I, or has come among them, I hope, in a more democratic spirit. He who has been educated at Eton does not easily breathe the air of Harrow; nor does he who has spent his life in the South of England easily breathe the air of the North. But if I was a stranger when I came to Manchester, I hope I am not a stranger now. It has been my happiness to make many friends here. I have enjoyed and admired the strength, the independence, the transparent honesty of thought and speech in Lancashire. I have not resented or disliked the frank, incisive criticism. The kindness shown to me by all classes and conditions of the people, and surely not least by the humblest working people in the great city which is now my home, has been such as I can never forget—for it has been as sunshine "in the cloudy and dark day"—such, too, as I can never hope, however earnestly I may wish and try, in the time that may still be given me in my present office, to repay.

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