

S. Helen's Church, Wheathampstead, showing the Procession to Evensong, April 24th, 1866.

Frontispiece.

A LONG LIFE'S JOURNEY,

WITH SOME I MET
BY THE WAY.

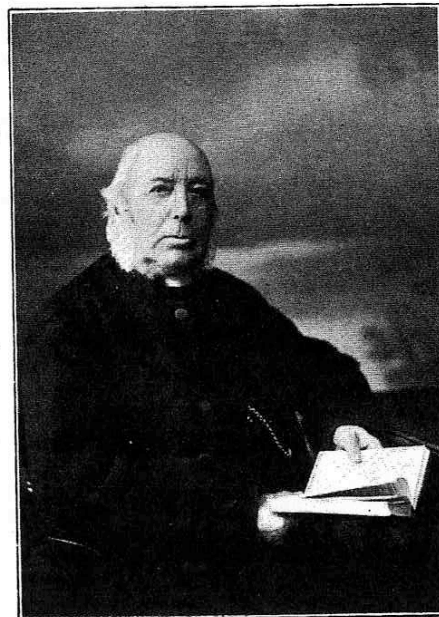
By

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Hertfordshire,
and formerly Rector of Stilton,
Huntingdonshire.

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The Traveller on this Lifelong Journey.

Photo by Cherry & Co., St. Albans.

CHAPTER XII.

A Move into Hertfordshire.

IT was in June, 1859, that a most unexpected event happened in the almost sudden death of Chancellor George Pretyman, Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Wheathampstead-with-Harpenden. This rectory had fallen to the patronage of the See of Peterborough in a re-arrangement, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of patronage, between the Bishops of Peterborough and Lincoln, made necessary by a great inequality in numbers, for while Lincoln had some ninety livings Peterborough then had only about nine. Their plan was to let each Bishop have his patronage as much as possible in his own Diocese, but when this did not make up the proposed average, to add a few benefices in others. So two benefices which Peterborough had in Lincoln Diocese were exchanged for others in Peterborough and more were added to make up the average number. My father's old college friend, Bishop Kaye of Lincoln, had talked over with him the circumstances of this Rectory when arranging for its transference, and they had decided that, if it fell vacant in their time, Harpenden should be separated and made a distinct benefice. This was much desired at Harpenden, though the Wheathampstead people feared the financial loss to their parish. However, though I held the presentation to the united benefices during the few months required for the passing of an Order in Council and other preliminaries to this separation, I was glad that, when the time for my institution came, I found myself Rector of Wheathampstead without Harpenden, and have been more since Harpenden, then said to be one of the most beautiful villages in England, has been made by the coming of the Midland Railway now largely a city of villas.

On leaving for my new appointment, I called on my kind diocesan for the last six years, Bishop Turton at Ely, to thank

him for his many kindnesses, and to express my regret at leaving his Diocese. "Well, well," he said, "my dear sir, and we are sorry to lose you, but let me tell you that you are going to a much nicer place, for when I was Dean of Westminster, I used to go there to hold manorial courts, and let me tell you I don't know a nicer place."

This was encouraging, for I had been warned that heavy work, and heavy expenditure awaited me. That everything there ecclesiastically was at a low ebb, and that a number of good people's toes would have to be trodden upon in the progress of reformation. Of course I went to look and see for myself. There was no railway to Wheathampstead then, and Hatfield and Welwyn were the nearest stations. I first went to Hatfield, and enjoyed a Hertfordshire drive, by Brocket Park in fine weather, and my first sight of this beautiful village, with its picturesque but dilapidated church, immensely. I saw at a glance that there was much to do, but having finished the work I was best able to do at Stilton, I felt ready to begin again. On my second visit I travelled to Welwyn, and had another beautiful drive in lanes and among woods, passed the then very singular church of Ayot St. Peter, with its body in the middle and steeple at the end of the churchyard,* catching a distant view of Wheathampstead and its church, deep in the beautiful valley of the Lea. I was most kindly received. The curate-in-charge showed me about the parish, and the late Rector's eldest son, Canon Pretyman, then Rector of Carlton in Lincolnshire, conducted me over the house and grounds. I was instituted by Bishop Murray, of Rochester, in whose Diocese this parish then was, in London, at his secretary's office, since improved away, in Parliament Street, on November 9th, 1859, and for the first and last time in my life came in for the Lord Mayor's Show after leaving him. Much at the same time our good friend the late Canon Vaughan was appointed by my father to

* There is a tradition that this ecclesiastical structure was the work of two sisters, who settled that, to avoid quarrelling, one should build the church and the other the steeple and put them as far apart as possible! I have seen this pulled down and its successor burnt, and the present Church, on a new site, built from the designs of Mr. Seddon, architect.

Harpenden, while my successor at Stilton, also appointed by him, was the Rev. Thomas Hutton, formerly curate at Loughborough, my father's birth place. We came to reside at this Rectory shortly after the christening of my third son, already described, and I had previously been inducted, read myself in, and preached my first sermon here. The church then was full and the congregation sympathetic. I thought I had buried the last "smock frock" at Stilton, but to my joy I found some half-dozen elderly wearers of that ancient and picturesque garment sitting on forms beneath the pulpit. There was of course a barrel organ in a gallery with a row of young women singing in front of it, and there were present a most kindly squire and his lady in an enormous high pew in the north transept. The clerk, an old inhabitant, informed me that the large congregation of the labouring class, which it pleased me so to see, was likely to continue up to Christmas. "You've come lucky," he said, "just before the gift time."

It took us some time to get settled at the Rectory. It had not been inhabited during the winter months since my predecessor had built it in 1815, for he left it at Michaelmas to keep his residences as Canon at Lincoln, and Winchester Cathedrals, so we found the roof anything but waterproof, and the walls running down with damp. We had a "Merrie Christmas" indeed, having to charter every bath in the house to catch the water that ran into the bedrooms. Our architectural adviser had attended to the valuation of dilapidations before we came, but of course no repairs could be done till the spring, when the house was reroofed, and the whole made habitable.

I had a call very early from all the beggars in the parish. They came in a legion to see what I was worth to them, and were greatly disappointed when I took down their names and said I would make enquiries and shortly call to see them; and I was able to make the round of the parish, though I found there were thirty miles of road in it, in the course of some two months. I had not been always well at Stilton, and once was seriously ill, but the old women there consoled me with the assurance that "a creaking gate hangs the longest." I fortunately however, notwithstanding that I had to live for a

time in an occasional cold shower-bath, found Wheathampstead much more healthy, though the heavy work here at first knocked me up, and some excellent parishioners, whom I have since regretfully buried, gave it as their opinion that I was "not long for this world."

My worthy predecessor, in his absence, used to send £10 to be distributed in bread to the poor at Christmas, and I received a generous cheque from his widow, asking if I would expend it in the same way. I accepted the responsibility at my first Christmas here, but handed it over to the churchwardens afterwards, for I thought there would be murder in my kitchen yard on the distribution day, for more than a hundred people struggled and fought, and women shrieked and fainted. Nobody seemed ashamed of coming. The blacksmith was represented and some smaller tradesmen, till all became so comic that I told them, that, as everybody seemed to think they had a right to a loaf, I had better tell my cook to take one! I need hardly say that so pauperising a charity as this blew over in due time.

I had now to think about what must be attempted, and to sketch out some order of procedure. I was glad to find that the good squire of Lamer and his kind lady were anxious that some progress should begin, and the restoration of the Church was talked about by them, and the principal parishioners and county neighbours. I saw at a glance, however, that new schools must come first and that they must be so constructed as to serve for Church purposes during the many months that the Church restoration must occupy. Some small and poor "National" schools already existed on some waste ground on Wheathampstead Hill. They had been built in 1815* and were managed by the rector, his curate, the churchwardens, and some lay parishioners. They consisted of a long, low building, which stated on a tablet without that they were supported by voluntary contributions, not very warmly supported, however, as some old accounts show. The floors were brick and the fittings poor and shabby, the most conspicuous piece of furniture there being a wooden armchair with a foot-

* This building apparently, as far as can be gathered from some old figures, cost some £140!

board, which was always hurriedly brought forward whenever a visitor entered the school, the climb up half of Wheathampstead Hill being supposed to bring on a dangerous attack of exhaustion. The school was divided into two compartments, one for girls, another for boys, with a mistress for the one and a master for the other. Those teachers did remarkable work with the appliances provided, and I doubt if simple and useful knowledge, as then thought sufficient, could have been better taught under the circumstances. Some, indeed, are disposed now to sigh, when at a fraction of the cost of schools now-a-days, they turned out so many useful people. I have in my mind a large National School at Peterborough where, some sixty years and more ago, many of the young tradesmen, and Cathedral choristers, and the various youths of a coming generation, received an education which fitted them sufficiently for the duties of their lives. The room and its furniture would have given a modern school inspector a fit, and have caused the whole Board of Education a violent bilious attack, but it did good work, under an excellent master, whose only failing was in the use or disuse of the aspirate. My father, when visiting the school one day, called the attention of the worthy master to this, who replied, "I know it, my Lord. I've been *kat* 'em and *kat* 'em all these years and there's no 'ope of it."

There was at Wheathampstead a Sunday School held before service in the Church. One class sat below the pulpit on a form, another was accommodated on the steps of the altar, while others were scattered about in the pews. When the service began the boys were assembled beneath the gallery, under the guardianship of an elderly mercenary with a cane, who, when I ventured to remark one Sunday that he created more disturbance than the boys themselves, defended his action by the remark "Them boys is so terrifying."

All this showed that the educational arrangements of the parish must at once be attended to, the efforts attending which must be described in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

School Building and Church Restoration, with occurrences about that time.

SOME who look at the Wheathampstead schools now seem to think that they dropped from the skies, or grew out of the ground; some indeed of their present scholars call them "the Old Schools," but a few still living remember the cost and pains of which they were the result. I have just come across some piles of correspondence, which preceded their commencement, but having with some difficulty secured a suitable site, though unfortunately a small one for all the enlargements since required, and having the needful funds in view, we were in a position to lay the first stone. This was very kindly done on Wednesday, April 16, 1862, by Mrs. Drake Garrard, of Lamer, with a silver trowel, presented by "the Ladies of Wheathampstead," in the presence of a large number of parishioners and neighbouring gentry, who accompanied us afterwards to Church for Evensong, and to hear an excellent and appropriate sermon from my friend, Dr. Butler, the head master of Harrow School. The work progressed, and a new architectural, ornamental, and valuable structure was, through the skill of Mr. Browning, added to our village properties. The Schools were ready for work on January 1, 1863, but were dedicated with a special service by our then Diocesan, Bishop Wigram, of Rochester, on January 20th. The preacher at Evening Prayer in the Church on this occasion was the Venerable Anthony Grant, Archdeacon of St. Albans and Canon of Rochester; while the Rev. J. Bickersteth Mayor, Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, and the Rev. F. Sullivan, Vicar of Kimpton, kindly preached on the following Sunday, January 25.

We were fortunate in obtaining as our first head master, Mr. F. G. Pratt, trained under Precentor Daymond, the head

of Peterborough Training College. Being, as he said, a stranger in the place as yet, he asked, as a first lesson, that the elder boys would write him an account of the Parish for his information, when one of them wrote: "Wheathampstead is a pleasant village in the valley of the Lea. There are thirty public houses and Mr. Davys is the Rector." I felt obliged for the arrangement of this information, for had the "Rector" come before the "public houses" instead of after, he might have been regarded as responsible for their number, whereas he has been only too happy to see, that though the population of the parish has largely increased during his incumbency, the number of public houses has considerably diminished.

The Schools being finished we could proceed with the Church. Some interesting photographs and drawings now in the Vestry, show something of what we had to do. It was an intensely interesting work, for we could find traces nearly everywhere of its ancient details, sufficient to give the needful authority for the reproduction of its former beauty.

But there were many preliminaries. Plans had to be settled and funds to be obtained. Some very generous subscriptions had been promised, and it was suggested that as Church Rates had hitherto been collected in the Parish, one should be voted to help in a work, which promised to relieve the Parish of the expense of the Church repairs for a long time. Of course this was opposed, but a small rate was agreed to, after a meeting which though brooding a storm, ended in a calm.

It was this meeting which prevented me from going to Peterborough to assist my father at what was the last official act of his Episcopate. Diocesan Conferences were then in the air, and some of his clergy were anxious that some beginning should be made at Peterborough, so my father consented to hold a preliminary meeting at the Palace to see what could be arranged. That meeting was too much of an anxiety at his time of life, and he never really recovered from the fatigue of it. It has always been a sorrow to me that I was thus unavoidably prevented from meeting his desire that I should then be at his side; but he quite understood that I

must be at the Wheathampstead meeting. Not many days after the Peterborough meeting, as I was discussing our Church plans with our architect, Mr. Browning, I received the ominous telegram, "The Bishop is unwell; please come." I went to him at the earliest possible moment, and learnt that after visiting one of the Peterborough schools he had caught a chill, which had brought on a dangerous attack of bronchitis and pneumonia. I found him quite cheerful and able to welcome me with a kindly smile, but evidently feeling that his earthly work was done. His physicians did all they could, but plainly told us that his illness would not be a long one. All his surviving children were with him, and we all knelt at his bedside at his last earthly Holy Communion, and within a week of his first attack he passed away while, as it was noticed at the time, his Cathedral bells were calling to Evening Prayer. This was on Monday, April 18, 1864.

We received a great number of appreciative and sympathetic letters, and the newspapers spoke briefly, as he would have wished, of his life work. "The Times" spoke of his "dwelling among his own people," and his ambition "rather to be good than great," adding that "higher praise it was impossible to bestow"; and happy accounts of his good work were found in other London newspapers, while the local press gave considerable details in praise of him. But among the earliest and most valued of our letters, was one from the Queen to my sister, Mrs. Pratt, of which I shall venture here to copy some extracts. It is dated from Osborne, April 20, 1864:

"You will easily believe with what deep concern I learnt that your dear and revered father, my kind and good master for so many years, had quitted this sad and uncertain world to join your dear mother in one of eternal bliss. I had hoped to see him once again, and trusted that this might have been when he came up to London, but it was not to be. His memory will ever be gratefully cherished by me with many dear recollections of my childhood." . . . "Most truly do I feel for you, and your brothers and sister in the irreparable loss you have sustained, and beg you to express my sympathy to them. My Uncle, King Leopold, wishes to express the same in his name, and how grieved he was to hear of your father's

loss." Her Majesty added a wish for a photograph "of the dear Bishop which would be of great value to me," and a copy of the only one, which fortunately had recently been taken, was sent immediately. The letter concludes with the signature,

"Ever yours sincerely,
Victoria R."

We also received an offer of a Royal carriage for the funeral procession, which we accepted with our humble duty and thanks, as the one special appanage he would have been willing should accompany what he desired to be the quietest funeral possible.

From a rough Diary now before me I note that my father's fatal illness seized him on the night of Tuesday, April 12, 1864, and that he died on Monday, April 18. We laid him in the grave, beside my dear mother, with quite a plain service, for he wished that it might not be choral, on Saturday, April 23—that grave is now marked with a double memorial in the Cathedral Churchyard, while a tablet will be found placed among those of his predecessors in the Eastern Chapel.

But I have to remember that I am not writing a memoir or obituary notice of Him, who was long remembered in Peterborough and its Diocese as the "good" Bishop, though I could dwell long on the record of one, who was among the dearest of those, who, in my long life's journey, was chief among its guides and advisers; but out of the mass of sympathy which the multitude of letters received at the time conveyed, let me just quote some words of one of my College friends* whom my father ordained, and who was afterwards beneficed in his diocese.

"Your dear father had endeared himself to me by his consistent kindness and gentleness." "The remembrance of his kind words at my first ordination and afterwards, has always been with me in England and among foreigners. I knew how to value his simplicity of heart, his wise judgement, and habit of ruling his clergy by love."

* The Rev. Augustus Shears, M.A., sometime Scholar of S. John's College, Cambridge, on the Mission Staff in Burma, and Vicar of Sibley, Leicestershire.

The Laity of the Diocese also were not slow to appreciate their loss and give expression to their sorrow, and steps were early taken by those in Leicestershire, to place a memorial window in Loughborough Church.

My father's successor at Peterborough was Dr. Francis Jeune, then Dean of Lincoln, of whose great courtesy and kindness we had much experience. In his Lordship's Primary Charge he thus alluded to my father's Episcopate—"His thoughts turned to the venerable man whom he had succeeded, but did not replace. To the deceased Bishop's gentle rule, and to the influence of his holy life, the peace and harmony which prevailed in the Diocese was in no slight degree to be ascribed."

Bishop Jeune entered upon his work with extraordinary energy, and the pity was that his episcopate was so brief, only lasting for four years. He found the Diocese a difficult one to cover, and his saying was, that "it was in the shape of a pear, and that he lived at the end of the stalk"—an appropriate description when the diocesan map is consulted. He carried on the work of his predecessor in the same gentle spirit, and managed difficult people with remarkable skill. He found, as he said, before long, that the chief duties of a Bishop were "to answer letters by return of post, and to suffer fools gladly."

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But I must come nearer now to my present home, for the Manor of Wheathampstead-with-Harpenden, with half the rectorial tithes, and two valuable farms were, till 1880, the property of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, by grant to that Abbey by King Edward the Confessor, and we had some delightful visits from them when they came to hold their manor courts, about which I had been told, it will be remembered, by good Bishop Turton. There I have met two celebrated Deans of Westminster, Dean Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, and Dean Stanley. They used to lunch at their old manor house, now changed into cottages, and their tenant always endeavoured to have a dish of our famous Lea pink trout on the table, and they used afterwards to come to the Rectory, walk about the grounds, and have tea with us. It was in this way that I made the valued acquaintance of Dean and Lady Augusta Stanley, who came to us in the midst of our church restoration, in which they showed a most kindly interest. I had often seen letters from Lady Augusta to my father, as she was his usual correspondent when communicating with the Queen. I may here say, that knowing his quiet habits of life, Her Majesty never proposed to visit him herself at the Palace, but on her journeys to Scotland always asked him to meet her at the station, when I have attended him, and on several occasions witnessed Her Majesty's cordial greetings, and evident pleasure at meeting him. Once, indeed, my father had royal visitors, for, anxious to know how he was bearing his weight of years, the Crown Prince and Princess, for too brief a period, alas, afterwards the Emperor and Empress Frederick of Germany, most kindly stayed for a night at Peterborough, and asked if they might call and see him in the morning; to which he gladly replied in the affirmative, and they walked up together unattended and unrecognised, and sat with him some time, after which he was able to take them round the Cathedral.

I met about this time also many well-known clergy and laity, among them Dr. Hook, the great Vicar of Leeds. He had just been offered and had accepted the Deanery of Chichester, and was preaching at Peterborough and staying with Dean Saunders. I had heard him preach a most wonder-

ful sermon years before at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the remarkable text, "Be not righteous over much," in which he ably defended the practices of those, who were studying to add to the dignity and beauty of divine worship, a subject on which he was nobly eloquent. Dr. Hook was then in the prime of his vigour, but when I met him at Peterborough, he had grown old and gray-headed, which was such a contrast to the youthful redness of his hair, and added so much to the dignity of his presence that he was then called by some friends "the Beauty of Holiness." The occupation of his Deanery was saddened by the fall of his Cathedral spire, which was so well rebuilt under Sir Gilbert Scott's direction, and is now so beautifully weathered, that persons passing it now would hardly believe it to be only a replica of its predecessor.

During the progress of our restoration works at Wheathampstead we had a kind visit from my father's old friend and former pupil, the second Lord Carrington. He came to be godfather to my daughter, an office which he had kindly expressed himself most willing to accept. There was no roof to the Church except "the blue vault of heaven," which fortunately on that day was not obscured, so we stood round our beautiful old font, while her uncle, afterwards Dean Argles, baptized her. I had, perhaps, better mention here that some years later at the re-opening of Hatfield Church after its restoration, we were asked to be present at the services. Canon Liddon preached on the week-day festival, and Bishop Samuel Wilberforce preached on the Sunday morning following, when we again attended the service, our boys singing in the choir. It was a most touching sermon on the text, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught," from the Gospel for the day, and on thinking his words over after the lamentably sudden death of the good Bishop by a fall from his horse on the Surrey Downs some months after, we thought we could trace some presage of the thought that his wonderful work for the Church must soon come to its ending. Lord Salisbury having very kindly asked us all to luncheon, we were sitting in the great hall of Hatfield House with the Bishop, when my wife told him that her youngest daughter had said how

well she had understood, and liked the Bishop's sermon, when he took her on his knee, saying, "My dear you have given me the highest praise I ever had as a preacher by saying that a little child like you could understand me."

That was our last recollection of Wilberforce as Bishop of Winchester. We had met him at Hatfield House before, notably on the visit of the Greek Archbishop of Syros, and I never saw two such remarkable prelates in contrast. The Greek Archbishop had a way of most affectionately greeting his English episcopal brothers. I did not witness his meeting with Dr. Wilberforce, but my dear College tutor Bishop Atlay of Hereford told me that he had told Mrs. Atlay that he had received greater honour than she had, for she had only been kissed by a Bishop, while he had been kissed by an Archbishop. On the subject of the kind hospitality of Hatfield House I may say that I have had the honour of meeting there most of the leaders in Church and State, when Lord Salisbury had become, what I always said from earlier knowledge he would become, Prime Minister of England. We have had the honour to be invited to meet at garden parties Her Majesty Queen Victoria, King Edward when Prince of Wales, the King of Italy, and others of the world's great men.

But I am getting too forward in my dates and must return to our Church restoration works. They occupied more than a year, and it was not till April, 1866, that we were able to return to our beautiful Church. Of course there were the usual delays at the commencement of our work. A faculty had to be obtained, which we found it best to obtain in the Court of the Archdeacon of St. Albans, for we could not get on in the Court of the Bishop of Rochester,* his Lordship's idea of the character of the restoration differing very widely from our own; but by the skillful management and tact of Archdeacon Grant many difficulties were tided over.

This is not the place to write an account of our plans and work, and I must refer those who wish for it to Cussans' History of Hertfordshire, to the papers published in the Transactions of the St. Albans Architectural Society, or to my

* The Right Rev. Dr. Joseph Cotton Wigram.

Handbook for Visitors and others, now in its second edition. At last our work was so far done that we were able to arrange for a choral re-opening with special preachers. Allusion was made to this, and to the Royal approbation, which it received at the beginning of this book. We were most fortunate in obtaining as preachers on the opening day Bishop Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, who preached in the morning, and Dean Stanley in the afternoon. "Orthodoxy in the morning and Heterodoxy in the afternoon" wrote Canon George Blomfield, who, with Canon Argles, read the Lessons. We obtained choral help from Peterborough Cathedral and St. Albans Abbey, with some local musicians, and sang such services as had never been heard in this neighbourhood before; but I must not here repeat the praises of the local press or enter into details. Suffice it to say that the Bishop of Oxford preached a grand, and to us most helpful sermon, while the beautiful word painter of "Sinai and Palestine," in preaching on St. John iv., v. 23, carried us in thought to the surroundings of Jacob's celebrated well, and bid us view the waving corn of the plains of Sychar.

On the following Sunday our borrowed surplices had been returned, and it was not till some weeks after, that owing to the exertions of our then parish churchwarden, Mr. John Ransom, who kindly undertook to collect the money, that we could boast of a surpliced choir of our own. But we had again excellent preachers, Bishop Jeune kindly preaching both morning and afternoon, and the Rev. George Williams, then Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Rector of Ringwood, in the evening.

Nothing is perfect in this world, and we had trouble with an underground warming apparatus, since discarded. It smoked horribly on that Sunday, and I gave the poor old sexton, who had lighted it, an undeserved scolding. This Bishop Jeune noticed, and jokingly said after the service, "Don't let the 'Church Times' know about this, or they will say you burn incense." "Yes, my Lord," I replied, "we did cense you, so that I could hardly see you at the altar." "O, never mind," he said, "you did not *incense* me."

CHAPTER XV.

St. Albans some Fifty Years Ago, with sundry later Experiences there and elsewhere.

OF all the great Churches and Cathedrals which I had seen there was one that I had never had the opportunity as yet of studying, and that was St. Albans Abbey Church. It may readily be believed, therefore, that one of the first rides which I took after we had come into residence at Wheathampstead was to St. Albans. I rode on horseback in those days, but found the plan no use for parochial visitation. My horse objected to being tied to cottage garden gates, and resented what he regarded as an indignity by lifting the gates off their hinges and going home with them fastened to his bridle. As this, unless he was captured and brought back on the way, might have caused alarm and inconvenience, I found it better when on parish duties to walk or drive. To St. Albans, however, I continued for some time to ride, and on this first occasion was much interested in all I saw. The village of Sandridge, through which I rode, did not strike me as beautiful, though greatly improved since, and when on approaching Bernard's Heath I there saw the red brick tower of St. Peter's Church, I wondered if that could possibly be the Abbey; but I found it to be the modern tower of a dilapidated Church, since improved by Lord Grimthorpe, and it was not till I had passed through a long and wide street, the houses in which struck me as being chiefly either those of publicans or undertakers, that I caught sight of the grand old tower from a corner of the Market Place. I mention these impressions here as a proof of what changes may happen in fifty years, for at the present moment I don't know a finer approach to a Cathedral city than we are able to show from our northern direction.

I learnt that the Rector of the Abbey Church was Dr. Nicholson, who I soon found, as Rural Dean, taking a most

kindly interest in our work at Wheathampstead. I preached for him in the choir of St. Albans, when filled with Jacobean and later work, disposed of chiefly in large high pews, but it was not many years before I had to accept the sad duty of being a pall bearer at his funeral.

Bishop Murray of Rochester died soon after my coming to the Diocese, and the Bishopric was offered by Lord Palmerston to Dr. Vaughan, lately Headmaster of Harrow, and accepted by him for three days, at the end of which period, under strong medical advice, he felt obliged to decline it. It was then offered to Dr. Joseph Cotton Wigram, Archdeacon of Winchester, and brother of a then member for the University of Cambridge. It was said that Lord Palmerston was scolded by some Liberal friends for making a Bishop of a Conservative, to which he replied, "What on earth does it matter, if they are not Conservatives when they are made, all Bishops become so in six months."

Bishop Wigram was kind and hospitable, but so thoroughly low church that he did not get on well with all of us. No one can tell now what he would have thought of our present bearded Bishops, for he devoted some time in one of his charges in speaking against this peculiarity "in cultivating the hair;" but I was happily right with him on that point. I also greatly admired his determination to make the younger clergy good readers, for it was his habit to take his candidates for ordination to some church and make them read some portion of the service before him. "Our facetious contemporary," as the other newspapers call *Punch*, had one of his most delightful cartoons on this subject, which possibly some of my older readers may remember, and it might be hoped that many might by it be interested in a subject of the utmost importance, certainly in the interests of the Church. Bishop Wigram held a Confirmation in Wheathampstead Church, and stayed with us for it, only a few weeks before his sudden death, and I am glad to say expressed himself much pleased with the work we had done. This was satisfactory to us, after having to decline acquiescence in several of his suggestions, a "three decker" in the middle of the Church, for instance, to which one of them amounted.